

MUSICIAN'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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No. 1

SIGNORA SCALCHI.

SOFIA SCALCHI the leading contralto of Mr. Abbey's troupe is already well and favorably known in this country through her appearance with the Mapleson troupe last year. She was born in Turin, Italy, November 29, 1850. It was there that she made her first appearance in opera (as Ulrica in "Un Ballo in Maschera") at the age of only sixteen, creating quite a sensation. Her formal debut, however, did not occur until two years later, when she appeared at Covent Garden, London, as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." This debut was followed by a very successful tour through the larger cities of Great Britain and Ireland. Thence she went to St. Petersburg and was so successful that she remained there for nine consecutive seasons, the favorite singer of the Czar and of his court. Warsaw, Vienna and Madrid were then charmed by her voice. Last year she crossed the Atlantic for the first time and appeared in Rio Janeiro and later in the various cities of the United States. Signora Scalchi's voice has all the warmth and glow of the sun of her native land. Hers is eminently a sympathetic voice, one that goes to the heart of her auditors. At the same time, she executes the most florid passages with an ease that might well be envied by many a light soprano. We confess to a weakness, if weakness it be to share Rossini's taste in the matter of voices, for a true contralto voice and we have never yet heard a voice that pleased us better than that of Sofia Scalchi. It should be added that her powers as an actress are much above those of the average of lyric artists.

THE MUSIC OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

MUSIC is a better test of the moral culture of an age than its painting or its sculpture, or even its architecture. Music, by its nature, is ubiquitous, as much as poetry itself, in one sense more so, for its vernacular tongue is common to mankind. Music in its nature is social, it can enter every home, it is not the privilege of the rich; and thus it belongs to the social and domestic life of a people, as painting and sculpture, the arts of the few, never have done or can do. It touches the heart and the character as the arts of form have never sought to do, at least in the modern world. When we test the civilization of an age by its art we should look to it music next to its poetry, and sometimes even more than to its poetry. Critics who talk about the debasement of the age when Church Wardens built those mongrel temples must assuredly be deaf. Those same Church Wardens wept as they listened to Handel and Mozart. One wearied of hearing how grand and precious a time is ours, now that we can draw a cornflower right. Music is the art of the eighteenth century, the art wherein it stands

supreme in the ages; perfect, complete and self-created. The whole gamut of music (except the plain song, part song, dance and mass) is the creation of the eighteenth century; opera, sonata, concerto, symphony, oratorio; and the full uses of instrumentation, harmony, air, chorus, march and fugue, all belong to that age. If one thinks of the pathos of those great songs, of the majesty of those full choirs, of the inexhaustible melody of their operas, and all that Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and the early years of Beethoven gave us, it is strange to hear that that age was dead to art. Neither the age which gave us the Madon-

England, it is true, had few musicians of its own, but Händel is for practical purposes an English musician, and the great Italian singers and the great German masters were never more truly at home than when surrounded by English admirers. The English bore their fair share in this new birth of art, especially if their national anthem was really the product of this age. And not the people only, but the men of culture, of rank, of power, and the Court itself. And the story that the King caused the whole house to rise when the "Hallelujah Chorus" was heard is a happy symbol of the enthusiasm of the time.—FREDERICK HANSEN.



SIGNORA SCALCHI.

MUSIC AMONG THE NEGROES

ABOUT 9 o'clock one beautiful night, writes Hamilton Jay, to the New York Sun, I was idly strolling along one of the quiet back streets, when I heard the pleasing sound of music, both vocal and instrumental. On turning the nearest corner I saw a colored man and a pickaninny sitting on the edge of the sidewalk. The man had an old battered banjo with only two strings, on which he was playing, accompanied by the boy vocally. The song detailed the troubles of an unfortunate rabbit. It ran thus, as near as I can remember:

De rabbit am a cunnin' thing,
He hide hisself in de briar, [come
An' he nebber knows when de trouble
Till de broom grass catch on fire?
CHORUS (expression of astonishment
and consternation on the part of the
rabbit)—Big-eyed rabbit, boo!
Big-eyed rabbit, boo!

The strong point of the negro has always been his religious fervor. One of their old-fashioned revivals is calculated to fully discourage the devil and all his imps. After the usual evening service, the pastor, redolent of fried chicken and watermelon, descended from the pulpit, and, surrounded by his deacons, all good men and true, prepared for a pitched battle with the hosts of the evil one. The mourners crowded the altar, groaning and shrieking. Louder and louder rose the singing, exhorting and praying. The bodies of the saints and mourners swayed in rhythmic measure with the music. Hands were patted as though participating in a breakdown, and excited feet stamped the dusky floor. As a *finale*, some happy brother struck up something like the following:

I'se got on de back ob de Mefodis mule—
Sinner, don' you stan' dar lookin' like a fool!
De bridle hit am silber, de saddle hit am gold,
An' I'm boun' fer to go to Aberham's fold.

Chorus.—An' I'll ride
(Yes I will).
—An' I'll ride right on to glory!

I'se sunk my sins in de savin' pool,
An' got on de back ob de Mefodis mule,
An' here I sticks lak er big black leets [leech]
Till de old mule stomps on de golden streets.—Chorus,
Oh, come from de chu'ch an' de Sun'ny school,
An' see me ridin' on de Mefodis mule.
Dem Baptisses ain't got no sort ob show,
An' I make dem 'Piscopal hosses blow.—Chorus,

nas and the Sistine, nor the age which gave us Rheims and Westminster Abbey, nor even the age which gave us the Parthenon, did more for humanity than the age to which we owe the oratorios and the operas, the sonatas, symphonies, and masses of the great age of music. Not merely was music of the highest order produced, not merely did that age create almost all the great orders of music, but the generation gave itself to music with a passion such as marked all ages wherein art reaches its zenith. When Händel and Buononcini, Gluck and Piccini, Farinelli and Caffarelli divided the town, it was not with the languid partisanship which amuses our leisure, but with the passions of the Red and Green factions in the circus of Byzantium.

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VOLUME VII.

At the beginning of a new volume and of another year, it may, not unreasonably, be expected that we shall stop for a moment to cast a backward glance over the year that has just closed and outline our course for the year upon which we now enter. As to the year that has passed, we have only to congratulate ourselves upon the success of this journal. It is a great source of satisfaction for us to see, by an ever-increasing subscription list, that there is room in this country for a musical magazine that is independent in its views, and fearless in the expression of its convictions; that there is a demand for music as choice as that which we furnish, from month to month, and that this increasing demand for the best is limited to no section of the country. Glancing over last year's file, we were struck with the fact that a considerable proportion of our articles have had a controversial turn, and, at first, we were inclined perhaps to regret the fact, but on second thought, it occurs to us, that, born as we have been with a constitutional dislike for humbugs, a natural love for pricking bubbles and wind-bags; belonging besides to a profession (the law) which is accustomed to give and take hard knocks and to call a spade a spade, we could not, even if we had tried, have avoided most of the discussions in which we have engaged. To be frank, however, we must say that, while we have not sought disputes, we have not shunned them. Much as we should like to dwell like brothers in unity with all our *confrères* of the musical press, and personally friendly as we feel even to those with whom we have engaged in dialectic war, we have not been willing to do so at the cost of one *iota* of what we considered the truth. Our policy has been to have no policy, to know no friends, to know no foes, to approve the good and condemn the bad wherever we saw it, without fear or favor. If this has been a fault with us we confess it is an incorrigible one. What has been in the past will be in the future; "the leopard" cannot "change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin." More than that, we would not change if we could. We may have been wrong and done wrong in some cases, we are neither infallible nor impeccable, but our shortcomings, whether of judgment or deed, were neither intentional nor conscious. With increased experience and facilities, we hope to make the paper better this year than last, but we have no thought of changing its character or modifying its tone. We cannot and do not expect our readers to agree with us in all things, and, since light comes from the clash of ideas, we shall be most happy to have our friends send us their views upon the issues constantly springing up in the

musical world, and we take this opportunity of saying to them that the fact that their opinions may not coincide with ours, will not in the least stand in the way of the publication of their communications, if otherwise acceptable.

We have, we repeat it, no programme to announce, no profession of faith to make. Those who know what KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW has been, know substantially what it will be, so long at least as the present incumbent fills the editorial chair.

THE ABSENCE OF FOLK SONGS IN AMERICA.

In his recent work on "Music in America," (noticed elsewhere,) Prof. F. L. Ritter again calls attention to the fact, already noted by others, that America, by which he means the United States, has no people's songs. He says:

"The American farmer, mechanic, journeyman, stage-driver, shepherd, etc., does not sing,—unless he happens to belong to a church-choir or a singing society. Hence the American landscape is silent and monotonous; it seems inanimate, and imparts a melancholy impression, though nature has fashioned it beautifully. The sympathetic, refreshing, cheering, enlivening tones of the human voice are totally absent; the emotional life of the human being impressing his footprints upon the land he cultivates seems to be repressed within his bosom or non-existent. The serious, industrious inhabitant of this beautiful land does not express his joys or sorrows in sounds; but for the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, the singing of birds—the woods, the pasture, the farm yard would be silent and gloomy. In an apparently silent and gloomy mood, the American farmer follows his plough, gathers his harvest, guards his cattle; or the mechanic sits in his shop. Yet in their private life these people are not wanting in original humor and characteristic wit."

Further on, and after stating that he does not consider the fashionable ballad of the "city-folks" even when aped by the country lass as people's song, since most of them "are simply superficial musical illustrations of some passing social whim" and often reprints of foreign publications, he attempts to account for "this utter absence of people's music and poetry in America." This lack Prof. Ritter attributes to the Puritan origin of American civilization. After quoting a paragraph in support of his views, from *Tyler's History of American Literature*, he concludes that:

"From the hearts of such people, in whose eyes an innocent smile, a merry laugh, was considered a sin, no naive, cheerful, sweet melody could possibly spring. This gloom and repression, excluding all innocent cheer and joy from the hearts of the people, have remained the fundamental traits of the majority of New Englanders up to our day. Documents are numerous, by means of which we are enabled to trace the historical steps of the American colonists' intellectual life. His emotional life was stifled and suppressed, therefore there are no folk-poetry and no folk-songs in America, unless we consider those little glees, sung to sacred words, written by psalm-tune composers since the time of W. Billings, as such."

With all due respect to Prof. Ritter's authority as an historian, we think that his theory of the cause of the lack of people's songs in the United States is a mistaken one. We are not at all disposed to deny that the austerity of the early Puritans, the prejudices of many of them against music, especially that of a secular or "worldly" character did have some effect among their immediate descendants, but even in New England, that influence has, we think, long since passed away. Be that as it may, it certainly is not true that Puritanism had any influence upon the social life of the settlers of the southern colonies, and least of all upon the French inhabitants of Louisiana—then why is it that no people's song has been developed in those regions? The great West has wide areas where Puritan influence has never penetrated to any extent, whole counties in which the foreign immigrant is "master of all he surveys." Some years ago, we traveled on horseback day after day through thrifty German settlements in Illinois. We listened in vain for a single strain of the *Volks-*

lieder, which the plowman or the harvester must have learned and sung in his native land. No, once, but once only, we remember having heard a Tyrolean warble, in the peculiar manner of his countrymen, some song of his native mountains. Yet these people had never heard of the Puritans, or if they had, they had heard of them as "temperenzler," bent on the destruction of breweries and distilleries and hence of "personal freedom," to be feared and hated and not imitated. Then why were these Germans silent as fishes?

If distinctively American folk-songs were to be created, would not the uprooting of all imported folk-songs be a necessary preparation, a clearing of the ground which must precede the new growth? If so, the Puritans who did certainly uproot most effectively all songs of the sort in the colonies in which they dominated, would have left the mental field which their successors tilled in the very best condition possible for the germination, growth and fruition of a truly American folk-song. Puritanism has enough to answer for in the way of repression of art without being made responsible for art deficiencies with which it had little if anything to do. It seems clear to us that the influences which hushed the German *Volkslied* in Illinois are to be sought for outside of heredity or religious bias; they are not historical, they are rather geographical. To be brief, we think they are due to the social condition of our people as determined largely by the physical character of the country. To our "magnificent distances" more than to any other one cause, we believe, is due the songlessness (if we may use the expression) of our people. Music is, for the common people, essentially a social pastime. The European husbandmen, tilling his exiguous field, dressing the vineyard or culling the grapes for the vintage, is always within hailing, often within speaking distance of others; he has also the song-inspiring presence of women and children in the fields, a presence entirely missing here. At night the whole farming population retires into villages where the evenings, whether at home or in the village tavern, are spent in social intercourse of a free and easy character. Under such circumstances, song suggests itself spontaneously, as a pleasant means of "killing time." The European farmer has (or at least had at the time when folk-songs were principally composed, for it is to be noted that they generally date back an indefinite number of generations) no newspaper to bring to his ears the echo of the turmoil of the busy, prosaic, cold, reasoning world beyond. Politics he dare not discuss and does not understand; religion he takes as it is given him by the village priest or pastor, and altogether his mental capacities are so restricted, upon the intellectual side, that it is no wonder if, in partial compensation therefor, they take an emotional turn. The reverse of all this is true of the American husbandmen. In the United States, even in the most densely populated districts, there are no real villages, no agglomerations of real country people. The villages or "towns" so-called are made up mostly of small shop-keepers, and so far as we know no people's song has ever sprung from such a source. The American woman is never seen in the fields, the children but seldom. Save at church on Sunday, the social intercourse is mostly formal and quite unlikely to call forth song. When the farmers do meet, they have something to talk about—they have their *opinions* on political, religious and social topics, and while they air those, or while they are reading their newspapers at home, they have no leisure for song.

In the same chapter, Prof. Ritter remarks that the negro of the southern States has his own weird and peculiar folk-songs, although the whites who surround him have none. This he attributes to race influences. But is this logical? The negro's ancestors had their weird folk-songs in Africa, and

he has them, in a modified form, in America; the ancestors of the southern whites had their folk-songs in Europe, but they themselves have none here. Why does not the law of heredity work in both cases? It seems to us that had not Prof. Ritter had his preconceived notions of the causes of the absence of folk-songs in this country, this very fact would have furnished him with a key to the true causes of this peculiarity of the United States.

The negro in the South in slavery days (intelligence aside) was much in the same social condition as were the European peasantry in the golden days of folk-songs. In the fields, old and young of both sexes worked side by side, the "negro quarters," on the larger plantations, were little villages of black peasants enjoying the free and close intercourse of the peasantry everywhere; they had but few opinions, and those were not to be freely expressed; in a word, they had little room for thought and much for feeling. Under these circumstances, folk-songs sprung up in this country as they have in all countries, tinged by race peculiarities it is true, here as elsewhere, but not originated thereby. Since the emancipation, the negro, in the North at least, is forgetting his plantation airs and losing the love of music which seemed innate when he was in bondage? The fact is that as he approaches in social condition the white race in the United States he becomes like them as to his neglect of spontaneous song; in other words, submits to the same influences, which, we repeat it, have nothing to do with Puritanism. What we have said of the farming class applies, in a large measure, to our mechanics, and besides there is this to add, that as almost all our manual arts are prosecuted by machinery, often in crowded factories, song becomes impossible. Gretchen may sing at her spinning wheel, but shall Daisy therefore sing in a cotton mill? Hans and Fritz may sing as they beat out the rye with their well-timed flails, but shall John and Fred be expected to warble in the racket and dust of a threshing machine? Heinrich may vocalize while he pushes the plane with two or three companionable fellow-workmen, but shall he try a duet with a steam-planer or a buzz-saw?

For all that, however, the American is not unmusical. The *Volklied* he has not and never will have, because the country and age in which he lives are unfavorable to its production, but the sums of money he spends on music show conclusively not only that he appreciates music, (not with the best discrimination perhaps) but also that he is willing to pay for it even more than what would be a fair market price therefor.

We will add that while, from the sentimental side, we regret, with Mr. Ritter, the total lack of an American people's song, we do not see that this lack can be a very serious drawback to the progress of better music in this country.

"MUSICAL NORMALS."

We publish below, according to our promise the opinions of a number of musicians upon the subject of Musical Normals. In order that our readers may see how these opinions were obtained, we here give the circular letter to which they are a reply. We have room this month for only a portion of the answers received, and shall continue the publication in our next issue.

"In the August (1883) issue of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, a copy of which I have the honor of addressing to you, there appeared an editorial on "Musical Normals," which has caused considerable comment *pro* and *con*. I have announced my intention of publishing the opinion of eminent musicians upon the subject, and, recognizing your position as such, I beg that you will, without delay, reply to the questions annexed, and send me the answers for publication. As the replies will be numerous, please make yours brief and pointed. I

desire your *opinion*, not a lengthy article upon the subject. While my own views are clearly expressed in the article in question, I do not wish to be understood as asking that you will indorse them, but merely that you will be kind enough to express your own, with which I am entirely unacquainted.

Respectfully yours,
I. D. FOULON,
Editor KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

1st. Are you acquainted with the pretence made by "Musical Normals," etc.?

2d. If so, state whether, in your opinion, it is possible for them to keep the promises they make?

3d. Have you ever known a "Musical Normal" that accomplished what it pretended to do?

4th. Is it possible to learn harmony and composition in a six weeks' course?

5th. How do "Musical Normal" teachers, as a rule, stand as musicians?

6th. What do you think must be the motives of truly competent teachers of music who engage in "Musical Normals"?

7th. How do you think the teaching at "Musical Normals" compares with that of good conservatories and private teachers?"

From Otto Singer, the eminent pianist, composer, etc., Cincinnati College of Music.

Yours of the 22nd inst. at hand. I know very little about the whole matter, but that what I know is not in favor of the "Musical Normal" business.

