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Vol. 6.

No. 4.

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

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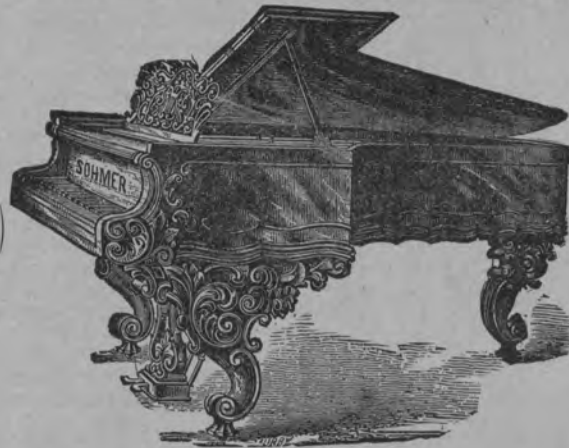
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MUSIC KUNKEL'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 4

ALBANI.

THE renowned *prima donna* whose features grace this page is by birth a French Canadian. Her maiden name was Marie Louise Emma Cecilia Lajeunesse, and she was born near Montreal in 1852. St. Cecilia, the patroness of musicians, must have taken her young namesake under special guardianship, for, even in infancy, she exhibited marked talent for music. Be that as it may, Heaven had blessed her with an earthly guardian, her father, who was a musician by nature as well as by profession, and who wisely fostered the talents with which she had been endowed by the Creator. At the early age of four, her father began to instruct her systematically in the art of music, and so apt was his pupil that when she was eight years old she could read and sing at sight almost any composition that was within the range of her voice, while at the same time her proficiency at the piano was hardly less remarkable. When she was fifteen she removed, with her parents, to Albany, New York, where she entered the choir of St. Joseph's Catholic Church as first soprano. The beauty and flexibility of her voice were such, even then, that people flocked to hear her singing. The organist resigning soon afterwards, Miss Lajeunesse was appointed to the vacancy, and, in that new position, gave excellent satisfaction. Although so young, she was much sought after as a music teacher, and possibly might yet be teaching music in Albany had not influential friends advised her to seek a wider field for the development and exhibition of her talents. The young artist was willing enough, but, since we have already said that her father was a music teacher, it is hardly necessary to add that his bank account could ill stand the draft upon it of the thousands of dollars which a first-class musical education abroad would have cost. Here was a quandary; but her friends and advisers came to the rescue. Headed by the Catholic Bishop of Albany, they organized two benefit concerts, to raise the funds for sending her to Europe to pursue her musical education under the best masters. The young artist was exceedingly popular with the best society of Albany, and the concerts were excellently managed. The result in dollars and cents was such as to allay all anxiety on the score of funds, and so practical an attestation of friendship and of faith in her powers must have been for her an inspiration in the arduous studies she was soon to undertake, more valuable than even the much-needed money. One thing is certain: Miss Lajeunesse never forgot the kindness of her Albany friends, and, to give the

town that had so royally encouraged her due credit for whatever she might accomplish as a singer, she, later, adopted its name (changing only the final letter to Italianize it) as that by which she should be known as a lyric artist. She was about eighteen years of age when she left Albany for Paris, where she became a pupil of Duprez, the famous teacher of the voice. Thence she proceeded to Milan, where Lamperti gave her instruction for a year and a half. It was at Messina, Sicily, and in "Sonnambula," that she made her *debut*, achieving

ing Dutchman," "Don Giovanni," "Nozze de Figaro," "Pré aux Clercs," "Amletto," "Il Demonio," "Martha," "Faust" and "Mefistofele."

From Messina our artist went to Florence, thence to Malta and thence to London, where she arrived toward the end of the season of 1872. She did not sing in opera that season, but opened the season of 1873 at the Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of the late Mr. Frederick Gye. Since then, she has always been connected with Covent Garden, although she has sung a number of seasons, or parts of seasons, in other places. Paris, Brussels, St. Petersburg and Berlin have all applauded her for several successive seasons. In Berlin, last year, she sang the part of Elsa, in "Lohengrin," in German, and in such a way that King William immediately conferred upon her the title of Imperial *Kammersängerin*. King William is not the only sovereign who has honored Mme. Albani. Among others, Queen Victoria has frequently received her, and had her sing in private for her, and the singer holds and religiously keeps more than one valuable *souvenir* of her visits to the good woman who has made the throne of England respectable. In 1875, Mme. Albani was here under the management of Max. Strakosch. In August, 1878, she became the wife of Mr. Ernest Gye, the present manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and the son of her first *impressario*.

Mme. Albani is no less great in oratorio than in opera, and at the last Birmingham festival, when Gounod's great work, "The Redemption," was given to the world, it was she who for the first time sang (created, as the French say,) the solo soprano part.

Great as are her natural gifts, Mme. Albani is a very painstaking artist and a hard student. To give but one instance: During the one week's stay of "Her Majesty's Opera Company" in St. Louis, Mme. Albani sent a special request to our Mr. Charles Kunkel to assist her in rehearsing the "Flying Dutchman," by playing the piano score while she sang. She has sung the opera repeatedly, and yet she rehearsed it with the same care as if it were an



ALBANI.

a magnificent success. The part is one well calculated to test the powers of a soprano, and Lamperti had more than once said to her, while she was studying it under him: "When you know 'Sonnambula' as I want you to sing it, you know all the other operas." She could now sing "Sonnambula" as Lamperti wanted it sung, and time has shown that the old fellow was not far wrong in saying that that implied ability to sing any other soprano *role*, for Mme. Albani has sung with the greatest success in "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Mignon," "Puritani," "Traviata," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Fly-

entirely new work.

We have heard Albani and Patti almost side by side, and we must say, in all sincerity, that we prefer Albani. Patti is an unsurpassed vocalist, her voice is beautiful and even—but it is too even. Her singing is the perfection of mechanism, but it is too mechanical. There are often tears in Albani's voice—not the mock tears of a mechanical *tremolando*, but the tears of genuine feeling. You listen in vain for those soulful tones from Patti. In a word, Patti vocalizes, Albani sings. Herr von Buelow not only agrees with us, but has declared Mme. Albani to be "the greatest living soprano."

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IN the first of March, the office of Kunkel Brothers and of KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW will be removed to No. 612 Olive street, opposite Barr's. We will then be more centrally located and more readily accessible to our friends, whom we shall be as glad to see there as we have been to meet them at the old place. Correspondents and visitors, the latter especially, will do well to notice the change.

IN his "Grammar of Ornament," Owen Jones says: "Construction should be decorated. Decoration should never be purposely construction." This is only another way of saying that no ornament is ornamental which is thrown in or heaped up merely for ornament's sake, without regard to utility or fitness. Not a little of modern music, like much of modern "decorative art," is nothing but "decoration purposely constructed," and by its very superabundance of the artificial becomes inartistic.

SONG WORDS.

WE remember having read, some months ago, in an alleged musical journal, this startling statement: "Tennyson's poems are ill adapted to be set to music because they are in themselves too musically sonorous." (The italics are ours). Of course, that explanation of the admitted fact, that Tennyson's lyrics are not well adapted to musical setting, was so absurd that we could but smile at the sublime assurance with which it was promulgated. Later, we read somewhere that Heinrich Hoffmann had remarked that Tennyson's lines were "too thought-heavy for musical setting," and it immediately struck us that Hoffmann had given the true explanation of the difficulty. Let us see what Hoffmann must have meant. Take, for instance, the familiar lines:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here in my hand,
Little flower, root and all.
And if I could understand
What you are, roots and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is!"

These are words that you may have read over a score of times without ever having seen in them anything more than a queer fancy and a jingle of rhymes. Perhaps you have even thought you had caught Tennyson in a grammatical blunder when he said "what God and man is!" If so, read the lines again. Do you not see the aged poet, fresh, perhaps, from the perusal of Spencer or Huxley, Beale or Mivart, and pondering over the great mystery of life, pluck from his garden wall the little living plant, and curiously turn it over and over? Ah, if he could only understand fully the life of

that plant, of even one of its petals, nay, of one single cell, would he not understand life's origin, and stand face to face with life's Originator? It lives and he lives, yet their life seems different. Is it so in kind or only in degree? Wherein does his life differ from that of the flower? wherein does it differ from that of God? And what is God? Is man a part and parcel of the Divinity? These and a host of similar questions crowd upon him, and, at last, he murmurs sadly—for it seems as if it would be so little to learn and yet so much to know:

"—If I could understand
What you are, roots and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

He is evidently inclined to pantheism. God and man he seems to consider as one entity; else why God and man *is*? Now, if never before, we have understood the poet. His simple lines are an immense interrogation point. Before that point physicists investigate and metaphysicians speculate; beyond it the believer worships. But who can set an interrogation point to music?

This single example must suffice, in this short article; but the thoughtful reader of Tennyson will find many other similar passages, too "thought-heavy," to use Hoffmann's Teutonism, for musical setting.

We have in previous articles shown, we think, that the true function of music is to express feeling, not thought properly so-called, and it will be found that the best song-words are those which either directly express or indirectly awaken some sentiment of the soul. Words which develop one idea or sentiment are undoubtedly better for the purpose of the song-writer than those which contain abrupt changes of feeling, for the reason that music ceases to be musical when its regular forms are rudely broken, as they must be in such cases, if the music is modified to suit the sentiment of the words. Finally, the more "musically sonorous" the words the better. As far as possible, the cæsura of any verse should not occur in the middle of a word, for, although that has no inconvenience in reading, the melodic phrase often divides there into two members, with a rest between the two, and when this occurs the word is cut into two disconnected pieces. Still less should the sense of one verse be completed in another. Take, as an instance, in "My Lady Sleeps," the lines:

"Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers bright," etc.

