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# MUSICAL JUNKER'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VII.

AUGUST, 1884.

No. 8.

## THE DEAF BEETHOVEN.

By Gustave Monson, copied to stony  
Vex trembling pulse—glad—  
To see the world's grand music come  
From the ears—no last song!

He can not feel the mighty thrill  
That starts at a grand symphony,  
The world of宏音宏美  
The world of宏音宏美

He can not taste the glowing fire  
His hand lies to a soaring  
He can not feel the fire in his tip  
On which he needs no warmth

Stronger than steel, to whom it all  
Are but the wind—uttered!  
To whom it is a mere song,  
And no interest—nothing!

Yet it is strong—  
How strong! in its power, dominant  
How strong! in its might—  
And how it wakes me!

Dignified avowal of—  
Dignified through—  
How strong! in its power, dominant  
How strong! in its might—  
And how it wakes me!

—John S. Adams in *Fatuus*.

## MATERA vs. NILSSON.

**C**HIS is the delightful period of the year, says *Fremont's Weekly*, when the foreign lists of passage, lyric and dramatic, who although they have America "in mouth," half in earnest, half in jest, the very day of their arrival, the ubiquitous reporter is always at hand to set them off, and record their "impressions" of this, that and the other thing. But the reporter, after a nameless kind, had the audacity to declare that it was necessary for her to leave this country to take a "half-holiday." It is, however, the common way of the two artists to make a tour of the United States, and the American people that just now challenges attention.

Just before leaving the land of duties for the land of art, Nilsson Materna expressed themselves regarding the relative popularity of the schools of music which they respectively represent, and in each case, the wife was father to the thought. "It is the way the world goes through the Materna orchestra."

"The people of America, I am sure, understand German music and like it. I have watched the ways of the world, and am satisfied that, if I may say so, we are right, when I read interest, pleasure, and knowledge depicted on them. Of course, I will take money, no sum is always too great, but I am not willing to give up my time. With an Italian opera company you have a great prima donna, and perhaps a great tenor, an indifferent company, poor scenes and cheap costumes. In Germany, there are no such things. We are perfect in its beauty and mechanical effects and the costumes are surefult and artistically designed. The people of America are waiting for high-class German operas, and I am prepared to give them from America and not from Germany."

Materna may believe what she says, but it sounds as if her faith is rather shallow. She has to be practical in her venture to put it to a practical test, in order to find out how much the American public are asking for high-class German operas. She is not asking for a good round salary (though for that purpose a good round salary is demanded); but whoever provides the money will have nothing to show for it at the end of the

season but the experience of all who have even tempted fate in the same direction. Nilsson, instead of reading the fads of the audience, took the more practical view of looking at the results, and her inference is correct.

"The evidence my experience afford is that the Italian and French schools of music, with which I am bound to be identified, have not lost a particle of their popularity, and are still the talk of Wagner's dislodging Rossini, Meyerbeer and Gounod sounds very well, but it means nothing. During the recent tour undertaken by Mr. Thomas Cook and the like, the Italian and French schools shone in every way we visited, that the "antithesis" preference was for French and Italian music, and for songs except from Wagner's operas, and the like, which were not popular in point of melody and clearness.

As a representative of Italian and French music, I say again that I am deeply delighted in the testimony of Mr. Cook and his party. The memory of those songs both came on my nights. Of course this does not lessen my admiration for what is intelligible in Wagner's writings and for his wonderful instrumentation.

Nilsson does not overlook the fact that for much high class German opera of the Wagner school would cost over \$50,000 in the U.S., whereas a \$20,000 to the Czarina would not be a heavy expense, a city 70 per cent German, the receipts hardly exceeding the expense.

## MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

**M**USI, we have said, has a wondrous power of impression—power over thought, and, for it moves the inmost depths of our emotional nature, power over the life of the soul; beneath all analytic processes of thought—power over high and low, for it strikes a chord which can only be hit in the heart.

From this, it can be easily seen what office it should serve in the family. The family is the home of our deepest earthly affections. Here the most natural and original nature begins its development. Here we find the very fountain whence flow the purest, and strongest, and most lasting feelings of our life. We are in the family surrounded by the love of parents, the love of all voluntary acts of our own conscious existence; it asserts its presence and power. The relation is divinely ordained, and demands, therefore, the love of parents. Hence, the love of the five, move and have our being—where the sum of each one of us spans up into consciousness, where the whole being begins as child the first time it is born. The love of parents is not only of closest act of will—not only of intellectual acquire and discipline—but also the place which the beauty of art should adorn—where the art of the household should be exercised. All enabling sentiments should be exercised, that in every possible way the attention of the household may be drawn from the grossly sensual to the expression of the divine. Hence, the love of parents, its nature as giving form to and thus suggesting sentiments—which are, perhaps, more powerful factors in our life than thoughts—through the medium of music, the love of parents, the love of the household, therefore, we repeat should bind the brood together with links of love, and in the throbbing hearts of the children weaker however though and remiss, the love of parents, the fading associations, expressing the affections of the soul:

"Guarding all the shades that lie  
The hidden soul of happiness."

It is not out of place here to relate an incident which occurred in the early history of Cumberland Valley, in this State, for it is a powerful illustration of what has just been said.

In the year 1755 a band of Indians, one of the frontier settlements of the Valley, was overpowered, and a number of very young children carried away captive. After many years, however, the Indians brought back a captive girl, who, from her long absence with them, had lost all memory of her parents and home. The news rapidly spread, and a native boy from the reservation came to the place, hoping that the returned one might be their long-lost child. Neither was able to identify her, nor could claim her.

All available means were used to bring the child to some recollection of her former life, but in vain. The wild forest life among the Indians had whitened all memory of civilized children, and every effort to bring her back to her former home failed. At last, one of the women (the real mother), remembering how amazingly she had taught her young girl to sing a certain hymn, which had been taught her by her mother when she was a child, and in her childhood,さて herself by the child, as was her wont in the years gone by, and began to sing the old familiar hymn. And the child, and the woman, the woman, listened intently to the voice. As the singing went on, the child began to tremble. Visions of home seemed to fill her head. On a moment's warning coming from a nearby tree, the child, whose arms were clasped around her mother, who were breaking. Soon with rushing words, the captive cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!"

Which had surrounded her cradle and her infant life—which had entered and thrilled the very depths of her young soul—which had stimulated on the untamed chords of her heart thoughts, and feelings, and emotions, and sensations, of infinite processes and power—music, laden with all the perfume of a mother's love, and the dewy freshness of happy childhood, reminded her of home, and of her mother, and of its sweetest, and most beloved mother and child in a flood of sentiment and emotion far beyond that of language, and as fasting as life itself.—*Francesco Secondi Journal.*

## ELECTIONEERING MUSIC.

**L**EGISLATIVE session, who lives in an excessively noisy district in Washington, has for years been beset by an opponent who could claw thriling sounds from a hawg, came to the city several days ago to render with leading politicians his services.

While passing a music store he heard the sweet tinkling of a music box. Entering the store, and gazing for a moment at the instrument, he said, "Cap'n, what do you call that thing?"

The dealer explained, but the candidate, not satisfied, said,

"Well, sir, it's a little along over anything I ever seed. Well, sir, you know, it's the noise of a family tone created his ear. "Now, sir, she's rattle it off, and clean out the box, and I'll be bound she'll do it. Now, sir, I understand this thing. How does it know how to play them tunes? Say, a bright idea striking him, "Send me the song," I want to see how it does it. Well, sir, it's 'Home Sweet Home.' Betwixt hundred dollars it would carry every district in the country. Won't lend it? Well, hold her till I come back. Hang'd if I don't tell my house, my son, tragashun and walk home."—Friend Foycey.

# Kunkel's Musical Review.

KUNKEL BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

105 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK.

1. D. FOULKE, A.M., LL.B., —

Editor.

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## "DIED A-BORNING."

*Under "Posture Institute":*  
—SAINT ALBRECHT'S death,  
With him his two sons,  
Wolfgang and Joseph, deceased.  
For a few days past  
He had been gradually around  
To his relatives.  
Quoted from the "Daily Mirror,"  
With other news.

It may interest you to know, who was the author of the classic poem of old-time poetry we have quoted, but if the hard-working soul intended to write a poem upon the recent birth of the "American College of Musicians," he could not have penned one that would have been more appropriate in dignified diction, majestic of rhythm, and accuracy of language, or that contained more good advice.

The majority of our readers will remember that a little over a year ago, Mr. E. M. Bowman, of St. Louis, then president of the so-called "Music Teachers' National Association," gave a lecture before the National Council of Musicians, which raised a question in regard to the qualifications of teachers of music, by which means, it was claimed, that incompetency would be rooted out, the music-teaching profession glorified, and its labor made more remunerative. The little critics who run, or rather are, the "Music Teachers' National Association," "indured" Mr. Bowman's views, and it was understood that at its next meeting the association should realize the plans of Mr. Bowman by creating a "National College of Musicians." The musical press of the country, almost without exception, endorsed, more or less fully, this plan proposed.

We stand this as long as we could, but at last, in an article of some length, we stated the reasons why, while sympathizing with Mr. Bowman's expressed purpose of presenting the educational standard of the music teaching profession, etc., we believed that the proposed College of Musicians was a visionary scheme, and could do more harm than good, if organized. The article in question caused no little consternation, some thinking with us that it was a complete demonstration of the uselessness, and worthlessness of the proposed college, others taking quite a different view, and questioning our motives, instead of answering our arguments. Mr. Bowman and his associates certainly profited by it, for they dropped from their plan some of the objectionable features to which we had called attention, and the opposition we had stirred seemed to greater efforts. They solicited personally and by letter from as many prominent musicians as they could reach, some expression of good-will, and from not a few they received assurances of their expressed purpose—which was to be expected since their expressed motives were good. Those commun-

ications, or such portions of them as served the purpose of Mr. Bowman and his friends, were sent to the musical press, which was generally highly satisfied with them. They were also issued as circulars, and sent broadcast from Maine to California. Later, the secretary sent word to the musical papers that, "from the number of letters received," he felt sure that "not less than one thousand music teachers" would be in attendance at the Cleveland meeting, all anxious, probably, to take back with them some sort of "sheepskin." Later still, meetings were called in different cities, and in two or three cases attended, at which reduced fees were asked from the railroads, which, being given to understand that they would carry large delegations granted in several cases the favors sought. In word, all the little tricks by which political issues are created, were, as skillfully worked by Mr. Bowman and those under his direction, what we have come to expect. But this so-called "political" issue was created here for became a passing scratch.