In regard to the fourth question, I may say that harmony and composition cannot be learned in a six weeks' course.

"Musical Normal" teachers do not stand very high as musicians, as far as I know them.

As for the other questions, I am too little acquainted with and pay too little attention to the whole thing, than that I could answer them.

Yours, etc. OTTO SINGER.

From the famous basso and teacher of the voice, Carl Formes:

I indorse your opinion upon the subject of "Musical Normals." It is utterly impossible for any one to gain any thorough knowledge of harmony or composition in six weeks. All I can say on the subject, is, that in your article you express entirely my own opinion on the subject.

I am dear sir, truly yours,

CARL FORMES.

From Max Maretzek, the veteran composer, impresario, conductor, etc.

Inclosed you will find my honest views upon the questions you desire me to answer:

1. I have not the honor of their acquaintance.

2. Promissory notes of musical teachers whether normal or abnormal are not rated number A, and hard to be discounted.

3. Not knowing them, I cannot judge.

4. You can learn harmony in six weeks if your mother-in-law teaches you, and composition if your wife helps her.

5. I suppose they stand on their feet, as their heads could hardly support them.

6. Their motive is to make money enough to meet both ends.

7. The same as boot blacking boys compare to close shaving barbers.

Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

MAX MARETZEK.

From W. H. Dana, Principal Dana's Musical Institute, Warren, Ohio.

I am perfectly familiar with the pretences made by "Musical Normals" and have always felt that their announcements, etc., were calculated to mislead, and from my personal knowledge of their methods, know that it is impossible for them to meet the promises implied in their circulars. It is not possible to learn harmony or composition in a Normal's session or to know much of a method in any branch of music. In my large experience regarding this particular field, I never knew a normal school but what was run in the interest of some "song book," and conducted as a means to advertise the wares of a musician (so-called) whose ability to write does not reach beyond the common chords of the Tonic, Dominant and sub-Dominant. The position as a teacher in these schools is not generally accepted by first-class musicians, as the methods are considered unprofessional. I know among my professional friends some who have taught in these schools, getting large salaries, but at the same time privately denounced them as *frauds*, which would satisfy anyone that *money* was the power that brought them into the relationship.

The teaching at "Musical Normals" cannot be compared favorably with good "conservatories" or good private teaching, as the latter have teachers of ability, both technical and educational, while the former generally lack in all that constitutes a *musician*.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. DANA.

From Prof. Ad. M. Foerster, the well-known teacher of music, Pittsburgh.

Your request for opinion on the subject of Normals, is no surprise to me, since it must be apparent to all clear thinking persons, that the impulse that leads good as well as inferior musicians to indulge in such questionable, artistic schemes, can be nothing less than an aim at hoarding money, especially as the "Normals" occur during the so-called "dog-days" only, and are of such brief duration, that even less than a glimpse of the honored art, the magnitude of which the student has no conception, can only be had. I openly assert that no qualified musician can be serious with art and also benefit the average student sufficiently to warrant claim upon patronage and respect. Whenever the *same result* accrues from normals that attends the regular course, I shall be converted to the other side, until then I shall hold a negative view of the matter.

Permit me to rectify an error in your valuable editorial, viz: the assertion that you are the first to attack the "Normals." I think it was Gotthold Carlberg, who, several years ago, made vigorous protests against reputable musicians lending themselves to such schemes.

I must apologize for not replying to your numbered questions, as requested, but your article expresses exactly my own views, that I believed it useless to implicitly comply.

Truly yours,
AD. M. FOERSTER.

From Mme. Luisa Cappiani, late prima donna of La Scala, Milan, teacher of vocal culture, New York City:

I am acquainted with the pretences of Musical Normals only in a few cases. In general it is not possible for them to keep the promises they make. I say emphatically that it is not possible to learn harmony and composition in a six weeks' course. The motives of truly competent teachers of music who engage in "Musical Normals" must be *bread and butter*. The teaching of "musical normals" does not at all compare with that of good conservatories and private teachers.

Respectfully yours,

LUISA CAPPIANI.

From Leo Kofler, Organist and Choir Master St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York.

Your circular concerning "Normals" has been received. Never having had an opportunity of learning anything about the doings of "Musical Normals" I can of course not answer any of the questions upon which you desire me to express my opinion, with the exception of No. 4; without hesitation I declare every teacher a charlatan, who claims to impart a thorough knowledge of harmony and composition in six weeks, and allow me to add, that I include in the same category all who swindle pupils by the attractive announcement of turning out a singer, a pianist, etc., in a similar length of time.

If such is the pretense of the "Normals," then you are right in declaring them a swindling concern and a humbug.

Still, are all "Normals" guilty of the crime of obtaining money under false pretences?

"Musical Normals" with honesty of purpose on the part of the management, competency and faithfulness on the part of the faculty, intelligence and sufficient preparatory knowledge on the part of the pupils might produce very favorable results. But six weeks is rather a short time; pedantic teachers amount to nothing anyhow, and money speculators ought not be tolerated in educational institutions.

I am yours, very sincerely,

LEO. KOFLER.

True to our desire to be fair, we addressed circulars to several musicians of known ability who have engaged in *musical normals*. From two of these: Mr. Wm. Mason and Mr. W. J. Suffern we have received defenses of the system. We give Mr. Mason's letter in full, although it is longer than we should like. Mr. Suffern's paper is in thought the same substantially.

"The August issue of 'KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW' and the circular were received by me to-day. It is impossible to give satisfactory and reasonable answers to the seven questions propounded in the

circular by the simple monosyllables "Yes" and "No". For instance in question No. 1, the word "pretence" is used. The dictionary (Webster) definition of this word is, "the act of holding out or offering to others something false or feigned." According to this definition I answer *No*, I am not acquainted with any such pretence, for on the contrary my experience in "Musical Normals" renders unjustifiable the use of such a word by one who wishes to be fair and just in describing them.

Question No. 2. So far as my observation goes, the promises which have been made by those of which I have personal knowledge are reasonable and within the bounds of possibility.

Question No. 3. I have had in former years some experience in "Normal Musicals," and from that experience I feel justified in the conclusion that the "Normal Musical" has accomplished what it promised to do, but I cannot use the word "pretended" for the reason before stated, and also because I have no right whatever to judge of the motive and say that a thing is either "pretended" or honestly "intended," but the legal principle of "the benefit of the doubt" seems at least to be charitable.

Question No. 4. This depends on the intelligence of the pupil. Joachim Raff once told me, now thirty years ago, as we were walking in the park at Weimar, that he could explain the whole subject of harmony and composition in half an hour so that a person with ordinary brains and intelligence could comprehend it, and proceeded to illustrate the matter by drawing a diagram with his cane in the dirt by the roadside. This of course was an extreme statement but contains a good deal of truth. In one sense the subject is capable of explanation in half an hour and in another sense it may take a lifetime to master it. So much however is certain, that from a teacher who has the ability of imparting knowledge, one may learn more in an hour than can be learned in a year from a teacher who has not the ability. As an instance of the faculty of imparting knowledge pressed by some highly-favored men, the writer looks back to a conversation it was his privilege to enjoy with Richard Wagner in Zurich, Switzerland, in the year 1852, and he often wonders to the present day that so much information could have been crowded into the short space of an hour and ideas expressed in such a way as to have proved of such enduring and permanent value.

Question No. 5. The Normal music teachers with whom I am acquainted have quite a thorough musical knowledge and indeed are quite as efficient as are the majority of teachers one meets in such a city as New York for instance, many of whom are equipped with "diplomas" or "testimonials" from foreign conservatories.

Question No. 6. I can only judge of a man's work and have neither right or ability to judge of his motives, and if the latter were possible it would be an act of unkindness to exercise such a power.

Question No. 7. So far as my experience goes I say decidedly that lessons from private teachers are by far of the greatest value and use, but at the same time conservatories offer certain advantages which cannot be realized from private lessons, such as for instance, *ensemble* playing, and the spirit of emulation and interest which is aroused from association with others in pursuit of a similar object. But this is also true in a greater measure (with the exception of *ensemble* practice) as regards the "Musical Normals."

You have requested conscientious answers to your questions and I have given them so far as I am able, although I am obliged to differ from the conclusions reached in your article, in which by the way, you refer to an American artist of recognized ability, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood. Please ask Mr. Sherwood to state for the benefit of your readers what advantage he himself derived from attending as a pupil the "Musical Normal" held in Binghamton, N. Y., in the summer of the year 1871. This is a practical question and directly to the point. Merely ask him for a plain statement without exaggeration on the one side or the other.

Should you care enough for my opinion to make it public, please do so in whole and not in part for any other course would not be doing justice to

Yours truly,

WILLIAM MASON.

P. S. Like everything else "Musical Normals" may be debased, distorted and turned into "Humbugs" and merely money making institutions, but in acknowledging the value of a thing when properly used, one does not thereby advocate its abuse. It is to be feared that there are unfortunately private teachers in the world whose sole object is to make money."

WHERE is that subscription you were going to send us? You meant to send it last month, and will send it next month. Now don't, but send it right on.

HOW TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

MUSIC, latest by birth of all, is the only fine art the work of which in the scheme of human perfection seems still in course of fulfillment, the only art which still "marches," the only art about which men still ask themselves, what and whence is it? Architecture, sculpture, painting, have grown out of the first stirrings of the desire for beauty into the fullest expression of that desire human imagination and dexterity seem able to produce. In regard to these arts the world is old, the last word has been spoken; cause and effect have been investigated, philosophy has proved the phenomena of these arts, science has recognized and defined their position and limits, history has recorded their growth and decay. But with music it is not so. This, the least imitative of all the arts, and the least fettered by the laws on which its physical basis rests, is as much a source of speculation and wonder now as in the day when the savage first drew sound from a hollow reed. Even in this self-conscious age, in spite of our accumulated knowledge of natural laws, our science of acoustics and theories of practical harmony, our notions about culture, and our dissection and pigeon-holing of emotions, the secret of music, the why and wherefore of its existence and its power remain a crux for the scientist, a still unfamiliar tool to the utilitarian, to the idealist a field for the most transcendental speculation. A long interval lies between the grave acceptance of music by the Greeks as a practical demonstration of immutable laws of proportion, to study which was an education in obedience for youth and an honor for age, and the latest thing propounded by a distinguished scientist—Mr. Herbert Spencer—that music having had its origin in vocal phenomena on a physical basis—such as the coo of a pleased baby, or the shriek of a termagant—will find its apotheosis as a vehicle for the interchange of emotional communication, a kind of glorified and developed speech. The gulf which extends between these theories is filled with objections, enthusiasms, speculations the most fantastic, dicta the most dogmatic, while across the strife of tongues sounds some clear philosophic utterance or the emphatic voice of a "maker of music" ringing with conviction.

To give an historic summary of all surmises and theories about the essence and purpose of music would take volumes instead of a page or two. But within limits it may be feasible to gather and set forth a few out of the many "views" of the matter taken by outsiders, that is, not by musicians as musicians. Your musician does not require or feel disposed to ask questions about that which for him contains its own answer, as saith Abbé Vogler, "The rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians know." It is not to the makers or executants of music that, as a rule, you must turn to get any light upon the *raison d'être* of their art. But the words which men great in other fields of knowledge have been urged to utter about music are so many witnesses to its power, so many links of evidence as to its nature.

At the outset one cannot but be struck with the fact, that when men come to think about this thing, this fact, music, the wonder of it seems always fresh, there is ever something intangible and divine about it. The Greek myth set the sun-god on the summit of Parnassus, lyre in hand and mouth vocal with rapturous sound. The frailest earth-born musician could not touch his instrument to the measured minor cadence of choral song or rhythmic dance without following far off the laws on which the spheres themselves were revolving in their order and making celestial melody. The Christian Church found the worship of psalmody in use among Jew and Gentile, and adopted what she found as with other rites and symbols, though she long looked askance upon the elaboration of harmony, and still longer regarded instrumental accompaniments as savoring of false gods and fleshly delights. But finding the hold of music over the multitude a useful and seductive ally in the tabernacle, the Church wisely discovered that God had given men voices to praise Him withal and declared that music was a divine ordinance whereby, as St. Basil puts it, "it pleased the wisdom of the Holy Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear to convey, as it were by stealth, the measure of good things into men's minds." Luther's sturdy utterance that "Satan is a great enemy to music, which is one of the most beautiful and noblest of God's gifts, the devil cannot abide it," is a thoroughly logical sequence to the teaching of St. Basil. "Music drives away the devil and

makes folks cheerful," said Martin; "at the sound of it one forgets all anger, lust, pride, and other vices." And, as we know, Luther did his best to convince the faithful that the devil ought not to have the best tunes. A good deal came out of Luther's convictions about music, the congregational singing of chorals and the magnificent use of those grand spiritual songs by Bach and other great writers. We might quote plentifully on this phase of feeling, the theory of divine inspiration and mission of music—its soul-uplifting power. Naturally it has found eloquent exponents among ecclesiastical writers, old and new, from the dignified periods of Hooker to the straightforward testimony of Charles Kingsley or the ecstatic utterance of Father Faber. The imagery of the Apocalyptic vision, and the simple realism of the artists of the middle ages, helped to connect fanciful ideas about the musical offices of the saints in a hoped-for future life with the passionate thrill of emotion and restless promptings of the spirit that music could arouse in the susceptible; but even apart from such traditional influences, men have found no way to comprehend the wonder of music save that which should associate it with the source of their spiritual aspirations. One of the most eloquent passages on this side comes from the pen of John Henry Newman:—

"There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen if you will—yet what a slender outfit for so great an enterprise! Out of what poor elements does some great master create his new world. Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity, a work of art like some game or fashion of the day without reality, without meaning? * * * Is it possible that the inexhaustible evolution and dispositions of notes, so rich, yet so simple; so intricate, yet so regulated; so various, yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No! They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of angels, or the magnificent of saints; or the laws of Divine governance, or the divine attributes. *Something* they are besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot alter, though mortal man—and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the power of eliciting them."

Faber's well-known hymn lies partly in the same lines, but approaches nearer to a philosophic speculation. Leaving the utterance of Christian teachers we glance at the "interpretations of music as the play of Nature's forces"—from the mouth of her high priests. Says Coleridge—

What if all of animated Nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each and God of all—

and Wordsworth:—

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, whose faith was found to merit,
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect wakes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony:
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal air
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons on their round.

This is what an exponent of modern speculation in the school of Mr. Herbert Spencer calls the projection of ideas of vocal and other conscious action behind the tones, which are thus transformed into displays of an objective might. Music, according to this writer, is most powerful in awakening memories of our own conscious energies. He cites the well-known saying of Beethoven about the first movement of his C minor Symphony, "*Das Schicksal klopft an die Pforte*," as referring not only to a "likeness of emotional effect—a sense of awe—but also to a distinct parallelism between musical sound and conscious energy, conceived in grand proportions as the power of supreme nature or of objective necessity." "Even more abundantly than vague ideas of motive energy"—still we quote Mr. Sully—"does music convey ideal shadows of that emotional life which is associated more or less with all muscular activities when not voluntarily put

forth, and which holds such an intimate relation to vocal action as the great instrument of expression. How finely music expounds the emotional experience of life appears a familiar truth." Here we fall into the midst of Mr. Spencer's theory of music—namely, its origin in vocal phenomena, the product of muscular action induced by emotional conditions. This theory leads to the conviction that the beginning and end of music is its function as a language of the emotions, of more or less subtlety and comprehensiveness according to the development of the art. "The passionate enthusiastic temperament of the musician, which leads him," says the analytic philosopher, "to express the feelings of others as well as himself in extreme intervals and more marked cadences that they would use (in other words, to develop the art,) also leads him to give musical utterance to feelings which either he does not experience, or experiences, in but slight degree." This is why, Mr. Spencer explains, "music not only excites our familiar feelings, but also produces feelings we never had before, arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility and do not know the meaning; or, as Richter says, tells us of 'things we have not seen and shall not see.'" The scientist was almost off his iron way here, but speedily pulling himself up, returns to the point, and sets forth clearly that, as intellectual language is a growth, so emotional language is a growth and that, on his hypothesis that music develops the language of the emotions, we may accept the feelings it arouses as the prophecy, to the fulfilment of which itself is partly instrumental, of a happy state of things to come, when men will be able to impress on one another all the emotions they experience from moment to moment in an infinitely more vivid and complete way than they can at present, and that thereby the happiness of men will be greatly increased and be of higher quality. Under this theory Mr. Spencer is able to understand the power and meaning of music, otherwise he confessed himself non-plussed!

The expression "language of the emotions" is, of course, a mode of defining by analogy; but the idea indicated is one of the most accepted theories of the purpose and significance of music—although not approached from Mr. Spencer's side of the question, the physical origin. Numberless citations might be given from poets and thinkers, from which we will cite a few only that will link together in a short chain. Schiller shall take the lead:—

* "Leben athmet die bildende Kunst, Geist fordr'ich vom Dichter, aber die Seele spricht nur Polyhymnia aus."

† [The plastic arts breathe life, I demand spirit from the poet, but Polyhymnia alone gives voice to the soul.]

‡ "La musique dit tout ce que l'âme rêve et pressent de plus mystérieux et de plus élevé. C'est la manifestation d'un ordre d'idées et de sentiments supérieurs à ce que la parole humaine peut exprimer. C'est la révélation de l'infini."—Georges Sand.

§ [Music speaks all the most mysterious and elevated things which the soul longs for and feels. It is the manifestation of an order of ideas and sentiments superior to what human speech can express. It is the revelation of the infinite.]