Here the sense of the line "Tell her," etc., ends at "watch," in the next verse, but the musical phrase ends at "keeps," and the result is always musically bad.

Some people have an idea that song-words must be so simple as to be almost silly. With such it is useless to argue. No great musician, with perhaps the single exception of Mozart, has ever been inspired by worthless words. The musician who can write music to trash, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, writes trash.

IN a conversation with Mr. Gye, Mme. Albani's husband, he said to us that often upon her return from some performance where the public had gone wild with delight over her singing, Mme. Albani had remarked: "I did not sing such or such a phrase just right. I shall not rest satisfied until I sing that opera again and give that passage as it should be!" She is herself her most exacting critic. May we not ask our amateurs whether, when one so richly endowed by nature, so thoroughly schooled and so experienced, labors thus constantly and hard to give proper expression to her singing, is it not time for them to give more study than they usually do to the music which they intend to perform in public?

ARTICULATION IN SINGING.



AST month, in an article headed "Give us English," we intimated that, at some future time, we should consider the causes of the bad habit, which so many singers have, of articulating the words of songs so imperfectly as to make them unintelligible, and that, if possible, we would suggest a remedy. This we propose to do now, as briefly as possible.

The first and principal cause of bad pronunciation on the part of singers must be found, we think, in the fact that few appreciate the importance of correct articulation. Many imagine that when they can vocalize with more or less skill they can sing. In their estimation, the music of a song is everything, the words nothing, and provided they succeed in giving forth musical tones they are satisfied. This delusion is fostered in several ways: English and American composers have so frequently allowed themselves to be "inspired" by doggerel that it is no wonder the opinion should have become current that song-words are too stupid to claim any attention. The singing in foreign languages, often understood neither by singers nor audience, and therefore mere meaningless syllables for both, has doubtless had the tendency of attenuating in the view of singers the importance of words with a meaning, that is to say, of words properly articulated. Finally, many of our teachers of singing are foreigners, who themselves know not how to pronounce the English language, and it is not strange that they should fail to correct mistakes they do not discover or to impart a knowledge they do not possess, nor that their pupils should form habits of careless or incorrect enunciation in singing, of which it is exceedingly difficult for them afterwards to break themselves.

Good articulation in singing has, however, real, inherent difficulties, as any one can discover by five minutes' experiment. In the upper range of the voice it is extremely difficult, and sometimes impossible, to give certain vowels their proper pronunciation. Take, for instance, long *o* and run up say an octave and a half and see how, in spite of all your efforts, the sound will gradually approach that of *oo*.

Such are the causes; what is the remedy? First and foremost, let singers impress it well upon their minds that the sentiment of the song as embodied in the words is what they must interpret. If this thought is uppermost in their mind in private as well as in public, they will always articulate as well as they can, and they will find a habit of correct articulation growing upon them, and with it an increased capacity for improvement in that direction. The selection of songs whose words really mean something, and that in the language of the audiences before whom they are to be sung, would, of course, have a tendency to cause singers to think of the words as well as of the music to which they are set.

As to the difficulty of giving to certain vowels their correct pronunciation in the upper regions of the voice, it is one which can be, to a considerable extent, overcome by proper vocal practice. Instead of constantly vocalizing upon the broad sound of *a*, as is so often done, scales should be run upon every vowel sound known to the language, with the special view of obtaining as correct a pronunciation of them as the modification in the position of the vocal organs, necessitated by difference of pitch, will permit. Here, as elsewhere, it will be found that "practice makes perfect," and that intelligent practice will make it possible to sing musically, with but little departure, in any case, from the correct pronunciation of the vowel sounds.

Incorrectness of articulation and consequent indistinctness of speech is quite as often due to the way in which the consonants are emitted as to the

manner in which the vowels are spoken. Singers often go to one of two extremes: either (and that is probably the more common fault) they slight the consonant sounds, and reduce them to a sort of indefinite aspiration, in order to vocalize upon the vowel sounds, or they exaggerate them, and cut up the musical phrase in a way that makes it grotesque, and, in the case of final consonants, often leads to the prolongation of an indefinite buzz or sound of *er* which makes the text more unintelligible than even the opposite error. There is no reason why this should be so, save the carelessness of singers. The pronunciation of consonants in song, naturally, with just as much prominence as in ordinary correct speech and no more is not very difficult of accomplishment; all that is necessary to do it, is to do it, without any preconceived notions in reference to the method of reaching the desired result.

Finally, simple as may seem these general ideas, the instruction of a competent teacher—one whose pronunciation of the language is correct, can hardly be overestimated.

OUR St. Louis subscribers who failed to receive our January number, will please drop Kunkel Brothers a postal card stating the fact, and the paper will be immediately mailed to them. The publishers had made arrangements with the "St. Louis City Delivery" to deliver the paper in St. Louis within the limits of their runs, and had given them the list of parties, to whom the papers should be delivered, paying them in advance for their services. When the institution collapsed, one of their carriers returned to this office nearly one-half of the papers furnished for delivery. We have no means of knowing who of our St. Louis subscribers have and who have not received the January issue, as the list was not checked off and the Reviews were not wrapped up and separately addressed. Quite a number have already sent notice of their non-receipt of the paper, but there are many more who are doubtless waiting still. We regret this accident and hope our St. Louis friends will not lay upon the publishers the blame of a failure which they could not foresee.

PEOPLE sometimes wonder at the hesitancy which conscientious critics often exhibit in expressing an opinion upon important new musical works, and attribute to ignorance or to improper motives what is due to their regard for truth. A musical composition is a complex thing, whose construction can seldom be grasped in one or two hearings; then there are the interpreters whose merits or demerits become integral parts of the performance, and it is no easy task, in a new work, to assign to the composition and its interpreters just the meed of praise or blame which each deserves. No one would expect the best *connoisseur* in painting to pass final judgment upon the work of any respectable painter after a single glance, but even intelligent people will wonder that this or that critic declines to express a definite opinion after a single view of the vanishing tone-panorama which constitutes a musical composition. Yet, in painting, the artist deals with objects of sense, far easier to grasp at once than the subjective emotions from which music springs, and which it means to express.

TWO CHILDREN were playing funeral the other day, when the family physician came along. "Who is dead?" said he, as he stopped to pat them on the head. "No one that you killed, Doctor," was the prompt reply of one of the "little epitomes of man."

DEATH OF FLOTOW.

FROM Wiesbaden comes a dispatch announcing the death of Frederick Ferdinand Adolphus von Flotow. Baron von Flotow, born April 27, 1812, was the son of a landed nobleman of the archduchy of Mecklenburg. His early education was with a view of fitting him for the diplomatic service. But being sent to Paris in 1827, when music was in a high state of cultivation, it so happened that he was thrown into the society of artists, and there was thus aroused in him a consciousness of his own talent. He thereupon devoted himself to a course of study under Reicha.

He was driven away from Paris by the revolution of 1830, but as soon as it appeared safe he returned, and shortly after produced his first attempts in dramatic music in the private houses of some of the aristocracy. "Stradella" was brought out at the Palais Royal in 1873.

Flotow's first public success was at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, where he produced, May 31, 1839, "Le Naufrage de la Méduse," which being played for forty-three nights in twelve months established his position. This opera, rewritten, was brought out at Hamburg in 1845 as "Die Matrosen," and had a run through the German theatres. "Stradella" was also newly wrought for Hamburg, where it was played December 30, 1844, and subsequently became a general favorite in Germany. For some reason not clearly explained, this work had little success in England, where an English version was produced in 1846, and one in Italian in 1864.

Flotow gave to the Paris public, in 1843, "L'esclave de Camoens," and in 1846 "L'ame en peine," subsequently played in London (1848) as "Leoline." His most popular work, "Martha," which came out at Vienna in 1847, was remodelled from a ballet written in conjunction with Burgmiller and Deldevez in 1844. In its new form it soon spread all over the world, versions in French, Italian and English being quickly produced.

Flotow's subsequent operas, no one of which has equalled in popularity "Stradella" or "Martha," were as follows: "Die Grossfürstin," 1850; "Indra," 1853; "Rubezahl," 1854; "Hilda," 1855; "Der Müller von Meran," 1856; "La Veuve Grapin," 1859; "L'Ombre," 1869 (the only one in this list that has been heard in this country); "Naida," 1873; "Il Flor d' Harlem," 1876.

"L'Ombre" attained some popularity in Italy and Spain, and was brought out in London as "The Phantom" in 1878. "Alma l'Incantatrice" was produced at Les Italiens, Paris, in 1878. Another opera, "Rosellana," was noted as in course of construction at the same time, but we believe has not yet been played, even if it be completed.

In 1856, Flotow was appointed intendent of the Court Theatre at Schwerin, and remained in possession of the post until 1863. During this period he composed a *fackeltanz* and music for Shakespeare's comedy "A Winter's Tale." On surrendering the management of the theatre he returned to Paris, where he remained until 1868, when he took up his residence near Vienna. In 1864 he was honored by an election as corresponding member of the *Institut de France*.

Besides the opera named, Flotow composed a host of overtures, songs and chamber music, none of which, however, have earned much reputation. It has been reported of him, within a few years, that he has been subject to fits of melancholy; or, if not that exactly, that he has given way to feelings of querulousness, born, apparently, of jealousy. It has been said, however, that his health had been such that manifestations of one or the other kind were but natural. A recent report from him has been that he had become entirely blind.

