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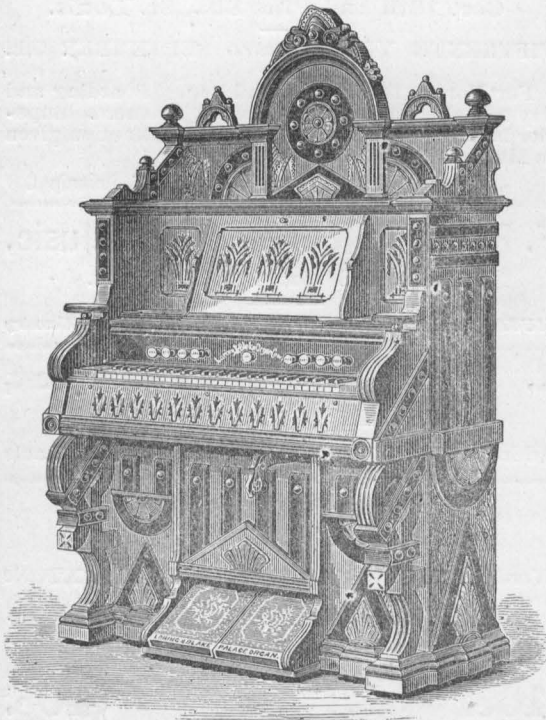
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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

A JOURNAL

Devoted to Music, Art, Literature and the Drama.

VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 4.

A TRAGICAL AFFAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

A man there was who grieved to find
That e'er his pig-tail hung behind.
He wished it otherwise.

And so he thinks, "What shall I do?
I'll turn me 'round, aye, that will do!"
The pig-tail hangs behind!

Then, quick as thought, he turned him 'round,
But as before, so now he found—
The pig-tail hangs behind!

Then quick he turns the other way;
That mends it not, alack-a-day!
The pig-tail hangs behind!

Then to the right and left he wheels,
It does nor harm, nor good, he feels.
The pig-tail hangs behind!

Then, like a top, he spinneth 'round,
But all in vain, in short he found,
The pig-tail hangs behind!

He turns and turns, and turning still,
Thinks, I at last shall have my will!
The pig-tail hangs behind!

COMICAL CHORDS.

WEDDINGS are numerous. The frost is nipping the bachelors.

SONG OF THE BAKER—"I Knead Thee Every Hour." The first note of the song is dough.

A MUSIC SELLER announces in his window a sentimental song: "Thou Hast Loved and Left Me," for three cents.

A YOUNG lady when recently asked if she was a singer, replied that she only sang for her own "amazement."

HE said he wanted her to be his helpmeet, and she replied that she could never be more than assister to him.

WHEN you see a crowd attracted by the tooting of a little German band, you see what the French mean by a *tout ensemble*.

THE latest London song is called: "My Love She is a Kitten." It would make a splendid serenade for a small back yard party.

THE manager of a church fair when asked if there would be music each evening replied: "No, but there will be singing."

"IF you do not want to be robbed of your good name," says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "don't have it printed on your umbrella."

A PHILADELPHIA barber refused to color Bob Ingersoll's moustache on the plea that it should never be said of him that "he dyed an infidel."

THE RULING PASSION—One of the members of the St. Louis Browns base ball nine has joined a singing class, so as to learn how to pitch his voice.

WHERE'S your partner, this morning, Mr. Hyson?" the neighbor asked the grocer. "Don't know for certain," cautiously replied the old man "he died last night."

"THAT'S the first hop of the season," remarked a dancing master as his young hopeful sat down on a tack. Then the music started and the bawl began.

THE only jokes women like to read are those which reflect ridicule upon men. On taking up a paper a woman invariably turns to the marriage column.

MUSIC TEACHER TO PUPIL—"You see that note with an open space: that's a whole note. Can you remember that?" Pupil—"Yes'm. A whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

THE Zulu lady wears her wedding ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she is in little danger of losing her ring. She always nose where it is.

"WHAT should you charge me for one outlet?" asked Liszt, when Prince Esterhazy, who owns immense flocks, inquired what the renowned musician would charge for playing one piece at a party.

"BREAK, break, break," is the song of the surf on the rocks and beach at the Golden Gate, and "broke, broke, broke," is the sad echo of the mining speculator, miles away.—*Eureka Leader*.

"WHAT is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said: "Perhaps it's a flea."

THE Japanese premier, Prince Kung addressed General Grant in English, so called, trying to compliment him by assuring him that he was born to command, he said: "Sire! Brave General! you vos made to order."

OUR dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran Church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief.—*Obituary column of a German newspaper*.

IT IS said that as soon as a Chinaman marries an American lady in this country he amputates his queue. This is conclusive evidence that the heathen Chinese has been a close student of married life in this country.

A MINISTER, walking with a friend stepped on an icy pavement and sat down on the sidewalk. Quoth his friend, "The wicked stand on slippery places." "I see they do," replied the fallen preacher, "but I can't."

ACCORDING to the poet Campbell, "The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky." As long as they don't set "grand-fathers clock" in the sky, we shall be willing to go up there. Their watch has never been set to music.

DEACON JELLY remarked to a penurious companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he wasn't glad of it. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose so, but it seems a pity to have anything wasted."

THE END OF ALL THINGS.—*Mistress* (to her late servant)—"Well, Mary, how have you been since you left me, and where are you living now?" *Ye servant*—"Please, ma'am, I don't live anywhere, ma'am; I'm married, ma'am."

THE editor who squashed a juicy cockroach with the butt end of his lead pencil and afterwards forgetfully sucked the same, while wooing a coy expression, suddenly found a word, but it seemed to be foreign to the subject under consideration.

A MAN who sat up for four nights wrestling with it asks this conundrum: "What is the difference between a sailor and a fireman?" Now, hold your breath. "One plows the water and the other hose the water." A map of this joke will be furnished to each new subscriber.

THERE are eleven less pianofortes in this country than there were. They have been shipped to Japan, which wants more of them. We don't want to be too sanguine, but you will amend yourself that the outlook appears hopeful.—*Danbury News*.

AT a christening, while the minister was making out his certificate, he inquired the day of the month, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is thirtieth." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed but it's only the thirteenth."

AT Catskill, if a young man takes his girl to the opera house and it begins to rain just as it lets out, in order to save hack hire he offers to walk her home, go-as-you-please, for the champion belt—and what you can get at the gate—and she always accepts.

Two ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and, on being asked by the usher what characters they personated, they replied that they were not in special costume. Whereupon he bawled out. "Two ladies without any character!"

HE was a new man in the big music store; she was a delicate blonde. She entered, and approaching the young man, timidly asked, "Have you 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep?'" He answered with a slight blush and some hesitation, gazing far away towards the horizon. "Well—I really couldn't say—I must have been very young at the time, if I did."

Kunkel's Musical Review.

ST. LOUIS, MO., - - - DECEMBER, 1879.

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IF ANY of our subscribers have failed to receive any of the numbers of the REVIEW, or should do so in the future, they will greatly oblige by informing us of the fact, so that we may be enabled to trace the fault to its proper source.

NO ONE interested in music and musical literature ought to be without KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW. It is the best and cheapest musical paper published. The publishers invite comparison with similar publications. Send for sample copies—they are free. Show your friends our card at the head of Publishers' Column, page 56.

SCHOOLS, and teachers, wishing to become familiar with our publications, will receive any they may wish to see for selection, and they can return them, if they are not suited to their wants. Remember, we publish nothing but good music, such as every teacher should introduce into his class. Good music elevates the taste.

WE call the attention of our readers, especially of those who are music teachers, to the letters, on page xiv, from prominent pianists and teachers, in reference to the new set of *Operatic Fantasies* by Jean Paul, published by Kunkel Brothers. These are but a few of the many letters of commendation which the publishers have received and are still daily receiving.