¶ "Next to poetry no art is so profoundly important for the inner life of man as music."—F. D. Strauss.

†† "Les chrétiens, comme les païens, ont étendu l'empire de la musique après la mort. De tous les beaux arts c'est celui qui agit le plus immédiatement sur l'âme. Les autres la dirigent vers telle ou telle idée; celui-là seul s'adresse à la source intime de l'existence et change en entier la disposition intérieure. * * * La musique double l'idée que nous avons des facultés de notre âme; quand on l'entend on est capable des plus nobles efforts."—De Stüel.

‡‡ [Christians and pagans alike have extended the empire of music beyond death. Of all the fine arts it is that which acts most immediately upon the soul. The others direct it toward this or that idea; it alone goes directly to the innermost source of existence and changes entirely the inner disposition. Music doubles the idea we have of the capacities of our soul, when one hears it one is capable of the noblest efforts.]

§§ "The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man."—Longfellow.

¶¶ "When the cycle of Christian ideas had been accomplished by the painters, and when the first passion for antiquity had been satisfied, it was given at last to music to express the soul in all its manifold feeling and complexity of movement. In music we see the point of departure where art leaves the domain of myths, Christian as well as pagan, and occupies itself with the emotional activity of man alone. Melody and harmony, disconnected from words, are capable of receiving most varied interpretations, so that the same combinations of sound express the ecstasies of earthly

and of heavenly love, conveying to the mind of the hearer only that element of pure passion which is the primitive and natural ground material for either. They give distinct form to moods of feeling as yet undetermined, or as the Italians put it, 'La musica è il lamento dell'amore o la preghiera agli Dei.' This, combined with its independence of all corporal conditions, renders music the true exponents of the spirit in its freedom, and therefore the essentially modern art."—J. A. Symonds.

The last quotation shows the influence on the modern writer's conception of music of the German philosopher Schopenhauer, whose principles for the metaphysical essence of the art, though not his conclusions, are accepted and theoretically obeyed by the modern school of musicians, marching under the banner of Richard Wagner, who himself is an eloquent exponent of aesthetic theory. To state briefly Schopenhauer's view, we quote, but not verbally, from "Music of the Future," by Mr. F. Hueffer. The aim of all arts is to express the eternal essence of things by means of those ideas in the Platonic sense—i.e., archetypal forms which fashion the *cosmos*, of which the single phenomena are further sub-divisions. Music alone of the arts does not embody those ideas as conceived through phenomena, the visible and real. The musician finds in nature no model for his purpose, nothing more than a suggestion; he therefore approaches close to the original source of existence, so that, as Schopenhauer puts it, music is not a copy of those ideas of which the visible universe is the phenomenon, but is "a representation of the cosmical will, co-ordinate with the ideas themselves." Thus the musician is the only creative artist. "The invention of melody—in other words, the unveiling thereby of the deepest secrets of human will—is the achievement of genius furthest removed from all reflective and conscious design." By various analogies in the construction of music Schopenhauer illustrates his meaning, such as the image of the perpetual transitions from unrest to rest of the will of man to be found in the nature of melody, which in a thousand ways and by every possible combination is constantly swerving and wandering from the key-note, always perforce to return to it at last. To give a just notion of the philosophic speculation from which our last quotations are made, were to require more space and more strenuous effort from the reader than would here be advisable to expect. The object in quoting at all on such lines has been to make our glance at the whole subject more complete. The reader will find on looking back over our extracts curious links of sympathy between theories the most apparently antagonistic, and this impression will deepen if he draws for himself out of the wells from which but a tasting cup has been here and there filled. In one point all thinkers susceptible of the influence of music are at one, a deep sense of its import to humanity, a recognition of its high function in the finer culture of the mind, in the purging of gross and stupid tastes, of its unique power as an emotional counter-balance to the arid utilitarianism of the age, as a source of pure and natural joy in our artificial and hysteric civilization.—*Musical Times, London.*

MARIO DI CANDIA.

THE great tenor Mario, died at Rome, Dec. 11th. Only a few weeks previously he had sent to the *Paris Figaro* a MS., containing sundry particulars of his artistic career. The little autobiography thus furnished will now be read with keener interest, as it may be considered an obituary as well as a memoir.

Mario had been living at Rome for several years past, in very modest quarters in the street called Ripetta, near the Tiber. Even in his seventieth year he was still a handsome man; his carriage was erect and firm; his features retained their clear outline and healthy flush; his hair and beard, although white as snow, well became him; and he dressed as elegantly in his old days as when he was the greatest tenor on the stage and the pet of the ladies.

HOW I BECAME A LYRIC ARTIST.

My father, M. di Candia, had destined me for the military profession. After leaving the military school—where I may casually observe that the illustrious Cavour was my fellow-student—I became an officer of the Italian army, in which I served seven years. Five years of that service I was aide-de-camp of Gen. de Maistre, a nephew of the author of the "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre.*"

But circumstances led me to win laurels of a very different kind from those my family desired me to obtain.

One fine day I was ordered to carry certain dispatches to the Viceroy of Sardinia at Cagliari. No doubt those dispatches must have been very important; but I did all I could to escape the duty imposed upon me—as I disliked undertaking the voyage for certain private reasons which it would take too long to tell you about. However, when Charles-Albert himself ordered me to go, I saw there was no other way of avoiding the mission, except leaving the service. I went to the house of one of my friends a druggist, where I exchanged my uniform for a civilian's suit; and I sailed to Marseilles, with the intention of going thence to Paris.

The most sympathetic welcome awaited me in Paris, where I became the spoiled child of aristocratic society after I had been heard to sing the first time in the salons of Prince Belgiojoso. Everybody was soon talking about my "splendid tenor voice," which ranged without the least effort, from the lower *fa* to the high *si*. And through all the praises lavished upon me, I continually heard this tempting exclamation reiterated: "What a pity he cannot go on the stage!" And the dowagers, who enjoyed the privilege of being less reserved, would add: "Nevertheless, with such a face and figure as he has, he really seems created expressly to play lovers' parts."

The Baroness de Montgomery was very much astonished to hear me singing tenor parts. She was herself an excellent musician and an admirable pianist, and when I was at Nice, she had heard me singing *basso profundo* airs.

"How are we to account for this miraculous transformation?" she asked me.

"True," I replied,—"you first heard me singing the part of Marcel in the 'Huguenots';—and now you hear me singing the part of Raoul. The fact is that the tenor—the especial favorite of composers—is nearly always entrusted with lovers' parts; while the basso-folk are eternally doomed to the rôles of 'noble father,' etc."

I have already said that everybody was urging me to go on the stage;—the prejudices connected with my birth alone prevented me from immediately following this advice. It was Prince Belgiojoso who finally swept away all my scruples by saying: "Well, if I had your voice and your physique, I would not hesitate a moment, even though I am a prince."

Everybody declared that a brilliant future was in store for me. I allowed myself to be introduced to the Marquis d'Aguaño, who was at that time chief stockholder in the two principal lyric stages of Paris,—that of the Opera and that of the *Italiens*, whereof MM. Duponchel and Viardot were the titular directors. I began to study music seriously, and received the best musical training which the most eminent professor of the Conservatory could give. At the same time I received histrionic lessons from Michelot, who was also Rachel's master. It was under these circumstances that my friendship with Flotow began. He was then learning counterpoint with Halevy.

In the intervals of study I often went to the theatre to hear the singers most in vogue. Rubini, the idol of the subscribers of the Salle Ventadour, made a great impression upon me. I could not refrain from singing his airs in the public street, as I went home from the theatre;—thereby more than once provoking a reprimand from the policemen who were only mediocre *dilettanti*, and who, having no presentment whatever of my future triumphs, rebuked me in veritable *bourgeois* fashion for "disturbing the peace."

I made very rapid progress in my studies—so much so, indeed, that when it was proposed to remount "Robert" at the Opera, Meyerbeer had his eyes on me—notwithstanding that Duprez, who succeeded Nourrit nearly two years before had already made a very great reputation at that theatre.

Meyerbeer even remained eight months longer in Paris, on purpose to make me rehearse the rôle of Robert; giving me invaluable instruction, and even writing especially for me an air, intercalated into the second act, which was a regular musical "break-neck," and which, furthermore, no other tenor ever sang after me.

"What! you are going to sing that?" Rubini asked me with an air of profound astonishment, when I had shown him the manuscript.

"I have to sing it; for the master wrote it expressly for me."

"Well! youth certainly hesitates at nothing!" At last the day of my *début* came. It was the 4th of December, 1838. The Opera House was crowded, all the Faubourg Saint-Germain was there, predisposed in favor of an artist whom they considered as one of their own. Meyerbeer had counted a little upon this very fact in confiding to a young beginner a rôle so difficult as that of Robert.

The public was charmingly good to me. I conquered the audience with the very first piece I sang; and they lavished applause upon me. At

the close of the performance, which I had well sustained, I was called before the curtain together with Madame Dorus and Levasseur, and warmly applauded.

The Parisian press also showed me extreme good will. I had won my golden spurs.

Next year I made another *début* at the *Theatre des Italiens*, taking the part of Nemorino in the "Elisir d'Amore," in company with those two great artists, Persiani and Lablache.

My success on that occasion was perhaps even greater than it had been at the Opera, because I sang in my native tongue, upon a smaller stage, and in a theatre justly renowned for its acoustic qualities, and moreover before a very select public. At that time to be a subscriber to the Italian theatre was almost equal to a brevet of aristocracy.

It was a rash move on my part to openly violate all traditional usage, and thus assume two rôles so different as those of Robert and Nemorino within the short interval of one year.

But when Rubini and Duprez had both fallen sick at the same time, and I was obliged during a whole month to sing one evening at the Italian theatre and the succeeding evening at the opera, it seemed much more remarkable.

It was acclaimed as something almost miraculous. For my own part, I can only say that such a thing had never happened before in theatrical history, and has never since been repeated—not, at least, so far as I know.

MEYERBEER AND HEINRICH HEINE.

I often went to see Meyerbeer, who was then living in the Rue Richelieu. I used to find him almost always reading the Paris papers, to find out what was being said about him; for he was always very anxious to win the good will of the press, and was afraid of it. He used to say: "The press is the most fearful power of our epoch!"

Meyerbeer, who was known to be very rich, received many visits and innumerable letters from Germans who had settled in Paris; and all these visits or letters invariably terminated in requests for money.

The author of Robert, who was not extravagantly generous, defended his home and purse as well as he was able. But there were some whom he could not very easily get rid of. Among these was the poet Heinrich Heine. Wasteful, and, consequently, always in distress—but desirous to base his request for money upon some honest pretext—the author of *Reisebilder* always came to Meyerbeer with his pockets full of *lieder* and ballads.

In order to justify his refusal, Meyerbeer used to tell Heine that his poems were too perfect, too sublime, to be set to music. But Heine, who did not want to be paid in compliment, always went off furiously angry.

It was under such circumstances that I happened one day to witness a very curious incident.

Meyerbeer and I were talking about music. Accustomed as I was to the masterpieces of the Italian school, I ventured to say to Meyerbeer that nowadays composers indulged in dissonances which could not but offend untrained ears. "It is like cooking," I said in a familiar way, "dishes are now prepared with a variety of ingredients that only well-trained stomachs can bear."

My culinary comparison was not at all to Meyerbeer's taste.

"Well," he remarked very coldly. "I really thought I was something more than a musical cook;"—and with these words he retired.

Heine, who had been present, immediately leaped to his feet, and slapping me upon the back, cried out:—

"Thanks, Mario!—You have done perfectly right to put that man in his place—that proud miser, who is really nothing more than a musical cook!"

And he took his departure, delighted with his own sarcasm, repeating three times at the door:—

"Cook!—Cook!—Cook!"

Meyerbeer, in the next room, must certainly have heard the triple irreverence of Heine, through the half open door. But from that day the poet ceased to annoy him with his ballads....

ONE OF MY "GOOD FORTUNES."

Now that I am a white-headed old man, whose only remaining passion is archæology, I may be permitted to say that in my time I was tolerably successful with women. I may as well confess that I felt some vanity when I was asked by the mistress of the house, during a *soirée* at St. Petersburg, whether I would allow her to introduce me to one of her friends, a very rich young lady, passionately fond of music, and very anxious to make my acquaintance....

But what disenchantment was mine! Goodness! how ugly she was! The young lady had a veritable

death's head! The mistress of the house and her friends must have been laughing at me in the *salon*; but I preserved a correct demeanor and was as polite as possible. Still the only idea in my mind was how to end the *tête-à-tête* as quickly as possible...if only for the sake of my reputation as "a lucky man." Unfortunately, like Death himself, of which she was the too faithful image, my admirer showed evidence of a strong determination not to let her prey escape. I could not get rid of her until I had accepted an invitation to breakfast.

At that breakfast our conversation was strictly confined to the limits of musical art; and I was happy in the thought that I would soon be far away from the lady, as I was going to America to fill a brilliant engagement. But I was sadly deceived. That lady persecuted me incessantly for three years; yes, for three long years I was pursued by my Death's head!

A little while afterwards I took ship at London for America; and the ghastly dream which I dreamed at St. Petersburg had already been dissipated by the ocean-breezes, when, all of a sudden, I beheld emerging from the cabin, as if rising from a stage-trap, the sinister vision herself, with a wreath of roses round her head.

At last we reached our destination, and I began to breathe more freely. But on the evening of my first performance I saw sitting in front of me the annoying pilgrim of St. Petersburg.

The same thing occurred at every succeeding representation.

I returned to France. She returned also on the very same steamer.

One evening I was to sing at the Italian Theater, and I was in a rather peevish humor. Before going upon the stage I had the curiosity to peep at the audience through a little hole, expressly contrived for that purpose in the curtain. Horror of horrors!—my eyes encountered the eyes of Death.

I lost patience at once, and rushed into the office of the manager.

"Sir!" I exclaimed, "I have just seen in the first circle of seats a certain woman with a face like a skull, who has followed me everywhere, in Russia, in America—who has pursued me in steamboats and upon railroads—and the mere sight of her now makes me terribly nervous. If you can't contrive some way to put her out this very evening, I swear to you that I will not be able to sing."

"Why, my dear Mario, how can you think of such a thing. All the seats are engaged—the Court is going to be present."

"I had rather break my contract and pay damages."

"But how can we put out a lady belonging to good society, who has paid for her seat, and whose appearance is irreproachable?"

"How? That is none of my business. You must manage to get her out some way or other—or else I will not sing."

You can fancy the dilemma in which the unfortunate manager was placed. But after a little while he came to me all smiles, and stated with an air of perfect satisfaction, that the administration, even at the risk of exposing themselves to a heavy suit, had managed to dislodge my Nightmare.

I uttered a great sigh of relief, and the sympathetic welcome I received from the audience completely restored my good humor.

The Opera was "I Puritani." The orchestra had already executed the *ritournelle* of the air I was to sing. I uttered the first few notes, when all of a sudden, from a private box overlooking the stage, there commenced to fall upon me a veritable rain of rose-leaves.

Everybody was perplexed by this enigma; and every opera-glass in the audience was pointed at the hands which were so busy plucking roses to pieces for my sake. And the rose-leaves never ceased, so that the audience broke into roars of laughter. I did not, however, share in the general hilarity.

Furious at being thus interrupted in my favorite *aria*, I, like everybody else, turned my eyes to the source of the rose-shower, desiring to intimidate this new Aurora, and I saw—the Death's Head.

I came very near having a nervous attack upon the stage.

After that unhappy evening, I did not hear of the over poetic female spectator for more than a month; and I felt really happy at no longer seeing in front of me, at every performance, that ill-omened visage that seemed to say: "Brother, we must all die!" But one evening, as I was dressing for the stage, a young man belonging to the very best society, rushed into my dressing-room and said:

"Sir, I have not the honor of being personally known to you; but I have heard that you are a kind-hearted man, and I come to beg a great favor of you."

"What is it?"

"I want, either a few words in your own writing, or any little object, however trifling, which has belonged to you."

"Why certainly!"—but I would like to know—"

"It is only in order to gratify the last wishes of a dying woman"....

"Ah! some romantic notions, eh?"

"Alas, no! The reality is only too painful. A lady relative of mine is dying—she wishes to be buried with a necklace to which some little souvenir of you will be attached."....

Under such circumstances discussion is out of the question. I conformed to the last desire of the dying lady. Before daybreak my eccentric admirer had ceased to live.

RUBINI'S HUMOR.

It was the morning after my *début* at the Italian theatre in the *Elisir d'Amore*—I was sleeping the deep sleep of a man who went to bed at an awfully late hour, after having experienced a variety of intense emotions.

An energetic shout caused me to wake up with a start:

"Bravo! Mario!—bravissimo!"

And I saw the kind, smiling face of Rubini peeping through the curtains of my bed.

I need hardly say that this great artist, who had honored me with his friendship, and gave me his priceless counsel without the least thought of jealousy, could enter my home at any hour whatsoever.

He who was then the public idol at the Italian Theatre came with hands extended to press mine, and he uttered these words which made an impression on me never to be forgotten—"It is thou who shalt fill the place of Jean Baptiste Rubini!"

Some years after, when I was in London, I heard that Rubini was singing the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini. I rushed to the theatre, and as soon as he saw my card the impresario gave me a place in the first row of orchestra seats. Rubini could not help seeing me. He observed me once, and as if to greet me, he presumed to make the following macaronic variation upon the classical text,—gazing fixedly at me with his most serious air:—*Dum flebat...et non payabat.*

Luckily, nobody in that great audience of prime Englishwomen and keen Englishmen caught that flying allusion to the friend who had not paid for his seat. One crabbed formalist, however, might have made Rubini pay dearly for his dog latin.