WHISTLING.

PARAGRAPHS are going the rounds of the papers says *Church's Visitor*, which discuss the question of women's right to whistle. The *Visitor* does not propose to argue the point. If a woman wants to whistle she will "and that's the end of it." It is remarkable to what proficiency some people attain in the practice of the outward sign of a light and a happy heart. One of the colored bootblacks of this city, [Cincinnati], whose headquarters are near the beautiful Davidson fountain, has a whistle whose sweetness of tone is only equalled by his marvellous execution. Those who are familiar with New England Lyceums will recall Miss Chamberlain's successful whistling concerts. Her talent in this direction is a revelation.

In Carl Engel's "Musical Myths and Folk Lore," is given an interesting paragraph on whistling, in which, we think, our readers will be interested.

"Why! he makes music with his mouth!" exclaimed a native of Burmah, when he observed an American missionary whistling; and the missionary noted down the words in his journal with the reflection: "It is remarkable that the Bumese are entirely ignorant of whistling." But may not the simple-minded Asiatic only have been astonished in observing, what he thought unbecoming in a gentleman who had come to Burmah to teach a new religion?

The Arabs generally disapprove of whistling, called by them *el sifr*. Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for forty days; while others are of opinion that Satan, touching a man's person, causes him to produce the offensive sound.

The Natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, consider it wrong to whistle, as being disrespectful to the gods.

In European countries, people are met with who object to whistling on certain days of the week, or at certain times of the day. The villagers in some districts of North Germany have the saying, that, if one whistles in the evening, it makes the angels weep. The villagers in Iceland say, that even if one swings about him a stick, whip, wand, or ought that makes a whistling sound, he scares from him the Holy Ghost; while other Icelanders, who consider themselves free from superstitions, cautiously give the advice: "Do it not; for who knoweth what is in the air?" There seems to have been, however, in all ages, light-hearted persons who, defying the superstitious views of their compatriots, have whistled to their heart's content, or for the amusement of those who set at nought popular prejudices.

Joseph Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," records the astonishing performance of a whistler, who, assuming the name of Rossignol, [French for Nightingale], exhibited at the end of the last century his talent on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre. Again, an amusing account is given in the "Spectator" (Vol. VIII., No. 570) of a skillful whistler who was the host of the tavern especially patronized by Addison and Steele, and the writer concludes his description of the host's surprising talent by recommending his readers to repair to the tavern and to order a bottle of wine for the sake of the whistling.

The Russians in Ukraine tell a queer story about a whistling robber of old, who must have been a person of fabulously large dimensions, for he used to sit, we are told, on nine oak trees at once. His name is still known, but it would be an affliction upon the reader, to put before him a name almost entirely made up of consonants, and only pronounceable by a Russian. The celebrated robber had, however, also a nickname, signifying "Nightingale," which was given to him on account of his extraordinary whistling powers. Whenever a traveler happened to enter the forest in which the robber Nightingale had his domicile, it was a pity for him if he had neglected to make his will, for the robber whistled so impressively that the poor traveler must needs faint away, and then the wretched whistler stepped forward and killed him outright. But at last, a great hero, who was also a holy man, and whose name was Ilja Muromety, repaired to the forest, to subdue this robber Nightingale. Having hit him with an arrow, and taken him prisoner, he bound him to the saddle of his horse and he escorted him to Kiev to the court of the Grand Prince Vladimir. Even there the fettered whistler proved most dangerous. For when the Grand Prince merely from curiosity, and perhaps to see whether his courtiers had told him the truth, commanded the robber to whistle before him—the Grand Princess and all the royal children being present—the man at once commenced whistling in a manner so overpowering, that soon Vladimir with his whole family would inevitably have been dead, had not some brave courtiers, perceiving the danger, got up and shut the whistler's mouth.

A CAMBRIDGE youngster of tender years was recently severely reproved by his mother on account of his frequent use of "swear words." "The next time I hear you swearing," said she, "I shall tell your father." Not long afterward, she overheard him ripping out oaths with great gusto, and calling him into the house, she put him to bed. While talking with him seriously at the bed-side, she said: "You must remember, Willie, that even if I shouldn't hear you swear, God would." "Yes," sobbed out the culprit, "but he wouldn't be mean enough to go'n tell on a feller."

TWO ENCHANTMENTS.

Oh, hear from yonder height
That glorious trumpet sounding!
How fierce my pulses beat!
But in the valley bright
The rebeccas are resounding;
How sweet, how magic sweet!
Ah, whither shall I go?

See now upon the height
Those mighty shapes advancing,
So radiant, yet so far!
But in the valley bright
The youths and maidens dancing,
How beautiful they are?
Oh, whither shall I go?

How grand about the height
Fame's noble army winding
To pinnacles above!
But in the valley bright,
Her hair with roses binding,
Lingers the maid I love;
Ah, whither shall I go?

—Century.

THE MISERERE.

(A SPANISH LEGEND.)

SHORT time ago I left the city of Seville to visit the celebrated monastery of Caserta. I was reading in the old library, when my attention was drawn to a number of sheets of music that lay in a corner of the room. Evidently the manuscript was exceedingly old, for it was covered with dust and discolored and worn by the effects of dampness. On looking at it, I discovered it was a *Miserere*. I am passionately fond of music, and therefore, I examined the pages with great care. What especially struck me was the last page and the Latin word *Finis* written thereon, although the *Miserere* was not finished. My curiosity was still more excited from the strange fact that the Italian words which are always used to describe the manner in which a piece ought to be played, such as *maestoso*, *allegro*, *forte*, *ritardando*, etc., were not to be found, but in their stead strange annotations were placed, reading thus: "The bones rattled;" "cries of distress seemed to come out of the air;" "the strings shrieked without discord;" "brass trumpets sounded without deafening me;" "the instruments all played without confounding each other;" "it was humanity weeping." And stranger still were the following lines: "The spectres were bones covered with flesh—terrible flames—the harmony of heaven—strength and sweetness."

"What does this mean?" I asked a small old man who was accompanying me, as I finished reading the lines which had evidently been written by a madman. The old man then told me the following story:

Many years ago, on a dark and rainy night, a pilgrim came to the doors of this monastery, asked to be allowed to dry his clothes by the fire, for a piece of bread to still his hunger, and some place of shelter where he might await the dawn and then continue on his way. A monk gave his poor bed and modest repast to the traveler, and then asked him whither he was bound and who he was.

"I am a musician," replied the pilgrim. "I was born far from here, and I have enjoyed a great renown. In my youth I made of my art a powerful arm of fascination; it gave birth to passion which finally led me to crime. I now wish, in my old age, to consecrate to good things the talents I have hitherto used for evil, and thus obtain pardon."

The monk having his curiosity excited, asked him several questions and the musician continued thus:

"I wept from the bottom of my heart over the crime I had committed. I could find no words worthy to express my repentance or in which to implore God's mercy, when one day, as I was turning over a holy book, my eyes were held by that sublime cry of contrition—the psalm of David beginning '*Miserere mei Deus!*' From that moment my sole thought was to create a musical composition which should be so magnificent and sublime that it alone would be able rightly to interpret the grand and majestic hymn of sorrow of the prophet king. I have not been able to compose it yet, but if I ever succeed in expressing the feelings of my heart, the ideas that consume my brain, I am sure I shall write so marvelous a *Miserere*, so heart-breaking a grief that its like has never been heard since the world began, and that the archangels will cry with me, their eyes filled with tears, 'Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy!'"

The pilgrim remained thoughtful for some moments, then heaving a profound sigh, continued his story. The old man and two or three shepherds belonging to the monks' farm listened silently, gathered around the firelight.

"After having traveled, continued he, "through Germany and Italy and a great part of this country of classical religious music, I have never yet heard a *Miserere* capable of inspiring me, and I am almost sure that I heard all that exist."

"All!" interrupted a shepherd; "that is impossible, for you have never heard the *Miserere* of the mountain."

"The *Miserere* of the mountain," exclaimed the astonished musician; "what is that?"

"The *Miserere*," continued the shepherd, with an air of mystery, "that is only heard by shepherds who wander day and night over the mountains and valleys with their flocks and which has a history as true as it is astonishing. At the extremity of this valley, whose horizon is bounded by a chain of mountains, may still be seen the ruins of a monastery that was very celebrated many long years ago. A great nobleman disinherited his son on account of his crime, and had the edifice built from the proceeds of the sale of his lands. The son, who was as wicked as the archfiend, if indeed, he was not the devil himself, seeing his fortune in the hands of the monks, and his castle transformed into a church, placed himself at the head of a troop of bandits. One Holy Thursday night, at the very hour when the monks were chanting the *Miserere*, the bandits penetrated into the church, pillaged the monastery and set it on fire. The monks were all massacred or thrown from the rocky height. After this horrible exploit the bandits disappeared. The ruins of the church still exist in the hollow of the rock where the waterfall has its source, which, falling from rock to rock, finally forms the little river that runs beneath the walls of this monastery."

"But tell me about the *Miserere*," interrupted the impatient musician.

"Listen, I shall soon have finished," the shepherd said, and he continued thus: "The crime terrified all the people about, they repeated the tale of the tragedy, which has come down to us by tradition. Old men tell the story over in the long winter nights. But what preserves its memory more vividly, is that every year on the night of the anniversary of the crime, lights are seen glimmering through the broken windows of the church; and a strange sort of mysterious music is heard, like dreadful funeral chants mingled with the wind's moaning. No doubt it is the massacred monks come from purgatory to implore Divine mercy, and they sing the *Miserere*."