At last the great day arrived. There were no sailing engines needed to put to Cleveland the delegates and their friends; strange to say, there was no pressenging of hotels and boarding-houses, even the Teutonic keeper looked disconsolate, as the large patronage from musical and hideous *Lieder* failed to materialize. But, in the hour that is big with the fate of music in the western world arose stress; the hosts are assembling; the president's gavel raps to order and his august gaze rests upon a wad of fees—thirty-five fees by actual count! An additional multitude of fees came in later, this weight had delayed the train on which they had come, and this immense gathering of forty-two persons, eight or ten of whom had come there to give recitals, exhibit people, etc., is all that Cleveland saw of the so-called "American College of Musicians" and their numerous friends, whom the little reverend had been in hock to. It would seem to ordinary mortals that they ought to attend, after all the advertising, puffing and unscrupulousness resorted to, much have satisfied the forty-two members of the association present, that their College of Musicians was not a drawing-card; that the leaders of music and the public at large cared nothing whatever for its feeble certificates and degrees, but as a matter of fact the forty-two had very little to say. Mr. Bowman and Mr. Sherwood had a "wet and dry" programme with which their faithful henchmen patrolled, it had been predetermined by them that on admission a child should be born that should be the Messiah of Music on the Western Continent and that it should bear the high-sounding and euphonious name of the "American College of Musicians" and hence it had to be. Its birth was premature and, although the authors of its brief being soon to leave yet discovered the fact, it died a-borning. The application of galvanism to its little sponge might just as well give it three or four abduces hair, but that will be the usual sign of life it will never give.

*By the way, we mentioned  
We didn't know it good & done  
Because we didn't know it good & done*

Had it lived, however, it would have been one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and an out-of-tenderance to the feelings of its parents. It is not likely that the little creature will be preserved in alcohol, let us take a brief look at it before this crazy decomposition shall stamp those who ever hung it to their affectionate bosom, to follow the advice of the post we have already quoted and

*With the body right around  
In the cemetery,  
With its mouth Jerry.*

Least we should be charged with coloring the facts, we will, for the present, drop all metaphor and make use of the plainest and most straightforward language possible.

The "American College of Musicians" was organized by the selection of eighteen examiners, three each in the following branches: piano, organ, voice, theory, elementary and orchestral strings. Why other branches, wood-wind, brass, etc., are not represented, "is one of the things that we follow can find out." Among the examiners we note the names of more than one musician of deserved eminence, (several of those, were not present and it is doubtful whether they will accept the questionable honor) but also some who are quite unknown in any fame, or known only to such fame as can be attained by persistent self-advertising. The college as "organized" has no charter and no legal habitation. Its faculty or organization scattered over a vast extent of territory. Take for instance, Houston, in Texas, and New Orleans in Louisiana, and in St. Louis, another in Philadelphia, the third in Chicago, etc. It is clear that the applicant for a certificate of proficiency in this particular branch will have to visit all three of these cities to pass his examination, for less indeed each examiner is empowered to give a certificate independently of his associates, and so, wherein will his certificate or examinee be worth more than his certificate as a private individual? or, perhaps, his "college," like other quack institutions, is to put on wheels and hold its sessions over here and now there, in which case the candidate will have to follow its erratic wanderings. Either of these alternatives offers a cheerful prospect to those who are invited to walk up and be examined. But there are other inviting factors. Take for instance the examiner for voice teachers. On this committee there sits side by side Miss Cappatti, who at this very meeting denounced in the broadest terms as unmitigated scoundrel, swindler and money-grabber, all those voice teachers who pretend to teach singing by teaching the science of physiology of the vocal organs, and Mr. J. H. White, who is one of the strongest champions of that system of teaching and the author of a little work on "Vocal Physiology," to quote in our last issue. How well these two examiners would be likely to agree as to the ability to teach possessed by others, when they differ so radically among themselves! A similar state of affairs exists in other committees.

For president of this indecent and pernicious institution, the immortal Faraway, or rather a certain portion of them, selected Mr. E. M. Bowman, who was also made chairman of the examiners on theory. Personally, Mr. Bowman is what would be called a genial fellow, with a talent for adapting himself and his methods to the particular company in which he happens to find himself, without overstepping the bounds of decorum. He has come to be recognized as one of the leading organists in a city that has no organists, and he has published in book form, under the title of "Bowman's Weltmann's Harmony," his notes of lectures taken when he was a student under Weltmann, after the latter had received them. Who ever saw Mr. Bowman do music or fitness? Where are his important works, musical or literary, he has produced? Where are the ambitious or who-so-ever proficient pupils he has had? Beyond droning a Sunday school chorus, what has he done, even in St. Louis, for the cause of music? We have seen him in St. Louis, we have mentioned St. Louis. It is an picture to ourselves, such men as Gilbert Gordon, P. O. Adcox, Carl Franklin, Charles Kunkel, Louis Mayer, A. G. Bayley, the Esteble brothers, Frank Lamson, F. H. Kriegsman and a dozen others we might mention, rushing anxiously to Mr. Bowman to obtain his endorsement of their knowledge of theory. There are scores to which full justice can only done in operas house, and this issue of them. We mention this, we repeat it, not in hostility to Mr. Bowman, who is a very good man in his place. When, however, he is put at the head of an American College of Musicians, the es-.

lege itself, or rather would satisfy itself if it amounted to anything, which it does not.

If the personal commitments of the musical college are heterogeneous, and some of them objectionable, its plan of giving degrees is as absurd that it settles forever the question of its possible existence. We give the report of the committee as amended and adopted by a section of the musical forty-two.

"There shall be three degrees, lower, intermediate and upper—and three grades for examination for teachers of music.

"A first grade of examination, comprehending a mastery of the sciences and art of music. Candidates successfully passing this examination will be entitled to diplomas and the degree of Master of Musical Arts.

"A second and intermediate grade of examination intended for those who have acquired the skill to instruct pupils of somewhat advanced ability. Candidates successfully passing this grade will be entitled to a diploma and the degree, Fellow of the American College of Musicians.

"A third degree of examination for those prepared to teach beginners in the study of music. Candidates successfully passing this grade of examination will be entitled to a diploma and membership in the American College of Musicians."

Passing by the very serious objection that the existence of these degrees would inimically confound the public who are to be informed by them of the capacity of the teacher, we make bold to say that there are not over three or four of the examinees who could themselves pass the requisite examination for the highest degree. This, Mr. Brown seems to understand, as he has since written to the Indiana that he thinks this degree should be conferred "upon musicians as a mark of honor and recognition of merit, and not at the end of an examination to which their personal dignity would be intrinsically object." Object, of course, the examiner first of all would object to standing a scholastic examination upon "the arts and sciences of music," from which they would come forth plucked. We respectfully suggest that the eighteen examiners proceed, without further delay, to confer upon each other, without examination, the highest degree in their gift—about the only degree they will ever be called upon to confer. The second degree will probably not be made honorary, and it will be easier to obtain the first than the second. These how proud a teacher will be to show a certificate which will state that he is competent to teach pupils "some what advanced ability." The gone of all, however, is the third grade. We forgot to state that before one can apply for any of these degrees he must become a member of the Music Teachers' National Association. Any teacher of music can become a member of this association without examination, upon payment of small stipend. Those who were unenlightened people, who thought the examiners who now make up the Board by whom they were chosen, do not trust enough to teach. Ignorance! The partisans are complimentary, but only in their constituents but to themselves! Is it possible that they did not see that their action was an insult to the members of the Music Teachers' National Association, or an acknowledgment of the worthlessness of the judgment of the power that put them forward as leaders, or both?

These difficulties, however, will never be put to the test; the "American College of Musicians" is a name and will soon serve merely as an illustration of the vagaries of boasting. Already some of its former supporters, including several musical journals, seeing the bumbof the thing, have turned their backs upon it, and will have none of it now or hereafter. No one will apply for degrees. Mr. Brewster will not have an opportunity of having "Brewster's Weissmann's Harmony" adopted as a text-

book for constituted applicants in theory, and he and his associates will look in vain for the punks who will pay them high prices for lessons that would prepare them for examination.

The musical college may, as we have said, give a few spasmodic kicks, but eventually its little rump will rot.

—*First & Second, July 16, 1884.*

#### IMMODEST MODESTY.

**A**MR. RICHARD BROWN, having heard that Yale College had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, wrote to President Porter the following letter:

—*Brown, July 24, 1884.*

Dear Sir,—I am in the receipt of various letters received, reports that Yale College has just conferred the musical doctorate upon the undersigned. Assuming that to be a fact (in absence of official notification as yet), I take the liberty of addressing a few personal words to you.

Noah Porter, L.L.D., President of Yale, My Dear Sir.—In the course of various letters received, reports that Yale College has just conferred the musical doctorate upon the undersigned. Assuming that to be a fact (in absence of official notification as yet), I take the liberty of addressing a few personal words to you.

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Noah Porter, L.L.D., President of Yale, My Dear Sir.—In the course of various letters received, reports that Yale College has just conferred the musical doctorate upon the undersigned. Assuming that to be a fact (in absence of official notification as yet), I take the liberty of addressing a few personal words to you.

Very truly yours, —*Richard Brown.*

Some of our musical exchanges praise Mr. Buck's modesty. Taking everything into consideration, however, it seems to us that Mr. Buck's action was boastful, unmanly, and immature in a disgraceful extent. The dictate of true modesty would have led Mr. Buck, if he disliked the title of Doctor of Music, to politely thank the college for the honor conferred and then to let the sheepkin quietly aside, where no one ever need have seen it or heard of it. Still Mr. Buck certainly had a right, to receive the title offered or conferred—that was a matter purely between himself and Yale College. But Mr. Buck, who is so modest as to accept a title from Yale, who has no sooner written to decline the title, in advance of any official intimation of the award, than he comes once again to all the credit of his number, sends to the Cleveland Leader for publication, under his private letter, another to the President of the Music Teachers' National Association, asking him to read it to the association, and still others to oppose to diverse musical journals, with a request that they publish it, and is evidently very anxious in hope to know that he has snubbed "old Yale." In doing this, Mr. Buck has simply shown that it is quite possible to be an able musician without being a gentleman, either in feeling or manner, and to be despised by an ignoramus self-styled, while pretending to be extremely modest. We cannot imagine a more hypocritical, pharisaical and generally discreditable course than that of this modest American composer in this matter. "Old Yale" cannot stand the stab and laugh at the littleness of the great man (it had intended to honor, but the musicane and the musical press cannot), it seems to us afford to prude an exhibition of ill-mannered boastfulness, as one of praiseworthy modesty.

#### THE LIMIT OF AUDIBLE SOUNDS.

WHAT is the limit of audible sound? Does our ear perceive, as a note, any number of vibrations per second? If so, is our perception confined between certain limits? That there is a lower limit may easily be demonstrated by means of the siren. As first turns very slowly, the single puffs of air are heard singly, but no note is perceived. A very slow note, however, begins when the siren makes a little noise, and as the note increases it is found that there must be at least sixteen vibrations in a second of time in order to produce a note; and this limit is only reached by using a very powerful instrument. It is often impossible to give a somewhat loud note. In other cases—as, for instance, in the case of the common siren—twenty or twenty-five vibrations make a note perfectly perceptible.

It is more difficult to fix a high limit for sound. If the blower be successfully loaded, the siren can be blown faster, the note grows sharper and louder, and at last reaches a certain dimension, but with an ordinary siren it would not be possible to obtain a velocity above a certain limit, because the friction would prevent a very high velocity. The note is then lost, and the siren gives out a series of short notes, and smaller tuning forks finally succeed in demonstrating that there is an upper limit for sound, beyond which our perception nothing.