I could not help smiling, thereby greatly scandalizing my neighbors—astounded to find that the music of Rossini and the poignant emotions of the drama of the Passion could excite in me anything approaching hilarity.

MARIO DI CANDIA.

THE RIVÉ-KING RECITALS.

The remarkable memory of Von Bülow and Rubinstein has often been commented upon, but when they are mentioned in this connection, it should not be forgotten, that we have an American artist, Mme. Rivé-King, who rivals them in this respect as will be shown by an inspection of the annexed programmes of her recitals in Louisville. The programmes of such an artist as Mme. Rivé-King have a genuine interest to students of the piano, and it is for them that we publish them. The vocal numbers are to be rendered by Miss Alma Del Martin.

FIRST RECITAL.—JANUARY 23d, 1884.

- BACH-LISZT—"Prelude and Fugue," A minor.
 BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3, allegro-scherzo—menutto e finale.
 SCHUBERT—"Fantasia in C."
 SCHUMANN—"Etudes Symphoniques," Op. 13. (Theme and Variations)
 HAYDN—"Spirit Song."
 SCHUBERT—"The Secret."
 WEBER—"The Maiden and the Snow Drops." }
 CHOPIN— { a. "Study" A minor, Op. 25, No. 11.
 b. "Ballade," G minor, Op. 23.
 c. "Allegro di Concerto," Op. 46.
 d. "Polonaise," A flat, Op. 53.
 REINECKE—"Suite," Op. 169. Prelude—*andante con variazione—minuetto—canzon—polska—finale.*
 RUBINSTEIN— { a. "Romance," B flat.
 b. "Barcarolle," A major.
 c. "Valse Allemande."
 WEIL—"Ballade," G minor, Op. 17.
 BERLIOZ-LISZT—"Un Bal," (from "Symphonie fantastique.")
 WAGNER-LISZT— { a. "Spinnerlied."
 b. "Tanhauser March." (Rivé-King's edition.)

SECOND RECITAL.—JANUARY 24th, 1884.

- SCARLATTI— { a. "Katzen Fugue."
 b. "Sonata," A minor.
 BACH—"Concerto," Italian style.

- BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," C major, Op. 53.
allegro con brio—adagio molto—scherzo—rondo.
- CHOPIN—
 - a. "Ballade," A flat, Op. 47.
 - b. "Fourth Scherzo," E major, Op. 54.
 - c. "Andante Spianato & Polonaise," E flat, Op. 22.
 - d. "Valse," A flat, Op. 34, No. 1.
- BUCK—"Where the Lindens bloom,"
- MOZART—"Mi Tradi,"
- FRANZ—"The skies are getting brighter,"
- SCHUMANN—"Sonata," G minor, Op. 22.
allegro—andantino—scherzo—rondo.
- RITTER—"Suite," Op. 16.
fantasia—menuetto—promenade—valse—
marche sentimentale—jig.
- SHERWOOD—
 - a. "Capriccio," No. 4.
 - b. "Gypsy Dance,"
- MOZKOWSKI—
 - a. "Barcarolle," Op. 27, No. 1.
 - b. "Tarrantella," Op. 27, No. 2.
- SAINTE-SAENS—Liszt—"Dance Macabre."
- LISZT—
 - a. "Ave Maria."
 - b. "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 6.

THIRD RECITAL.—FEBRUARY 13th, 1884.

- HABERBIEN-GUILMANT—"Prelude and Fugue," D Major.
"Sonata," C Minor, Op. 13.
- BEETHOVEN—
 - a. grave e allegro—adagio cantabile—rondo.
 - b. "Sonata," E flat major, Op. 27, No. 2.
 - c. andante—allegro molto e vivace—rondo.
- HANDEL—"Empiro dirò tu sei."
- SCHUMANN—
 - a. "Warum,"
 - b. "Grillen."
 - c. "Romance," Op. 23, No. 1.
 - d. "Allegro," Op. 26.
- MOZART—"The Violet."
- FRANZ—"Serenade."
- CHOPIN—
 - a. "Nocturne," F sharp, major, Op. 15, No. 2.
 - b. "Barcarolle," Op. 60.
 - c. "Third Scherzo," C sharp, minor, Op. 39.
- SCHUBERT—"Aufenthalt."
- DUPONT—"Tocatta de Concert."
- SAINTE-SAENS—"Romanza," B minor.
- STRAUSS-FAUSIG—"Man Lives but once."
- RUBINSTEIN—"Good Night."
- LISZT—
 - a. "Tarrantella," E flat, major.
 - b. "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2.

FOURTH RECITAL.—FEBRUARY 14th, 1884.

- BACH-LISZT—"Grand Organ Fantasia and Fugue," G minor.
- BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," F minor, Op. 57.
allegro assai—andante con variazioni—allegro
ma non troppo e presto.
- MOZART—"Fantasia," D minor.
- SCHUMANN—"Ich grolle nicht,"
- REINCKE—"Flower Song,"
- CHOPIN—
 - a. "Nocturne," D flat, major, Op. 27, No. 2.
 - b. "Berceuse," Op. 57.
 - c. "Study," C sharp, minor, Op. 25, No. 7.
 - d. "Prelude," D flat, Op. 28.
 - e. "Rondo," E flat, major, Op. 16.
- ROSSI—"Ah rendimi."
- SCHUBERT—"Allegro" Op. 42.
- FLOERSHEIM—"Poetic Thoughts,"
- BRANDIS—"Gavotte, A minor,"
- VACCAJ—"Ah se tu dormi."
- MENDELSSOHN—"Andante and Rondo," Op. 54.
(From the Violin Concerto.)
- TCHAIKOWSKY—"No one my grief can feel."
- STRAUSS-RIVE-KING—"Wiener Bon Bons."
- WAGNER-FAUSIG—"Ride of the Valkures."
- LISZT—"Valse Infernale."

FIFTH RECITAL.—MARCH 4th, 1884.

- BACH—
 - a. "Sarabande et Passapied."
 - b. "Gavotte," D minor.
- BACH-BULOW—"Chromatic fantasia and fugue."
- BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," A flat, Op. 110.
moderato cantabile—adagio ma non troppo—fuga.
- SCHUMANN—"Nachtstücke," Op. 23, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.
- CHOPIN—"La ci darem la mano," Op. 2.
(Rivé-King's edition.)
- HANDEL—"O Lord remember."
- FRANZ—"His coming."
- THOMAS—"Gavotte," from "Mignon."
- KREYZANOWSKI—"Sonata," B flat, minor, Op. 45.
grave e allegro con brio—andante cantabile—
finale.
- BARGIEL—"Suite," prelude—zwiesgasy—sarabande—march—
scherzo—finale.
- MENDELSSOHN—
 - a. "Variations," in E flat.
 - b. "Andante & Rondo capriccio," E major,
Op. 14.
 - c. "Prelude and Fugue," Op. 35, No. 1.
- RUBINSTEIN—
 - a. "Ballade," (Leonore.)
 - b. "Valse Caprice."
- SCHARWENKA—"Theme and Variations," Op. 57.
- GRIEG—
 - a. "Humoreske."
 - b. "Norwegischer Brautzug."
- LISZT—
 - a. "Berceuse."
 - b. "Campanella."

SIXTH RECITAL.—MARCH 4th, 1884.

- BACH—"Prelude and Fugue," A flat, No. 18, well tempered
Clavier, Book 2.
- BACH-TAUSIG—"Tocatta and Fugue," D minor.
- BEETHOVEN—"Sonata," C minor, Op. 111.
maestro, allegro con espressivo, adagio—
arialetta con variazioni.
- SCHUMANN—"He the noblest."
- MENDELSSOHN—"O rest in the Lord."
- WAGNER—"Slumber Song,"
- CHOPIN—
 - a. "Ballade," F minor, Op. 52.
 - b. "Marche funebre," from the Sonata, Op. 35.
 - c. "Polonaise militaire," Op. 40, No. 1.
 - d. "Second Scherzo," B flat, minor, Op. 31.
- WEBER—"Sonata," A flat, Op. 39, No. 3.
allegro moderato—andante menuetto capriccio—
finale.
- RIVE-KING—
 - a. "Impromptu," A flat.
 - b. "Polonaise Heroique."
- STRAUSS-RIVE-KING—"Tales from the Vienna Woods."
- RAFF—"Tarrantella," Op. 144.
- SCHUBERT-LISZT—
 - a. "Ah Meer."
 - b. "Erl King."
- LISZT—
 - a. "Walderauschen."
 - b. "Gretchen," (from Faust Symphonie.)
 - d. "Polonaise in E."

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

Come, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore;
When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's
sake,

We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and scream
of life.

Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles are
seen

Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine.
If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at
school

Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lash'd the
land,
On the "Cyprian" screw steamer, there the Captain took his
stand.

He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast.
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.

All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its
height,
Fires expired and rudders parted, in the middle of the night.
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated
breath;

"Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our
death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful
shock,
When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon
a rock.

All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights
of home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered
duty's call.
Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on
us all!"

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and
ropes—
For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of
hope—

Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hole of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stow-
away!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?
Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?
Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,
When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?
No one looked at him, or kicked him 'midst the paralyzing
roar;

All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.
Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking
fast,

And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last;
But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy gray,
"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what
stow'd away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do.
For the fated ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two
So the Captain called the outcast—as he faced the tempest
wild—

From his own waist took the life-belt—and he bound it round
the child!
"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt and make for
land

Up and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his
hand;

With the life belt round his body then the urchin cleared the
ship;

Over went the gallant Captain with a blessing on his lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,
As the Captain and the stowaway were making for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.
You must answer: They discovered, on the beach, at break
of day,

Safe, the battered, breathing body of the little stowaway;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched
the cruel shore,

But the man who tried to save the little outcast, was no more.
When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you
can.

To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man.
Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and quickened
breath,
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier
than Death!"

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

Miss NELLIE STRONG gave a very interesting Piano Recital
on the evening of Dec. 18th, which was the first of a series
she proposes to give during the season. The programme con-
sisted of selections from the works of Schumann and Ruben-
stein. Miss Strong, who was for several years in Europe,
studying with the best masters, is at present connected with
the Beethoven Conservatory of this city. She is an enthusi-
astic and pains-taking musician, devoted to her art, and a
successful teacher. In rendering the selections from the two
great composers, Schumann and Rubinstein, she aimed more
at an intellectual interpretation of the work, than a mere dis-
play of her technical powers, which are very good. The most
interesting number of the programme was the sonata in G
minor opera 22, one of Schumann's earliest works. It has
great purity of form, and is expressive of deep melancholy
and emotion, and concealed passion. Miss Strong was assis-
ted by Mrs. Dean, who sang "Thomans Love and Life," very
creditably, and by Miss Alice Lansden the contralto, who sang
two tender and dreamy ballads by Rubinstein, in a touching
and expressive manner. The delightful programme closed
with the ballet music from "Heramos," (Rubinstein) for four
hands, performed by Miss Strong and her talented pupil, Miss
Fraleay.

The first concert of the Henry Shaw Musical Society, con-
sisted of "The Creation." This familiar oratorio was given,
all in all, in excellent style. For this we take some credit to
ourselves. Our criticisms of the performance of "St. Paul"
last season, especially of the liberties taken with the Mendels-
sohnian tempi raised quite a breeze among the Shawites and
aroused the ire of their conductor, Mr. Poppen. This fault
was remedied this time. Pocket metronome in hand, we again
timed every number and were pleased to see that in almost
every instance the tempo of the conductor was the traditional
and musically correct tempo. There were slight varia-
tions, of course, but only such as were justified by the
relatively small number of the chorus. The per-
formance gained immensely by this adherence to cor-
rect traditions. The chorus itself showed evidences
of thorough drilling. Its work was so superior to that
of last year in "St. Paul" that it was difficult to imagine that
it was the same material and the same conductor. The work
of the orchestra was in all respects commendable, the best we
have yet heard from it in oratorio. Of the soloists, Mrs. Peebles
easily won the highest honors. Her voice, her style were well-
nigh perfect. Had she been imported and sung under some
foreign sounding name she would have been hailed as a great
artist; as it was, the audience, forgetting (as American audien-
ces are prone to do) the traditional proprieties of oratorio,
applauded her most enthusiastically. Considering that the
compliment was well-deserved, we shall not inveigh against
the action—especially as we are not quite sure that we did not
join in the spontaneous tribute to our local artist. Mr. Elwan-
ger after the first few seconds when, through stage fright per-
haps, his voice shook and trembled as if it were going to fall
to pieces, sang his part in fine style. Mr. Yost and Miss Lansden
also did excellently. The weak points among the soloists were
the two tenors, Messrs. Dierkes and Darby. Mr. Dierkes de-
monstrated once again that he is not a tenor, but simply a high
barytone. He makes out to reach the upper G and without caus-
ing much distress to his auditors, but there is no tenor quality
to his voice. Mr. Darby's voice is rather unsympathetic, and
besides he seemed to feel uncomfortable and not to be in the
full possession of his powers. Everything considered, this
was clearly the best performance given by the society, and it
is to be regretted that judging from the size of the audience, it
must have been financially a loser by the performance.

We were away from the city from December 22 to January 2,
and therefore were necessarily absent from the second concert
of the St. Louis Musical Union and from the "Messiah" per-
formance by the Choral Society and Thomas orchestra. We
relied upon our Mr. Kunkel for an account of both of these
performances, but as to "The Messiah" he had the bad taste
to get ill and to be confined to his room. We have asked a
number of musicians who were present, and all agree that the
performance was a disappointment. How could it be other-
wise, when Thomas only gave the chorus a "rehearsal" of
half an hour? Of the soloists Miss Winant pleased most, Mrs.
Boema least. All this, we repeat it, we give at second-hand.

The programme of the Musical Union concert was as follows:

- PART I.
1. OVERTURE—"Der Freischütz," Weber
ORCHESTRA.
 2. SCANDINAVIAN SYMPHONY—"Minor,"
(a) Allegro Mod. (b) Adagio. (c) Scherzo.
FREDERIC H. COWEN.
 3. ARIA FOR BASSO—"In this Celestial Dwelling," Mozart
MR. FRED L. KOSS.
With Orchestra Accompaniment.
- PART II.
4. OVERTURE TO SHAKESPEARE'S RICHARD III.
In Memory of Robert Volkmann the great Composer,
who died recently in Peth, Hungary.
 5. PIANO SOLO,
(a) Balade, Chopin
(b) Polonaise, Liszt
MR. VICTOR EHRLING,
The eminent Pianist from Vienna.
 6. WHERE THE CITRONS BLOOM, Waltz, Strauss
(By request) ORCHESTRA.
 7. CHRISTMAS SONG, for Tenor, A. Adam
MR. OTTO HEIN.
 8. LE REVEIL DU LION, Koniski
ORCHESTRA.

We have had our printer follow copy closely in this case, be-
cause we wish to briefly call the attention of the management
to the fact that a programme so artistically drawn up and
printed is distasteful to those who know better and misleading
to those who do not. No. 2 "Scandinavian Symphony" seems
to be the work of Mr. Cowen, to be played by Mr. Cowen.
Then are there but three movements to this symphony?
Number 4 is said to be in memory of Robert Volkmann, etc.
Was it written in memory of Robert Volkmann—or only played
in memory of Volkmann, and who is the author of it? These
are all questions which the uninitiated may rightfully ask, for
they never would gather from the announcement that Volk-
mann was the author of the overture, and that it was his own
composition that was to be played in his memory. Then
comes the "balade" Chopin. Which of the four ballades is
meant? Likewise the Liszt "Polonaise," which one was it?
No one of the audience could tell. And since Mr. Ehling was
unable to appear, we are still in the dark as to what numbers
he would have played if able. We have no desire to be hyper-
critical, but if the purpose of a programme be not to distinctly
inform people of what is to be played and sung, we see no use
for it, whatever. Mr. Kunkel's report of the concert is that
the execution of the different numbers was good. The only
novelty on the programme, Cowen's "Scandinavian Symphony
in C minor," he characterizes as a comparatively weak, pro-
duction, devoid of interest save that of its being a novelty,
and quite unlikely to retain a permanent place among the
great orchestral works of this or any other age. Mr. Koss was
prevented by a severe attack of sore throat from appearing.

The Abbey Grand Italian Opera Co. with its remarkable
array of first-class talent, will open at the Olympic on Feb. 4th,
in "Faust," "La Gioconda," "Il Profeto," "Amleto," "Lucia,"
"Traviata," and "Carmen" will also probably be given. It
is only once in a lifetime that one can hear in one troupe such
artists as Nilsson, Sembrich, Fursch-Madi, Trebelli, Scaldi,
Campanini, Stagno, Del Fuente and Kaschmann, and while we
do not make it a practice to advise our readers about their
attendance at entertainments, we should be remiss to our duty
not to call their attention to the fact that they will here have
an opportunity to hear opera as seldom given anywhere, at
about half the European prices.



OUR MUSIC.

"LOVE'S POWER" (Song).....Jensen.

It is needless to speak one word in commendation of Jensen's song music. The adaptation of this melody to Mrs. Pollard's words has been skillful and Mr. Zuendt's translation of the words thereof into German is worthy of his well-earned reputation as a poet and translator. This song will please musical connoisseurs.

"WM. TELL FANTASIA" (Duet).....Sidus.

We propose in every issue of this volume, to have a piano duet. The Sidus operatic fantasias for young players that have appeared as solos in previous issues of the Review will furnish the larger number of these duets and will certainly be welcomed by teachers and pupils alike. Duets of greater difficulty, for advanced players, will also appear from time to time. We commend all these works to the attention of our readers.