A FEW days since we received from one of the far western States, a letter asking the price of air-pistols. A day or two later there came a note from New Jersey asking which of the St. Louis papers gave the fullest account of the Moody and Sankey meetings. In the first case we confessed our ignorance; in the second we referred the writer to the "Great Religious Daily," as the *Globe-Democrat* loves to call itself. These are but specimens of the great variety of inquiries which are almost daily addressed to us from all quarters. While we desire to serve our friends, we hope they will bear in mind that we do not keep an intelligence office, that we do not know everything, and that our time is valuable. Finally, if they must write to either the editor or the publishers of the REVIEW on matters not connected with their business, we hope they will not forget, as some have done, to inclose stamp or postal card for the answer.

"THEOPHRASTUS MUCH," in the last number of *Church's Musical Visitor*, says:

"St. Louis never does much in a musical way. The only stir of late was created by a knock-down by a musician who had just published a fine article on the civilizing influences of music! That was an illustration of the wide margin between precept and practice."

Alas! it is too true that St. Louis has not, as has Cincinnati, a citizen who at his own expense establishes Colleges of Music, pays professors, etc., but then, is it the fault of St. Louis that it has not, or is it due to the high musical skill of Porkopolis that it has?

As to the knock-down referred to, our editorial ears, which are ever open, had not heard of it until the above item appeared in the *Visitor*. But supposing it to have taken place, we fail to see in such an occurrence "an illustration of the wide margin between precept and example." Doubtless music is a civilizer; "Theophrastus" himself probably believes that; but does he think it is the only civilizing influence? In other words, paraphrasing Webster's Spelling Book, is it not true that "If music and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner!" In a city like Cincinnati, where every man is a musician, all differences between individuals may yield to the soft influences of music, but in St. Louis we have yet some men who "have no music in their souls" and who must be reached in some other way. The St. Louis police still carry clubs and revolvers, rather than mandolines and flageolets, as civilizers and persuaders. It is sad, but it is true! Of course it is otherwise in Porkopolis—beg pardon, in "The Paris of America!"

ARE WE A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

For an answer to the above question it is evident that we must look to the present state of musical taste and culture in the United States. The most superficial investigation, however, reveals two facts, equally patent, and yet, at first sight, apparently irreconcilable. Upon the one hand, it cannot be denied that our people patronize very liberally music and musicians. This is shown by the large attendance upon meritorious musical performances, as well as by the presence in almost every house, of even the laboring classes, of pianos, reed organs, or other musical instruments. Upon the other hand, we must admit that we have hardly any native composers worthy of the name, no native instrumentalists of any note, if we except a few pianists and organists of real talent, and but few first-class vocalists. Let a really good orchestra visit almost any of our larger cities and its concerts will be liberally patronized, but let any one attempt to organize in any of our cities, not excepting New York or Boston, a respectable home orchestra of native musicians, and the attempt will result in ignominious failure. The answer to the question then, seems to turn upon the meaning which we may attach to the term *musical*. If by it we mean music-loving the reply to it must be affirmative, if music-creating, it must be negative.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE HEERICH CONCERT, which took place at the Mercantile Library Hall, on October 31st, too late for report in our November number, was a great success, both musically and financially. The St. Louis Quintette Club, which then appeared for the first time in public, Miss Lansden, the charming young soprano, and Mr. Heerich, the beneficiary of the evening, all covered themselves with glory.

HERR GUSTAVE SATTER, whose reputation as a pianist and composer for the pianoforte is international, will give a series of concerts in St. Louis, the first of which will take place on December 6th. It is to be hoped that our musical friends will not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing a gentleman who stands so high both as composer and performer.

THE Seventh Annual Thanksgiving Concert of the First Presbyterian Church, which took place on the evening of November 27th, was largely attended. The following was the programme:

Organ—Overture to "William Tell," *Rossini*, Mr. A. G. Robyn; Quartette—"The Ruined Chapel," *C. Becker*, The Excelsior Club; Prize Quartette in E flat, *Bungert*, The St. Louis Quintette Club; Song—"It was a Dream" (new), *A. G. Robyn*, Miss Lansden; Violin—"Nocturne," *Chopin-Wilhelmj*, Mr. Geo. Heerich; Quartette—"The Rainy Day," *Sullivan*, The Choir; Song—"I Love but Thee," *A. G. Robyn*, Mr. Phil. Branson; Organ—"Träumerei," *Schumann*, Mr. A. G. Robyn; "Ave Maria," *Gounod*, Miss Lansden; Piano—(a) *La Fileuse*, *Raff*, (b) *Pasquinade*, *Gottschalk*, Mr. A. G. Robyn; Trio—"Vanne a Colei che adora," *Costa*, Miss Lansden, Miss Curtis, Mr. Branson; Quintette in C minor, *Lachner*, The St. Louis Quintette Club; Quartette—"Hark Above Us," *C. Kreuzer*, The Excelsior Club.

The rendering of this varied programme was far superior to what we usually expect in church concerts. Mr. Robyn played his organ pieces remarkably well. The St. Louis Quintette Club, both in its own numbers and in the accompaniments to the *soli*, all of which it accompanied, richly deserved the applause it received. Mr. Heerich always plays so well that it is useless to say that he played the *Nocturne* in a masterly way. Miss Lansden we liked best in the *Lullaby* which she sang for an *encore*. Mr. Branson brought the house down with "I Love but Thee," and then again with "My Sweetheart, when a Boy," which he gave for an *encore* which the audience insisted upon. Mr. Branson has much improved since we last heard him. We doubt whether St. Louis has a tenor who could have sung better than he did on Thanksgiving Thursday. Both of the quartettes were finely rendered and showed careful preparation and faithful practice.

AS CÆSAR said of old, so in a more peaceful sense Herr Rafael Joseffy may say now, *veni, vidi, vici*. There has been so much of wholesale and indiscriminate puffery of traveling pianists, each being nothing less than a Rubinstein, or a Von Bülow, that it is not to be wondered at that musicians should have been somewhat suspicious of the genuineness of Joseffy's merits. His first concert, on the 27th of November, at the Mercantile Library Hall dispelled every doubt of his wonderful ability. He is doubtless one of the greatest pianists we have heard. He combines in a wonderful degree grace and exquisite finish, with remarkable strength and precision. Before his first selection had been completed, the audience felt they heard a master, and long before the concert was ended the most carping critics had become his enthusiastic admirers. Every number of his programmes, which we append, was beautifully interpreted. Detailed criticism of each piece would be tedious, since we would have to repeat for each what we have said in general terms already. We hope our readers who have not yet heard him, will not fail to hear this wizard of the piano, if opportunity offers.

The audiences which greeted Herr Joseffy were very small; in that respect they did not do justice either to the artist's ability nor to the musical taste of our citizens. This, however, was but the repetition of what has occurred in other cities which Herr Joseffy has visited. For this result he must largely thank the utter incompetency of his agent. If there be any business in which coarse assumption can supply the want of tact and boorishness take the place of gentlemanliness, it is surely not that of manager of public entertainments. This is one of the many things which Herr Joseffy's agent will have to learn before he can successfully manage a concert tour. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is the advice we would give Herr Joseffy's man. Joseffy's programme on Thursday was the following:

1. Sonate—Op. 53 (C major), Beethoven. 2. a Fuga (A minor), J. S. Bach; b Bourree, J. S. Bach; c Menuett (transcribed by R. Joseffy), Boccherini; d Novelette, No. 2 (D major), Schumann; e Moment musical (A flat major), Schubert; f Etude on Chopin's Valse (D flat), Joseffy. 3. a Etudes, Op. 10 (C sharp minor, E major, G flat major), b Nocturne, c Valse (E minor), Chopin; d Tanzarabeske, No. 2, Joseffy; e Spinnerlied (Flying Dutchman), Wagner-Liszt. 3. Tarantella (Venezia c Napoli), Liszt.