The note was given by Helmholtz as 36,000 vibrations in a second, a figure that has been finally confirmed by Helmholtz; but it is probable that it differs in different individuals. We may suppose that the range of perception lies between the limits 18 and 36,000 per second.

But all the notes comprised between these extreme limits are not musical notes, properly so called, because they are not perceptible as such when taken in practical music. The notes that are too low are hardly heard; those that are too high are imperceptible. The modern pianoforte of seven complete octaves, the base A corresponds to about 27, the highest A to 3600 vibrations per second. Therefore, taking into account the differences of tuning, it follows that the note of C in the lowest octave takes from 27 to 3500 vibrations per second.

In the violin the fourth open string (the lowest note) corresponds to about 100 vibrations; the highest note to 3600 vibrations per second.

This number is not, however, the highest. Some pianofortes go up to the seventh C, which corresponds to about 4200; and with the piano 4700 and 5000 vibrations per second. The question is, what real gain that music has resulted from so great an extension is very doubtful. Notes that are too high are shrill, and lose entirely that full, sweet quality that is peculiar to musical notes.

Notes that are too low are not suitable for musical notes. It may be concluded, without exaggeration, that musical notes are comprised between 27 and 4000 vibrations per second.

It is of interest to consider the limits between which lie notes, also interesting. In considering it, we must distinguish between the voice of man and of woman. The latter is represented by the soprano, the former by the bass, and as that of men. Subdivisions are made for musical purposes in each of these classes of voice; thus there are, for men, bass, baritone and tenor voices, and for women, soprano, alto, and contralto voices. The following table shows the limits of each of these voices for a normal case, as they may reasonably be expected from a good and practiced singer. The notes indicated in brackets represent cases of exceptional voices, which the stage has produced up to the present time:

Normal and Limit of the Human Voice.

Sex.	Bass.	Baritone.	Tenor.	Soprano.	Alto.	Contralto.
	18	—	27	36	42	50
	27	—	36	45	51	59
	36	—	45	54	60	68
	45	—	54	63	69	77
	54	—	63	72	78	86
	63	—	72	81	87	95
	72	—	81	90	96	104

The well-developed voice of a single singer embraces about two octaves; in the case of women a little more. The extreme limits of the human voice are not far apart, and may be easily passed within four octaves, from C=65 up to C=104, certain extreme cases not included.

A question of some practical importance has lately been raised, that of establishing

—*Continued in a separate column.*

Certain exceptionally gifted voices have had more extended limits. The voices of Purcell and of Palestrina, for instance, were of considerable extent. The singer known as the "King of the Basses," whose voice heard at Paris in 1770, was reported to have a range of 12 octaves, and to have been capable of 1000 vibrations. And the voice of women, and especially that of the celebrated Farinelli, has a very great range.

a uniform pitch for all countries, so as to make it possible to tune instruments uniformly. For this purpose a tuning-fork, or a piano, or a violin-tuning-fork, is generally used, which gives the A which corresponds to the sound open string of the violin, and to its seven octave partials. In this way the different theatres of Italy and France have adopted pitches differing from each other, and even in the same theatre the A goes by gradually rising, from 430, in 1867, to 435, in 1873, and 439 in 1887. This last number has since remained steady at the Berlin Theatre, but the pitch of the B note often corresponds to 430, that of C to 431, and that of D to 432.

This state of things was very unpleasant to those for whom it was necessary to keep instruments differing so sensibly in different countries, especially when it is remembered that modern music, to increase the effect, is written very much higher than the old masters. The high ones are therefore made great call upon the singers. To that may be added the tendency of the manufacturers of musical instruments to raise the pitch of their instruments, and to do this continually, in order to give a greater brilliancy of tone to their instruments.

As may be seen from the example given of the case of the French, the pitch has risen from the last century until now the pitch has risen steadily everywhere, and had a tendency to rise still higher. It is therefore necessary to find a rest for the grave, and the International Commission fixed as the normal pitch usually called the diapason normal a tuning-fork giving 439 vibrations per second of time.

It is from this that we begin our consideration, at which we arrive by studying the number of vibrations per second of a string. When the whole string vibrates in one vibration, it gives the fundamental note, and when it vibrates in two, the second note, and so on. The notes which are obtained by dividing the string into two, three, four, etc., parts, are called harmonic notes, which give that whirr-like sound of *over-tones*. The notes of this harmonic series are not taken at random. They are very agreeable to the ear, and in the construction of instruments we must take account of them in the second, in the theory of music, and of music in instruments. It may be asked, then, if there is a string which gives the fundamental note, as the means of their production is simple.

To answer this question, all that is needed is to determine the number of vibrations of the string for the fundamental note, and for the successive harmonics.

Carefully executed experiments show that simple relations exist between all these notes. Let us suppose, for example, that the first harmonic makes 128 vibrations per second; the second harmonic, which is obtained by dividing the strings into two parts, then makes twice 128 vibrations, or 256 per second; the third harmonic is obtained by dividing the string into three parts, makes three times 128, or 384 vibrations per second; the fourth harmonic, which arises from the division of the string into four parts, makes four times 128, or 512 vibrations per second, etc., etc. Therefore, calling the fundamental note 1, the harmonic notes will be exactly represented, in respect of their number, by the series 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, etc. By considering the mode of formation of these notes, the following two laws are arrived at:

(1) The harmonics increase in respect of the number of their vibrations per second, as the whole number.

(2) The number of vibrations per second of a string always varies inversely as its length.

The first law holds good, when a string is shortened in any manner whatever; or on the contrary this shortening is accomplished in a very simple manner. Besides the two fixed bridges, which are indispensable, there is a movable bridge, by means of which the string can be shortened at will. A scale of centimetres and millimetres allows the length of the effective part of the string to be measured. The metronome constructed in this manner affords the simplest and shortest means of determining the number of vibrations of a note. The operation is as follows:—A string is stretched across the bridge, so that when vibrating in its whole length (one metre), it gives a known constant note, for example, 439, or 229 vibrations per second. When the string is shortened in the form of an arch, the note becomes lower, and the number of her sin in rebelling against the desire of Peville, and assuring her that nothing could bring back his dead. Then he hurriedly departed, while a harsh fall on everybody gathered in the little

skating-rink under the arched roof, like the snow which fell, so that the, for example, 432 millimetres above the number of vibrations earlier inversely as the length of the string, we arrive at the following proportion:

$$\frac{439}{432} = \frac{1000}{x} = \frac{178}{y}$$

whence

$$x = \frac{1000 \cdot 432}{178} = 2300$$

Therefore the note makes 230 vibrations per second.

This is the law of the string, the product of the vibrations is the simplest of all. It is capable of giving results of sufficient accuracy, and may be applied directly to the law of the vibrations of strings having been established by P. Beaumé.

#### A STORY OF PAREPA ROSA.

IT was many years ago that a poor, widowed woman, leaving a hand lamp, went swimming in the lake. She had a child with her, who died in her arms. Her husband had taken together for fifteen years, and had left her with a sum of money, which their dark lives had not allowed her to bring into her possession. But the girl had always been weakly. During the last months neither her eyes nor her flesh had improved, and she was fated to answer with a smile the anxious, ten-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young woman had no strength.

Four months the pair had labored supported by the older woman's savings, and it was in the course of my life I became acquainted with Mrs. Rosa, and heard by an old man, a very poor and very lonely widow, of a small tenement, where they lived, by a few books and some concluding words, I learned with the love of the dying girl. Her husband had been a soldier, and had left her a small number of friends she possessed, and she beautified her mother in until one of the day of the funeral and as she lay to me.

That evening I saw again one of the wild days preceding Christmas. A night that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came rolling from all points of the compass. I piled the snowdrifts around the window, and the snow vapor tremblingly surrounded the night and snow-groves, it played around the silent tombs of the silent dead, it extended its pale hands over the movements through the neighboring gardens, and covered the large trees and crevices that covered the ground like a many-colored net. It was as though the earth were covered with a thin layer of earth, and as if here alone wire fence eternal peace, talk and beauty.

On the gentle slope a blooming willow leaned over the garden, and the emerald Massalissa at its foot, it was hidden by instant bushes of magnificently blossomed, alabaster by palm and olive, and half evergreen by snowy magnolias and larches. The snowdrifts were high, and I crossed this group without, and ploughed forth to protect the treasure from destruction which it placed in its solid quiet session. By the light of the lamp I saw the garden, the snowdrifts, and would have invited a place to the precious shrubs. The figure, which wore the dress of life, showed that a mother had had these flowers, and had adorned her with them, and wonderfully endowed it with soft and animation. It was a veritable emblem of the fate these flowers bring to the cross—griefs—and the tortured mortal; but the flowers were not dead, but were living, and the beautiful body rested in the most appropriate rigidity of death, as free of struggling and pain, remained. But Mary, the Mater dolorosa—but a moment ago a flower, now a dead flower, by the weight of grief a wondrous concomitant, when the most excessive sorrow and everlasting anguish lay, headlong, lying upon her bosom, and the poor woman, who had conceived an expression of incomparable misery. These fresh, green leaves had unceasingly clung to the garment of the sufferer, and bright flowers had covered her hair, and the poor woman, who had a face and greatly envied her comrade, suddenly did a long, loud sigh.

Then the minister came into the room, still sufficient to see that a group of hard-working, kindly people had gathered round the bed of the dying woman, and that the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end. It was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The minister, who had been a soldier, and had been a soldier of himself and the awful future of the approaching moment when the box and its precious burden would be taken away, and leave her wholly alone, said to the poor woman, "The box is ready, we will go to the funeral." Then he sat silent down to attend the funeral.

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Then one word had long stirred up considerations of solemn import, abetting the occasion: it was His symptom, judgment, most calamitous sacrament Jesus recommends. These Parepa arose, her talk failing about the box, and she said to the minister, "Please, brother, bring with you that miserable cherry-stained box. She leaned a moment on the wretched, ugly box, uplifted toward her room within it she laid her soft, white, white, pale, pale, tilted up her matchless eyes in the beautiful melody:

"Angels bright and fair,

"I am come to thee."

The nobleman received toward him, and if the choir of Parepa paused to listen to earth's voice, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously that their dead girl could not be moved to leave them. Parepa however sank on her knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes she little long said reverently when:

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with silent melody in memory, as though impose sombre樵風 of the earth.

#### "STABAT MATER DOLOROSA."

*PAREPA* *Soprano* (solo).<sup>12</sup> The truth of those words must have remained in the heart and leaves of Parepa, when she sang the episode of the landscape around Naples was discussed, one evening after dinner, during the year 1883. The scene is set in a garden near the villa of her millions cypresses and lavers, over which hung the radiant golden veil of the morning's rays. Here were the high, slender, slender spires of the palms of the pines of Naples, and the statue—let it rest like a huge, golden, gigantic drapery upon the proud bosoms of the earth, shamed to look at the sun, and full of the fragrance of the earth, and the warmth of the sun. The vapor tremblingly surrounded the night and snow-groves, it played around the silent tombs of the silent dead, it extended its pale hands over the movements through the neighboring gardens, and covered the large trees and crevices that covered the ground like a many-colored net. It was as though the earth were covered with a thin layer of earth, and as if here alone wire fence eternal peace, talk and beauty.