"SNOW FLAKES" (Reverie).....Jecko.

The editor of this magazine likes "the beautiful snow" exceedingly—in pictures and, most of all, in midsummer. In a region where snow and slush are practically synonymous, this is perhaps not so very strange. He is, however, compelled to acknowledge that there must be something inspiring in the snow that falls on the national capital, where this pretty little tone poem first saw the light. This may be due to the moral purity of the Washington atmosphere. If the snow can thus inspire our friend Jecko, we do not care how often nor how deep it snows in "the city of magnificent distances"—now at least, for we might feel differently if we were suddenly appointed to the supreme bench.

"CUPID'S ARROW" (Waltz).....Sidus.

This is another of those charming little compositions in which Sidus knows so well how to combine instruction and amusement.

"LA JOTA" (Song).....Moszkowski.

This beautiful Spanish dance-song of Moszkowski's was not written by Floersheim, although it may seem strange to the music publishers of New York, who are so eager to secure his manuscripts, to hear that there exists another composer in the world. It will be noticed that the English and the German words do not have the same import. Both were written for the music and simply show how the music has struck different versifiers. The credit of the German belongs to Mr. Zuendt; the editor pleads guilty to the English, and hastens to say that, as a literary production, he is not exceedingly proud of his performance, which he trusts will be read only in connection with the music for which it was written, and which left him no choice of metre and but little choice of themes.

"LUCREZIA BORGIA" (Fantasia).....Sidus.

Our friend Sidus is largely represented in this number, but he is a welcome visitor to a very large proportion of our readers, and we make no excuse for giving three pieces of his composition in the same issue. Those who look from month to month for his compositions will rather thank us than otherwise for this plentiful supply of good and easy music.

"LOVE'S POWER" (Song) Jensen..... \$ 35
 "WM. TELL FANTASIA" (Duet) Sidus..... 60
 "SNOW FLAKES" (Reverie) Jecko..... 60
 "CUPID'S ARROW" (Waltz) Sidus..... 35
 "LA JOTA" (Song) Moszkowski..... 60
 "LUCREZIA BORGIA" (Fantasia) Sidus..... 35

Total value of music in this issue, \$2.85

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

Kunkel's Royal Edition

OF DUVERNOY'S ECOLE DU MÉCANISME Op. 120, in two books, each \$1.00.

JULIE RIVE-KING'S

Great Edition of LISZT'S TANNHAUSER MARCH, \$1.50.

This edition is the finest ever published. The annotations, *ossias* and phrasing, it contains will be a revelation to pianists who play this piece as published heretofore.

"FRAGRANT BREEZES." Rive-King..... 60
 "SUPPLICATION." Rive-King..... 60

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A Starry Night.....Sidney Smith \$ 75
 La Baladine.....Ch. B. Lysberg 75
 Warblings at Eve.....Brimley Richards 50
 Monastery Bells.....Lefebure Wely 50
 Return of Spring.....Theodore Moelling 75
 Spinnerlied.....Wagner-Liszt 1 00
 Heimweh (Longing for Home).....Albert Jungmann 35
 Chant du Berger.....M. de Colas 40
 L'Argentine Mazurka (Silver Thistle).....Eugene Ketterer 75
 Bonnie Doon and Bonnie Dundee (Fantasia).....Willie Pape 75
 Nocturne in D flat (Bleeding Heart).....Dahler 60
 Grand Galop de Concert.....E. Ketterer 75

Teachers will please remember that these pieces need only to be seen in their new dress, to secure for them at once the recognition of being the finest edition extant.

The Royal edition will eventually comprise all the classical as well as modern compositions, and its numbers will be advertised in the REVIEW as they are published.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A full line of the pieces included in this edition is kept by the houses mentioned below, who are our agents for its sale. Teachers and others can examine them there, and both they and the trade will be supplied by these firms at precisely the same rates as by us:

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Love's Power.

DER LIEBE MACHT.

German Version by E.A. Zündt.

Words by Josephine Pollard.

Music by A. Jensen.

Andante ♩ = 80.

Wär'ich auch blind und du be-trü - test Noch so

If I were blind and thou shouldst en - ter E'er so

p

Pedale.

lei - se das Ge - mach,

Ich würd's wis - sen

Ich würd's füh - len

soft - ly in the room, I should know it, I should feel it,

Mei - ne See - le würd's umspielen, Ein - e Glorie dir zu Hän - pten Strahl - te mir durch

Some - thing subtle would re - veal it, And a glo - ry round the cen - tre That would lighten

fin. stre Nacht, Und mein Herz würd mirs verkünden, Unter Tausenden dich finden

up the gloom. And my heart would surely guide me, With love's second sight provide me,

Wird' ich, ob mir auch ge-bricht... Der Au-gen Licht... Wird ich, ob mir auch gebricht

One a-mid the crowd to find,----- If I were blind!----- One a-mid the crowd to find,

Der Au-gen Licht

totl und dei-ne
 2. *Wär ich auch taub, und dei-ne*
 2. If I were deaf, and thou hadst
 dead, and thou shouldst

If I were blind!

Pedale.

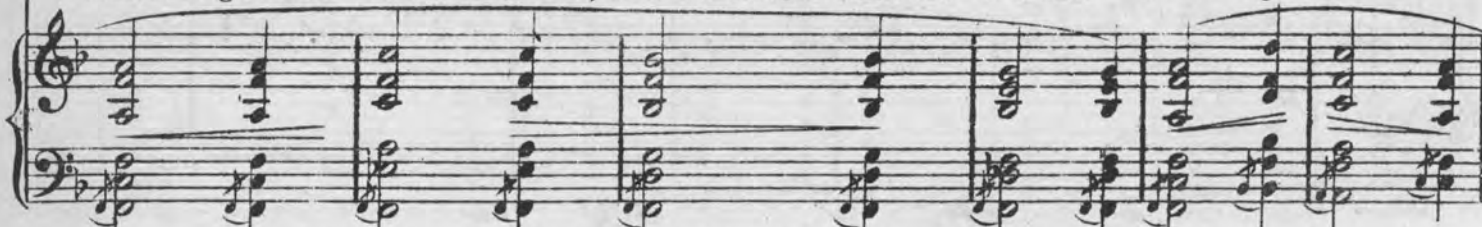
Schrit-te Kämen mei-nem Sar-ge nah, Ich würd's wissen, Ich würd's fühlen,
Stim-me Hört ich eh' ich dich noch sah! Ich würd's wissen, Ich würd's fühlen,

spok-en, Ere thy pres-ence I had known, I should know it I should feel it,
 ven-ture Near the cof-fin where I lay, I should know it I should feel it,

Mei - ne See - le wird's umspielen! Geist ergleiche auf sel'gen Wegen Noch im Tod mir
Mei - ne See - le wird's umspielen! So, fort wär' der Baugetrochen Durch der Lie - be



Some - thing subtle would re - veal it And the seal at once be bro - ken By love's liq - uid
Some - thing subtle would re - veal it, And no look of mild - est cen - sure Rest up - on that



Lab - sal sein. Und dein Kuss wird mich durchschauern Tod und Asche ü - ber - dau - ern,
Flü - ster - ton. Taub für Al - le wird ich bleiben Für der Welt gerauschvoll Treiben!



un - der - tone. Deaf to oth - er stranger voic - es And the world's dis - cord - ant nois - es -
face of clay. Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes Of Love's fire, thro' Death's cold ashes,



Fär - b - te mei - ne Wange roth, Wär' ich auch todt. Fär - b - te mei - ne Wange roth,
Sprüchst du auch ganz fern von mir, Ich lauschte dir! Sprüchst du auch ganz fern von mir,

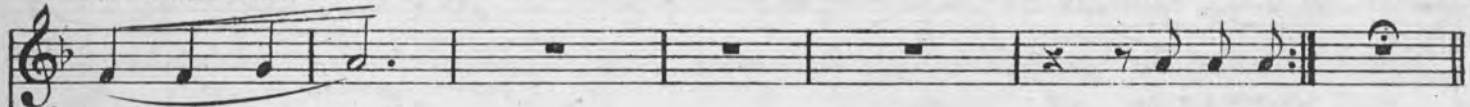


Whis - per where - so - e'er thou art, 'Twill reach my heart! Whis - per where - so - e'er thou art
Would give back the cheek its red, If I were dead! Would give back the cheek its red,



Wär' ich auch todt.
Ich lausch - te dir

1. 3. Wär' ich auch 2.



'Twill reach my heart!
If I were dead!

3. If I were



WILLIAM TELL

(Rossini.)

Carl Sidus Op.122.

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 152$.

Secondo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system also features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system returns to a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, dynamics, and fingerings. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

WILLIAM TELL

(Rossini.)

Carl Sidus Op. 122.

Allegretto ♩ = 152.

Primo.

The musical score consists of six systems, each with a piano (p) part on the left and a violin (v) part on the right. The piano part is written in G major, 2/4 time, and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The violin part is written in G major, 2/4 time, and features a melodic line with various ornaments and fingerings. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The tempo is marked *Allegretto* with a metronome marking of ♩ = 152. The piece is in the first position, as indicated by the *Primo.* marking. The score is written for a single violin and piano.

Moderato, ♩ = 160.

Secondo.

First system of musical notation (measures 1-4). The right hand features a series of chords with fingerings (1, 2, 4) and dynamics *p* and *f*. The left hand has a simple bass line.

Second system of musical notation (measures 5-8). Dynamics include *p*, *f*, and *p*. A *cres.* (crescendo) and *cen.* (crescendo) marking is present. Fingerings are indicated above the notes.

Third system of musical notation (measures 9-12). Dynamics include *f* and *p*. A *do.* (do) marking is present. Fingerings are indicated above the notes.

Fourth system of musical notation (measures 13-16). Dynamics include *p*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes.

Fifth system of musical notation (measures 17-20). Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, *f*, and *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Allegro vivo ♩ = 138.

First system of musical notation for the Allegro vivo section (measures 1-4). The right hand has a rhythmic pattern with chords and fingerings (2, 4, 3, 2). Dynamics include *p*.

Moderato ♩ = 160.

Primo.

First system of musical notation (measures 1-4). The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

Second system of musical notation (measures 5-8). Dynamics include *f*, *sf*, *p*, *sf*, and *p*. The right hand continues with melodic patterns, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation (measures 9-12). Dynamics include *cres.* and *mf*. The right hand has a more active melodic line with slurs, and the left hand accompaniment is consistent.

Fourth system of musical notation (measures 13-16). The right hand features a complex melodic line with many slurs and fingerings. The left hand accompaniment is rhythmic.

Fifth system of musical notation (measures 17-20). Dynamics include *f*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand accompaniment is rhythmic.

Sixth system of musical notation (measures 21-24). Dynamics include *sf*, *p*, *f*, *sf*, *p*, *f*, and *f*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand accompaniment is rhythmic.

Allegro vivo ♩ = 138.

Seventh system of musical notation (measures 25-28). Dynamics include *p*, *f*, and *mf*. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs, and the left hand accompaniment is rhythmic.

Secondo.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a series of chords, many of which are marked with fingering numbers 5, 4, 3, and 2. The lower staff features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

2nd time *ff*

The second system begins with a *mf* dynamic marking. It contains two staves with piano accompaniment. The system concludes with a first ending (marked '1') and a second ending (marked '2').

The third system features a melodic line in the upper staff with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. A *mf* dynamic marking is present.

The fourth system consists of two staves with piano accompaniment, primarily using chords and arpeggiated figures. A *f* dynamic marking is indicated.

The fifth system shows a dense piano accompaniment with many chords. A *f* dynamic marking is present.

The sixth system features a melodic line in the upper staff with fingerings (5, 2, 1, 4, 1, 5, 2, 2, 1) and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. Dynamics range from *f* to *ff*.

Primo.

2nd time *ff*

f

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a series of sixteenth-note runs, heavily annotated with fingerings (1-5). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a more melodic line, also featuring fingerings. Dynamics include *ff* and *f*.

mf

This system contains the third and fourth staves. The top staff continues the sixteenth-note runs with fingerings. The bottom staff has a more active bass line. Dynamics include *mf*.

2.

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves. A section marker '2.' is present at the beginning. The top staff has fingerings and the bottom staff has a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

mf

f

This system contains the seventh and eighth staves. The top staff has fingerings and the bottom staff has a bass line. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*.

f

This system contains the ninth and tenth staves. The top staff has fingerings and the bottom staff has a bass line. Dynamics include *f*.

ff

sf

f

This system contains the eleventh and twelfth staves. The top staff has fingerings and the bottom staff has a bass line. Dynamics include *ff*, *sf*, and *f*.

f

sf

ff

This system contains the thirteenth and fourteenth staves. The top staff has fingerings and the bottom staff has a bass line. Dynamics include *f*, *sf*, and *ff*.

Snow Flakes.

REVERIE.

Steven H. Jecko.

Moderato ♩ — 100.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a *Moderato* tempo marking and a quarter note equal to 100. The second system includes a *ritard* marking followed by *a tempo*. The third system features a series of asterisks under the *Ped.* markings. The fourth system has *ritard* and *a tempo* markings. The fifth system ends with a double bar line and an asterisk under the final *Ped.* marking.

2 5 5 4 3 2 1 5 5 4 3 2 1 5 5 4 3 2 1 5 1 5 2 5 1 5 5 4 3 2 1 5 5 4 3 1

Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. *

a tempo.
ritard

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

dolce.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Cantabile.

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

mf

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

6

dolce.

dolce.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures. Pedal points are indicated by 'Ped.' markings below the bass staff. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. The system concludes with a double bar line and an asterisk.

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first, it features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music continues with complex textures. A *ritard.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the treble staff towards the end of the system. Pedal markings and a dynamic marking of *f* are also present.

a tempo.

Third system of musical notation, marked *a tempo.* It continues the piece with a grand staff. The texture remains dense with many notes. Pedal markings are placed below the bass staff.

leggiero.

Fourth system of musical notation, marked *leggiero.* (light). The upper staff features a rapid, flowing melodic line with fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and arpeggios. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is in the lower staff, and a dynamic marking of *f* is present. Pedal markings are also included.

Fifth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. It features a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is highly technical, with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Fingerings are extensively marked with numbers. The system ends with a double bar line, a dynamic marking of *f*, and an asterisk.

CUPID'S ARROW.

(Frauenliebe - Walzer - Fahrbach)

Carl Sidus.

Tempo di Valse $\text{♩} = 80$.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with various ornaments and fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4). The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The second system continues the piece, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature. It includes more complex rhythmic patterns and fingerings in both hands. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

The third system features a first ending and second ending. The first ending is marked with a '1.' and the second ending with a '2.'. Below the staff, there are three pedal markings: "Ped." followed by an asterisk (*). The music concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The fourth system includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The right hand has a more active melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The left hand continues with a consistent accompaniment.

The fifth system also features first and second endings, marked with '1.' and '2.'. It includes dynamic markings of *f*, *mf*, and *p*. The piece ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic. There are some handwritten annotations below the staff, including "50." and "3".

Scherzando

Cantabile

cres.

f

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music includes various notes, rests, and fingerings (1-5) across several measures.

Second system of musical notation, including a first and second ending bracket. It features dynamic markings *f* and *mf*, and a *Ped.* instruction with an asterisk.

Third system of musical notation, showing complex rhythmic patterns and fingerings in both hands.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with various note values and articulations.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a *cres.* marking and dense chordal textures in the bass.

Sixth system of musical notation, concluding the page with a *Ped.* instruction and an asterisk.

LA JOTA.

MEIN ENGEL, DU!

Maurice Moszkowski.

Allegretto 72.

mf

1. 2.

5

2. *Alles, du... , ach, wann mag dein Blick Ver... künden mir... Ich bin dein...!*
 1. *Mein En-gel du... ach wo find'ich dich! Wo... weilst du..., hol, des Kind...!*

1. Tra... la la... hear the man-do-line... Tra... la la... gai-ly twang!
 2. Tra... la la... let our song re-sound Tra... la la... while it may!...

pp

2. *Wann spricht dein Aug' vom ersehnten Glück, Wann sagt's dein Blick, wann sagt's dein Blick! Dein*
 1. *Wann nahst du dich, zu er-hö-ren mich, Wo... find'ich dich, wo find'ich dich!... Dein*

1. Tra... la la..., on the vil-lage green, Tra... la la castagnettes clang... Ah
 2. Tra... la la..., we may sleep too sound, Tra... la la an-o-ther day... Let

pp

5

2. Au - ge traut, sprüch es zu mir:.....
1. lie - bes Wört, stets lausch ich ihm.....!

Ich..... ge - hör nur.
Doch..... wie fern von.....

1. soon the Jo - ta* they'll be danc - ing, danc - ing Tra la - la.....
2. se - rious things go till the mor - row mor - row Tra la - la.....

2. dir! Ein Blick, ein Blick ge - wührt sei mir.....
1. mir, Wie fern, wie fern von mir er - tönts.....!

Mir..... dein
Du....., oh

1. la The lads at me are sly - ly glanc - ing, glanc - ing, Tra
2. la And fling a - far all thoughts of sor - row, sor - row, Tra

2. Blick dein Herz! Sei mild, sei mild! Mein Seh - nen stillt: Sei mild, sei mild! Mein
1. du, mein Lieb, Sei mild, sei mild! Mein Seh - nen stillt: Sei mild, sei mild! Mein

1. la - la..... la Tra la la, Tra la la, Each a part - ner gets, Tra - la - la, tra - la - la Hear the
2. la - la..... la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Pedro, there I see, Tra - la - la, tra - la - la Wants to

* La Jota, (pronounced Hota,) a popular Spanish dance, tripped to the sound of Guitar, castagnettes, and a vocal chorus.