Saturday, the 29th, he interpreted the following programme: 1. a Variations serieuses, Mendelssohn; b Chromatische Fantasie und Fugue, J. S. Bach. 2. a Allegro and Passacaille, Handel; b Aria, Pergolese; c Variations, Haydn; d Des Abends (at Evening), e Traumeswirren, f Warum? (why?), Schumann; g Auf dem Wasser zu singen (To sing on the water), Schubert-Liszt. 3. a Mazurkas (B minor, D major), b Nocturne (F minor), c Chant Polonais, d Andante spianato and Polonaise, Chopin. 4. a Au Bord d'une Source, Liszt; b Spinnlied, Joseffy; c Rhapsodie Hongroise (Cadenzes by Joseffy), Liszt.

The Strakosch Italian Opera Company.

Should the history of Art Progress in America be written, the name of Max Strakosch would occupy the foremost rank among the pioneers who have devoted their time, intellect and capital to elevate our tastes. For about twenty-five years his name has been constantly before the public; every year he has visited us either with concert parties or opera, so that his name has become a household word.

The names of Mme. La Grange, Adelina and Carlotta Patti, Parepa Rosa, Louise Kellogg, Christine Nilsson, Lucca, Albani, Di Murska, etc., stand foremost among the lady artists who have been associated with his name in various enterprises. Among the gentlemen who owe their introduction to the American public to Mr. Strakosch may be mentioned the two great pianists Thalberg and Gottschalk, besides Capoul, Brignoli, Campanini, Zamet, Del Puente, artists whose European reputation stands so high, that it may well be considered a privilege to hear them in the new world.

Strakosch has experienced many a rough shock in the course of his managerial career. In 1874, when Albani and Del Puente were in his company, he is said to have lost \$100,000; but his name and integrity stands so high in the European musical market, that he would be able to effect an engagement with any artist, no matter how high the price may be, if he thought the American public would sufficiently support him so that the speculation would not be a losing one.

Mr. Strakosch's liabilities for the engagements he has entered into for the present season amount to nearly \$100,000.

The two weeks' visit of the company in St. Louis has been attended with great success. The following operas were performed:

Trovatore, Puritani, Mignon, Faust, Martha, Aida, Lucrezia Borgia, Traviata, Gli Ugonotti, and Lucia.

Such a repertoire shows at once the strength and diligence of the company, and as a *tout ensemble* may be pronounced a great success.

Instead of reviewing each work, it will serve our limited space best to give a short review of each artist.

It is customary when an *impresario* starts out on his operatic campaign to issue pamphlets containing favorable criticisms of artists new to our general public. It often happens that too much laudation in advance is injurious to both the *impresario* and artist, as the public expects too much; therefore Mr. Strakosch has this year been more than usually careful in his address; in fact we think he has said too little, especially of the gentlemen in his company.

Mlle. Teresina Singer was introduced as "the greatest living dramatic prima donna." We fully endorse her as the greatest dramatic prima donna who has visited St. Louis for the last ten years. It is not merely her commanding stage appearance, her artistic and natural acting as well as her fine delivery of passionate power which rivet the attention of the listener, but it is her powerful voice which gives that magnetic force that captivates all. It is true we cannot overlook the tremolo in her voice, often unpleasant, but it may be accounted for, and excused in an artist who shows such earnestness in all her roles, that through the intensity of dramatic excitement she unconsciously loses command over her voice. While her *Norma* and *Lucrezia Borgia* impressed us deeply, still it was in *Aida* that she rose to a height of dramatic power not attained by others who had appeared in St. Louis in that part. Her declamation of the scene in the first act, "*L'insana parola*," will not easily be forgotten.

Mlle. Lablanche (Miss Blanche Davenport) made a most favorable impression in the part of *Mignon*, although it did not seem to lie well for her voice; but it was as *Elvira* in "Puritani" that her cultivated voice was first heard to great advantage. Her histrionic talent, which stands very high, was put to a severe test in *Traviata*, and we can endorse all the encomium which the press in general has bestowed on her. She seemed to suffer from a cold, which manifested itself in the middle register of her voice.

If we do not lavish many words upon Miss M. Litta, it is not that we wish to underrate her talents, but for the reason that she has become so well and favorably known in so short a space of time, that the most lavish praise of her artistic merits would be but the repetition of well known facts. The confidence that her friends had in her talents and perseverance, when they furnished the means for her costly musical education, has not been betrayed. Her voice has that ringing quality which carries it to great distances with perfect clearness, and reaches the heart of the audience. Her vocalization is pure and faultless.

Mlle. Anna de Belocca has an Alto or rather Mezzo-Soprano voice of excellent quality and compass; the beauty of her features and vivacious acting contributed much to the general favorable impression which she created in the various roles. Her first appearance in "Trovatore" as *Azucena* was not so successful, but her recent indisposition in Cincinnati, which prevented her from appearing, may well be taken as an excuse. As *Orsini* in "Puritani" she was loudly applauded, and as *Nancy* in "Martha" she was unsurpassable.

Mlle. Ricci (Bertha Schumacher), our St. Louis girl, received loud and well deserved applause. As *Federico* in "Mignon" she lacked gracefulness in acting, on which the part depends so much, and which of course stage confidence and experience alone can give; but her voice has much improved, and she sang very tastefully the part of *Siebel* in "Faust." We trust, however, that the friendly reception given her in St. Louis will not tend to spoil her future career, and that she will not forget that she is only a beginner.

Mlle. Valerga is a very promising Soprano, who has good school and very pleasing voice. Mr. Strakosch has said

nothing about her in his prospectus, and having only heard her in the part of *Adalgisa* in "Norma," it is impossible to pass a critical opinion; but her talents entitle her to more frequent appearances.

Two such useful and talented ladies as Misses Lancaster and Arcone deserve commendation; although their parts were small, still they were of importance to the *tout ensemble*. Miss Lancaster is no stranger; she has appeared in St. Louis in more important parts than this season, and always with credit to herself.

Mr. Strakosch has been particularly reticent in his prospectus about the male element of his operatic troupe, for which we cannot account, for it contained artists who were a revelation, a surprise and a delight to us.

Signor Petrovich is an artist whose impersonations of *Trovatore*, *Raoul*, *Polione*, etc., showed excellent cultivation and compass of voice, good histrionic talent and intelligent delivery. There is unquestionably a forcing of the voice in the lower tones where the parts do not seem to lie well for it, especially in the recitatives; but where dramatic action and fire animate his artistic feeling in the higher notes, he shows himself a thorough artist.

Signor Baldanza is a worthy compeer of Petrovich. Although we had only one opportunity of hearing him (another unaccountable thing) in the part of *Edgardo* in "Lucia," yet his acting and singing impressed us most favorably. Work will do this young Tenor good—i. e. young in years, but evidently not young in experience—and it will be to Mr. Strakosch's interest to give him more frequent opportunities of being heard.

Signor Lazzarini is well described as a "Tenor di grazia"; his voice is admirably suited to such parts as *Lionel* in "Martha" and *Guglielmo* in "Mignon," but it may well be asked why in parts like *Edgardo* and *Arturo*, requiring more *robusto* quality of voice, Signor Baldanza would not be more acceptable. We must pay Signor Lazzarini the compliment of being a painstaking and reliable singer.

Signor Storti is an artist; as a singer and actor he achieved a success which few Baritones can boast of. Nothing greater than the part of *Ricardo* in "Puritani," has been witnessed in St. Louis; the enthusiasm which he created in the duet "*Suoni la tromba*" will not easily be forgotten; the announcement of his name in other operas was a drawing card.