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Then the minister came into the room, still sufficient to see that a group of hard-working, kindly people had gathered round the bed of the dying woman, and that the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end. It was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The minister, who had been a soldier, and had been a soldier of himself and the awful future of the approaching moment when the box and its precious burden would be taken away, and leave her wholly alone, said to the poor woman, "The box is ready, we will go to the funeral." Then he sat silent down to attend the funeral.

<sup>12</sup> See *Notes on Music*, page 12.

heart; it seemed to him as though the hard stone walls clinging to the eye-lashes called to him for mercy. His own sorrows, which he had had not to her feet, were forgotten in the grandeur and of this silent wretchedness; his own complaining were arrested as he buried his head. Then a sweet voice Ave Maria resounded through the air, and the young man, who had two sisters, whose sick mother the Madonna had recently attended to health—were approaching the Queen of heaven, and were bringing to her their daily offering. The two maidens were two beautiful maidens; one with a full round face, dark brown locks, and glowing cheeks. The other a tawny blonde, with black eyes and soft delicate features. These two voices at the foot of the cross, prayed softly and ardently. The blonde maiden turned her head once more, in order to cast a stolen glance upon the solitary praying one.

He now looked upward and said in a low voice, "How now? I am in a world of beauty, how alone in this beautiful world and I only have to use a noble heart, that may love me and heal the pain of my diseased breast?" then it was as though the two voices had merged into one, and playing ever, the figure of Mary quivered, a dash of life darted over the countenance of the affected Mother, and the strong mouth breathed, "Bring a sorrowing heart, and a heart of sorrows; take these fearful mortifications from us, we are sorry, that they may penitely flow and save my tortured heart; my stiffened wounds would bleed, and they shall be granted."

When the young man recovered the strength of his mind, the mid-day sun a red ray rolled forth his glowing rays, and all living objects had blushed with from his ascent, scorching breath. The young man, who had a white robe like the lily, gave it not back; it was given him, he had no sparkled, and a happy smile played about his lips, with flying steps he hastened back to Naples.

On the following day the fair sun returned, and sang a joyful song to the earth, the silvery clear sparkle of the blonde contrasted wondrously with the rich contrast of the charming blossoms. They again found the young man with the golden hair, and thoughtful look by the bay image, but he had not forgotten the cross; he lay on the slope of the hill, allowing his inspired glances to wander to and fro. He held a small pipe in his hand, and traced curious signs upon it with a pencil. The pipe was as so located while thus engaged, that the pale blonde Lauretta, almost forced to lay her bunch of roses in the Madonna's lap, while the proud Lucia gazed with admiration, and the others with envy, they daintily withdrew, secretly dropped at the feet of the stranger, the little bunch of orange blossoms which she wore upon her breast.

These three beautiful beings saw each other daily in the garden, and when the days were filled with the storms nor the doubtful rains of the winter months prevent their pilgrimage; the glances of the loving Lauretta grew ever more tender and ardent, and the soft voice of Lucia, who was always prying among them, they daintily withdrew, secretly dropped at the feet of the serious man, waved over more gaily.

March thus approached, that soundly boughs smitten Italy, with its fresh buds, its bright leaves, and its mild winds. The young man's form, despite the invigorating breaths of the spring, dimpled more and more, his skin became more rosy, his cheeks more hollow, a slight smile, and a most beautiful color rested upon them, his dark eyes glowed with an unrivaled fire; but Lauretta did not notice this, for she inquired in a low voice: "May I venture to bring you a rose? Is there a song—a song of praise in the Holy Mother? Will you sing it for me with your beautiful pure voice? The Madonna demanded an offering from one, she has given me a rose, and I will give it to you, for its fulfillment?" Help me, help me, in perform my vow; chant my song next Sunday at the foot of this cross, and be witness of the mission!" Lucia nodded her head, and laid her hand on Lauretta's head, and her trembling hand in his, and from the glorious night of her eyes a heavy burning tear fell upon it.

It was on the sixteenth of March, on a Sunday evening, when the three approached once more the holy image; Lauretta supported the tottering steps of the youth; a wreath of violets hung upon her arm. The crowd gazed seriously upon the group. The astonished spectators, who had witnessed the painted hand, and cried passionately—"Holy Mother of Sorrows, accept my offering!"

And now, to him arose, like the fragrant vapor of a sacrifice, the two female voices, strongly pure, fervent, and radiant, they sang:

*Sainte Marie d'Assise,  
Dieu paroles d'Amour.*

Not even the mightiest artist could thrill through the forces of the breast; not a single note was heard by the grandeur and true holiness of this melody; the sweetest music has to capture. With indescribable emotion with rapturous ardor, with fervish expectation, his glances were fixed upon the features of Mary, and when the words,

*Mariette! tu m'as donné,  
Tu m'as donné.*

he said exultantly,

dawned from the tips of the instrument fingers, behind the rigid countenance of the instrument, treasured, the numberless grief vanished; a heroic emotion cast a halo around the divine mouth; the tears were softened, and melted away; the young man, who had been so long in playing, the figure of Mary quivered, a dash of life darted over the countenance of the affected Mother, and the strong mouth breathed, "Bring a sorrowing heart, and a heart of sorrows; take these fearful mortifications from us, we are sorry, that they may penitely flow and save my tortured heart; my stiffened wounds would bleed, and they shall be granted."

Then the ever-glowing, radiant veins of his weak body subsided, his breast heaved, he drew a deep, long breath, and the instrument, which had crept over him full of happiness, descended like a angel. Lauretta rushed "animously toward him—a smile directed a sweet caress the sinking one's face.

The wondrous image of the sorrowing Mary was long since crumpled and decayed; dreams and illusions cover the lonely spot, and the body of the young man, who had been so long in playing, was glorified "Saint Mater," crowned with a wreath in the silent cathedral of Vesuvius.

At the foot of your bier, oh, whence did you the crudely once born, and now dimmed and shadowed by material eyes, come forth? That you scarcely visited. It conceals the pure innocent heart laying here that the Madonna once promised to the child, and the earthly promises of the blonde Lauretta.

#### ON THE CHOICE OF A VIOLIN.

HERE is no instrument among the many different kinds of wood instruments, the variety of which is far so much as this violin, and for the possession of which musicians will make an great a sacrifice. A piano has always been popular, and is now in a year's service, and even if it is very bad, it is still a good instrument.

It becomes a second-class instrument if it has had any use outside the saleroom. The violin is the contrary, grows in value every day, and the more it is used, the more it increases in value, comes the time. There is an idea which violin makers of the present day are cultivating, that age has nothing whatever to do with the tone of an instrument, and that the violin of a hundred years which engage in the manufacture can make as perfect an instrument as ever came from Italy or Germany. This is probably untrue, but the best violin of the present day is still a good instrument, independent upon the skill with which the tone is drawn than upon the instrument itself. This however partially true, for an unskilled hand will produce a poor instrument, and a skilful hand, though an Amati fashioned the violin, but, nevertheless, can make a poor, untrue instrument, especially though uneven an amateur does it makes a noise, and a bad tone, and it is not worth buying a violin no one person can judge for another and it is rare that two violinists agree upon the same qualities that go toward making a perfect instrument.

One of the reasons that go toward making the most important factors, if we may speak in the agricultural of musical points, while another play or may ask for precisely the opposite and values the instrument according to its quality, another feels that it is the manufacturer that makes the instrument. To these two purchasers the price of an instrument varies greatly and the first estimate the one his associates have given to the last figure, while the second estimate the first.

This however is not the case, for the violin has paid an enormous price for a moderately good violin.

It is with violins precisely as it is with a collection of old paintings differing in different schools; they are of value to purchasers according to as they attract or interest them. Upon the walls in a friend's house who may have given as a present a picture of a landscape, or some engraving that have no attraction whatever to us, and if called upon to place a pecuniary value upon them, we undoubtedly would make it much too low. Standard works may not be interesting to us except as specimens, and many well informed

wisecracking people, are independent enough to purchase only with giving their regard to the beauty of the instrument, without reference to the decision of the world. In selecting a violin we take the instrument that appears to us to most distinguishable, and the price is not so much of importance whether the price is more or less than what an associate would have paid. We have seen instruments for which one performer would pay \$1000, and another would not care to buy for one-half the sum. The age, reputation of violinist all affect their value, but a player who selects an instrument has it in pleasure to consider that he has made selection that he will not regret.

It would be difficult to give a rule to govern a purchaser in choosing a violin from a number of violins, and we will do so. A violin that can be tuned perfectly and easily, and to grow more beautiful with age, and give continued satisfaction. This might seem almost absurd, but we can get just such an experience to justify that not one instrument in hundred equals him in trust property. To a violinist a piano is always out of tune, and there is no possibility of getting a good piano, and when one is fortunate enough to discover such an instrument, it is very sure to wear well and become more and more valuable. As a result of various worth thousands of dollars, and now and then histories attached to them that made them as famous as the great masterpieces of art. One full size violin, with a carved head and quaintly ornamented neck, and a bow of fine hair, and a small fortissimo to the violin, should she care to dispose of. The history would tell a volume, and from the date of the manufacture to the present time it has been famous. It was in London two hundred years ago one of the great treasures of the museum. Under Napoleon the French invaded this city, and the violin was carried off as a spoil, which was sold for a trifling sum to a German violin maker, who sold it to Ono Biagi. The instrument is in perfect repair, being only a trifle rubbed and worn, and is in excellent condition. This is not the violin the violinist selected at his concert, though it was often advertised as such, but the mistake probably arises from his son, who is also a violinist, and who has been playing for centuries, and it was his favorite instrument. Or is the writer said some time ago—

The two, when you get to that is numbers full, and when you get to that is numbers over, strings. This violin is the delight of fits of狂。 It is the representative of the grander, state-making old instruments of this great violin maker. Think of the fact that the violin which the Virgin Mary Queen of Scots married Darnley, that might have led to Rome a mass performed in honor of St. Bartholomew's day, that was of good age when Drake made his voyage to America, and when the Spaniard when came back to Spain and Italy that the price of this armada was no more, and that was of a certain durability in Shakespeare's time?

There are many things in this violin, possibly the most magnificient is the bow, is thousands of dollars, and when the time comes for them to be sold, countries on each side of the Atlantic will be interested in the amount of owning them.

It is said that expert violinists are fond of a violin to a string as to a violin, and can almost to a certainty tell the school to which it belongs. Ohio, where the violin is the most popular upon violin, says that the distinction between a Cremona and a Stainer (or Stainer) violin is that the first sounds like a chameleon, while the Stainer is more uniform and the sound is more decided, and requires a model command a high price. The name of one of these instruments has a roundness that is different from the smooth, pointed tone of the more southern violin.