2. Seh - nen stillt: Ein Blick... ron dir!
1. Seh - nen stillt: Ein Hauch ron dir!

Mein Al - les du..., ach, wann mag dein Blick
Mein En - gel du..., ach, wo find' ich dich!

1. cas - tagnettes. the cas - ta - gnettes Tra... la la in the dance we whirl
2. dance with me. to dance with me Tra... la la Pe - dro loves me well,

2. Ver - kün - den mir: Ich bin dein ! Wann spricht dein Aug?
1. Wo find' ich dich... trau - tes Kind ! Wann nahst du mir...

1. Tra... la - la... o - thers sing Tra... la - la...
2. Tra... la - la... this I know Tra... la - la...

2. rom er - sehn - ten Glück, Wann sagt's dein Blick! wann sagt's dein Blick...
1. zu er - hö - ren mich! Wo find' ich dich, wo find' ich dich...!

1. ne'er a Span - ish girl... Could with stand the Jo - ta's ring...
2. though he dare not tell... Tra... la - la, my bash - ful beau...

2. Komm, o..... Liebchen, sei mir... hold, Lächle du... mir zu! Liebchen, traut Lieb.
 1. Komm, o..... Liebchen, sei mir... hold, Gönnen mir ein Wort, Liebchen, traut Lieb.



1. No, no!..... No one else can guess How the Jo - ta a maid - en en - tranc.
 2. No, no!..... Let him wait a - while; Let his fond heart grow hung - ry with wait -



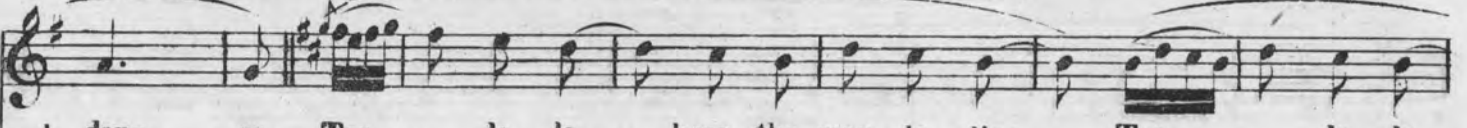
2. chen! Komm, o..... Liebchen sei mir... hold, Lächle du mir zu! Liebchen traut
 1. chen! Komm, o..... Liebchen, sei mir... hold Gönnen mir ein Wort, Liebchen traut



1. es When soft..... 'round her waist doth press The true arm of her love as she
 2. ing; The more..... will he prize the smile That shall say I con - sent to the



2. Lieb - chen! In's Au - ge schau mir o sü - sse Maid, In's..... Au - ge mir,
 1. Lieb - chen! Die Lie - be wacht, wo die Welt im Schlaf, Sie..... wa - chet zu



1. danc - es Tra..... la la..... hear the man - do - line..... Tra..... la la.....
 2. mat - ing Tra..... la la..... let our song re - sound Tra..... la la.....



2. fromm und treu! Mein Herz ist dir... dir al-lein ge-weiht...! In's...
 1. je-der Stund..., Wenn A-mors Pfeil in die Her-zen traf...! Die...

....., gai-ly twang....., Tra..... la la... on the vil-lage green Tra....
while it may....., Tra..... la la... we may sleep too sound Tra....

2. Aug'schau mir
 1. Lie-be wacht, die Lie-be wacht.....!

..... la la cas.ta-gnettes clang.....
 la la an.o-ther day.....

Mein in's Aug'schau mir, in's Aug' in's Aug schau mir!

..... an.o-ther day! Yes let our song re-sound!

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

(Donizetti)

Carl Sidus Op.134.

Allegretto ♩ = 80.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with numerous slurs and fingerings (1-5). The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked *Allegretto* with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute.

The second system continues the musical piece with similar notation to the first system, including slurs, fingerings, and dynamic markings like *Or* and *5*.

The third system continues the musical piece, featuring more complex melodic lines and accompaniment.

The fourth system includes tempo changes: *rit.* (ritardando), *lento.* (ad libitum), and *a tempo.* (return to the original tempo). Dynamic markings *ff* (fortissimo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are also present. The notation includes slurs, fingerings, and a double bar line.

The fifth system concludes the piece with final melodic and accompaniment lines, including slurs and fingerings.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with various ornaments and slurs. The left hand (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal markings are present below the bass line, alternating with asterisks. Dynamic markings include *f* and *ff*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with melodic passages, including some slurs. The left hand has a more active role with eighth-note patterns. Pedal markings and asterisks are used throughout. Dynamics include *p*. Fingerings are clearly marked.

Larghetto ♩ - 126.

Third system of musical notation, starting with a *p* dynamic. The right hand has a complex melodic line with many slurs and ornaments. The left hand accompaniment is steady. Pedal markings and asterisks are present. Fingerings are extensive, with many numbers above notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with intricate melodic patterns. The left hand accompaniment features chords and moving lines. Pedal markings and asterisks are used. Dynamics include *f*. Fingerings are marked throughout.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with many slurs. The left hand accompaniment is rhythmic. Pedal markings and asterisks are present. Dynamics include *f*. Fingerings are marked.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with many slurs. The left hand accompaniment is rhythmic. Pedal markings and asterisks are present. Dynamics include *f*. Fingerings are marked. An 8-measure rest is indicated in the right hand.

Waltz 88.

The first system of the waltz consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1 through 5. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the waltz with similar rhythmic patterns and fingerings in both the treble and bass staves.

The third system introduces dynamic contrasts, with markings for *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff and a dotted quarter note in the bass staff.

The fourth system features dynamic markings for *cres.* (crescendo), *ten.* (ritardando), *do* (ritardando), and *sf* (sforzando). The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes, and the bass staff has a dotted quarter note.

The fifth system includes a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The treble staff has a triplet of eighth notes, and the bass staff has a dotted quarter note.

The sixth system concludes the waltz with a *ff* dynamic marking and a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction. It features a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff and a dotted quarter note in the bass staff.



CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, Dec. 19, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sons of New York who have come with pipe and tabor, to give us grand opera. But even if it does feel summery for the critic to warm himself in the sunlight of Italian song, it must still seem rather wintry for Col. Mapleson when he finds that owing to the Christmas season, bad weather, Henry Irving and other causes, people do not flock to the opera as they used to. "Linda di Chamouni," with Gerster in the title role, drew less than three hundred paying people. Patti herself was unable to absolutely fill the house, and that house was not as heretofore, the large Boston Theatre, but the comparatively small Globe Theatre. "The King is dead, long live the King" seems to apply to Mapleson, for the general tide seems to turn toward Abbey at present. Yet Mapleson's operas are as well mounted and as finely performed as ever. But there was one performance that, spite of a fearful snowstorm, interested the Boston public greatly, and that was the *debut* here of Giglia Nordica (Mrs. Gower) in the part of *Marguerite* in "Faust." In this role Mrs. Gower has won success in most of the European capitals, and it was natural that her old friends in this vicinity should desire to see her in it. She seems to have made an earnest study of the part, and her efforts obtained instantaneous and decided recognition. She is well adapted to the role both in voice and figure, and her dramatic action, although not as vehement as that of Lucca, is adequate and intelligent. Mrs. Gower is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and it was natural that the faces of many of the students of that institution should be found among the audience on the occasion of this performance. By the way, this conservatory is a considerable factor in the success of about all musical affairs in Boston. For example, in the last fortnight, not only Mrs. Gower, but Messrs. Whiting, Bendix, Maas, DeSeve, Adamowski, Elson and others of its faculty have been before the public either in the concert or lecture room, and this in concerts entirely unconnected with the regular conservatory series. But in another sense it has helped concerts here greatly. It has now nearly 2000 students, (500 more than Harvard College), and when one thinks that almost all of these attend concerts, it is easy to see where a large proportion of the paying public comes from.

Let us get back to our mittens: The clubs have also added a little to the musical turmoil this month. The *Apollo* came first with a concert in which was included Brahms' *Rinaldo*. In Brahms' works for chorus he seems a totally different composer from what he is in symphonies. In the latter he is complex and obtruse; in the former he is direct, dignified, massive and effective. The work was excellently sung by the club, and Mr. Adams' solo work was also commendable. Another specially attractive number on the programme was a "floral suite" for orchestra, by Cowen, which for simple beauty and unaffected daintiness deserves the highest praise. Cowen is certainly the most spontaneous and the most genial of the present English instrumental composers.

The *Boylston Club* followed on December 12th, with a programme made up chiefly of light and melodious popular works. Encore followed encore at this concert, and if the music did not always deserve the honor, the singing at least was entirely worthy of it. I have never heard the club do better work. From the female chorus I expected the utmost refinement of shading, for they are the best-drilled body of singers that I know of, but I was not prepared for such excellent work on the part of the male chorus. Their entire singing throughout the evening was almost without a flaw.

Another club which gave its first concert for the season December 12th, was the *Euterpe*, a society for the advancement of chamber music. As I could not be in two places at once I was obliged to forego attendance, but I am assured that the two quartettes of the evening opened the season very auspiciously.

The *Boston Symphony Orchestra* has been giving us familiar symphonies for the past few weeks. Dvorak's new work has been repeated, and impresses me as one of the symphonies that will take a permanent place in the standard repertoire. Beethoven's fourth symphony has been admirably performed. To me this work seems the least powerful of the nine, but as we have the whole set each season I will sing with Schuman, "I'll not complain." Soloists recently have been, 1st, Mr. Loeffler, who played a violin concerto by Godard in a musicianly manner, but might have added a little more fire and *brio* had he chosen; 2nd, Mme. Helen Hopekirk a new pianist (we ought to call Boston "Planopolis") who played St. Saëns' G minor concerto excellently, and then fell in a Chopin Polonaise and in Schumann's *Gritten*, possibly on account of fatigue; 4th, Miss Marguerite Hall, who was formerly known as Daisy Hall, and then as Miss Margaret Hall, and who sings just the same under all three names. By the way, she has not yet tried two of the prettiest changes of the name, viz: Margherita and Gretchen. Miss Hall was quite crushed in a Händelian aria, and thoroughly successful in Schubert's "Young Nun," she sang the ecstatic ending beautifully; 5th and last, M. Alfred DeSeve who played a violin Rondo by St. Saëns with all his accustomed dash and brilliancy. He has gained greatly of late, and simply because he is working in the ranks of the orchestra. It is a very different thing to be a musician from being a violin virtuoso. M. DeSeve was the latter; he is becoming the former. Time was when to speak in the words of the poet Young—"He took no note of time" or he took no note in time, whichever you prefer. I remember his debut at these concerts two years ago when he galloped off at a speed which would have distanced Jay Eye See, and came in half a dozen bars before the quickest of the orchestral players could catch up with him. That is all changed now. He has not lost any of his former fire, he has not even lost the faculty of shaking himself so that his very boot-heels threaten to fly off; but he has acquired a faculty of attending to the *ensemble*, and he ought some day to be a very great violinist. COMES.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24th, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

We have been almost inundated here with music and rain since I last wrote you. Piano Recitals, Concerts, Opera, Black Bird entertainments and Ollapod entertainments have been, and on Thursday we are to have the "Messiah" rendered by six hundred voices and Thomas' Orchestra. The soloists are Madame Boema, the great soprano, Miss Winant, the coming contralto, Mr. Toedt, tenor, and Remmert, basso. The organization of the Cincinnati Orchestra appears to be "hanging fire" for some reason. I hear that two of the members expectant will go to New York, so that will make some difference in their arrangements if they ever do materialize. Ross and Schuts are the two to whom I refer. Sherwood has been here and charmed the natives with his remarkably fine rendering of good music. Mr. Geo. Schneider has also been interpreting some of his excellent selections. Mr. Schneider ought to win greater and more general applause, because of his industry in rescuing so much excellent music almost from oblivion and keeping it before the public. Among the novelties presented was the Suite Opus 1 of D'Albert, who created such a sensation in Germany. This work shows the strict and classic school training of D'Albert. Notwithstanding the great technical difficulties of the above mentioned, and Raff's Giga (Suite Op. 91), also Chopin Sonata Op. 55 B minor, Mr. Schneider was as usual equal to the work, and faithfully interpreted the same. The entertainment at Smith & Nixon's Hall by the pupils of Miss Baur's Conservatory of Music assisted by members of the faculty was more generally pleasing but artistic. The quartette selections for strings from Rheinberger and Beethoven, by Messrs. Magrath, Blovin, Froelich and Brand, had the admirable execution and perfection of ensemble that always distinguish those gentlemen. The great interest was centred on Mr. Geo. Magrath who is one of the faculty of Miss Baur's Conservatory. Mr. Magrath is certainly one of the finest pianists in America. A graduate of Stuttgart, he had received the highest praise in London before settling in our city. The Conservatory has reason to be proud of so eminent a pianist and so thorough an instructor.

At the College of Music Students' Concert, Miss Gaul and Signor Gorno of course pleased all. The touch of both is sympathetic and their runs, trills and octaves clear and distinct. Herr Schradieck stands pre-eminent as a musician and violinist. When he plays there are no harsh notes, no broken passages—all is smooth as art can render it for Schradieck is an artist.

The "Four and Forty Black Birds" composed of our most prominent male vocalists assisted by Currier's band, gave an entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Horace J. Wetherell now in the South for the benefit of his health. If ever there was an artistic minstrel performance, this was one. All did well, but Mr. George D. Newhall and Currier's band appeared to carry off the musical, and Mr. Robt. Morgan the funny honors. The first supplied church choir ever organized in this city is now at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and takes part in the services for the first time this Christmas Eve. It consists of sixteen boys and eight men. The church has been so changed and improved that it looks like another place. It is in strict accordance with ecclesiastical rule, and one of the most beautiful churches in town, if not the most beautiful. The moment you enter the building you know that you are in a church. Too many of our buildings violate the first rule in architecture—they fail to bespeak the use of the structure.

Professor Nembach has at last completed his opera "Sichelhagen" (Harvest Home). There will be a private reading of the work New Year's Eve at the rooms of the Phoenix Club, one of our most prominent Jewish societies. It is highly commended by the critics, who have had an opportunity to judge of it, and it is to be hoped that we outside barbarians will be favored by having it given in public. Those who know Mr. Nembach know they have reason to expect something good.

I forgot to say that Professor Schonacker distinguished himself also at the "Four and Forty Black Birds" entertainment—playing as he did "Whispering Pines" by Lessing and "Marche Militaire" his own composition. Mr. Schonacker certainly is a charming pianist and throws more soul into his playing than nine-tenths of the performers enjoying far more extended reputation. Mr. Geo. D. Newhall sang the latest song of Jas. E. Stewart, entitled "Yesterday and To-day," which brought out a hearty encore. "Darling Nelly" and "One Heart, Two Eyes," were also excellent songs that called for repetition.

Business is not so good as was expected. Something appears to be the matter. Probably money is scarce among the "common" people, as we "artists" never did have any to spend. Yours, CAMELOT.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1st, 1884.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:

Concerts—well I should say so. Every night of the week not excepting Sundays. Everything from the majestic symphony concert of Thomas, down to the ten cent Sunday school entertainment. Do they all make money? well no, they generally get left; but people must be entertained, and the band of self-sacrificing martyrs is nothing daunted by want of success. Of course the better class of entertainments are generally pretty well patronized, but the great majority of these affairs are gotten up by churches, Sunday schools, temperance and other organizations for the purpose of replenishing a depleted treasury. Every person who is willing to gratify his vanity by appearing before an audience without other compensation, can find an opportunity of so doing, and eagerly do they avail themselves of this method of gaining notoriety, and making themselves useful to society! And society in turn shows its appreciation of their services by giving a benefit concert. The benefit is of course a delusion and a snare. I know of one case in which a really meritorious singer, who had given valuable assistance whenever and wherever called upon, was tendered a complimentary benefit. Although everything was done at reduced rates, the net proceeds amounted to only \$7.50, not enough in fact to pay for the wear and tear on the new dress coat purchased in anticipation of the event.

The concert business is run completely into the ground. In many of the churches, organists and singers are expected to furnish one or more concerts during the year, thus earning the money wherewith to pay themselves for services already rendered. Of course such a pernicious system will last as long as people will accept engagements on such conditions. The various government departments are filled with a class of people in the middle station of life, in whose families are many talented persons. They naturally seek to augment the family revenues by singing in church choirs, giving lessons in music, painting, embroidery and other domestic arts. They are neither dependent upon nor wholly independent of these

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pursuits, and take whatever they can get for their work, and cut rates to such an extent that they practically ruin those pursuits as professions. To be sure the few recognized leaders in these various vocations receive good compensation for their services, but by far the larger portion are "rats" in the fullest sense of the term. Think of five music lessons (!) for a dollar. Instruction in painting at \$4 a quarter!

And yet those figures are common enough. Many so-called teachers work on a sliding scale. They ask a dollar a lesson. If they can't get that they will take a half, if that is too much they are satisfied with a quarter, or whatever else they can get. This of course makes a sad mess of it for those who are legitimately in the business. Band musicians saw the destructive effect of these parasites on their business, and undertook by co-operation to check it. They formed a protective union, with a standard price for services of all kinds. The membership was large and people were reconciled to pay the prices asked, and all went on smoothly until it became apparent that while the prices were not objectionable, people insisted on having the best people in the business for their money. This of course threw the second rate people out of what little work they had been having, and they soon were at the old business of cutting rates and now there is the same class that there was before. Another factor in the matter of prices is the Marine Band. The niggardly policy of the government in making its appropriations for this band, prevents in the first place the securing of really first-class people for the service, there being only half a dozen artists in a band of 40 men, (!) and in the second place, compels the members of the band to seek outside engagements, (which legitimately belongs to the citizen-musician,) in order to make a reasonable living. The result is that in the theatres and summer gardens, the orchestras are mostly made up of Marine Band people. Aside from the injustice that this arrangement works on the citizen-musician, it interferes with the discipline of the Band. Mr. J. F. Sousa, who for the past two years has been the director of the Marine Band, has done much to elevate its standard, but is handicapped by his inability to secure artists at the prices paid by the government. Sousa, by the way, is a very clever little gentleman, and is one of the few musicians who has ideas of his own on topics not connected with his profession. He is a voluminous writer and a quick worker, his music is "catchy," and very popular, and he is without an excellent director.