Mr. Gottschalk is not a stranger in St. Louis. His constant re-engagement is a proof of his general usefulness; all the parts allotted to him were carefully and artistically sung and played.

Mons. Castelmary, the French Basso, created a genuine success; his voice of great compass and flexibility admirably suited to the parts of *Giorgio* in "Puritani," in which he made his debut. Such enthusiasm as he produced must have been satisfactory evidence to him of thorough appreciation. The climax of his success was however reached in "Faust"; his *Mephistopheles* was the most artistic rendition possible in such an ideal part. It was to be regretted that he was unable to do justice to himself as *Marcel* owing to a severe cold.

The performances of all the different operas were, judged as a *tout ensemble*, thoroughly enjoyable. The Chorus is numerous and has excellent male voices. The Orchestra was largely reinforced by local talent, and, considering the difficulty players have to contend with in not being used to the conductor and unfamiliar with the peculiar taste of the singers, it may be pronounced as highly satisfactory.

Mr. Behrens, the musical conductor, deserves great credit for the general success, which is largely due to his assiduous labors. His assistant, Signor de Novellis, is a musician of taste and knowledge; he leads all the parts with frankness and promptitude. The orchestra, under his direction, gave the desired light and shade, and the exactitude of the *tempi* was noticed throughout the operas which he directed.

Pope's Theatre.

The following is the December list of attractions at this deservedly popular and fashionable place of amusement. Until December 15th, the renowned Thompson-Bowers combination. December 15th, Milton Nobles. December 22d, The original Gorman's Philadelphia Church Choir Pinafore Company. They will come Ada Richmond with other strong attractions.

Celeste.

Mr. Thomas Warhurst, well-known through the length and breadth of the country, as the manager of the Blind Tom concerts, has unearthed another prodigy, little Celeste, whose musical skill is said to be phenomenal. We have it from good authority that her performances are more wonderful than those of Blind Tom. Of course, we reserve our appreciation until we shall have heard her. She will be in St. Louis shortly, and our friends in this city will have the opportunity of hearing for themselves this new musical wonder.

A SHOWILY-DRESSED lady was telling a friend about her reasons for visiting town, which was Boston, and said: "I do so want to attend Messrs. Handel and Haydn's concerts. I am told they are very fine, especially one piece they give called the Oratorio."

BOOK NOTICES.

SCHIEDLER'S PIANO SCHOOL. Baltimore: George Willig & Co. This is evidently the work of an experienced teacher; one who knows how to simplify the statements of technical rules so as to make them comprehensible to all, and whose grading of the lessons is as nearly perfect as they can well be. It combines many of the excellences of previous methods. In a word it is a thoroughly reliable work, which, supplemented by "Czerny's Velocity Studies," would offer a very satisfactory curriculum for the majority of music pupils.

THE STREET SINGER; A poem. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick. This little book is the work of "A Musician," and is dedicated to Dr. Geo. F. Root. Although in a circular accompanying the book the "Musician" is spoken of as "he," we think the work itself abounds with internal evidences of being the production of a lady. The story opens with a theological discussion between Edna and her husband Earnest, upon the subject of immortality. Edna is a believer in immortality; Earnest, a materialist. Edna is not well versed in theology; she says nothing of the strongest arguments in favor of immortality, but talks of moths turning to butterflies, etc. Earnest answers in the tone of one who has a smattering of Huxley and Darwin. His arguments are not strong, but they are better than Edna's who, at the end of some ten pages, seems to realize the fact, since she says:

"I know I cannot argue well,
Nor half I think and feel can tell,
And do the cause my heart most near
More harm than good, sometimes I fear."

The first part, or canto, we cannot consider a success. Nor is that to be wondered at. Even the massive genius of a Milton has not always succeeded in making the discussion of theological subjects in verse interesting.

In the second part, Mabel, the street singer, appears. She is but a girl and is brought home by Earnest. Edna (strange woman!) does not even ask who she is or whence she comes, but

"Took the poor, lone little wail
Right to her heart and deemed her safe."

And safe enough she was, safer than Edna it seems, for in the end Mabel elopes with Earnest. In the third part we hear of the travels of the runaways. One day in a thunder shower Earnest is struck by lightning and becomes blind; then the "Street Singer" leaves him for another. In part fourth Earnest goes back to his wife who receives him. Another year rolls around and a tattered female enters. Part fifth, which is in blank verse, then opens and in it Mabel, the street singer (for she it was who came in in tatters), relates her history, and is also forgiven. Such, in brief, is the story, which, after all, is rather prettily told. The work is marred by some bad or imperfect rhymes, such as *alone and gloom, revive and life, aimlessly and eye, knave and leave, quick and depict, then and seen, sat and wait, by and harmony, torn and gone*. We notice a couple of ungrammatical expressions and some mistakes in rhythm. Still, the book is quite readable and we hope to see more from the same pen. Its moral tone is healthy and its influence cannot but be good. The work is gotten up in elegant style and would be an ornament to any center-table. It is published in two editions, costing respectively \$1.00 and \$2.50.

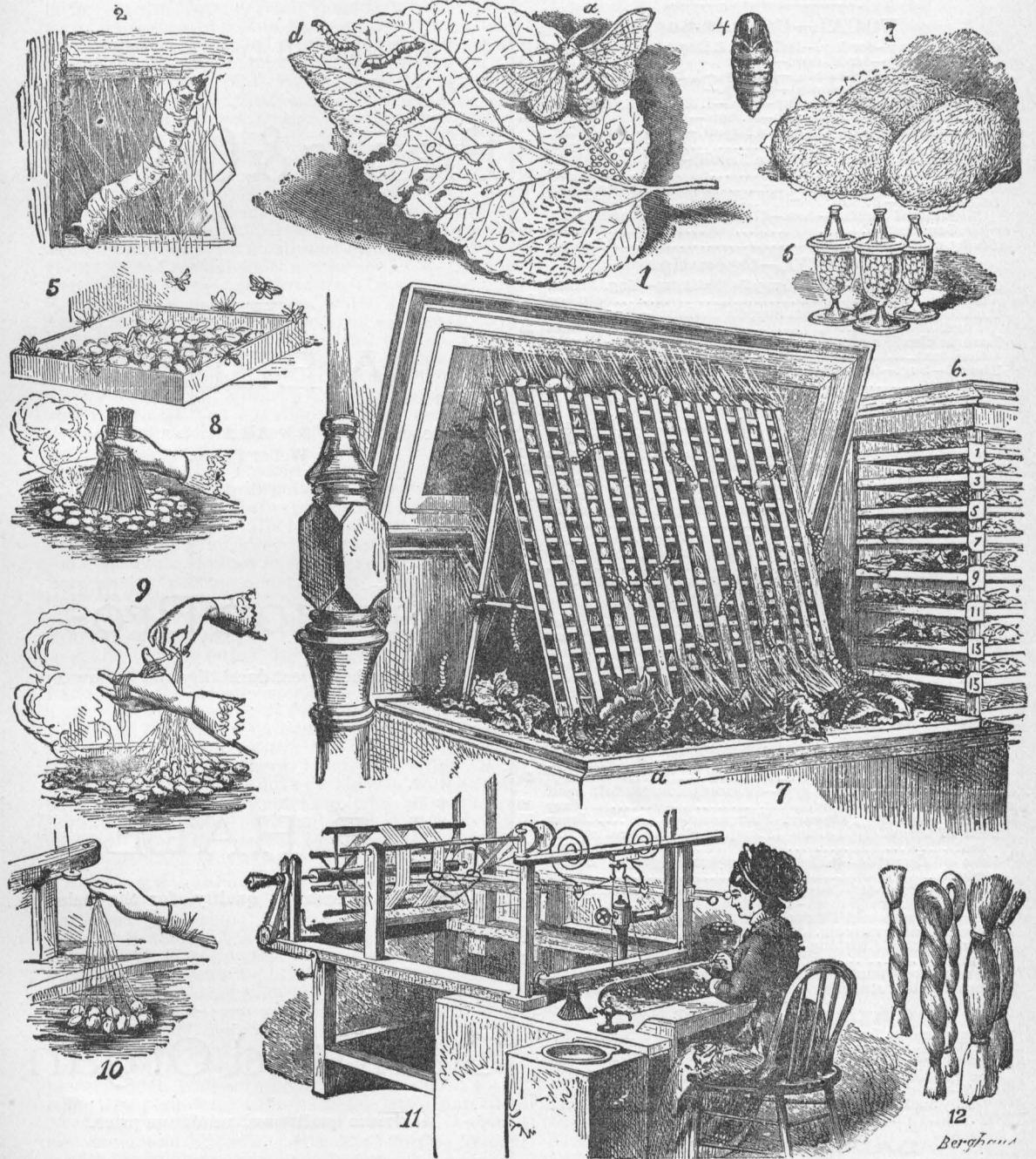
Canaries as Concert Singers.