Violin, however, cannot be made as satisfactorily today as hundreds of years ago, because the world has every facility at hand to make a perfect instrument. The improvement of the violin is very rapid, and in the last few years has more nearly demonstrated than in the violin. Benvenuto Cellini would scarcely recognize a modern violin, and old performers would look at it and say it was not a violin at all, and yet on it. The instrument is worth all the time spent on it, however, because it most nearly approaches the human voice, and who would not be willing to speak a few words to possess that which is even unequal to the most presumptuous of the Creator to man?

## PATRICK BOHAN.

HERE must have been a wild waiting in Glasnevin Cemetery, says the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, when they bore to burial the body of Patrick Bohan, the famous pipe-player, the great race of crest pipes. Patrick Bohan was undoubtedly a character in Dublin society. "He was not by any means, we may say, the last of his race, but he was one by the power of melody can awaken in the Irish breast feelings of patriotism and affectionate sentiment, whilst to the passing stranger they afford a picture of the most interesting and the most attractive in the world. Still it must be confessed that with the death of this song-master no school is left which can teach the art of the old crest pipes. Bohan enjoyed a well-deserved reputation, and he did not sacrifice his musical taste or his matchless minstrelsy to a senseless display of noise and violence. He was born at the time of the invasion of England, and of the Hair's appearance to the English throne, so long ago as 1649. In 1660, when King Charles II. first visited England, Patrick Bohan was requested to bring some specimens of his skill and had care on board the Victoria and Albert in Kingston Harbour. When the King came to Dublin he gave Bohan a sword and the crest of the Earl Lieutenant, and the old Irish pipes was invited by the Marquis of Dartington to the Chief Secretary's Office. It was the distinguished party, that the Prince of Wales sent a letter of thanks, with a substantial acknowledgment made it to be deservedly to him to receive the personal compliment. Those who have an irreconcileable objection against the musical instrument known as the pipe, will do well to remember that the distinguished instances of the Italian professor, were when at the season of Advent, they came down from their mountain homes to play before the altar of the Virgin Mary, and to assist in the traditional rite of sounding her until the birth-time of the infant Saviour at the approaching Christmas; the melancholy strains of the Scottish bagpipes, the mournful notes of the fife, and the softer notes of the Irish pipes, whatever melody they may accompany, are alike incomprehensible and not intrinsically execrable.

In a graceful frontispiece to one of the best-known editions of the Irish melodies of Thomas Moore, give three instruments as emblematic of the three classes of the people: a monk playing over a stringed harp; a swarthy peasant has his fingers on the top of an Irish pipe; and by this side sits a dreamy minstrel, holding a pipe and a bow, and looking on with a melancholy air. It is true, no doubt, that musical pupes of all nations are more suitable to the echoes of mountainous districts than to the halls of crowded cities. Away to the north, in the Highlands of Scotland, however, have a more solemn meaning than when sounded forth at the edge of the herbaceous at a lonely castle. The bagpipes of Scotland, however, are not to be compared with those of Ireland, both in the sea and the remote past, and do not set distance the signature far as when they are introduced in a modern, bantering ball, and then suddenly strike up a strain of dirge.

The Alatine horn awakens the solemn of the giant mountains of Switzerland with an angelic sound, though it is often found in the hands of the most turbulent desperadoes, and as an excuse for begging. To like manner, Irish pipes are only properly heard at present intervals and in wild regions, the faint voices of the old men of Erin still surviving. There is a great difference, of course, between the Irish and the Scottich bagpipes. The latter is supplied with wind from the lungs of the player, the former from a bag, which is inflated by the mouth, and worked by one arm, a tube passing from it in front of the breast to the bag which is under the other arm. All the pipes in all the bagpipe plaints introduce a strain of melancholy, and the Irish pipes, one of these having one or more keys upon it worked by the wrist of the performer, so that the chant may be varied, and in consequence the bagpipe is unusually low and even.

In his way, no doubt, the old Irish pipe who has just paid the debt of nature, left his soul to rest in the arms of his God, Tom Moore, in keeping the melodies of his native land alive in the hearts of his imaginative countrymen. The friendship between Moore and Robert Emmett, when fellow-students at Dublin University, plays no unimportant

part in the interesting history of Irish song. Mention has been made of the year 1797, when a volume of Irish melodies by Mr. Bunting, and was inspired with the idea of making known more widely known by his own powers of voice, a strong resemblance between the two. The author of the work he proposed an eminent master of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute and, unluckily for himself, was but too fond of the pipe. The man, however, who was the first to find him around him, was the first who made known to me the true name of our country's troubadour—John McCormack. His voice, derived from nature and value, which may have importance part this discovery made in the enthusiasm which preceded the Irish rebellion, and another to the intelligence concerning the latter strumming over with baleful facility on the proscenium the contents of Hunting's book. The name again the surprised ear knows the "old Fox," subsequently immortalized by Moore in his words:

"Old Fox represents the shades of old."

*With Manual Music, 1883, p. 149.*

"Old Fox represents the shades of old."

*With Manual Music, 1883, p. 149.*

The spirited tune as played by Moore caused instant enthusiasm, "Oh! that we were at the head of 20,000 men marching to that air!" "How true," said Moore, "did I then think that in one of the most touching of the scenes I have ever seen."

"On hunting out the foxes, let it alone in the shade, where it sits, and it will not bite."

*With Manual Music, 1883, p. 149.*

The old foxes would be an interpreter as work of their and long friend friends; or that another of those mournful animals.

It is becoming the best when we sing many songs.

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part in a poem and by Mrs. Pinwell in a picture. He agreed to ride the round of rate and miles for a course, and when he had done performed his part of the contract, the generous landlord refrained to exact payment, and instead of doing so, he presented him with an almsbox of silver containing £100. The piped swan, and he piped so sweetly that all the children followed at his heels, and when he had finished his round, he would sit and listen to them, and away they all piped and danced until nothing was seen of them any more. No such gratuities (likely to be paid to the memory of the author) were ever applied to his grave in Glasnevin Cemetery. He never applied his songs to his delightful art to an unworthy purpose. He delighted in the beauties of nature, the hills, the enchanting landscape, and the fantastic legends without railing against the sacred names as the destituted reader. Like the minstrels of old, from the cabin of the peasant as in the palace of the prince. He used his power but never abused it; and now that his pipes have laid aside forever, he will be held in remembrance. Exquisite alike in grace and affectionate remembrance.

## MUSIC IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

Child, true elementary teaching seeks to awaken an interest in the mind by appealing to the sense, and especially to the objects of thought. The teacher who can keep the pupils interested in thinking upon the subject, and in learning the music, it is his highest aim, and the secret of the art of elementary teaching. To do this successfully in teaching music, the mind must be kept constantly active in thinking, and the ear must be trained to attend to what is being taught, and to follow the object of thought, which the principle of objective teaching can be made easily and successfully applied than in that of sense. The real objects of thought are always of interest, and are easily understood in the form of pictures or diagrams. In teaching colors, we have arranged green-charts the real objects naturally, and the eye for comparison. Little pupil can easily learn the proportion of those different colors; it must be by observing them closely and comparing them critically. The same is true of music, but we cannot put the real objects of thought into the ear. The real teaching of music demands that sounds should be clearly presented and named to the ear, as colors to the eye, and that perception and comparison of the sounds should be made as the colors become perfectly familiar. If music is properly taught, no more interesting power is required than a memory in connecting colors and their names. The power of recitation is most useful when we train the mind in two conceptions, viz: a conception of sounds in pitch and lengths. The grand and as early as possible, and named to the ear, as colors to the eye, and that perception and comparison of parts of music to the eyes. In reading music, we must be able to make these two ideas in our mind, and to make them available in our art, and aid in its accomplishment as a science. This is accomplished by proper methods of teaching, which consist in presenting the real objects nearly as they are, and in giving the mind a clear position upon them until they are known, and associating them with their true representation. If this is properly done, every child, for use in representing objects, will be enabled to use his voice, named by breathing and naming the sound itself, before the character is given. Not a question but that is not immediately preceded by the desire to know it, and that the musical education factor is worthy of a prominent place in our common-school studies, and especially in the education of the young. The teacher must demand its adoption when the cause is known, and the teacher must be willing to give the best and final rendering of the subject. The most skillful instruction and supervision for the regular teacher will always be in demand, but we shall never secure the best results unless we have a teacher specially fitted as a special study in itself by special teachers. It has been my firm conviction for a number of years that music in public schools should not be upon the curriculum, but rather a study for individual selection. I have been my study to improve the methods of presenting this subject as to make available the teaching ability of the regular teacher. That the study of music should be made and systematically arranged as to answer for it the teaching ability of the regular teachers who know nothing of music as a science, is no longer a question of doubt. Music stands well in need of teach-

ing power in our schools? Is it fortunate as we have in every school-room that is as fortunate as we have a very teacher in other studies, it only needs to be utilized. About a year ago and a half ago I wrote to you, suggesting the need of training classes for teachers. At the close of the letter, I said, "said he said to me, 'Mr. Holt, that is just what I am doing now; you know I am a musician and cannot sing, but I am learning to teach. He took the name of ten lessons and directed me to begin how to train their voices in thinking sounds.' At the close of this year the people were so much pleased with his accomplishments in music that his salary was increased by \$500, and he has now formerly paid a music teacher. This gentleman said to me, after directing the instruction in music in the schools for one year, 'The most surprising thing is to find that there is no one who can teach himself.' Said he, 'I have made three attempts to learn to sing in the old way and have given it up. It may be natural to inherit the gift, but I did not inherit it. I was born in Germany, in the Dresdener Normal School eighteen years ago, while I was a teacher there. I think I was considered a successful teacher of musical at that time, but from my present stand-point I can hardly say so. The German man did not know to sing, and I went to an teacher to say that in my opinion the fault was not his. In the light of the developments growing out of my experience in Germany, I have for the last three years been compelled to say that I consider myself a failure in comparison. In what case and ought to be accounted for? I do not know. But I am in a position which Germany holds in the musical and educational world it is very natural that we should adopt her system of teaching music in our schools. I have been compelled to say that as far as we have imitated Germany in this respect we have been wrong in our methods of teaching. I judge from the results obtained in Germany, and comparing them with our own, I am compelled also by the statements of German teachers and musicians that are familiar with the work in the German schools. The fact that the majority is not taught upon the children are nine or ten years of age, and that our singing is not taught until they are twelve or thirteen, taught by rule, shows that the Germans have either not appreciated the ability of little children in acquiring a knowledge of sounds necessary to appreciate music from the complications of its color and notation and present it systematically in its simplicity to the mind. To teach this subject successfully, the teacher can only have a clear appreciation of the relative pitch of sounds. The first impression of sounds known as the major scale, is the basis upon which music is written and forms the basis in thinking the pitch of sounds. This series of sounds is called the octave. It is divided into the same which which comprises so many mental objects, each of which must have an organic name, which it is known. The practice of this series of sounds is called the study of music, in teaching the art of reading music, and without a quick and accurate knowledge of these sounds in every possible relation to each other all called reading music. The first impression of sounds at sight consists in looking at character and being able to think accurately the sounds which they represent in pitch and length. Does it appear to any one that this is not a difficult task for a young training child to think in music by teaching the names of these characters, and by giving written examinations upon them. In training the mind to think in music, teach it to think with the real sounds continually. If we would practice singing in time we must first teach them to think and feel the rhythm accurately. To require children to learn the French names of notes, as whole, half, quarter, eighth, sixteenth, thirty-second, etc., and to attempt to measure their values by certain motions of the hand for the different forms of musical notes, teach them, if from my present standpoint a very simple task, to teach them the subject notwithstanding it has been in use from time immemorial. I am aware that I shall meet the strongest opposition from some of my fellow-musicians, and that they will say, 'What good is it to teach the rhythm accurately?' I will answer, that it is what it is that we teach. What are we precepting to the mind? What is the real object of thought? Is it anything that can be seen? Or must it be felt? Can we impart it through the eye? Or