During the past month we have had three red letter days, one was the 26th, when Thomas gave us one of his great symphony concerts, another was the 11th, when the Georgetown Amateur Orchestra opened its third series of concerts, and the third was the inauguration of the series of popular concerts under Prof. Bischoff, the blind organist of the Congregational Church. For the Thomas concert every seat was sold before the doors opened. The orchestral concerts are complimentary and of course are always packed. The course tickets for Bischoff's concerts had all been sold on Nov. 30th.

The theatres have run along the even tenor of their way with no extraordinary attraction to raise them above the common place. The Jersey Lily spent a week at Ford's Opera House but failed to draw the shekels as she did on her previous visit. I hope the time is not far distant when such trucks, whose only attraction seems to be a doubtful intimacy with royal and other profligates, may be relegated to the obscurity which they should covet. It really seems preposterous that a woman wholly devoid of histrionic talent, should be scandalized into such notoriety as to become a successful rival of ladies of real ability re-enforced by intelligent study. And it is still more preposterous that an intelligent public should submit to such a proceeding. The large majority of our leading actresses are, I believe, respectable women; many of them are married and travel in company with their husbands. At any rate their private life is carefully guarded from public view, and none of them make capital of their scandalous love affairs.

Our local people are gaining notoriety elsewhere as well as here. Mr. E. J. Whipple has signed for the May festival at Little Rock, where he scored a magnificent success last year. He is to sing Elijah and one or two other parts there this year.

Strakosch has taken a fancy to our leading alto singer. On the occasion of his engagement at Baltimore with Miss Thursby, Miss Winant was taken suddenly ill, and he sent for Mrs. J. H. Powell of the Tabernacle of this city, to sing the sick lady's numbers. Mrs. Powell's success was so great, that I understand negotiations are now pending, that in case of Miss Winant's continued illness, Mrs. Powell is to join the company for the rest of the season. She has a rich, full mezzo-soprano voice, of rare power and great flexibility. She thoroughly enjoys singing and would be a valuable accession to the Thursby or any other company.

Mr. Bayley of Jno. F. Ellis & Co., the leading music dealers, and one of the most affable gentlemen in the business, told me a few days ago, that their winter trade, and especially the holiday trade had been immense, and that the greatest demand had been for the higher grades of musical merchandise, and all this notwithstanding the fact that the weather bureau had tried itself to give us the worst weather possible.

S. H. J.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, CANADA, Dec., 30th, 1883.

Queen's Hall.—The Original Fisk University Jubilee Singers gave a series of three concerts on the 28th, 29th and 30th, Nov. last, to an audience, which though good ought to have been still larger to accord with the merit of the entertainment. There is so much originality, so much charming novelty in their entertainment, and withal, so much real excellence that to hear them is a genuine treat. To hear these ladies and gentlemen sing the ballads, recalling the memories of the old slavery days with all the pathos so characteristic of them, and still more to listen to their quaint yet stirring religious songs, "Steal Away to Jesus," "O, my Lord," "The Gospel Train," and such like is worth a great deal, and loses nothing by repetition. The singers had to respond to a number of encores—in a word, the concerts were a success in every respect.

Academy of Music.—Henry Thomas, lessee and manager, Dec. 6th, 7th and 8th. Mr. Arthur Rehan's Company presented at the Academy of Music for the first time before a very large audience, "7-20-8." This is a funny piece, and there is not a dull moment from the time the curtain rises until its final fall. They should come often and visit us.

Queen's Hall.—Dec. 6th. The splendid band of the sixty-fifth battalion, under their clever leader, Mr. Ernest Lavigne, gave a very successful concert at the Queen's Hall, assisted by several amateurs. The music of this band is highly appreciated, they were heartily applauded throughout.

Academy of Music.—Dec 10th. The "Patterson's New York Opera Co." in the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," played to crowded houses at the Academy, and was very much liked by all the theatre-goers. The music is very good and voices excellent and costumes pretty rich. The performance was a capital one. Special mention may be made of the "King,"

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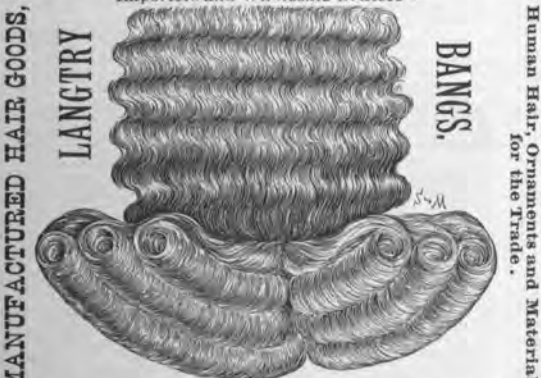
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Miss Fanny Redding, who is very accomplished in her role. So good a presentation of light opera as the company at this house are giving, deserves hearty support from the theatre-going people.

Queen's Hall.—Dec. 18th. The elite of French society filled the Queen's Hall to-night to hear Miss Emery Coderre and her talented assistants, and enjoyed a rich musical treat. The selection of music was of a high classical order, and the execution uniformly good, although Miss Coderre and Miss Villeneuve were the favorites, both received beautiful *corbeilles de fleurs*. The rendering of the sparkling Saltarello was very pleasant. Miss Hortense Villeneuve received a perfect ovation, and contributed greatly to the success of the concert, her delicious freshness of voice completely carrying away her audience who encored her repeatedly.

The French Cathedral, (Notre-Dame Church) are making great preparations for the midnight mass, Christmas Eve. The choir with its able leader, Rev. Mr. Durocher, is practicing Mozart's first mass for that occasion every night, and judging from the rehearsals, your correspondent had the pleasure to listen to, it will be a *grand fete musicale*, a report of which I shall send for your next issue. The church of the Gesù is also making active preparations.

Theatre Royal.—(J. B. Sparrow, Manager.)—Dec. 17th. Hyde & Behman's Combination performed before a good audience for a week from above date. Next week at this house, will appear "Harry Miner's Comedy Co."

Her Majesty's Opera Co., appear Dec. 24th, 26th and 28th, at the Academy—with La Patti. Yours truly, FERD PAGE.

ATLANTA NOTES.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 7th, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:
DeGive's Opera House, Nov. 27th and 28th. Mr. C. D. Hess Opera Co., played the "Bohemian Girl" and "Fra Diavola." Mr. Hess was well patronized, and still remains a favorite in Atlanta.

Dec. 1st. Mr. Theodore Thomas' Orchestra composed of sixty instrumental musicians, assisted by the Atlanta Musical Union's fine selected chorus of ninety voices, under Prof. Alfredo Barilli, gave two entertainments to a crowded house of Atlanta's best people.

Mr. Thomas' concert is no doubt the best that has been through here this season.

Dec. 3d and 4th. Madison Square Theatre Co., produced the "Rajah" and played to a good house.

Dec. 7th and 8th. Thos. W. Keene produced "Julius Cæsar" and "Richard III." to crowded house. The theatre goes generally wear a happy smile during Mr. Keene's stay in the city.

Dec. 10th. Haverly's Minstrels appeared to an overflowing house. Very respectfully, J. C. POWELL.

THE FIDDLE DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

IN the upper stories of several houses along the Bowery in the neighborhood of Seventh street, is done most of the violin making and repairing of this city. In an unpretentious room in this vicinity a violin maker was visited by a *Tribune* reporter yesterday. The place was a typical musical workshop. The walls and shelves were lined with violins, violas and cellos in various stages of dismemberment and repair; bodies with top or bottom gone; necks unattached to bodies; pegs, strings and cases scattered about in picturesque confusion; and almost everything covered with the dust of weeks of disuse. The violin maker was a worthy representative of his art. A stout, cheery old German, his life has been spent, in a certain sense, in an atmosphere of music. He himself plays several instruments and is acquainted with nearly all the prominent performers of the country. All his time and labor, however, have been devoted to the manufacture and repairing of violins—a work which demands not only mathematical care and precision, but requires also great experience and musical knowledge.

"A violin can never be so seriously injured," said the cheerful old man, "that it cannot be made almost as good as new. If it be broken to pieces and the fragments preserved, they can be put together again in time, and the tone of the instrument be scarcely perceptibly injured by the process. This is a work of so much time and expense, however, that most repairers resort to the easier expedient of furnishing a new back or a new belly, instead of replacing the old fragments. The comparative ease and cheapness with which this may be done have given occasion to the most frequent deceit practiced in the violin trade. A maker, for instance, comes into possession of an old and valuable Cremona. He carefully removes the back, and substitutes a new piece of wood, stained and discolored in imitation of the old violin. The back which he has removed he next fits to a new belly, neck and sides, and then puts his two violins on sale. The first purchaser is shown the violin with the new back; but the dealer is careful to exhibit only the old portions, points out the unmistakable marks of age in color and grain, and the buyer, especially if inexperienced, pays the price of a Cremona. The next purchaser is shown the instrument with the old back, by which in many cases the buyer is equally deceived. Thus by a few hours of labor, the manufacturer disposes of one cheap and one expensive instrument for the price of two costly Cremonas. The fact is," concluded the old man, frankly, "our trade is like most others—a great deal more skill is devoted to deceptive imitations than to work of genuine and honest merit."

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Brooklyn Tabernacle, "	4
Pittsburg Cathedral, "	4
Mobile Cathedral, "	3
1st Pres., Philadelphia, "	3
Epiphany, Philadelphia, "	3
St. John's M. E., Brooklyn, "	3

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Music in England, by Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. St. Louis: St. Louis Stationery and Book Co., pp. 231.
Music in America, by Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. St. Louis: St. Louis Stationery and Book Co., pp. 423.

The author of these two works is already well-known to the American public through his meritorious "Student's History of Music," as well as by a number of musical compositions that have proved him to be a skilled musician. The two works are really companion volumes. The reason of this, the author himself explains in the preface to "*Music in England*," in the following words: "When I determined to write the history of musical development in the United States, I found that, in order to enable my readers to understand the peculiar beginnings and first growth of that development, an insight into the history of musical culture in England was necessary." Dr. Ritter certainly possesses in a remarkable degree the first requisite of an historian—impartiality. Yet he does not fear to express his views in unambiguous language. Of the two books, "*Music in England*" is in our opinion much the superior. This was to have been expected. The facts of England's musical history have been collected by diver authors; the material was at hand and all that our author had to do was to cull, condense, systematize and explain. Upon the contrary, in reference to music in America, Dr. Ritter plays, to a considerable extent, the part of a pioneer, and it was probably natural that many unimportant details should have been entered into, that omissions should have occurred, and that a certain want of symmetry should be apparent. In a word, "*Music in England*" is a history, and a meritorious one, while "*Music in America*," is rather an accumulation of material for a history. We would not be understood to say that this material is not very valuable, but simply that it has neither the completeness nor the form that would entitle it to be called a history. The title itself is a misnomer, for the book does not treat of music in America or even in North America, but only of music in the United States. Our author has nothing to say concerning the folk-song of the Canadian boatmen and *voyageurs*, nor concerning music in Mexico, nor concerning the music of the aborigines. More than that, America seems to consist almost entirely of New York and Boston in the estimate of Dr. Ritter, who dismisses Cincinnati in a couple of paragraphs and all other western cities in half a dozen lines, while he devotes pages to the publication of the programmes of performances of one society in New York. Of course we grant the pre-eminence of New York and Boston in musical matters, but it is not true by any means that New York is America in the same sense as it is true, for instance, that Paris is France. Dr. Ritter has been so long in the East that he seems to have almost forgotten that there is a West. He thinks it worth while to tell us about this *prima donna*, or that tenor having sung in New York, but does not even appear to know the names of the important choral and orchestral organizations which have existed and exist in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, San Francisco, Atlanta, etc., etc. It seems indeed as if Prof. Ritter had halted between two opinions—either to make a brief but philosophical review of his subject or to make an exhaustive collection of the detail facts of the history of music in the United States. His hesitancy has resulted in a work which, from whatever standpoint it is viewed, is incomplete. In reference to New York and Boston it has all the prolixity of the local columns of a country newspaper, in reference to the rest of the country it has all the brevity of a "cablegram." The first chapters of the book are the best for the reason that there Dr. Ritter tilled a field that was already partially cleared by previous writers. With its imperfections, however, "*Music in America*" is an interesting work, worthy of a place in the library of every intelligent musician, and the best work upon the subject extant. The typography of the work is excellent. A few typographical errors, incidental to a first edition, occur, but are unimportant.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1884 is on our table, handsome as ever, and full of information for the lover of flowers and plants. Our lady readers should not be without it. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, New York.

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Oh, fair to see!
Fashioned in witchery!
With purified curves outlining
Thine airy form soft shining,
In mould like ripening maiden,
Budding and beauty-laden;
Thou'rt naught but wood and string.
Crowned with a carved scroll,
Yet when we hear thee sing
We deem thou hast a soul.

In some old tree
Was born thy melody—
Its boughs with breezes playing,
Its trunk to tempests swaying,
Carol of wild-bird singing,
The woodman's axe loud ringing:
Light arch of forest limb
Curving thine every line,
Tones of the forest hymn
Grown ripe in thee like wine.

Lightly the bow,
As if with life aglow,
Thy mystic grace revealing,
Shall set the witches dancing;
With classic notes entrancing,
Touch deepest chords of feeling,
Thy secret caves resound,
As where enchanting elves,
Flinging the echoes 'round,
Blithely disport themselves.

How wild thy glee!
How sweet thy harmony!
Murmur of light heart dreaming,
Voice of the valkyr screaming,
Song of the cascade's dashings,
Dance of auroral flashings!
O weird and wondrous thing!
Whate'er thy mood of art,
To wail, or laugh, or sing,
Thou'rt monarch of the heart,
A. J. SAGE in *The Continent*.

CERTIFICATES FOR MUSIC TEACHERS.

Mr. H. E. Holt, the manager of music teaching in the Boston schools, well and favorably known throughout this country as an eminent educator, writes to the *American Art Journal* as follows:

EDITOR AMERICAN ART JOURNAL:
I wish to thank you for the reproduction of the editorial from *Kunkel's Musical Review* under the above heading. The argument deserves the widest publicity; it is exhaustive and shows that we must seek to "protect" the music teacher by some other means than by giving him a "certificate." I sympathize most heartily with all movements which will promote and elevate the cause of music. Mr. Bowman and others who are seeking to elevate and protect the profession are entitled to much credit because their motives are good, and if united effort is made in the right direction will result in great good, not only to the cause of music and the musical profession, but will be equally beneficial to that other and larger party, the general public, the general public who are equally interested in this protection question, and only need to be shown what should be protected, when they will give it their hearty support.

The writer has expressed the whole subject in a nutshell in the following quotation: "Imposition can thrive only where ignorance exists, and the only sure way to destroy it is to destroy the food upon which it fattens. Raise the level of the people's musical education by the same means that have elevated, and are elevating the level of their general intelligence—the public schools—and imposture in music teaching will become a thing of the past." Let Mr. Bowman as President of the National Music Teachers' Association, inscribe upon his banner, in letters of gold, the above quotation. This will command the hearty support of every musical organization in the country, and if the first claims of music as a refining, elevating and educational power are properly presented to Congress, we shall secure its adoption into our public schools as a regular study, with a liberal government grant for its support.

We have progressed so far in our system of education that the people are now ready to take this additional step forward. This is our only hope of becoming a truly musical people. We must not only begin in the public schools but with the youngest pupils. When the people are shown what can be accomplished when music is properly taught in our public schools, they will give it their hearty support. I believe the difficulty is not in music itself, neither can it be charged to the general public. The people appreciate all that is done for them, and when we learn to teach this subject in the best manner there will be no lack of support on their part, and there will be no necessity for giving a teacher a certificate to protect him from imposition, certainly so far as teaching music in our public schools is concerned.
H. E. HOLT.

Boston, Dec. 1, 1883.



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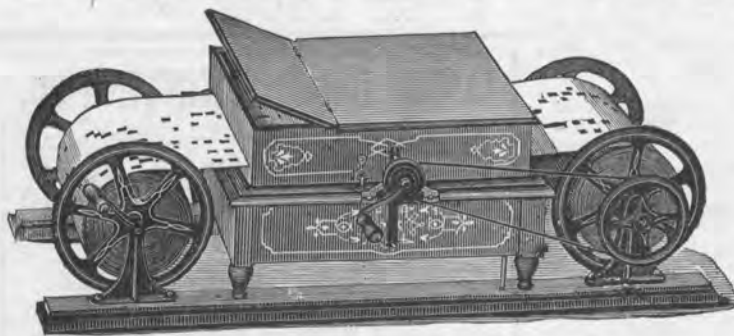
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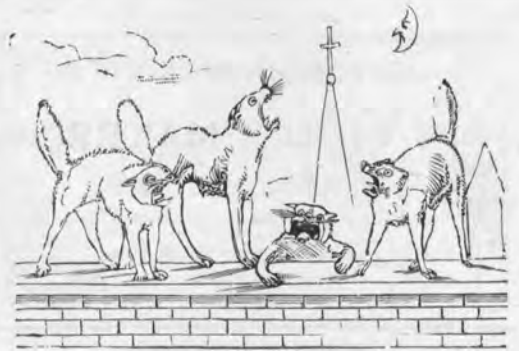
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A cowboy dropped into a church,
Intent on goodness purely;
He went away up to the front
And took a seat demurely.