An entire novelty in the concert singing department of musical art is promised to the lovers of sweet sounds by an ingenious citizen of Phoenixville, South Australia. This gentleman has for some years past devoted himself exclusively to the training of canary birds to every known method of vocalization, and as we gather from antipodean journals, with extraordinary success. But he has recently crowned his triumphs as a very Lamperti of feathered songsters inventing a mechanical apparatus by which his yellow pupils will be taught to perform music of a more recondite and complicated character than mere ballads and opera airs. He proposes with the aid of this contrivance, not only to produce canary soloists, capable of producing airs like "Dip your Chair," or "Dee Tanty," as the immortal James de la Pluche designated the florid displays fashionable in his day, but to teach his pupils part-singing and the rendering of the most difficult modern operatic choruses. These astonishing results are to be attained by the following process:

The cages in which the professor's pupils reside are hung up in front of a mirror, behind which is fixed a music box which plays the solo, part-song or chorus which they are desired to perform. The birds listen eagerly to the music, turning their attention to the quarter whence it proceeds. Their gaze is naturally directed to the mirror, in which they see the reflection of their own graceful persons. At once they hop to the conclusion that their counterfeit presentations are real live canaries, melodiously engaged in singing the unfamiliar strains that delight their ears. From observation to imitation, it appears, is but a step with the intelligent and tuneful canary bird. He is apt, in concerted music, to double a part, and betrays a predilection for the "leading business"; but, being gifted with a quick ear, he soon recognizes the desirability of filling up the notes wanting to complete the chords, and adapts himself to harmonic requirements with artistic promptitude. Wagner's "Trilogy," performed by a company of canaries, may thus be an attractive item in the operatic performances of the future!—*London Telegraph*.

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MUSICAL REMINISCENCES OF VIENNA.

SCHUMANN, MOZART'S SON, THALBERG AND CZERNY.

A certain amount of artistic interest formerly attached to the Hotel "Stadt Frankfort," at Vienna, many musicians of repute having made it their temporary abode. I selected it as a residence during my stay in the Austrian capital, where I arrived on the 1st day of October, 1838. Having gone through with, I think, commendable patience, all the irksome ceremonies required from foreign travelers by the Austrian police, I made some "calls;" among the earliest one upon Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, the second son of the illustrious composer. He was from home, and I left at his lodgings a letter intrusted to me by his mother. One morning I was disturbed by the entrance of a stranger, apparently of middle age, rather shabbily attired. He mentioned his name, and I received with a cordial welcome the son of Mozart. We were soon in earnest conversation about himself, his father and his mother, from whom I had recently parted in Salzburg. I involuntarily exclaimed, with enthusiastic warmth, "How proud you must be to be called Mozart; to bear a name so glorious!" My visitor's reply damped my ardor, and disenchanted me. "Well," said Mozart's son, "it has been rather an injury to me." I was silent for the moment, but I felt a sensation of contempt and dislike creep over me. It was doubtless uncharitable to prejudge the man so hastily, but I could not control the feeling. An illusion had been dispelled. I was disappointed. He was pursuing, I afterwards learned, an unsuccessful career in Vienna. His father's name, indeed, had been too weighty for him. The contrast between the son's moderate abilities in music and the father's sublime genius was too remarkable to escape observation, and thus was his failure explained. I next resolved to seek out Sigismund Thalberg, with whom I had become intimate in London. He was living at the palace of his father, the Prince Dietrichstein, in the Wahringer-gasse, one of the suburbs of Vienna. I addressed the Hausmeister, or porter, a soldier-like man, who was standing at the gates of the residence. I inquired for "Herr Thalberg." Never shall I forget the manner and voice of the man as he almost shouted to me "Herr Von Thalberg," fearfully rolling, at the same time, his r's and his eyes, while emphasizing, with unmistakable significance, the all important prefix *Von*, which I had unluckily and innocently omitted. For the moment I had forgotten the Austrian veneration for titles.

Thalberg was at home. I found him at his pianoforte, genial and charming as ever. He was a thoroughbred gentleman; handsome, and highly educated. Amid all his artistic triumphs, he remained ever, in manners, conduct and conversation, simple, modest and unassuming. My misadventure with the Prince's Hausmeister afforded him much amusement. We "took over" our numerous mutual London acquaintances, and then, in compliance with my request, he resumed his seat at his Erard grand pianoforte, and played as only Thalberg could play. Besides pieces which I already knew, he introduced to me some new pianoforte studies, and a lately published *Nocturne*, upon the title-page of which he inscribed my name and his own. His latest works, like his earlier productions, were equally remarkable for melodious phrases, delicate sentiment and passages of great beauty, grace and brilliance. The rich vocal tones which he pressed from the instrument, and the fine gradations of sound which his highly cultivated touch drew forth, were to me more than ever fascinating. Thalberg combined in his playing delicacy and elegance with energy and power. His *fortissimos* were ample in sound without noise. His *pianissimos* were perfect in the refinement and undeviating accuracy of their execution. He had the wizard's power to throw over his hearers the spell of enchantment.

Succeeding pianists have sought to imitate his special characteristics as composer and executant; but vain have been their attempts to rival him. In his public performances, Sigismund Thalberg limited himself chiefly to his own productions; but he was, nevertheless, great when he interpreted the works of the classical masters. He played Beethoven finely, without exaggeration or affected sentiment. He made no unwise efforts to embellish that which is beyond embellishment—to "gild refined gold." He did not presume to add notes to Beethoven's text, nor to change Beethoven's time; but to every classical composition he performed he imparted the charm of his own deep feeling, and the intelligence of a thoroughly educated musician, while at the same time he displayed to advantage his rare mechanical powers.

To return from digression. After Thalberg's delightful performances, he kindly suggested that we should stroll through the city, to which, as a stranger, he desired to introduce me. With apt remarks and interesting comments he pointed out to me some of the chief public buildings and palaces. When we parted, I visited the pianoforte establishments of the three greatest makers in Austria, viz.: Graf, Stein and Streicher. The piano mechanism of Vienna was said to differ materially from that of London and Paris; to be more simple, and, certainly, less costly. The tone of a first-rate Viennese pianoforte of those days was sweet; but it lacked depth, and the essential quality of richness. The touch was very light and equal, and the instrument was played upon with ease. Messrs. Graf, Stein and Streicher each had partisans and admirers who claimed for their favorite makers some exclusive excellence. While appreciating fully the essentially fine qualities in the pianos of the three chief makers of Vienna, I gave my preference to those of Streicher, as they appeared to me to approach nearer, in touch and tone, to the instruments of Broadwood with which I was most familiar. I received a friendly invitation from Herr and Frau Streicher to dine with them, to meet Robert Schumann, of Leipzig, and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Schumann's name was not yet widely known out of Germany, and even in his own country the knowledge of his compositions was limited. Those which had become familiar were not generally supposed to possess that high order of excellence which has since been accorded to them. Indeed, like poor Schubert, and other musicians distinguished for original thought, Schumann was permitted to depart from this world of unaccomplished desires, crushed aspirations, "hopes deferred," and disappointment, before it was emphatically declared that in him burned the pure flame of genius; that he possessed original powers of musical invention which might bear favorable comparison with those of his most renowned predecessors; and that his name would be enrolled in the "golden book," with the names of those immortal musicians whose transcendent productions have invested the art with a character little less than divine.