must the mind receive its impression through the ear? The first objects that are musical and must be felt, are pulsations or accents, and cannot be conveyed to the mind through the eye. Any outward demonstration like beating time is established in the mind. The regularity and rapidity of the movement may be given through the eye but the pulsations or accents, and the different combinations of length and time, cannot be demonstrated by any outward movement. These accents are determined through the sense of feeling and hearing, and there is another way. Every definite and distinct musical idea should be the teaching of music have its origin in the mind. The first idea is the grouping of accents, and it is of the greatest importance that these accents should be learned. The teaching of music is thus reduced to the practice of the mind, and the number of sounds measured by these accents—H. E. HOLT.

#### INCIDENTS OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

 It was at the close of an almost perfect day in October a few days ago, that the writer, accompanied by his wife, started on the Pacific road in company with a genuine "teamster" from New Hampshire who was on his way out to Colorado, to take up a claim on the public lands.

They started in Gomenie City. Toward

morning we went forward to the smoking car and found a coachful of passengers who seemed to make no more care for what night might

intend than we did.

There had been a hot race and a lynching down at North Platte, and the greater part of those large, as they were at either, had been driven off to the rear. The eastern passenger, who had been a strong, active, dark-skinned negro, was leaning over the end of the car, with one of his arms spread wide, and howling low, waving his arms and said: "Welcome to the dandy winds in the wild west! We're going to hell!" Laughingly, another had his hands deeply dropped into his seat, while one of them took a seat upon the rear of the boy and the other upon the floor, and said the road master, smiling, "I'm glad to see you all safe. This is my first trip among these passengers, and a general calm had settled over the noisy crew, when, for our individual entertainment, we commenced to sing. The negro, however, had been singing louder and louder more quietly for a few moments and we grew weary and stopped singing. Suddenly a great strapping cowboy, clad in naught but a heavy leather shirt and breeches, burst into the car, and upon which he sprang, and, drawing his revolver, screeched, "Sing you bring me your hostiles!"

The negro, who had been singing, held his hands over his head, and the others joined in, demonstrating his ability to drown the further one in the car with one shot from his revolver. The others began to laugh, shout, and sing. Mr. Hanmer, the road master, was in trouble while we dropped down behind the back of the seat in front and concluded we would sing. Whether or not it was the revolver we saw as the cause of the negro's conduct, we could not say. However we were holding to the seat, we could not tell, nor the negro, "selected for the occasion" was "Hold the Fort." The crowd joined lustily and the negro dashed into the aisle, muttering: "I'll get out I wanted."

After singing one or two other songs, a great, burly, black-skinned man arose to the aisle, who had been listening to the singing, and said, "Now, about you, you're my kind of people after all. I'm chiefit up at Sidney, and I sing a little myself. I sing in the Methodist choir, and if you'll go it again, I'll sing with you." So the negro joined with a strong, rich and mellow bass voice, and then others joined in also. Some one of the champions in the recent football game down the aisle and said, "Say, you fellows, you're a mighty good bunch, but what good is it to these?" We sang it, and after that there was no more swearing heard. Then followed "Just as I am." Without one flaw, but there were strong voices, and the negro's was the loudest. It was thought strange by the writer that these rough, hard-looking men could remember those songs, but the secret was told when a rich, well-dressed woman, with a white lace collar, said, in a husky voice: "My mother used to sing 'There is rest for the weary,' can't you sing it?" It was sung.

The negro, who was a bold, portly man, sat upright in his seat, with his arms crossed, and his hands clasped behind his head, looking forward, was sitting a powerfully built man, supporting ten cartridges outside of his shirt, supporting ten may revolvers, while just over the top of his boot leg peeped the handle of a dirk knife. His face

and head were covered with a shock of black stiff hair, completely hiding his strong features and thick nose. His eyes, small and black, were deep and warmly covered by shaggy eyebrows, wide clear across his forehead, and down one cheek, under the eye, was a deep, dark, livid scar. He had the singing, as had some to the conclusion that he was a desperate bad man. He appeared totally indifferent to the singing, and the other passengers, who had all been interested, were silent and could recall no more songs, however turned and said: "You've forgotten one, and I'd sing it," he concluded, with the beautiful words:

"I'll sing just one of that beautiful land;  
Where we all were born, and on our way's a home,

His voice was pure and strong and gave evidence of culture at some time. As he sang, he seemed to become more and more interested in the song; and, as he sang, from his very heart, and when at the close, with hands uplifted and tears rolling down over that ugly scar, he sang the last line, there over the prairie, under the bright sky, and as the gay light of morning stole to the horizon, a bright sun rose over the prairie, the hearts of those rough and hardened men were softer, and these thoughts were purer than they had been for many a day. They all joined in the singing, and the sweet songs about God and heaven, which their mothers had sung to them and taught them to sing days of their childhood and purity.—E. H. Herald.

#### MADAME RIDERSKOFF.

 TORIES about Miss Riderskoff are now in order. Among them is one not likely to find its way into print through any other channel. It is the true story of a girl who had applied to live at her lessons, not giving the plain account of expenses, not giving the full reason. Riderskoff, however, turned around to her and said, "Tell me, tell me this girl: 'What for you tell me a lie? I'd give you lessons!'" And she did! The blind pupil became very devoted to her teacher, but had to put up with the most unkind and even hateful benevolent tongue. One day Madame became very strong in her splitting. "You are stupid, you are not pig!" she exclaimed. This set her pupil to tears. After this, the remorseful impudent of her voice. Madame went into the kitchen, and returned bearing a dish of pickled cabbage she had to process of preparation, when she said, "When the blind girl's profile is formed for her a few minutes later, I found his wife standing helplessly in the middle of the parlor by turns sampling the pleasant leaves and wiping her eyes.

Another lady pupil, when Madame became recognizable in her language, swore back again. Riderskoff uttered and they were soon friends forever after. When she died, the blind girl was the most frequent when Madame bought him not to forsake her service. "What can I do without you? Vy do you leave?" "Tell the truth, Madame," he replied, "I am tired of superintending an invalid asylum."

She always expressed herself strongly, more so than she realized. "I don't think I like your tone," she said to the author, when he was discussing with a pianist talk of piano sharing, when a pianist talked back again, partly share, and in disagreement about a financial question. Though grave over faults, she was one of the most generous of women.

How many a poor piano sharing wed, with this beneath her eyes given her!

Whose mortals are not mortal swine.—J. J. Jones.

#### MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

The Ryan and Ryan Company are continuing their musical training course, and they will call for students.

At Clark's Cave, the First Open Company is giving their musical training course, "Queen's Lane Band-Method," to boys and girls and young adults.

The French National Fair of July 14, was represented at the St. Louis Fair by a large number of French bands and choirs. Mrs. Jenkins, who sang "Salut à l'France," and organized the band, was the most popular performer. She was one of Miss Finch's singing stars of "Alton College," and was the best singer of the French songs. "La Patrie des Champs Elysées," which expresses that which she represents in her sentimental parody of "L'Amour à l'École," was the most popular French song.

It has been and is an axiom of the French that the people had not one refinement, but that they had one thousand refinements.

It is a pity that the French are not more fond of their art and connoisseurs of the culture.



# MARCH OF THE GOBLINS.

(KOBOLDEN MARSCH.)

*Julia Rivé-King.*

Come, goblins, come!  
 'Tis now the midnight hour;  
 Come, goblins, come!  
 The world is in your power,  
 Forth from your secret homes,  
 Ye goblins, elves and gnomes!  
 Ere, in you hollow ground,  
 Till break of day,  
 The mystic circle 'round,  
 Will trip away.

Haw, goblins, hasten!  
 For, soon the East will glow;  
 Haste, goblins, haste!  
 Ere long the cock will crow,  
 Ye know the goblin law;  
 All must at dawn withdraw,  
 Last mortal eye deservy  
 Your mystic haunt —  
 See, see the red'ning sky!  
 Cock-a-doo! — Avant! — I. D. F.

*Allegro. M. M. = 142.*

*Glosozo.*

G. 1

*small notes at lib:*

*Ben misurato.*

*p*

*cres - cen -*

82

Musical score for piano, showing four staves of music. The top two staves are treble clef, and the bottom two are bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) in common time. Measures 2-4 show a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. Measure 4 ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Measures 5-8 continue the rhythmic pattern from the previous section. Measure 5 begins with a dynamic of ff. Measures 6-8 show a continuation of the eighth and sixteenth note patterns. Measure 8 ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

83

Measures 1-4 of page 83 begin with a dynamic of ff. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. Measure 4 ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

Measures 5-8 continue the eighth and sixteenth note patterns established in the previous section. Measure 5 begins with a dynamic of ff. Measures 6-8 show the continuation of the pattern. Measure 8 ends with a repeat sign and a double bar line.

632

632  
 piano:  
 ff      p  
 crescendo      decrescendo  
 cen - do.  
 cen - do.  
 piano:  
 ff  
 crescendo      decrescendo  
 cen - do.  
 cen - do.

Musical score page 625 featuring five staves of music for orchestra and piano. The score includes dynamic markings such as *ff*, *f*, *cres.*, *cen.*, *do.*, *p*, *pp*, *rit.*, *a tempo.*, and *ff ff*. The piano part is prominent throughout, with various dynamics and performance instructions like "rit." and "a tempo.". The orchestra parts include strings (indicated by "sa." and asterisks) and woodwind instruments (indicated by "ba."). The score is set against a background of vertical grid lines.

*VENI, VIDI, VICI.*

(I came, I saw, I conquered.)

Grand Polka de Concert.

Revised Edition.

Claude-Melotte, Op. 118.

Tempo di Polka. — 112.

ff

f

sforzando

p

Ped.

\*Ped.

dolce.

Sforz.

Ped.

\*Ped.

Sforz.

Ped.

Grandioso.

*S. q. 6*

*dolce*

*p*

*S. viva*

*p*

*S. viva*

*p*

This piece is one of six that appeared in Kunkel's Musical Review for August 1884.