"Does this miracle still occur?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, it will begin without the slightest doubt in three hours from now, for this is Holy Thursday night, and eight o'clock has just struck on the monastery clock."

"How far away are the ruins?"

"An hour and a half from here. But what are you about? Where are you going on such a night as this?" cried they all, seeing the pilgrim rise, take his staff and go towards the door.

"Where am I going?" To hear this mysterious and marvelous music, the grand, the true *Miserere* of those who return to earth after death and who know what it is to die in sin."

Saying this, he disappeared, to the great surprise of the monks and shepherds.

The wind howled and shook the doors, as though a strong hand was trying to wrench them from their hinges. The rain fell in torrents, beating against the windows, and from time to time a streak of lightning illuminated the darkness. The first moment of surprise passed, the monk exclaimed: "He is mad!" "He is surely mad!" echoed the shepherds, drawing nearer to the fire.

After walking an hour or two, the mysterious pilgrim, following the river's course, reached the spot where rose the imposing and sombre ruins of the monastery. The rain had ceased, clouds floated over the heavens, and athwart their broken outlines a fugitive ray of pale and trembling light shone; the wind beating against the massive pillars, moaned sadly as it lost itself in the deserted cloisters. However, nothing superhuman or unnatural troubled the mind of him, who, having lain many a night for shelter in the ruins of some deserted tower or solitary castle, was familiar with such sounds. Drops of water filtering through the crevices of the arches, fell on the large square stones beneath, sounding like the ticking of a clock. An owl that had taken refuge in a dilapidated niche, began to hoot, and reptiles whom the tempest had awakened from their long lethargy, thrust their hideous heads out of the rocks, or glided amid the shrubs that grew at the foot of the altar, and disappeared in the broken tombs. The pilgrim listened to all the mysterious and strange murmurs of the solitude and of night, and seated on the mutilated statue of a tomb, awaited with

feverish anxiety for the hour of mystery to arrive.

Time sped on and he heard nothing save the confused and mingled murmurs of the night, which repeated themselves, though in a different manner, from minute to minute.

"Have I made a mistake?" the musician asked himself. But just then he heard a new noise, an inexplicable one for the place. It was like that which a large clock makes a few seconds before it strikes the hour—a noise of wheels turning, of ropes lengthening, of a machine beginning to work slowly. A bell rang once, twice, thrice, and there was neither a bell, nor even a belfry in the ruined church. The last stroke of the bell, whose echoes grew fainter and fainter, had not died away, its ultimate vibrations could still be heard, when the granite dais, covered with carving, the marble steps of the altar, the sculptured stones, the black columns, the walls, the wreath of trefoil on the cornices, the pavement, the arches, the entire church was suddenly illuminated without a torch or lamp being visible to produce the strange light. Everything became animated, but with a sudden movement, like the muscular contractions which electricity applied to a dead body produces—movements which imitate life, but which are far more horrible than the stillness of a corpse. Stones joined themselves to other stones; the altars arose intact from their broken fragments strewn around, and at the same time the demolished chapels and the immense number of arches interlaced themselves, forming with their columns a veritable labyrinth.

The church being reconstructed, a distant harmony, which might have been taken for the moaning of the wind, was heard, but it was in reality a mingling of distant voices, solemn and sad, that seemed to rise from the bosom of the earth, and which became more and more distinct little by little.

The courageous pilgrim began to be alarmed, but his fanaticism for the mysterious warred against his fear. Becoming more calm, he rose from the tomb on which he had been resting and leaned over the edge of the abyss, whence the torrent, leaping from rock to rock, fell at length with a noise of continuous and dreadful thunder. The pilgrim's hair stood on end with horror. * * * * He saw the skeletons of the monks half enveloped in the torn fragments of their gowns. Under the folds of their cowls the dark cavities of the orbits in their skulls contrasted with their fleshless jaws and their white teeth. The skeletons clambered with the aid of their long hands up the fissures of the rocks, till they reached the summit of the precipice, murmuring the while in a low and sepulchral voice, but with an expression of heart-rending grief, the first verse of David's psalm:

Miserere mei Deus secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.

(Have mercy on me my God according to Thy great mercy.)

When the monks reached the peristyle of the church they formed themselves into a procession and knelt in the choir, continuing in a loud and more solemn voice to chant the succeeding verses of the psalm. Music seemed to re-echo the rhythm of their voices. It was the distant rumble of thunder that rolled as it passed away; the voice of the night-wind that moaned in the hollows of the mountains; the monotonous sound of the cascade falling on the rocks, and the drop of filtering water, the hoot of the hidden owl and the coiling and uncoiling of the noisome reptiles. All this produced the strange music, and something more besides, which one could not explain or even imagine, a something which seemed like the echo of a whirlwind, that accompanied the repentant hymn of the psalmist king, with notes and harmonies as tremendous as its words.

The ceremony concluded. The musician who was witnessing it believed in his terror that he had been transported far from this real world into that fantastic one of dreams, where all things have strange and phenomenal forms.

A terrible shock aroused him from the stupor or lethargy, which had possessed all the faculties of his mind. His nerves were strongly agitated, his teeth chattered and he shivered with cold in the marrow of his bones. The monks chanted just at the moment, in a thundering voice, these terrible words of the *Miserere*:

In iniquitatibus conceptus sum et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

(I was conceived in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me.)

When the echoes of this verse had resounded from archway to ceiling, a tremendous cry burst forth, a cry that seemed torn from all mankind in the consciousness of its crimes—a heart-breaking cry composed of all the lamentations of distress, all the groans of despair, all the blasphemies of

impiety—the monstrous cry of those who lived in sin and were conceived in iniquity.

The chant continued, sometimes sad and deep, sometimes like a ray of sunlight piercing the solemn darkness of the storm. The church by a sudden transformation became illumined with a celestial light. The bones of the skeletons clothed themselves again with flesh. A luminous aureole shone around their brows. The cupola of the church was rent asunder, and heaven appeared like an ocean of light spread out before the eyes of the just. Then the seraphs, the angels and archangels, all the heavenly hierarchy, sang this verse in a hymn of glory, which arose to the Lord's throne like a wave of harmony—like a gigantic spiral of sonorous incense:

Audite me dabis gaudium et letitiam, et exultabunt ossa humilitatis.

(Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, and the bones that were humbled shall rejoice.)

The shining light suddenly blinded the eyes of the unhappy mortal. His temples throbbled violently. His ears rang and fell like one struck down by lightning.

The next day at sunrise, the monks of this monastery received the mysterious stranger, who came pale, trembling and with haggard eyes.

"And the *Miserere*, did you hear it?" an old monk asked, smiling ironically.

"Yes," replied the musician.

"How did you like it?"

"I am going to write it. Give me," said he, addressing the superior, "shelter and bread for a few months, and I will leave you an immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of my art—a *Miserere* that will efface my crimes before God's eyes, and which will render my name and that of this monastery immortal.

The superior, thinking him mad, consented, and the musician was installed in a cell and began his task.

He worked day and night, with an extraordinary anxiety. He would stop sometimes as though he were listening to sounds coming from invisible objects. His eyes would dilate and he would cry out: "That is it * * * thus * * * no longer any doubt * * * this, this is well;" and he would continue writing musical notes with a feverish rapidity. He wrote the first verses and the following ones, but when he came to the last verse he had heard he could go no further. He wrote for two, three, perhaps a hundred minutes; but all was useless. He could not repeat the marvelous heavenly music; and so sleep fled from his eyes, he lost all appetite, fever took possession of his brain, and he became mad.

At length he expired without being able to finish the *Miserere*, which the monks kept after his death, and which still exists in the archives of the monastery, as you have seen to-day. G. BECQUER.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.



R. LOUIS MAAS, of Boston, gave a piano recital on the afternoon of January 12, at "Memorial Hall," in the presence of an audience fair as to numbers and excellent as to quality. Dr. Maas has been heard here before, and therefore was no novelty. The fact that his name alone should have attracted so considerable and select an audience during business hours shows in what esteem our connoisseurs hold him. His programme consisted of:

PART FIRST.—1. Sonata D Minor, Op. 31, No. 2, Beethoven, Allegro, Adagio, Allegretto; 2. Arabesque Op. 18, Schumann; 3. Novelette Op. 21, No. 5, Schumann; 4. Valse E Minor (posthumous work), Chopin; 5. Grande Polonaise A Flat Major, Chopin.

PART SECOND.—6. Dalensbrook Op. 13, No. 3, Maas; 7. Gretchen am Spinnrad (Margaret at the Spinning Wheel); 8. Du bist die Ruh (You are my Restful Haven); 9. Auf dem Wasser zu Singen (Gondola Song); Songs of Schubert for piano by Liszt; 10. Venezia e Napoli, Liszt, Gondollera e Tarantella.

Dr. Maas' playing is intellectual rather than emotional. He seems always to grasp the meaning of the composers whose works he interprets, and to render them with intelligent precision. At times, however, it seems to us that a little more—what shall we call it—feeling? emotion? poetry?—might add to the perfection of his performances. But even here, he is far superior to another Boston pianist who has been heard in St. Louis in times past.

SOME fellow signing himself "Truth" wrote to the *Spectator* a silly letter attacking Mr. Richard Madder, the conductor of Pope's Theatre orchestra. It is currently reported, and generally believed, that Mr. Vogel, the leader at the Olympic, is identical with "Truth." If this is not the case, Mr. Vogel owes it to himself to publicly disown the authorship of a document which exhibits not only ignorance but malice as well, and which will be, or rather is, attributed by many to some petty jealousy. Mr. Madder took unnecessary trouble, we think, in writing the *Spectator* a letter in his own defense. Everybody in St. Louis who attends theatres knows that his is the only theatrical orchestra in this city that has given anything like music for a long time, and he could afford to let others do the scribbling so long as he did the playing.