We were a small party. The dinner was served early in the afternoon and without ceremony. I was not struck with anything remarkable either in the manner or conversation of Schumann. Mozart was not brilliant; he had the air of an unhappy, discontented man, and my first impressions of him were more than confirmed. After we had dined, it was proposed that we should adjourn to the pianoforte saloon, where many fine new instruments were to be seen. Some one suggested that we three pianists, Schumann, Mozart and I, should each select a piano, and that a theme should be named upon which we might perform unpremeditated variations. I ventured to mention the National Hymn of Austria, and Haydn's "God Preserve the Emperor" was accepted. Amid merriment we seated ourselves. As far as my memory serves, Schumann initiated the performance by playing the melody, pure and simple; each in turn then executed a variation impromptu; and we wound

up by a repetition of the glorious tune, in concert, and subsequently accompanied by variations *ad libitum*. This irregular performance ended, we were separately called upon to contribute a solo, after which we sallied forth to the Prater—the Hyde Park of Vienna. I had made the acquaintance of Carl Czerny in London, and was anxious to avail myself of my visit to Vienna to pay him my respects. I found him, his head covered with his familiar black skull-cap, standing, pen in hand, before a high desk which was covered with musical manuscripts and blank music paper. Perhaps there never was a musician who shed more ink in the cause of music than Carl Czerny. In the early part of his career he composed many works in classical form, besides innumerable *bravura* pianoforte pieces, with and without the accompaniment of an orchestra, both for the concert and drawing-room. Subsequently, and to the end of his life, he devoted himself to the more profitable employment of "manufacturing" music to the order of London and continental music publishers. He "made" every species of music: Exercises, Studies, Variations, *ad infinitum*; Orchestral and Operatic arrangements; besides which, he published many useful theoretical works. From incessant exercise and continuous practice he had acquired a marvelous rapidity of musical thought and musical penmanship. His ideas were, or seemed to be, as inexhaustible as his industry was untiring. He possessed the faculty of making a limited number appear many; as in a theatrical procession a few soldiers are made to represent a large army by the skillful marshaling of the stage manager. In less than ten minutes Czerny wrote for me, in my presence, an impromptu composition—an Andante in D flat—covering ten lines of music paper, upon which he wrote: "Mr. Salaman, Esq., by Charles Czerny. Friday, 5th of October, 1838—Vienna." He was a worthy man and deservedly esteemed.

CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 56.

Japanese Music.

Music is a popular art among the people of Japan. It is considered indispensable at any festival; and in every house at least a small number of musical instruments are to be found.

The *koto*, an instrument with thirteen strings, and the *Samhin* form part of the humblest bride's trousseau. Improvisors upon the guitar stand at every street corner, while in *Yoshiwara*, the pleasure ward in Yeddo, there are three hundred and ninety-five tea houses where every meal is enlivened by music. There is not a single public house where the traveler lacks opportunity to hear the *Gueschias*, young girls who play upon the *Schamiseng*, an instrument somewhat resembling a guitar.

The musicians form a separate caste in Japan. Some are clothed with official dignity, and take part only in religious ceremonies or very important worldly festivities; others are independent, and always ready to offer their services for private enterprises. The musical caste is divided into four grades, the division being unfortunately influenced by wealth and political position quite as much as by merit. Those of the highest grade are called *Gakkounine*, and hold a position equal to the highest political dignity; in fact, princes often associated themselves with musicians of this rank. Their best orchestra is in the service of the *Mikado* and is called *Gagakon* or *Gackon*. Among its archives are manuscripts of such high antiquity that the text cannot be deciphered. Musicians of the second grade (*Guenin*) hold the same social position as the average Japanese merchant, and are usually totally ignorant of the theory of music. The orchestra of the *Tycoon*, an organization called *No* belongs to this class.

The third and fourth grades are composed of blind musicians, who play by ear, and only perform common music. Each of these grades is under a supervisor, who has a right to offer a prize to all whose performances are particularly meritorious. Permission to tune the first string an octave higher than usual is considered the greatest reward that a Japanese musician can obtain.

LADY VIOLINISTS.

One would think that the violin would, early in its history, have attracted the attention of the female sex, requiring for its effective handling little muscular strength, but great adroitness and agility—rather delicacy of touch than power. Yet as late as 1842 we learn of but few ladies having attained any remarkable proficiency in its use. Shortly after the above date the writer, then a pupil of De Beriot, had as fellow students two young girls, Teresa and Maria Millanollo, whose pure and sympathetic tones yet linger in the hearts of the older generation of music lovers. These two sisters possessed a most astonishing genius for violin playing. Teresa, the eldest, a pensive, demure maiden, excelled in compositions of a lyrical character, while the younger, Maria, who died when only thirteen, mastered with ease the most difficult compositions of Rode, Spohr and De Beriot. Seldom did more engaging play enchant the public ear. Grace of execution, absolute purity of intonation, simplicity of expression, the charm of early youth, beauty and modesty, secured for them an unexampled and most deserved success. Teresa is yet living, the matronly wife of M. Parmentier, a distinguished officer in the French army. Incited by their success, others studied this instrument, until the number of lady violinists has increased sufficiently to justify our hopes that before long our string orchestras will be recruited from their swelling ranks. There is nothing to prevent their studying the viola, violoncello, or even double bass. By the addition of lady players our orchestras can but gain in neatness and precision—qualities essentially feminine. While we take pardonable pride in many good players of the stern sex who sought our advice and studied with us for years, we should be remiss in failing to credit our gentler students with at least an equal degree of talent, industry and success. We gladly espouse the cause of women's right to play upon all instruments of the orchestra, and to bring their fine faculties to bear upon the proper reading of our great symphonic works. Here in America the violin promises soon to rival the pianoforte in the constantly increasing numbers of its female votaries.—*Julius Eichberg.*

MOZART'S PIANOFORTE had five octaves F to F, and Clementi's had no more till about 1793, when five and a half octaves were gained by going up to the next C. In 1796 appeared the first piano with six octaves, from C to C, and this compass was that of the grand pianoforte given by Messrs. Broadwood, the great London house, to Beethoven in 1817, the one he used for the rest of his life. The general introduction of a six octave compass, whether from C to C or F to F, was not until 1811, when the six and a half octave compass also came in. The gradual extension to seven octaves by G, and then A, upward, and to the lowest A, downwards, was not everywhere completed until 1851.

VERDI, the composer, lives in Busseto, the little Italian village where he was born. He has a pretty villa and a large and flourishing estate about it, and he is as much a farmer as a musician. Between developing notes and crops he amuses himself, having for society his much-loved wife, and an occasional party of friends. He hates a crowd and formal entertainment, but in his own small circle he is amiable and a clever talker.

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ST. LOUIS, October 18th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I take pleasure in expressing my gratification as to Jean Paul's "Operatic Fantasies," solos and duets, published by your house. They are the best and most effective operatic fantasies of moderate difficulty, intended for the average pupil, that have ever come under my notice.

Teachers wishing good teaching pieces, which at the same time treat popular operatic airs, will I am sure give these compositions a most hearty welcome. The typography and correctness cannot be surpassed. As yet I have not been able to find a single oversight of any kind.