He felt a little out of place,
But thought he ought to try it,
And watching what the others did,
Maintained a perfect quiet.

He didn't make a single break,
Nor show the least deflection,
Until a little deacon came,
To take the church collection.

The plate came to the cowboy first,
Of course with nothing in it;
He looked up to the deacon, then
Down on the plate a minute.

He couldn't tell the game at all,
And didn't dare to doubt it;
The more he tried to find it out,
The less he knew about it.

At last he spoke right out in church—
"Now, look a-here old Banty,
Don't try no bluff, I'll take the chips—
Jis' sing out what's the ante."

—[Merchant Traveler.

"I THINK I have seen you somewhere," said one gentleman to another. "No doubt, for I have been there often," was the reply.

"PERSIMMONS are a good substitute for brandy before breakfast," said a Missouri paper. "But who wants any substitute?" inquired a subscriber.

IT MUST be conceded that Nihilists are a pretty tough crowd. The Czar has left Russia to seek rest, and is now visiting his wife's mother.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A WESTERN reviewer alluded to the song, "Sunny Beams" as "Sunday Beans." He had an interview with the proof-reader after the paper came out.

GERMAN PROFESSOR—"What a couple of bonnie little children, dear Baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness—"You have guessed rightly." Professor—"Are they both yours?"

A CLIENT remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

MAKER of musical instruments, cheerfully rubbing his hands: "There, thank goodness! The bass fiddle is finished at last!" After a pause: "Ach Himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside!"

"I AM going to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house in wrathful tones. "What 'yer going to raise, corns?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.

WHEN uncle came to dinner he always said grace before meat and the little truth-seeker of five years asked, "Papa, why don't you go to sleep and talk before you eat, same as uncle does?"

THE following is the account given of the boy with an unprepared lesson: Teacher—"What is soul?" Boy—"Tis immaterial." T.—"What is matter?" B.—"Never mind." T.—"Well, what is mind?" B.—"No matter."

It was on the piazza, "How beautifully that woman sings!" said one lady to another, who was in gorgeous attire and blaz-ing with diamonds. "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I guess not. I think she is a Swede," replied the other.

"THERE will be a rehearsal of the opera to-morrow morning at ten," said the manager to his newly engaged tenor. "O I'm already familiar with my part; I can sing it backward." "Yes; but we are not going to do it that way!"

A LADY who had her front teeth filled was mortified before company, one day, by her little niece, who, on seeing the gold filling shining as the lady smiled, gravely remarked "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

AS CHAMBORD was dying his father confessor, raising his hand upward, said, most impressively: "Ascend to Heaven, son of St. Louis." This is the cruelest blow Chicago has been called upon to stand for long, long years.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

IT RATHER annoys the woman holding a pug dog in her lap in the street car to hear a learned-looking gentleman remark to a friend: "Do you know that the female orang-outang at the museum has formed an attachment for a small dog and fondles it constantly?"

A LITTLE girl unconsciously and touchingly testified to the excessive drudgery of her mother's life, when, on being asked, "Is your mamma's hair gray?" She replied, "I don't know. She's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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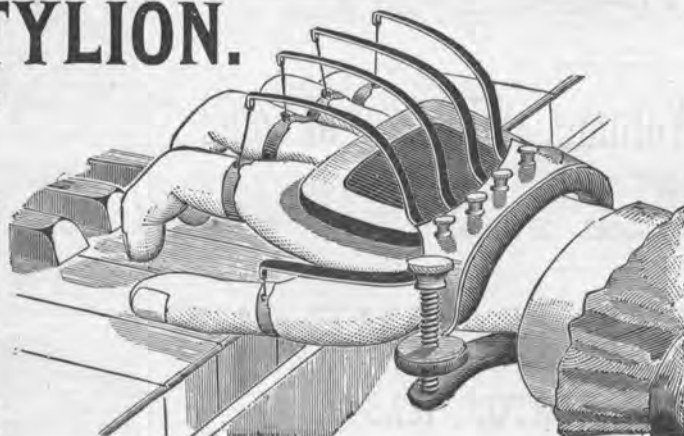
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"Oh, papa, dear, I wish you'd come home. I'm really afraid mamma has taken a drop too much!" "Gracious heavens, child, what do you mean?" "That new homoeopathic medicine, you know. I'm afraid I've given her seven drops instead of six."—*London Punch.*

"DON'T talk to me about the advantages of education!" indignantly exclaimed a manufacturer lately. "Here I spent \$4,000 on that boy of mine. He came out of college with flying colors. I put him in charge of the factory while I went off for a little vacation, and what do you suppose he did. Shipped to South America 50,000 of my new patent snow shovels."

DURING a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "But until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

"I HEAR your uncle is dead," said a sympathetic neighbor to Mr. Twomly, an Austin gentleman.

"He is," said Twomly gravely.
"Did he leave any testament?"
"Yes, three of them."
"Three of them?" exclaimed the neighbor, wonderingly.
"Yes, the Old Testament, New Testament and the Revised Edition."—*Texas Siftings.*

"SEE here, you boy, did I not pay you 25 cents to shovel the snow off my pavement?"

"Yes'm."
"Well, what did you mean by taking the money and then going off without doing it?"
"The snow is all off, isn't it?"
"Yes, but it melted off."
"That's all right. I knew it would melt after awhile if left alone. I'm a street contractor, I am."

THE other day a rather green looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks and the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."
"All right, sir. What color do you want?"
"I don't know. I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."
"Yes, but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or brunette?"
"She ain't neither; she's a hired girl."—*Evansville Argus.*

GUS DESMITH, a gifted Austin youth, who has no ear for music, attended a musical soiree at the mansion of Col. Greenbottle.

"Which would you rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner?" asked Miss Matilda Greenbottle, who is a musical celebrity.
"I don't know, I'm sure, which I would rather hear until I have heard them. Are both of them going to sing this evening?" was the reply of the ignoramus.

With features wreathed in disgust Miss Greenbottle turned to Kosciusko Murphy, who was also present, and addressed the same question to him. Kosciusko who is twice as big an ignoramus as Gus DeSmith, determined to avoid the rock on which the latter split, so when Miss Matilda asked which he would rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner, he replied promptly:

"Why, I'd rather hear one of Wagner's pauses all day long than to listen to Beethoven sing a single verse of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"—*Texas Siftings.*

MAKING A FIDDLE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE need of something to cheer and exhilarate in the dreary days and nights was painfully apparent, and gave rise to unheeded attempts to supply the demand. The ingenuity of the Yankee soldier was generally equal to any such emergency, but probably was not more strikingly displayed than in the manufacture of a fiddle. It was at "Brandy Station," Va., in the Winter of 1863-4, that George M. Colt, Company C, Second Vermont volunteers, proposed to make the cheering instrument, and with a hatchet, jack-knife, file and a piece of a junk bottle as his only tools, he cut a piece of maple from a stump that grew on the bank of the Rappahannock River and set to work. The back and sides of the fiddle are made of one piece—a regular "dug out." The top is of hemlock taken from a box which brought some "goodies" from their friends in "Vermont." The bow is of maple. The keys were made from the horns of some Confederate cattle that fell into our hands and were devoured by our carnivorous soldiers, so that the poor brutes contributed to our mental as well as physical welfare. The hairs were pulled from the tail of the Colonel's horse, who was fond of music and never raised a foot in resistance. It is said he even signified his willingness to furnish enough of his hoofs for glue, but that was found elsewhere, and the instrument was completed, and in the hands of a modern "Paganini," who rose for the occasion, gave forth its soul stirring strains. It conjured up "stag dances," serenaded headquarters, and was admired and cherished by the officers and men of the "Green Mountain Boys." The rest must be left to imagination, as far as its army record is concerned. Suffice it is to say it was "honorably discharged," and has been the hero of several occasions since the war, receiving the first premium at the Vermont State Fair. Rude as is its origin, its tone is remarkably sweet and expressive, especially in the rendering of "Old John Brown" and other airs that were offsprings of the war, which seem to revive in its music the memory of the exciting scenes of its early existence.—*Ec.*



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MAJOR AND MINOR.

AUGUSTE, the only son of the late composer Offenbach, died at Cannes on the 7th inst., aged 21.

Les Huguenots was the opera selected for the gala performance at the Teatro Real, Madrid, in honor of the Crown Prince of Germany.

L'Art Musical, founded by Escudier, has become the property of M. Alphonse Leduc. M. Paul Girod, the last owner, no longer being able to devote the requisite time to it.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Dec. 15th last, contained a complete, illustrated description of piano-making at Sohmer's factory. It made interesting and instructive reading.

The editor of the *Song Friend*, a tenth rate publication, dislikes the larger musical magazines, and calls them "straw stacks." He is not happy among straw stacks, but how he would gambol in a field of thistles!

DAVID, head of the *claque* for more than forty years at the Grand Opera, Paris is dead. He was born on the 17th October, 1793, the day on which Marie Antoinette was executed.

The Current, a weekly journal just started in Chicago, by Edgar L. Wakeman, bids fair to become one of the leading lights of American journalism. We are hard to please, but the *Current* pleases us, and we commend it to the attention of our readers.

YOUNG Ernest Schelling, the eight year old pianist, son of Mr Felix Schelling of Philadelphia, continues to gain golden opinions from the cultured audiences before which he plays occasionally, while pursuing his studies under the tuition of the masters of the Paris conservatoire.

THE *Musical Courier*, otherwise and better known as *Steinway's Hurdy-Gurdy*, which is feebly ground by the Hebrew children, publishes a part of the article on Mario, which appears in this issue, and which is from the *Paris Figaro* and with its customary accuracy, credits it to the *New York Times*.

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD writes to one of our exchanges that a "National College of Music Teachers" that should issue certificates to teachers of music is an "artistic necessity." We think that we have shown (in our November issue), that it is a practical impossibility. Mr. Sherwood is a better pianist than logician.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of a press ticket of admission to the Warner Observatory, of Rochester, N. Y., from the proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies. Should we accidentally happen in Rochester we shall make use of it, for if we can bring the stars near enough, we may be able to hear the "music of the spheres."

DEXTER SMITH of the *Musical Record* says he never even looks between the covers of the monthlies edited by pugnacious persons, etc. This is a crusher for Marble and Elson, who have occasionally "gone for" ye guileless Smith, but then how does Smith know these parties are "pugnacious" if he never reads what they write? We read all our exchanges, even the *Hurdy-Gurdy*.

Church's Visitor says: "The theatre at Rouen, France, is to give Lohengrin. How the French people, especially the Parisians will receive this or any other of Wagner's music remains to be seen." What puzzles us is how the Parisians are going to hear Lohengrin in Rouen. Wagner's music is often noisy, but we doubt whether even the ears of brother Murray, (we refer to their acuteness, and not to their length) could hear it from Rouen to Paris.

THE North Missouri Normal School at Kirksville, gave a concert on Dec. 14th, which was very highly spoken of by the local press. Miss Carrie Eggleston, as pianist is highly commended, and to Mrs. McFadon the vocal teacher, the *Kirksville Journal* says: "Too much can hardly be said in commendation of Prof. McFadon, who contributed by his excellent ability as a musician and chorus organizer and director, so largely to the success of the entertainment."

THE *Painter* of Cleveland, Ohio, an illustrated monthly devoted to painting and decoration, is a new visitor to our exchange table, although it has entered upon its third year of publication. The subjects of which it treats are growing in importance with the growth of our civilization. Musical people are always interested in kindred arts, and as the subscription price is only \$1.00 per annum, there is no reason why any one should be without it. "Sample copies on application," says the number before us. Address "The Painter," 100 Canal Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

At a meeting of the directors and employees of the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company, held on Dec. 27th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, in the Providence of God, our esteemed associate and superintendent, William Otis Trowbridge, has been taken from us by death:

Resolved, That we hereby express our deep sense of the constant and untiring fidelity and interest manifested by him in the company's affairs; also, of the uniform urbanity of the treatment received by us at his hands for the long period of twenty years, during which time he has been connected with us in the very responsible position which he has so ably and faithfully filled:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement; also, that a copy be given to the press for publication.



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From far off Dakota, (Mitchell) where savages are generally believed to hold sway, comes to our *sanctum* a neat programme of a concert given by Mrs. S. L. Whitney, on Dec. 20, at the court house. The selections are from good authors, the arrangement of the programme is judicious and the local paper speaks in the highest terms of the performance. Again we see that "Westward the star of empire takes its way." We return to the sender our thanks for the "Happy New Year!" that accompanied the programme, and trust that her years may be many and happy in the furtherance of the good cause of music.

In an article on Professor Ella, the English musician, London *Truth* says: "Apropos of kissing, I remember on one occasion a strange being arriving suddenly in Ella's room, falling into his arms and kissing him on both cheeks. He was a man with a thick head of hair. A young lady, aged seventeen, a relative of Ella, was present, and seemed much surprised at the proceeding. Afterward she said to Ella, 'Who was that dreadfully odd man who kissed you?' 'Why,' he remarked, 'that was the great Rubinstein; he has just returned from America with £8,000 in his pocket.' 'Oh,' said the girl simply, 'I wish he had kissed me too.'"

The old-style Irish harp was about four feet high, had no pedals, and was strung to the back with straps. The one belonging to King Brian Boru, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, is still preserved in the museum at Trinity College, Dublin. It is black with age, and polished, but worm-eaten. The old relic is adorned with silver ornaments. The King's son, Teague, took the harp to Rome after the battle, and presented it to the Pope, together with the crown and regalia that had been worn by his father. A succeeding Pope gave it to Henry VIII., together with the title of "Defender of the Faith," and Henry gave it to the Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it was held until the beginning of the eighteenth century. It then passed through several hands, until 1786, when the college became its owner.

The Hebrew children, after having breakfasted sumptuously on roast pig, on New Year's day, cast up the accounts of the year 1883, and found a balance on the wrong side. The owner of the children was approached, but indicated that Beatty was getting more free advertising than he, and that the latter ought to make good at least a portion of the deficit. This, of course, put them quite out of humor. Hereupon saying like the ancient Greeks "*Taurion spoudaia*," (serious things for to-morrow)—only they said it in hog-Hebrew, as became pork-eating Jews—they started on a calling tour. By evening they had gathered enough bottled courage, at others' expense, to embolden their cowardly hands to write what their renegade hearts had meditated. Strong in the consciousness of their utter financial irresponsibility and confident (over confident) that the distance separating St. Louis from New York would save them from physical castigation, they sat them down and penned two beastly attacks on the personal character of our Mr. Charles Kunkel, in which stupidity, malice and falsehood in turn struggle in bad English, for the mastery. Then they cast about for a means of reducing expenses and immediately reduced their paper bill nearly one-third by striking from the exchange list all the leading music and music trade papers in the country, among which we are proud to be numbered. The *Hurdy-Gurdy* loses just one-third of its circulation in St. Louis, which now consists of one copy (D. H.) to E. M. Bowman and another (D. H. ?) to Balmer & Weber. It is said that it is quite a task to make a purse out of a sow's ear, but we shall from time to time continue to endeavor to teach M. Ananias Buman, beg & Co. how to write English and be outwardly decent. If they are past reform they may at least serve as the "awful example" for other ignorant and mendacious scribblers.

HOW TO ACCOMPANY.

To accompany well you must not only be a good musician, but you must be mesmeric, sympathetic, and intuitive. You must know what I want before I tell you, you must feel which way my spirit sets, for the motions of the soul are swift as angel's flight. I cannot pause in these quick subtle transitions of emotion, fancy, passion, to tell you a secret; if it is not yours already, you are unworthy of it. What! when I had played three bars thus, you could not guess that I should hurry the fourth and drop with a melodious sigh upon the fifth. You dared to strike in at the end of a note which my intentions would have stretched out into at least another semibreve. You conceited, self-satisfied young lady. Your finishing lessons in music can do nothing for you. Your case is hopeless. You have not enough music in you to know that you are a failure. But you may be a good musician and not able to accompany. If you cannot, be passive for a while. You are of no use to me. You want to take the initiative—you must always be creating, you think you know best, you impose your "reading" upon me. What! you will dare to do this when I am the soloist or the singer. You are professional—it is the vice of professionals—and I am but an amateur. No matter; if I know not best, that is my affair; for better for worse you have to follow me, or you will mar me. The art of true accompanying lies in a willing self-immolation. An excess of sensibility but a passive excess. You must let your collaboration be strong. You must not desert me or fail me in the moment of my need or expectancy. You must cover me with thunder, you must buoy me up as a bark is buoyed up on the bosom of a great flood. You must be still anon and wait, dream with my spirit, as the winds that droop fitfully when the sea grows calm and the white sails flap idly, sighing for the breeze. I sleep, but my heart waketh! Every mood of mine must be yours as soon as it is mine, and when all is finished my soul shall bless thee, and you, too, shall feel a deep content.

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(ROMANCE FOR PIANOFORTE.)

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This is also an excellent composition; has been played in public by excellent pianists. It has all the future before it, as only fifty copies have been printed, of which five are on hand. Five or ten copies were ordered by Schubert, New York; the balance have been given away. As the piece is dedicated to the wife of one of the members of the house of Steinway, it is probable that some copies may be ordered from that quarter.

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