THE third concert of the Musical Union, which occurred at Armory Hall on January 25, presented the following programme:

PART FIRST.—1. Overture, "Fingal's Cave," Mendelssohn, Orchestra; 2. Symphony in A Major, 7th, Beethoven, Orchestra; 3. Aria and Cavatina (Traviata), Verdi, Miss Henrietta Leisse.

PART SECOND.—4. Overture—Jubel, Weber, Orchestra; 5. Oboe Solo, "Souvenir de la Suisse," Frank, Mr. R. Feuchtenbeiner; 6. (a) Traumeri, Schumann, Orchestra; (b) Serenade, Haydn, String Quartette; 7. Ballad, "Surprise," Miss H. Leisse; 8. Rhapsodie Slavonique, Dvorak, Orchestra.

PART THIRD.—(By request)—9. On the Blue Danube—Waltz, Strauss, Orchestra.

The orchestra deserve praise for their work. To say that it was in all respects satisfactory, would not be true, but considering the number of new (to them) and difficult compositions upon the programme and the limited number of rehearsals, they did remarkably well. The Dvorak Rhapsody was new to us, and again gave proof of the great talent of the author, whose works should be heard oftener. The orchestra played this number very well indeed, but we feel sure that under Mr. Waldauer's careful drilling they can do still better, and we suggest that it be repeated in the near future.

As a novelty, Mr. Feuchtenbeiner's oboe solo was interesting. We have never heard this difficult instrument better handled anywhere.

The weak point of this concert of the "Musical Union" was, as usual, the vocal part. Miss Leisse has a pleasant voice, but it is not sufficiently strong to fill the Armory Hall, and she committed the blunder, so common among amateurs, and not uncommon among professionals, of selecting compositions beyond her powers of execution. Why will not people understand that if they do a simple thing very well, others will suppose they can do harder things equally well, while if they fail in something difficult, it will be thought that they would have failed even in what is easy and simple?

"Her Majesty's Opera Company," under the management of Messrs. Mapleson and Gye, gave one week of Italian Opera at the Olympic Theatre, beginning on January 22. The operas given were "Puritani," "Lucia," "William Tell," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Lohengrin" and "Faust." "Semiramide" had been advertised for Tuesday and "Don Giovanni" for Saturday night, but the illness of some of the artists caused the substitution of "Lucia" and "Faust." The least satisfactory performances were those of the Patti nights; the most satisfactory were those of "William Tell," "Puritani" and "Faust." We have not the inclination to review in detail each opera as given. One thing is certain and must be said: Opera has never been given in St. Louis in so thoroughly artistic and satisfactory a style. Instead of falling short of what was expected, it far surpassed the highest expectations raised. Before the season had opened, people talked of Mme. Patti as the attraction, after it had begun, they spoke of her as one of the attractions and not a few expressed timidly what we speak very plainly the opinion that between her and Mme. Albani the palm must be given to the latter. Scarcely the most magnificent contralto we have ever heard. Fursch-Madi did not sing, being "indisposed." Ravelli is at last the equal of Campanini, while Mierzwinski is so entirely a tenor *sui generis* that he cannot be compared to any other we know. In "William Tell" he was the ideal Arnoldo, and he even succeeded in making the unending recitative and declamatory tape-worm music of Lohengrin interesting. Galassi is, of course, excellent as a baritone, and Mme. Galassi is an excellent actress and a very fair contralto. We have heard no such *Mephisto* as that of M. Durat since Castelmarty played the part here. In fact, the leading artists of the company are all so meritorious that it seems an injustice not to give them all "special notices." The impression made by Mr. Mapleson's company in this city was so excellent that we really believe a second season of opera, after Lent, would be welcome by our fellow-citizens, and would prove remunerative. There would doubtless be a decline of attendance on the Patti nights, but we think the deficit would be more than made up on the Albani and Mierzwinski evenings.

In this connection, we here insert the following communication from one of our subscribers:

"MR. EDITOR:—The different ballets in the operas and the two *divertissements* which followed *Trovatore* and *Traviata* were a source of genuine pleasure to the visitors of the Italian Opera. These exhibitions showed that the careful tuition which Signor di Francesco gives to his pupils is the basis of the success achieved by the ladies of the *corps de ballet*. The ballets given were models of grouping and precision. It is also agreeable to the eye to see in the ballet decently dressed ladies, especially since the question of decency is one which seems now-a-days to be generally disregarded by arrangers. Mme. Cavallazzi is an artist of the first class. I have no doubt that Col. Mapleson would find it to his advantage in a business way to present to American audiences an entire *ballet*, with all the pupils of the London academy. The sympathies are there and Signor di Francesco is just the man to make a success of such an enterprise. May I not hope that my wishes may be heard?" X. Y."

We must refer the close of this letter to Col. Mapleson, without any suggestions whatever, as we have no opinion either way as to the probability of success or non success for such an enterprise.

On the evening of January 18th, H. Clarence Eddy, Chicago's noted organist, "opened" the new organ of the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church. The programme was as follows:

PART FIRST.—1. Grand Prelude and Fugue on "Bach," Liszt, Eddy; 2. Quartette, Invocation, (Prayer) Mrs. Riesmeyer, Mrs. Hardy, Messrs. Poindexter and Cooper; 3. Overture to "Oberon," C. M. Von Weber, (Transcribed by S. P. Warren.) Eddy; 4. (a) Benediction Nuptiale, *Saint Saens*; (b) Marcia Villericca, *Fumagalli*. (Peasants March.) Eddy; 5. Solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Handel, Mrs. Riesmeyer; 6. (a) Communion in G—Op. 4, No. 1, *Batiste*; (b) Grand Choeur in D, *Guiltmant*, Eddy.

PART SECOND.—7. Vorspiel to "Otho Visconte," F. G. Gleason, (Transcribed by H. Clarence Eddy.) Eddy; 8. Trio, "Lift Thine Eyes," Mendelssohn, Mrs. Riesmeyer, Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Andrews; 9. Grand Fantasie in E Minor, (the Storm) *Lemmens*, Eddy; 10. Theme, Variations and Finale, *Thiele*, Eddy.

The second number was composed especially for the occasion by Mr. E. A. Andrews and was a very interesting composition. The organ selections were varied in merit and difficulty, as a glance at the programme will show, but none of them were absolutely bad save the seventh number which is a pretentious nothing that Mr. Eddy ought to promptly consign to the organ pipe of his parlor chimney. If Mr. Eddy did not shine as a composer, he certainly did as a performer. He is evidently a thorough master of his instrument, his pedaling is excellent, his playing clear, his use of the stops artistic.

CHARACTER ON THE STAGE.

As we go to press, we find the following article among the editorials of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. It so thoroughly expresses our views (a thing the *Post-Dispatch* seldom does) that we crowd out other matter to give this room.

"In her damage suit against a News Company in New York, Miss Prescott, the actress, advanced the professional opinion that if an actress was known to be respectable it interfered with her popularity. If such were indeed the case it would be a deep disgrace not only to the profession but to the public, but fortunately we have recently had in St. Louis two striking evidences that the popularity of an actress is not at all injured by the purity of her womanhood.

When Langtry came here with the Gebhardt attachment it was half believed that that gallant "Freddie" was utilized as a sensation to enhance an attraction that stood greatly in need of outside support. But, after Langtry, Modjeska came, with her husband never far away, and with a reputation that had never been touched by even the breath of suspicion. There was not the slightest appeal to sensation in her case, her respectability was as undoubted as that of any matron in the dignified quiet of social life in St. Louis, but she played a most successful engagement.

This week Nilsson has visited us, and in her case again the lustre of genius in not brighter than the purity of her character, nor richer than the worth of her private life, and only to hear her sing a few songs the people of St. Louis crowd the vast Opera House so compactly that out in the lobby the outer ranks can merely hear the song without seeing the singer. Every one who knows anything of the temper and feeling of St. Louis society knows it is not wholly love of music which move them. Personal affection, esteem and reverence for the highest type of womanhood, pride in honors nobly won, and sympathy in sorrow nobly borne are motives that attach the people of St. Louis to the charming Nilsson by the strongest bonds, and that insure her welcome in coming and good wishes in parting whenever her path leads to our city. And not here alone, but all over the world, her fame, which will rest on the merits of her genius, will forever be only more widely known and more deeply crushed because in her the woman is not less worthy than the article."

TAFFY.

"A little 'taffy,' now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

From Prof. Wm. Armstrong, *Mus. Bac.*, Director Musical Department, Mount Union College.

MR. UNION, O., January 6th, 1883.

MESSEURS. KUNKEL BROS.

GENTLEMEN:—On a former occasion I expressed myself somewhat at length on a few of the important points in which I considered that "KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW" excelled all other, even first-class musical periodicals.

I will now simply re-assert my previous convictions, and at the same time compliment you on the recent enlargement of the REVIEW in reading matter and music to forty-eight pages, and the addition of high-class Etudes for piano, carefully phrased, fingered after the modern system, and accompanied with instructive remarks.

The vocal and instrumental pieces, studies, etc. (nine in number) are gotten up in a style of elegance not surpassed by any sheet music published.