The superior fingering throughout the fantasies is another feature that cannot be too highly recommended, and it is bound to be appreciated by all conscientious teachers, as this important art is generally neglected by composers.

Yours truly,
ROBERT GOLDBECK.

ST. LOUIS, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—With all the wealth of great and noble productions which the different periods and forms of musical art have contributed to the pianoforte literature there is a deficiency in some of its departments. Composers have almost completely ignored the wants of that numerous class of players who have attained to a considerable degree of mechanical development by prolonged practice of studies, exercises and compositions of more serious character, and who naturally wish for some lighter music, selections from operas, etc., suitable for home and parlor entertainment. True, there is a multitude of potpourris and fantasias, so called; but they are in most instances the effusions of musical penny-a-liners, clumsily transcribed, without the knowledge of musical laws and technical requirements, degrading in their tendency and ruinous in their influence.

The publication of your Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, is to be considered in many regards an event of importance, as the great amount of knowledge and practical experience which the author has deposited in his work must prove a most valuable addition to the scanty material of a much-neglected musical sphere. Without wishing to enumerate the very many excellent traits of these Fantasies, I am sure that amateurs will not be slow in discovering their great attractiveness, and that teachers will immediately recognize their euphonic effectiveness and pedagogical features, such as systematic fingering, correct setting adapted to the peculiarities of the instrument, and will admire the cleverness of the author who offers useful technical material in a most interesting musical garb.

I feel confident that this opinion will in a very short space of time be endorsed by a unanimous popular verdict.

I am, very truly yours,
FRANZ BAUSEMER.

CHICAGO, October 27th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have just examined a series of Opera Fantasies, edited by your house, which seem to me to fill a want long felt. It is to be hoped that the old-time Potpourris of Cramer and Beyer, already becoming obsolete, will be driven out entirely by just such fantasies. I have already taken occasion to compliment your editions. What I said then applies equally to these works, which are by their complete fingering and phrasing especially adapted for teaching purposes. There is no squeamishness observable about the use of the thumb on black keys, and a change of fingers at a recurrence of the same note. The duets are real four-hand pieces and not simply a treble arrangement with a baby bass to it. I hope that the prevalence of foreign fingering will induce you to issue an edition in which it is used. Almost anybody can write difficult music, but Mr. Jean Paul seems to have conquered the art of writing easy music as well.

Believe me yours truly,
EMIL LIEBLING.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. KUNKEL:—

After a careful examination of the "Operatic Fantasies" by Jean Paul, you left with me, it gives me pleasure to state that I find them very effectively and musicianly arranged. I cheerfully recommend them to my friends and to those of the profession who are not acquainted with them. The excellent fingering, phrasing and typographical beauty will especially commend them.

JULIA RIVE-KING.

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Gentlemen:—I am charmed with Jean Paul's new Operatic Fantasies on *Fatinitza*, *Trovatore* and *Pinafore*. Do not fail to supply me with the remaining numbers of the series as fast as they are issued. They are superior to anything of the sort I have seen. I have long needed just such pieces for teaching purposes without being able to obtain them. Accept my thanks and congratulations. Yours very truly,

CHARLES FRADEL.

NEW YORK, November 28th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROTHERS:—

Dear Sirs:—I have played and thoroughly examined the excellent Fantasies of "Il Trovatore," "Fatinitza," and "H. M. S. Pinafore" etc., from the new set of Operatic Fantasies by Jean Paul, published by you. I must say that I consider them most pianoforte-like and musical. I think they supply a want long felt by teachers, and, in my opinion, no teacher ought to be without them.

Respectfully,

S. B. MILLS.

ST. LOUIS, October 22d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

I have carefully examined the new Operatic Fantasies, *Il Trovatore* and *Pinafore*, as solos and duets, and think Jean Paul has added fresh laurels to his already well established fame as a popular writer. The airs are very pleasingly and effectively arranged; players of moderate ability can have no difficulty to learn them.

A very commendable feature of these editions is the careful fingering to be noticed in every measure whereby the pupil, in the study, and the teacher, in the teaching thereof, is much assisted. I heartily recommend them to my friends and the profession.

WALDEMAR MALMENE.

CHICAGO, October 25th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—With great pleasure I have played over some of Jean Paul's Operatic Fantasies, published by you, and found them superior to any that have been hitherto in the market. Both by their effective arrangements and choice selections of melodies, still evading very difficult passages, they are made accessible to the bulk of piano pupils. Please send me your different Fantasies as soon as published. Very respectfully,

H. WOLFSON.

ST. LOUIS, October 23d, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gentlemen:—I have with pleasure perused the Fantasies of *Il Trovatore*, *Fatinitza* and *H. M. S. Pinafore*, both as solos and duets, published by your house. I unhesitatingly pronounce them the most beautiful, practical and effective Operatic Fantasies now in existence, suitable to the wants of the average pupil.

Their typographical beauty, correctness of fingering throughout every measure (to the value of which every teacher will certify), and their general correctness could certainly not be surpassed.

I am sure they must soon become the favorite set of Operatic Fantasies of the profession, for whosoever they are once heard they can unfold their banner with the proud motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Please send me the different Fantasies as they are issued.

Very truly yours,
MARCUS I. EPSTEIN.

Teacher of Piano and Harmony at the
Beethoven Conservatory of Music.

I heartily concur in the above.

A. EPSTEIN.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE, OHIO, Oct. 19th, 1879.

MESSRS. KUNKEL BROS.—

Gents:—I received the Fantasies—*H. M. S. Pinafore* and *Fatinitza*—of the new set of Operatic Fantasies, by Jean Paul, which you have just published. They are arranged in an unusually pleasing and instructive manner, bringing out the principal melodies clearly and yet with such embellishments of accompaniment as suggest other effects and ideas than do those miserable scribbles of airs from these operas that flood the land.

One who has heard *H. M. S. Pinafore* performed immediately finds himself sailing "the ocean blue," presently little Buttercup comes on board with her quaint song, the bell trio suggests that lively scene, and lastly he is worked up to an enthusiastic spell—more particularly if there is any British blood in his veins—by the spirited strains of "He is an Englishman."

The *Fatinitza* Fantasia introduces "Now up, away," "Chime ye bells," the waltz song, "Ah! see how surprised he is," and "March forward fearlessly," making a good and well wrought out selection of the best airs from this favorite opera.

The exact tempo, indicated by the metronome marks, is quite an assistance to those who have "never," or "hardly ever," been present at a performance of said operas, as in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the original effects are completely lost by wrong tempo.

The correct fingering throughout every measure, is another feature deserving the greatest praise.

These Fantasies by Jean Paul are, without exception the best pianoforte arrangements of *H. M. S. Pinafore* and *Fatinitza* I have seen yet.

Yours truly,

WM. ARMSTRONG.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

MOSCOW is enjoying "Aida," given by Russian singers.

The number of students entered this term at the Vienna Conservatory is greater than ever before.

HENRY WOLFSOHN is now managing the Wilhelmj concerts. He is meeting with success, and he deserves it.

A PRIZE of 2,500 francs has been founded by Mlle. Nicolette Isouard, daughter of the author of "Jocunde," for the best melodic composition.

Mlle. BERTHA MEHLIG, following the example of her well-known sister, Anna, shortly makes her *debut* as a pianist. She is not quite eighteen.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON receives 90,000 francs for a twelve nights' engagement during the marriage festivities of King Alfonso in Madrid.

MR. CHARLES G. WEBER, one of the founders of the well-known music house of Balmer & Weber, died at his home in this city on November 19th, aged sixty-four years.

POPULAR singers in London get a considerable part of their income by performing in the drawing-rooms of wealthy families, as much as \$700 being paid to Nilsson and Patti for a few songs on such an occasion.