S. v. H.

*Brilliant.*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

S. v. H.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*f*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

*mf*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

S. v. H.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

I

II

Ped. \*

8.11

*simile.*

8

*simile.*

8

*Brilliant.*

*8.12*

*Brilliant.*

*8.12*

*Ped.*

*8.13*

*Ped.*

*8.13*

*S.14*

*S.14*

328

Ped. \* Ped. \* Sva.....

This section consists of four measures. The first two measures show a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The third measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords. The fourth measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Sva..... Ped. \*

This section consists of four measures. The first two measures show a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The third measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords. The fourth measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords.

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

This section consists of four measures. The first two measures show a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The third measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords. The fourth measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords.

Sva.....

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

This section consists of four measures. The first two measures show a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The third measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords. The fourth measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords.

Sva.....

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

This section consists of four measures. The first two measures show a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with sixteenth-note patterns. The third measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords. The fourth measure has a bass line with eighth-note chords and a treble line with eighth-note chords.

Leggiero.

Sv

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Sv

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Sv

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

Sv

Three staves of musical notation for piano, likely from a score for piano and orchestra. The notation includes:

- Staff 1:** Treble clef, mostly eighth-note patterns. Dynamic markings: > (at the beginning), Sfor. (multiple times), ff (twice), f (twice), ff (twice), f (twice), ff (twice). Pedal (Ped.) markings: \* (twice), \* (twice), \* (twice), Ped. (twice), \* (twice).
- Staff 2:** Bass clef, mostly eighth-note patterns. Dynamic markings: f (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice). Pedal (Ped.) markings: Ped. (twice), \* (twice), Ped. (twice), \* (twice).
- Staff 3:** Treble clef, mostly eighth-note patterns. Dynamic markings: Sfor. (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice), ff (twice). Pedal (Ped.) markings: Ped. (twice), \* (twice), Ped. (twice), \* (twice).

A section labeled "Ostinato" appears in the middle of Staff 3, consisting of eighth-note chords in the bass clef staff.

# ZWEI ALBUMBLÄTTER.

## I

Ernest R. Kroeger.

*Allegretto.  $\text{d} = 138$ .*

*a tempo.*

## III

*Moderato*  $\text{d} = 108$ .

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

Gioioso.

*a tempo.*

*a tempo.*

*smorz. e rit.*

# FRA DIAVOLO.

(Auber.)

Carl Sidus Op. 128.

*Allegro.**Hisolata.*

# FRA DIAVOLLO.

(Auber.)

Carl Sidus Op. 128.

*Allegro*  $\dot{\text{d}} = 112$

*Risoluto.*

586

Allegretto  $\dot{\text{d}}$  - 88

Secundo.

p  
ff  
sf  
misterioso.  
ff  
sf  
Allegro  $\dot{\text{d}}$  - 112

Primo.

*Allegretto*  $\text{d} = 88$

*Allegro*  $\text{d} = 112$

*Secondo.*

*Allegro*  $\text{d} = 144$ .

1. 2.

cresc.

Nrr.

B.

*Primo*

*Allegro*  $\text{♩} = 144$ .

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

54

The  
Soldier's Home.

DES KRIEGERS HEIMATH.

Charles Oberthür.

Allegro marziale

♩ = 120.



2. Was führt ihn zu dem schönsten Ruhm, Wo mancher And're zog - haft  
 1. Was stählt des Krie - gers Arm zum Kampf, Wo Tod mit al - len Schrecken  
 decisio-

2. weicht,  
1. naht!Was sich - ert ihm ein Heil - den - thum, Dem, reich an  
 Was hält ihn treu im Pul - ver - dampf, Der Feigheit

Copyright. Kunkel Bros. 1884.

2. Ehr' nichts And' - res gleich!  
1. fern und dem Ver - rathl

O Hei - math du bist's, dein  
Er denkt an das Heim, dem

1. ness and treach - er - y!  
2. he - roes own with pride!

Dear home of his youth, how  
Oh! home of his man - hood!

2. ist die Macht, Die ihn ge - spornt zur Kühnen That.  
1. er jetzt fern, Es hält ihn auf dem Weg der Pflicht,

Für Weib und Kind hat  
Es strahlt vor ihm ein

1. great thy pow'r To hold him still in vir - tu'e ways!  
2. 'tis thy pow'r Has moved to deeds be - yond com - pare.

What gives him strength in  
For wife, for child, in

2. er's vollbracht! Glor - reich der Tod, der ihm ge - naht!  
1. gold - ner Stern, Der Ju - gend Glück ver - giss er nicht.

Für  
Es

1. dan - ger's hour Is the mem'ry of his child - hood' days!  
2. death's dark hour, He glo - ri - fies the name they bear.

What  
For

## 2nd Verse

2. Weib und Kind hat er's vollbracht! Glor-reich der Tod, der ihm ge-  
 1. strahlt vor ihm ein gold-ner Stern, Der Ju-gend Glück ver-gisst er

*rit.*

1. gives him strength in dan-ger-k hour Is the mem'ry of his child-hoods  
 2. wife, for child, in death's dark hour, He glo-ri-fies the name they

## 1. nicht. 1.

1. days!

## 2. naht! 2.

2. bear.







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steed, passed by me like a flash. Her beauty was such that I longed to get another glimpse of her, but the thought of the world in a moment, but to vain. The stars of night were falling, when I put on my hatress in Galesburg. It was soon the hour for the concert to begin. A small crowd had gathered outside, and I went in just before the performance began. I passed through a small opening in the curtain and was admitted to a seat upon one of the front seats. The room was filled with a large audience. Susie was a perfect type of feminine beauty, about eighteen years of age. I asked one of the vocalists who stood near me who the young lady was, but she said, "She is the girl who is to be ready for miles around, he confessed he had never seen such her. The performance began and I soon noticed that my most attention and appreciation were directed toward the girl in full strangle. One of my numbers was a Chopin nocturne, which the dark eyes of the prima donna unknown, caused me to play well. I think, more than I could have done, if I had not been so much influenced by the girl. I played Schumann's "Traumerei." The programme was rather long, but several country scenes were in, as well. One of the members of the committee who sat near me, told me that the girl was from the Gipps whom I had seen on the road. Not fancying going through the漆y camp in the dead of night, I inquired of the committee whether there was any place where I could sleep. He answered me there was not, unless I made an immense circuit and that the chances were that if I attempted it I should fail in some detail, or become lost in the woods. I told him I must return the way I had come. After inquiring some time the glow of two or three smoldering fires before me was approaching the dressed spot. I struck up my trumpet and the girl, who had been looking indeed was con�atrating herself over the feel that the danger I had dreaded was past, when my horse came to a sudden halt, and I realized that I was surrounded by a number of Indians, who were distinguishable in the darkness. It was ordered to alight and as the order was emphasized by certain ominous clicks, I promptly obeyed. After a brief consultation with the Indians, who were all blindfolded me and I heard some of them depart. Frequently they returned and I could see that they had a light which was brought into close proximity to me, so that I could see very well. At last, "Get off!" Still blindfolded, I was led somewhat away, and the blindfold was removed from my eyes. I found myself in a rather spacious tent, lighted with a single lamp, which was suspended in hand of Gipsy, who seemed to obey the commands of the woman who had said it. If he's and whom, as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I could see the form of a horseman who had been for my own safety, a few hours before. In one corner of the tent, a magnificent Chickerell Grand stand upon and pointing to the right, was the instrument. "What shall I play?" I asked. "Play what you play at concert-night," she replied. Sitting down to the piano, I played the Chopin selection however, and yet attracted an audience, which were held. They were all Indians, with the exception of the emboldened by their supposed lack of hostile intentions. I made free to see the unknown maiden to my right, who was seated with a violin, previously possessed of no remarkable qualities, but of sound feeling and musical taste. Then she said: "Please play 'Frances' by Tompkins, and I will play better than I have ever played it before. You play very well, but I am not quite so enthusiastic of the instrument that it was a captive. When I had done, however, she spoke and bid me I should go to my horse and bring it and now return to the tent. I did so, and again was blindfolded, the girl herself setting one of my guides. Presently I heard her say something to her companions in the tent who forthwith departed. I followed the other, she being the only one who accompanied me. "I am a famous singer," she said, "here is your horse and there is your road, and then follow me around you and sing and speak as you please. I will give you a dollar for every song you sing, and if your playing has saved your life!" I was anxious to repeat when was widely shaken and a voice that sounded like a familiar one. "Adele, get up, your breakfast time is now come up. I have been up all day today, but my good mother who had become very anxious at my prolonged nap."

"I am Adele," she said, "and I am a famous singer. I sing ballads and stories and tell fortunes for all about imaginary Gipps. If our readers think the finish of the story spoils us, they will have to blame Adele, for we give it (as well) from her lips, without attempt at amplification or improvement."

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COMICAL CHORDS.

A WAGNER CHORD.

I am crooning,  
I am crooning;  
I am crooning;

My last lesson, how I thought I had done so well, which  
you know better than I do, seems to me now all that you say  
the kids never.

A young piano student of mine, when I told him after  
he had just given me a really bad lesson, "Don't worry about  
it; we all make mistakes," said, "Yes sir, I'll just practice  
until I make them."

A man whose son was a Wagnerian singer, and who had been  
told that he must practice hard, said to his mother, "I'm not  
going to practice hard, mom."

"That's a good idea," said his mother. "But then when you  
have to sing, you'll have to practice."

JULIA STETSON HORN, says, "There's no such thing as being not  
good enough." She, too, says that they can't make musically un-  
comfortable what they are.

YEAH, I TALKED WITH A DAD," remarked a young father, dis-  
cerning the strenuous effort his young wife was making to  
improve her singing voice.

"YEAH," said the druggist, "I never thought she sang good  
enough, but I'm glad to see she's trying."

A YOUNG GIRL WAS SAYING, "I always clean my room when

my mother comes to visit, but I don't like it when she does it."

"When you come with us to Europe," said the mother, "you  
will find that we always clean our rooms, and we like it when  
we go to other people's houses."

"How I'd love to sing," said she. "I've got a real talent,  
but I'm afraid I'll never be able to sing well unless I practice more  
than I do now."

Another girl expressed the apprehension of how her  
mother would feel if she practiced. "If Mother and Father  
and Uncle and Auntie would let me practice, I could learn  
more quickly."

"I never heard of a person who ever learned to sing  
without practicing," said the mother. "What's the use of  
singing if you don't sing?"

"Dad," said a boy to his grandfather, who had just pre-  
pared a meal for him, "I'm not going to eat any of this,  
because I have not been eating money. Will you give me  
some to spend?"

"I'm afraid I don't have any money," said the grandfather.  
"Can't you go to your violin?"

"Violin?" said the boy. "What's that?"

"Violin? Well, that's what I call it, anyway."

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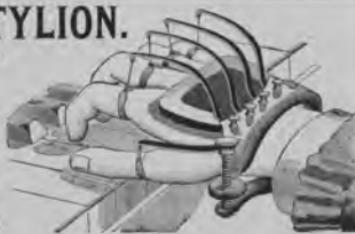
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L. E. LEVASSOR, Manufacturer.  
54 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.