At the present day, it is unnecessary to say one word in favor of fingered and annotated editions of music. Buclow's Cramer-studies, Beethoven sonatas, and lately, his Chopin Etudes, Tausig's Gradus ad Parnassum by Clementi, together with Bausemer and Kunkel's admirable revision of Czerny's Etudes de la Veloceite fully settle that point.

The studies in the December number are all excellent, the phrasing and fingering correct and the marginal notes contain some most valuable hints.

The experienced teacher and diligent pupil will appreciate your spirited enterprise, as along with the other good qualities, literary as well as musical, of the REVIEW, the new edition of Etudes now publishing in it must prove to be priceless aids towards obtaining thorough study of the piano and artistic execution, making, in fact, KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW *indispensable* to both pianist and singer.

Wishing you the greatest success, I remain yours very truly,
WM. ARMSTRONG.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF PROF. POYTHRESS.

MESSEURS. KUNKEL BROTHERS,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

"I find your MUSICAL REVIEW to be the best of all. I take thirteen musical periodicals, so you may consider this a compliment, * * * Yours respectfully, GEORGE A. POYTHRESS.
No. 1000 Main street, LYNCHBURG, VA.

H. A. ROTHERMEL has resumed, in Chicago, the publication of the paper, *Art and Music*, which he originally issued as a monthly in St. Louis. It is now a twelve page (16 with cover) weekly. By the way, why call the paper "Art and Music?" Is not music an art, as much as painting? The paper is very neatly printed, but much of it is very badly written. Mr. Rothermel is a lively business man, but he should leave to other hands the care of the literary department. The very first sentence of his "prospectus" is ungrammatical; surely no great recommendation to prospective readers of education. We wish *Art and Music* better luck in Chicago than it had here!

THE SILVESTRI COLLECTION.

MR. GROVE writes to the *Musical Review*, London, that an interesting and important acquisition has lately been made by the *Bibliothèque de l'Opera* at Paris in the Silvestri collection of librettos of operas and ballets performed at the various theatres of Milan, between 1547 and 1872. Signor Silvestri was a musician and *littérateur* of whom all that we know is that he was born at Milan in 1714. The collection must have been the work of many years; it contains 2,800 librettos, some in duplicate, and some with notes by Silvestri himself, on the number of representations, the dates, and other information of value. The importance of all this—of knowing the names of the author of each libretto, the number of acts in the piece, and similar details—will be obvious to any one who has attempted to unravel or to reconstruct musical history. The collection is contained in 178 volumes, of which the following are the principal contents: The Jewish theatres, from 1686 to 1836, 1 vol.; the Royal Ducal theatre, from 1547 to 1776, 31 vols.; the Teatro Interinale, from 1776 to 1778, 1 vol.; the Scala and Cannobiana theatres, from 1778 to 1871, 61 vols.; the Teatro Carcano, from 1803 to 1869, 13 vols.; the Teatro Santa Radegonda, from 1805 to 1868, 7 vols.; the Teatro Re, from 1813 to 1872, 12 vols.; the Teatro Fantasio, from 1805 to 1830, 2 vols.; the Teatro di Conservatorio, from 1810 to 1855, 3 vols.; the Teatro Sacco, from 1683 to 1790, 2 vols.; the Collegio de' Nobili, 11 librettos, ranging from 1682 to 1800, in 1 vol., etc., etc.

This curious collection was acquired for the Bibliothèque, after the Milan Exhibition of 1881, by M. Charles Nutter, so well known among the musical literary men of Paris. I am indebted to M. A. Costadan, himself an indefatigable chronicler of musical events, for the information, which has apparently not yet been made public. It is too much to hope for a publication of the same nature as M. Lajarte's admirable and elaborate *Catalogue Historique, Chronologique, Anecdotique*, of the musical collection of the Opera; with its lovely typography, its etchings, its copious and accurate indexes; but it is very desirable, in the interests of musical history, that a complete list of these curious records should be printed; and if under the title of the piece, the names of author and composer, the number of acts, and the date of the first representation, could be added, it would be a great boon.

The British Museum contains many librettos, but, owing to the system of cataloguing under the author's name, they are necessarily scattered up and down over the whole library; and when the name of the author, as too frequently happens, is not known, the search becomes hopeless.

GEN. BUTLER'S HAND-ORGAN SPY.

DAY or two after his arrival at the Relay House, General Butler and his staff were riding from headquarters to the camp, when they met a ragged Italian with a hand-organ and monkey. An idea struck the quick-witted general. He ordered one of his staff officers to arrest the man and take the whole outfit to camp, being careful not to let the monkey get away. Butler had pondered a good deal over the problem of how he was to find out the true situation of affairs in Baltimore. He had at last hit upon an idea. On his staff he had a brave, comical, trustworthy, level-headed Irishman named Haggerty. He was a captain and had been a young lawyer in Lowell, and Butler knew him well. He was a roistering daredevil fellow, who could play any instrument or sing any song, and had a quick eye, quick senses and good judgment. Butler told him his scheme: He told the young captain that he must dress himself in the ragged and dirty clothes of the Italian and go to Baltimore with the hand-organ and monkey; that he must find out everything, the force, the defences and the whole situation, and come back as soon as he could. Haggerty was eager for the job. Then Butler sent for the Italian, who was scared out of his wits. He told the poor man that he wanted his old clothing, his hand-organ and his monkey. The wretched creature would have given his right hand to get out of the scrape. The general told him he would give him a new suit of clothes, pay him \$50 for the hand-organ and monkey, and give them back to him in a day or two, but that he must remain in the guard-house in the meantime, where he would be well fed and cared for. The Italian was happy, Butler was happy and Haggerty was happy. The latter started at once on his mission, leaving in the evening, and

the scheme unknown to any one. It is needless to say that in those early and unsuspecting days of the war Haggerty accomplished his mission most successfully and satisfactorily. He was gone three days, and when he returned to headquarters he was denied admission by his associates of the general's staff. He got admission, however, and when he emerged he wore his captain's uniform and was greeted by his friends, who asked where he had been. He said he had been to Washington to inquire about a regimental band. The organ and monkey were returned to the Italian, who was released and went his way rejoicing. That night, in a heavy rainstorm, muddy, dark and dismal, General Butler's command broke camp, marched to Baltimore and took possession quietly.—Correspondence *Philadelphia Press*.

OLE BULL'S ADVENTURE.

GOING down the Mississippi Ole Bull met on the steamboat a party of half savage men, colonists from the far West. While reading his newspaper he was accosted by one of the men, who had been sent as spokesman by his companions, with the request that the fiddler would take a drink with them, offering him a whiskey flask at the same time. "I thank you," said Ole Bull politely, "but I never drink whiskey." With a curse the fellow asked if he was a teetotaler. "No, but whiskey is like poison to me." "If you can't drink, come and fight then." The man's comrades had gathered around him meantime, and they all cried, "If you won't drink, you must fight. You look d—n strong; show us what you are good for." "A Norseman can fight as well as anybody when his blood is up, but I can't fight when my blood is cold, and why should I?" "You look like a strong fellow, and d—n it, you shall fight." Seeing no way of escape, Ole Bull quietly said: "Since you insist on testing my strength, and there is no reason for fighting, I will tell you what I will do. Let any one of you take hold of me in any way he likes, and I'll wager that in half a minute he shall lie on his back at my feet." A big fellow was chosen, who stepped forward and grasped the violinist round the waist, but was instantly thrown over his head, by a sudden wrench, and lay senseless on the deck. Ole Bull now felt himself in a very uncomfortable position, for he saw one of the man's comrades draw his bowie knife, but was relieved when it was used only to open a flask. A good dose of its contents poured down his throat soon revived the fainting man, and his first question, "How the devil was I thrown down here?" was answered by a shout of laughter from his companions, in which he himself joined. He sprang to his feet, and after vainly trying to persuade Ole Bull to show him how he had thrown him, he said: "Take this knife home with you; you fight d—d well; you are as quick as lightning!" The artist heard of the same fellow later as having gone to an editor to call him to account for an adverse criticism on his playing, ready to fight for "the strongest fiddler he had ever seen, anyhow!"

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

"Pa," said the Reverend Mulkittle's little son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?" "Samson was the strongest man that ever lived." "Tell me about him." "It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—" The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration. "Before he was born?" asked the boy. "Yes; before—that is, before he was found in the hollow stump—" "Just like little sister?" "Yes; just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head." "Was the angel afraid the razor would cut him?" "No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off." "If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I can now?" "I don't know about that." "Are women stronger than men?" "No." "But they have longer hair." "Yes; they have longer hair." "A woman couldn't whip you, could she?" "No; not easily." "Was Samson a Democrat?" "I don't know." "He is the strongest angel there, ain't he?" "You are getting foolish again." "But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you get to heaven?" "I suppose so." "But you won't fool around him, will you? If he was to hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?" "Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

AN ORIENTAL SOIREE MUSICALE.

THE shahzada returned my visit next morning and invited me to a small and select entertainment after dinner. I went. The manner of the entertainment was as follows: A tray placed on the floor contained a bowl of sour milk and spinach, some bread, a few sweetmeats and a bottle of arrack with a dirty rag as stopper. The bottle had once contained better stuff, to-wit, Tivoli beer, and the tray also by its tawdry color and outrageous pattern proclaimed its connection with far Farangistan. Behind this regal array sat a musician with a five-stringed instrument like a huge guitar. They call it "tar" in these parts. It is played with the finger armed with a mizrab or small triangle of wire. The steel strings were not unmelodious, but the voice of the singer recalled those noises that make night hideous on the occasion of Indian weddings. My hopes of an ode of Hafiz chanted *con espressione* vanished as soon as the singer opened his mouth to bellow "Aman! aman!" and "Yar! yar!" till the roof shrieked again.