OUR YOUNG FRIEND, A. G. ROBYN, author of "I Love but Thee," "Thy Name," etc., has received an offer of eighty-five dollars a week as accompanist to the Carlotta Patti troupe. The term of engagement one year and the best part of this time to be spent in Australia. Mr. Robyn has declined.

THE father of Berlioz refused to allow his son to learn the piano, fearing he might augment by one the 40,000 celebrated pianists then supposed to exist in France. Let American fathers follow his example and deserve the gratitude of their friends and neighbors.

THE season of "cheap opera" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, is doing well, except upon the nights when Madame Irma di Murska sings, when the theatre isn't half filled. By the way, "cheap" prices for opera in London means about three dollars for the best seats. Not too cheap.

SERIOUS differences arose lately at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, between Herr Hans von Buelow and Herr Schott, the tenor, the consequence being that the former gentleman ceased to conduct, and the latter to sing. Meanwhile, no grand operas could be given. Herr von Buelow has now resigned.

PRESIDENT GREYVY has determined not to give the Legion of Honor to M. Coquelin aîné. He refuses because the said Coquelin has been making advertisements out of the affair. Greyvy is very simple-minded. Coquelin will be advertised by the refusal of the decoration far more than by being enrolled in the mob of *decorés*.

THE popular tenor, Mr. W. H. Stanley, writes us in date of Nov. 25th, from Dallas, Texas: "I have been singing Robyn's 'I Love but Thee,' and it takes splendidly. I sung it in Pinafore five nights, getting an encore every time. I shall be in St. Louis New Year's Day." Mr. Stanley also says that he is engaged to sing in *The Doctor of Alcantara* which is soon to be performed at Dallas. It is evident that the Texans know how to appreciate good songs and singers.

THROUGH her native and adopted children, Albany has given to science a Henry; to sculpture, a Palmer; to painting, a Boughton; to the drama, a Florence; to literature a Bret Hart; to poetry, a Street; to music, an Albany, and the list might be extended indefinitely. We have, in fact, only to consider what Albany is and has been; what she has given and received; what has been her history, and what awaits her in the future, to cause the bosom of her every citizen to swell with pride as he exclaims "I, too, am an Albanian."—*Albany Mirror*.

MODERN investigation is reinstating the blind old bard Homer. Dr. Schliemann has proved that he sang of a real Troy and an actual war. Recent critics concede him to have been a true poet, and not a myth or a mere collector, as Wolf taught. And now another Wolfe, this time a surgeon, and of Glasgow, has published a pamphlet, in which he is pretty successful in showing that the singer of the Iliad certainly had an ocular defect, not color blindness, as Mr. Gladstone thinks, but amblyopia. This evidence is gathered from the treatment of colors in the poem.

CONSIDERABLE sensation has been excited in musical circles in consequence of the dismissal of Herren Julius Stockhausen, Fleisch, and Senn, from their respective posts in the Hoch Conservatory of Frankfort-on-the-Main. Herr Stockhausen, who was engaged for ten years, will, however, not retire till the first of September next. In all probability he will eventually establish a singing school of his own. There are conflicting reports as to the reason which induced the committee of the Conservatory to dispense with the services of the three gentlemen.

SIGNOR OPERTI recently indicted a letter to the musical critic of the Philadelphia *Sunday World*, who condemned his opera—"Buttons"—such as no knight of the quill ever received in the present or by-gone age. Dante, Shakespeare, Ferrari and

Alfieri's anathemas were hurled at the poor man's head so thick and fast that he will ever remember the epistle as a frightful journalistic nightmare. The composer likened the poor scribe to ever-beast this side of Hades, including that sacred animal, the ass. This is but another illustration that "Buttons" are not to be trifled with, even when the property of a composer.

THE following is what, amongst other things, Devrient says of Mendelssohn: "Of middle height, slender frame, and uncommon muscular power, a capital gymnast, swimmer, walker, rider and dancer, the leading feature of his outward and inner nature was an extraordinary sensitiveness. * * * Moreover, he would take no repose. The habit of constant occupation, instilled by his mother, made rest intolerable to him. To spend any time in mere talk caused him to look frequently at his watch, by which he often gave offense; his impatience was only satisfied when something was being done, such as music, reading, chess, etc.

MME. DE REMUSAT relates in her *Memoires* the following anecdote of Gretry. As a member of the institute, the musician used to attend pretty regularly the Sunday receptions, and, on more than one occasion, the Emperor Napoleon, having a dim recollection of his face, went up almost mechanically and asked him his name. One day, wearied at hearing the same eternal question, and, perhaps, somewhat wounded at not having made a more lasting impression, the moment the Emperor, in his usual abrupt style of interrogation, enquired: "Well and who are you?" Gretry replied rather tetchily: "I am still Gretry, Sire." After this the Emperor always recognized him perfectly.

MISS KATE L. JAMES, the charming American soprano, writes us from New York in date of Nov. 23d, that she has partially recovered her health and adds: "I am studying constantly with Mme. Lablache, who is giving lessons during her stay here with Col. Mapleson's company. I think, perhaps, she will make New York her home permanently. She will be a great addition to musical culture, for she is an old school pupil and a magnificent artist."

"Thanking you for the REVIEW which is growing more and more interesting every number, believe me, etc."

Miss James is an indefatigable student she has both voice and soul, and with continued health we expect to see her take the foremost rank among our artists.

OTTO SUTRO, the well-known music dealer of Baltimore, and his estimable lady, celebrated their tin wedding recently by a grand concert given at their warerooms, which upon that occasion overflowed with the beauty, fashion and talent of that city. Among the most noticeable *morceaux* of the evening may be mentioned the overture from *Der Freischuetz* arranged for sixteen hands, and played upon four Steinway grand tin-pans, and the march and chorus from *Tannhauser*, rendered by the tin-pans aforesaid, four Mason & Hamlin tin music boxes, a chorus of over tin times tin voices led by Prof. Asgar Amerik, who as a conductor is recognized as one of the best in America. It is not true that friend Sutro has established a tin-ware department in his warerooms for the disposal of the numerous presents he received upon that happy occasion. Such statements are "too tin" and must have been in-tin-did as jokes. All Mr. Sutro did was to build an L to his tin-ement. So much tin-afore had never been seen in Bal-tin-more.

N. B.—It may afford Mr. and Mrs. Sutro some consolation to know that the writer of the above paragraph has been shot. Two learned German doctors who analyzed what he called his brain pronounced it to be *Schmier-Käse*.

THE *London Figaro* calls attention the following clerical advertisement from the *Church Times*: "The Vicar of Basingstoke Requires the aid of a Priest who can Intone from October 19th to December 21st. Remuneration, three guineas per week." A long breath that, and rather small pay for such severe and continuous labor.

As a companion-piece, we append the following from the Alton (Ills.) *Telegraph* of November 13th: "Lost.—Between Fosterburg and Woodburn, a pocket-book, containing about \$36 in cash and some papers. The finder will receive a good conscience and \$5 in cash, by returning it to Rev. Albert F. Beyer, Fosterburg, Ills." It is to be presumed that Rev. Mr. Beyer has a large supply of "good conscience." Our politicians will please remember his address.

OF Mr. Tennyson, whose personal appearance is somewhat Byronic, a story is told, which would be good if it were certainly true. He is said to have been staying with a friend in Paris, and one day asked his companion, who was going out, to tell the porter at the lodge to keep the fire in. His friend's French, however, was of a mediocre quality to say the least, so that his orders to the porter assumed the form of *Ne laissez pas sortir le feu!* enunciated with much demonstrative gesticulation. When Tennyson, soon afterward, wanted to get out, he found the door of his room guarded by two stalwart men who refused to let him pass. The wilder Tennyson grew, of course the more the men were convinced that he was a dangerous lunatic, and resisted all his attempts to escape till the unlucky friend came back, and the error was explained.

See our offer of premiums to subscribers, in Publishers' Column, page 56.

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