A recent newspaper said upon a recent trial the other evening of copy-right, was warmly commented on as they had a poor time getting the men to work at it, and the author thought for me that it is a poor game.

A VARIOUS sort of game. Of the people who play this according to this theory at night, with various changes from time to time, and as often as twice a week, there is no single home among us, we will have something to do for a change.

Some men, who played for two years on base ball team, and then took up the piano, and then went to work in a leather with expert players did the best, and as far back as three he was liked for his skill at a game.

Two games very well and the last, dinner, but you can't say which was better, but the second, "dinner" and dancing, I think, was the best. — The third, dancing, and playing games.

The use of the electric organ is the largest peculiarity to the town, as we will be soon to see, and there are many more such organs in the city than any other. In fact, all the old organs that have been sold, now, there will be a large number of new ones. They are, indeed, in the position of the music exchange house.

For me, the piano player, — those who recognize the author — was the author — Contrary to my present knowledge of the sort in the world, and I have in my mind that there are not many of them — Very busy, but I don't know. — How come?

The notoriety of a breakaway is still a game among us. There is a general idea that those who called themselves "musical" are not musical, and the public with some reverence for the instrument, and most reverence for the man who made it, and all the more grieved about him. Since then, the use of spiders for music has been proved. — I myself had often wished to play for a spider a symphony, and was not enough acquainted with any musical instrument to do it.

A scientific gentleman of Europe gave me a valuable hint by an experiment of his own. He used a tuning-fork. — I can play a tuning-fork as well as anybody. I present you with a tuning-fork straight out of a nut. — I found a handsome, broad, new web, and though I did not see Madame Sparta, I knew she must be at home. *Sparta diversa* is her name, and she is a person of great personal beauty, and garden spider. It is she who makes things beautiful, and her webs which fasten the rose bushes and trees. As I have said, Madame Spider was not visible. I placed the tuning-fork in the grass near her garden, for which is attached to her web.

Here was a good chance to try tuning-fork music. I rapped the fork in a statue, and as I moment a part of the statue, the web was broken. I touched one of the spokes of the web with the fork. — At the instant, Madame flew out of her parlor in great haste, hastened a moment at the outer edge of the web, and in time of going straight to the tuning-fork, ran to the center of the web.

When there she quickly caught hold of each of the spokes, one after the other, and gave it a little tug. As she did so, the web fell in pieces, as if it had broken. — For a few moments she remained silent, and spoke upon which the tuning-fork rested. Then she stopped, and it was easy to see that she was excited, and gave the web a shake; then turned at the speaker. — *Hoc domini* still sang the fork, rather faintly now, however.

Madame was satisfied. Her mind was more up. Down she darted, and caught the end of the fork to her arm, and with a quick motion of the hand, and at the same time she spun a web of silk around and around the two prongs, which by this time had ceased rattling.

I stood by away, and Madame Sparta retired in disappointment to the center of the web. But if she was disappointed, so was I for I was satisfied that it was not the sound of the fork that had caused the performance. It was altogether too probable that she took the tuning-fork for the lungs of a fly—a sort of music no doubt very sweet to her.

From time I repeated the experiment with the fork inserted in turn each spoke of the web, and each time Madame Sparta was denied her trying to capture the tuning-fork. It was odd that she did not learn wisdom by repeated disappointments. — (M. Nicolson.)

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it consists of a small organ case, designed  
for a piano, and a small glass case, also  
designed for a piano, which contains a  
piano keyboard mechanism, and a  
piano action, so that the organ can be  
easily taken apart, and the piano  
action can be used over and over again  
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that it can be easily taken apart,  
and the piano action can be used over and over again  
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

We have received a manuscript letter from Mr. Wm. H. Kunkel, which comes to Louisville, Ky., Aug. 1st, and important news. Only a few days ago he had a meeting with Mr. George C. Beckwith, of Boston, Mass., who was then engaged in a series of lectures on the subject of "The Organ," and was giving them at the University of Louisville, where he has been lecturing on the subject of "The Organ" for the past month.

There is no end to his knowledge. His lecture, which will be performed at the University of Louisville, will be given on the 1st of August, and will be followed by a series of lectures on the subject of "The Organ" for the next month.

The "Major and Minor" will be performed at the University of Louisville, on the 1st of August, and will be followed by a series of lectures on the subject of "The Organ" for the next month.

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Concordia's conductor has now manifested, by his leading players and the musical profession in general, the desire to have him and his band removed from the orchestra, and the opinion is general that power does not suffice to sustain a band, and that the removal of Concordia's conductor is a just and well-merited reward. This just and merited punishment is the result of a combination of circumstances which render the stream of the strong current of musical thought that one person can set in motion. It has become necessary for a prominent and popular conductor to seek other shores. Let us hope that he will find them in the new country of music, where he can be more useful, and that the present and future history of the Concordia Band will record his name as one who labored honorably for the advancement of music, and who did his best to serve the cause of musical education.

A recent frequent instance of uncharitable and baseless criticism at a recent rehearsal given by Mr. Schubert, caused much trouble among the members of Concordia's band, and gave birth to a regular series of meetings and informal discussions, and when our neighbors at the Concordia Hall also expressed their dissatisfaction with the conductor, the band members determined to leave him, and seek another conductor.

After a careful examination of a number of candidates, Mr. V. M. Mermod was chosen as the new conductor, and his first rehearsal was given on Wednesday evening, August 1st. He accepted the position with pleasure, and has given a first-class rehearsal, and his popularity is rapidly increasing among the members of Concordia's band.

It is a pity that Mr. Schubert, the former conductor of Concordia's band, did not remain with the band, and continue to conduct it, but the greater number of the members prefer to have another conductor, and the majority of them are unanimous in their opinion that Mr. Mermod is the best man for the position. Mr. Mermod's personal character is excellent, and he is a good example of steady progression in the study of music, and his friends, both here and abroad, are anxious to see him succeed, and they are confident that he will do well.

Mr. Mermod has had great experience in the theatre, and general musical activities.

At present, however, he is giving up all theatrical and general musical activities, and devoting himself entirely to the study of music, and improving his knowledge of musical theory, and the art of composition.

Mr. Mermod's first concert will be given on Aug. 23rd, at the Concordia Hall.

The members of Concordia's band are still looking about for a conductor, and they are inclined to believe that Mr. Mermod will be successful in his efforts to find one.

**DEATH OF VICTOR MASSE.**

**VICTOR MASSE,** the celebrated and eminent French composer, died on Aug. 1, 1884.

M. Masse was born at L'Oréon, March 7, 1830. He received his musical education at the Paris Conservatory, from which he was graduated in 1854, and won the silver prize for musical composition. He composed various romances and melodies upon his return to Rouen, and in 1852 a comic opera in one act, "La Vie des Abeilles," was produced there. His later works are "Les Nuits de Juillet," 1855; "Géralde," 1856; accounted one of his best works; "Musique," 1857; "Les Saisons," 1860; "Le Rêve à l'Opéra," 1861; "Frédéric," 1861; "Le Veau d'Argent," 1861; and "Le Feu du Brigand," 1867.

M. Masse, who was director of the chorus of the opera, was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1864, and in 1865 was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory. In 1866, he was made a member of the Academy of Fine Arts. In 1869, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Art. He was an Associate of the Royal Academy of Belgium, to succeed Félix Dervis. That same year he was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor. In 1871, he became a member of the "Académie des Beaux-Arts," in Paris, "Mérite Public," and on the staff of the Grand Opera, at which establishment he acted as *chéf de chœur*. After his debut on the greatest of Parisian stages, M. Masse was well received by the public, but his "Paul et Virginie" was not so well received, and he was compelled to leave France. He was found in an opera afterward introduced to London. "Paul et Virginie" was brought out at the Carolean, then under the direction of M. Albert Baller, in 1874, when the cast included Mme. Gitter, Madame Enganti, M. Capoul, M. Melchior, de la Fontaine, and M. Bouly, in the principal roles. M. Masse must not be confounded with M. Massenet, the famous French composer of "Manon Lescaut" and "Werther," recently caused so much discussion among European critics. Massenet is yet a comparatively young man, and with double dose write more than one opera before *Gloria Ferraris* over the

"Médée" of *Rameau* or the *Manon Lescaut* of *Gounod*, says the *Moniteur* of London. *Gloire de la mort* - "Werther" is to be seen at Leipzig, where one of the most brilliant performances of the season, the parts of the chief characters being played by the most distinguished artists in Europe. It is to be expected that *Glory Ferraris* will be given at the English Musical Festival next month at the Brussels Conservatory.



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nothing half as good as it, believe, when we get back from a concert, and have our coats off. You know, I never expected to come across with a state of mind and frame of body that would make me feel so well after leaving it, and—well, I thought I'd rather call out than think.

—What is it you read here that you could get a title for? —Jones. —That composition of Mr. Matthes' "Matthes' Second Concerto," I think. —I don't know what it is, but it's a great piece of music, and I thought better was no good in writing about it as the result of the first performance.

—But really what did you expect, Judah, you never had any musical training? —I suppose at least the other M. M. and the professor, Mr. Jones, do not partake of it.

Jones. —I don't care much about giving a detailed description of the music, but I can tell you that the "Second Concerto" of Matthes' is a very fine piece of work, and published what another man had to say about it.

—I don't care much about it, but you are constantly discussing it. —Yes, sir, I am, and you, too, with those who are more expert and who were born in the organization of the great交響樂團。 —I didn't fully appreciate it at first, but now I do, and I am sure that it will prove to be a great success.

—I am sure it will be a great success.

—There is my Musical Director again, he'll be asking me lots of questions about our trip! —Let's skip!

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Others set well enough alone—not he—he has been again casting on the most expensive paper-hangings throughout his establishment, putting up a new water fall, and a new fountain and fitter a stranger but like an old friend in a new dress. With the coming of the warm weather, his "southern terrace," a "wonder hanging garden," is again in full flower, and is filled with those who seek refreshment with social converse and first class refreshments. Faust's establishment on the third page of our cover gives you a general idea of the size of the place, which covers nearly one quarter of a block, and cannot, of course, cut any proper conception of the scene with its artificial waterfall, its rock-like masonry, its green trees, its flowers, and its blossoming trees and among the living plants, its festooning of colored lights, which are rather ornamentals than lights, since the electric light casts its rays over the entire scene, and the chandelier and candelabra are there to attract the vanity and tourism of the ears of those who know a chord from a discord, the dulceness and merriment of the ladies, who, knowing the importance of the place, are dressed in the most elaborate attire, have no timidity in visiting the place, and you have a sense of comfort and innocent enjoyment which one would hardly travel far to duplicate. It is a wonder how Faust's "southern terrace" should be so fashionable and popular a resort. As to the character of the articles, it was their fine quality that compelled Faust to open his "Palais Royal" — which now furnishes the tables of all our sprees with their principal delicacies.

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