I felt half inclined to take my leave, but the rapt countenance of the Shahzada and his brother displayed such an intense enjoyment as it would have been cruel to interrupt. Presently the princely hand withdrew the greasy stopper from the bottle and offered me half a wine-glass of arrack. This is a colorless liquor made from the grape, as strong as brandy and powerfully seasoned with aniseed. Having helped his guest, the shahzada poured for himself and afterward for all the company, sending the single wine-glass around with great gravity. After drinking we ate bread with curds and spinach, till once more "music arose with its voluptuous swell."

Sayyid Ali turned up at this stage of the proceedings and respectfully asked the shahzada to favor us with some display of his musical talent. The shahzada, delighted, turned up his cuffs and laid hold of a red and black drum shaped like a stage goblet, but half the size of a churn. Placing the stem of this under his left arm, this representative (somewhat remote) of Achaemenes and Choeros proceeded to finger the parchment with no despicable dexterity to a tune called "The Russian," faintly suggesting that high and musical composition which goes by the name of "Lanigan's Ball." I applauded, and shortly after took my departure. When one had to march at sunrise there is some inconvenience in waiting to see the end of an oriental *soiree musicale*. Sayyid Ali remained and kept it up with the shahzada till the small hours.—*Ex.*

A NEW WAY OF STUDYING MUSIC.

Mr. Chas. R. Barnard, of the *Century*, New York, and author of the *Tone Masters*, has been making some interesting experiments in instantaneous photography with reference to catching expressions and positions of actors and musicians while performing, thereby to show pupils what are the modes of eminent performers. He has probably one hundred pictures of Camilla Urso, Arbuckle, Mills, of New York, and other chief musicians taken at progressive moments while playing the same selections or performing in the same acts. These pictures he exhibited for the first time with the aid of the stereopticon to the students of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, December 18. They, with the accompanying lecture, elicited the closest attention of all present. The idea of studying musicians in this way is entirely new. It has as yet assumed no definite shape. If there be anything in it, Mr. Barnard, with the assistance of interested friends, will bring it out; and we shall watch the progress of the investigation with interest.—*Musical Herald*.

SOME years ago, Senator Wade paid a semi-official visit to the wilds of western Kansas, and was asked by one of the inhabitants what he thought of the country. "It seems to be a pretty nice sort of a country—of its kind," was the Senatorial reply. "Yes," said the inhabitant, "it is a mighty fine country; all we want here is water and good society." "Well," said bluff and burly Benjamin, "for that matter, my friend, that is all hell wants."—*St. Louis Republican*.

"SHINGLES made of glass are now being used," says a cotemporary. If we were the boy, we think we would prefer the old time cypress affair, as there would not be any possibility of fractured particles becoming too familiar with the afflicted portion.—*New South*.

LADISLAS MIERZWINSKI.

NOT the least of the agreeable surprises which Mr. Mapleson has given to American opera-goers was the appearance of the great tenor Ladislav Mierzwinski. The excellent portrait of him which we give upon this page, and which was engraved especially for us, from a photograph by Mora, is the first that has ever appeared in a public print, and it was with some difficulty that we were able to obtain Mr. Mierzwinski's consent to enrich our gallery of artists with his picture, as he feared it would savor of personal advertising, and felt adverse to being thought to seek for fame or notoriety in any other way than by the excellence of his work as an operatic artist.

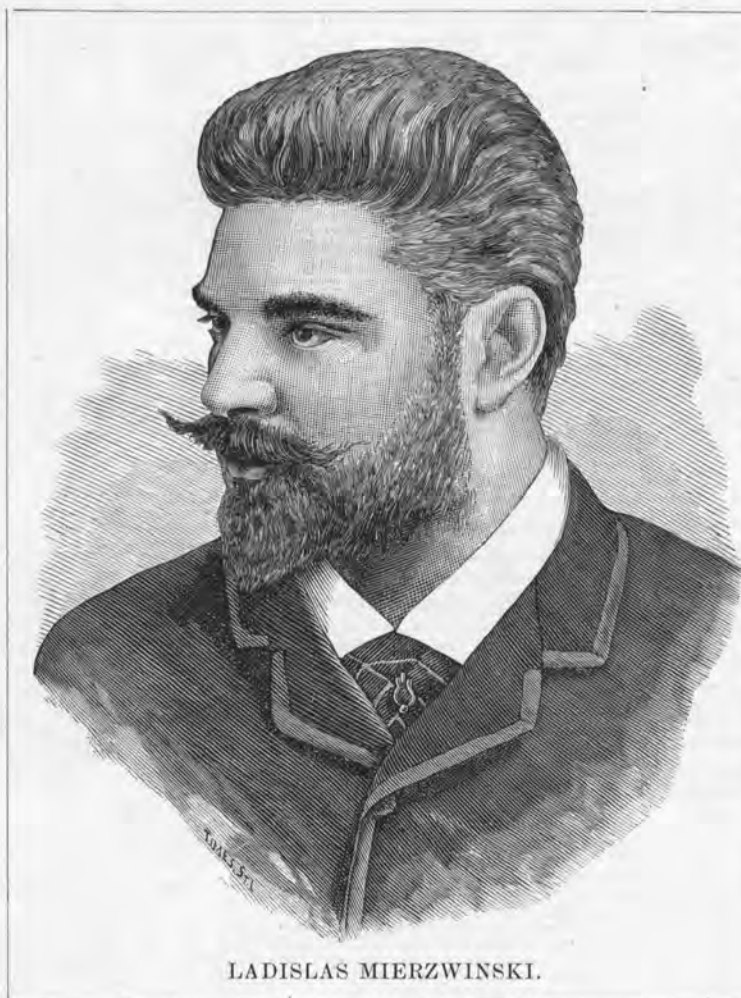
Ladislav (in Polish Wladyslavs) Mierzwinski is a native of Warsaw, Poland, and was born in 1849. His parents intended him for one of the liberal professions and, with that end in view, gave him the best available teachers to prepare him for entering the university of his native city. He had about completed his preparatory studies when, in 1864, "bleeding Poland" attempted to throw off the yoke of its oppressors. Though but a mere boy, Ladislav was one of the conspirators, and in the course of time was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained for twenty-one long months. At length, through the intercessions of his devoted mother, he was, in consideration of his youth, released, upon condition that he should forthwith quit the country. Thus it was that, abandoning his native land and his proposed studies, he turned his face towards France and Italy.

As a boy, at his mother's knee Ladislav had loved to listen to the patriotic songs which had to be sung *sotto voce*, lest the oppressor's spies should hear, and as he grew up music had seemed to him to be a part of the language of the patriotism from which he had suffered. Alone, a stranger in strange lands, music was his companion and song his comforter. With all the energy of his nature he addressed himself to the study of his favorite art, at first merely as an amateur and afterwards with the intention of becoming a professional musician.

His ambition was to become an operatic tenor. With this purpose in view, he visited several well known teachers of singing, every one of whom, for five years, assured him that he had no voice and never would learn to sing. Among them was Lamperti, the renowned vocal teacher of Milan who said to him: "If ever you sing in a tenth rate theatre with only a half failure (*mezzo fiasco*) I will dance for you at *La Scala*." Some said he was a tenor, others that he was a barytone, still others that he was neither. He had determined to be a tenor and that was enough for the unterrified Pole. He became his own teacher. He felt there was a tenor within him and, since others could not or would not bring it out, he determined that he would do it himself. Like Demosthenes wandering alone by the sea-shore and training his voice to be heard above the noise of the waves, or running up a hill with pebbles in his mouth, speaking the while, to cure himself of an impediment of speech, Mierzwinski toiled alone, early and late, with brain and voice and muscle, in his own way, often dropping upon the floor from sheer exhaustion, to accomplish what those who ought to have known had declared impossible. He had an indomitable will and an iron constitution and he came forth victorious from the struggle. His *debut*, which took

place at the *Grand Opera*, Paris, in 1875, in the role of Raoul in "*Les Huguenots*" was a triumph. From Paris, he went to Marseilles, from there to Milan where he sang at *La Scala* as *primo tenore*. Lamperti was there. At the close of the first performance he went to his whilom unpromising pupil and said to him: "Now, make me dance!" The tone of the remark was so friendly and the acknowledgment of his error so frank, that the artist could do nothing but offer his hand and say to the old man (Lamperti was some 65 years old) that, considering his age, he would excuse him from the accomplishment of his rash vow.

From Milan, Mierzwinski returned to Paris and from there went to "Covent Garden Theatre." The combination of the forces of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson made it possible for him to come to this country. He came almost unheralded, but took the New York critics by storm, and, what was more important to the management, the audiences likewise.



LADISLAS MIERZWINSKI.

Mr. Mierzwinski is the only tenor who has ever (in this country at least) sung the whole of the difficult part of Arnaldo in "*William Tell*" as originally written, without transposition. This alone will give an idea of the phenomenal range of his voice. Unlike many tenors, he remains at all times a man upon the stage, scorning to attempt the feminine graces which so many other tenors affect. Yet his vocal technique is marvellous, his style is his own, a sort of eclectic style made up mostly of the French and Italian schools of singing. His histrionic talents are also of a high order, and altogether he is one of the very foremost tenors of any age and country. His repertoire consists of "*William Tell*," "*The Huguenots*," "*Robert the Devil*," "*L'Africaine*," "*Le Prophète*," "*Aida*," "*Trovatore*," "*Simon Boccanegra*," "*Hérodiade*," "*Un Ballo in Maschera*," "*La Juive*," "*La Reine de Chypre*," "*Mefistofele*," "*Lucia*," "*Lohengrin*," "*Faust*" and "*Il Barbiere*."

He is an excellent whistler and jocularly remarks that if he loses his voice he can make a living whistling. He has also some talent for musical composition and sang for us a couple of Italian ballads of his own, that were tuneful and not devoid of originality.

Like all the Poles he has a special talent for learning languages and speaks fluently, besides his native Polish, Russian, French, (It was in this language that we conversed with him) German, Italian and Spanish. English he says he will know in a few months.

We sincerely hope that this, his first season in America, will not be his last.

LITERARY COMPENSATION.

A paragraph is going around the papers, from Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*, anent the receipts of Mr. Trollope from his literary work, and it is strenuously denied that he ever received for it any sum approaching to \$500,000. It is quite unlikely that Mr. Trollope

communicated to Mr. Labouchere what his receipts were, and in all probability the statement in *Truth* is mere rumor. Probably, however, Mr. Trollope did not, unless he was exceptionally wide-awake in dealing with publishers, make nearly so large a sum as \$500,000. Yet his gains must have been considerable. Most of his books came out in those magazines which never pay any one less than \$5 a page, and he had, in addition, the payment on publication in a three-volumed form, when the big libraries must have taken among them at least 1000 copies on an average. But, although Trollope appealed to the 100,000, he did not, like Reynolds of the "*Mysteries of London*," appeal to the million. Nor did his readers often buy his books, as they did those of George Eliot or Scott. They merely got them from the circulating library, and now and again sent for one to read over again. Probably Trollope got from his book even less than Lord Lytton, for a much larger proportion of libraries contain "*Pelham*" and "*My Novel*" than "*Framly Parsonage*" and "*The Warden*." Dickens left \$400,000 personal, and a real estate valued at about \$100,000. Lord Lytton's personalty was sworn under \$400,000, but he was a man of private fortune. His works however, undoubtedly, in one way or another, netted \$200,000, of which his plays probably took a large share. No English writer has as yet approached Scott, who, for several years, netted from \$35,000 to \$45,000 a year. For "*Woodstock*" alone he got \$40,000, the

same amount paid to George Eliot for "*Middlemarch*." The highest price paid to Lord Lytton for any of his earlier novels was \$9,000, but probably after "*My Novel*" he got much more. Successful novel-writing pays better than history, unless the history becomes a text-book; then it is very valuable. Thus, great sums have been made out of such unpretentious publications as "*Little Arthur's*" and "*Mrs. Markhams*" Histories of England, the first being the historic pabulum of infantile England, and the second that of young ladies' school and school-rooms. Lord Macaulay received at one stroke a check for \$100,000 from the Longmans for his history, and his estate (he, too, left about \$400,000) has probably benefited considerably by sales since; but his is quite an exceptional case of a remunerative history outside of a text-book. In France, the position of author is much more favorable, by all accounts, than anywhere else, and Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet and several others are really rich men.—*New York Times*.



OUR MUSIC.

"SATELLITE POLKA," *J. C. Alden, Jr.* This brilliant composition is, when well played, one of the most effective concert numbers imaginable. The famous pianist, Gustave Satter, to whom it is dedicated, Carlyle Petersilea, Charles Kunkel, and a score of other piano virtuos, have played it in public to the delight of their audiences. It will well repay careful study and practice.

"MENUET CELEBRE," from Symphony in E Flat, *Mozart*. This minuet has been transcribed for the piano by more than one author. It has never, however, received a setting at once so simple and yet preserving so much of the orchestral effects as it has here at the hands of Sidus. This is No. 3 of the set of "Bright Hours with the Tone Poets," and our readers must be satisfied, by this time, that nothing like this set has heretofore been published anywhere. In the next number, Sidus will introduce Mendelssohn.

"DANCE AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE," *Schaeffer-Klein*. This characteristic composition is a perfect little tone picture of the joys of childhood in the happy days when Santa Claus or Kris Kringle are realities. The children will like it, the older people will be carried back to the time when life was young. More than one old fellow, when the melody of "Tan-nenbaum," or "Lauriger Horatius," or "My Maryland" rings out, will hum to himself the words he sang to it in his boyhood's days, or while a jolly college student, or perhaps on the tented field in the "late unpleasantness."

"MY LADY SLEEPS," *E. R. Kroeger*. These well-known words of the serenade from Longfellow's "Spanish Student" have never received a more musicianly treatment than they have at the hands of Mr. Kroeger. Those who are fond of songs of the order of those of Schubert, Franz and Schumann, will here find something to their taste.

"PAUPER'S LAMENT," *G. Elmer Jones*. This popular ballad will be found pleasing and not difficult of execution. One cannot and should not always ride the classical Pegasus, and doubtless many of our readers will prefer this song to one more pretentious. In the absence of "the awful example," or as an addition to him, it might do good service in temperance meetings.

STUDIES. Our studies this month are a great educational feature, and are drawn from the works of Duvernoy, Bertini and Kiel.

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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.

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SATELLITE

Dédiée à Gustave Satter.

POLKA = CAPRICE.

Composée par J.C. Alden Jr.

Moderato M.M. ♩ - 92

Prelude.

mf cantabile.

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

ad lib. *rit.* *f a tempo.* *sf* *f* *p*

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

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

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

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

Ped. * *Ped.*

Tempo di Polka.

p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. *mf* *cresc.* *cen.*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

do *f* *sf*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

or thus *con fuoco.* *f*

sf *ff* *p*
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

8-

p

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

8-

cres. *mf* *cres.* *cen.*

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

8-

do

Giacoso.

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

mf *sf*

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

rit. *a tempo.*

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

f *cres.* *cen.* *do*

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

mf *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sff *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rit. *a tempo.* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

f *cres-* *cen-* *do* *ff* *sff* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

First system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music features a series of sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *sf* and the second *f*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first and third measures, and "Ped." with an asterisk below the fifth and seventh measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4. Some notes have an 'X' above them, possibly indicating a natural or specific articulation.

Second system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps. The music features sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *p*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first measure, and "Ped." with an asterisk below the fourth and sixth measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Some notes have an 'X' above them.

Third system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps. The music features sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *f*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first measure, and "Ped." with an asterisk below the fifth and seventh measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Some notes have an 'X' above them.

Fourth system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps. The music features sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *f*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first, third, fifth, and seventh measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Some notes have an 'X' above them.

Fifth system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps. The music features sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *p*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first, third, fifth, and seventh measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Some notes have an 'X' above them.

Sixth system of musical notation. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps. The music features sixteenth-note runs. The first measure is marked *p*. Pedal markings are present: "Ped." with an asterisk below the first, third, and fifth measures. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6. Some notes have an 'X' above them.

8

p

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

cresc. *mf*

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

cres. cen. do. *f*

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

or thus.

con fuoco. *f*

f *ff* *ff* *p*

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

8

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

8

> leggiero.

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

8

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

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

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

8

This system contains two staves of music. The upper staff features a complex melodic line with triplets and sixteenth-note runs. The lower staff provides a bass line with some rests and a few notes. Pedal markings are present below the lower staff.

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

8

This system continues the piece with two staves. The upper staff has more intricate sixteenth-note passages. The lower staff has several rests, with 'l.h.' markings indicating the left hand is silent. Pedal markings are present.

Ped. * *Ped.* *

8

This system features a more rhythmic and percussive texture. The upper staff has many triplets and sixteenth-note patterns. The lower staff has a similar rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic marking *f* and the instruction *strepitoso.* are present.

f *strepitoso.*

8

This system is marked *rapido.* and *ff*. It features a very fast and loud section with dense sixteenth-note passages in both hands. Pedal markings are present.

ff *rapido.*

Ped. *

Con Brio.

ff

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

This system contains six measures of music. The right hand features eighth-note triplets with fingerings 1, 3, 1, 3, 1, 3 and accents. The left hand has chords and single notes. Pedal markings are placed below the bass line.

sf *ff*

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

This system contains six measures. The right hand has eighth-note triplets with fingerings 1, x 1 and accents. The left hand continues with chords and notes. Pedal markings are present.

sf *rapido.* 11 12 *ff*

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

This system contains six measures. The right hand has eighth-note triplets with fingerings 1, 2, 4, 1, 3 and accents. A slur covers measures 11 and 12, with the tempo marking *sf rapido.* and *ff*. The left hand has chords and notes. Pedal markings are present.

ff *ff* *sf* *sf* *ff* *sf* *sf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

This system contains six measures. The right hand has chords and notes with accents. The left hand has chords and notes. Pedal markings are present.

MOZART

Menuetto from Symphony in E flat major

Carl Sidus Op. 82

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 80$

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes fingerings such as 2, 4, 1, 4, 2 in the treble and 3, 2, 1 in the bass. The second system features a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes fingerings like 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. The third system is marked mezzo-forte (*mf*) and includes fingerings such as 3, 2, 5, 1, 2, 4, 1, 2, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4. The fourth system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes fingerings like 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 3, 1, 3, 2, 1. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, *sf*, and *p*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes. A repeat sign is present at the end of the system.

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*. The word *FINE.* is written at the end. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes. A dashed line with the word *cres.* is above the first measure, and another dashed line with the word *cen...* is above the second measure.

TRIO.

TRIO section. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Markings include *Cantabile* and *dolce*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats. Marking includes *p dolce*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above notes.

Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

Dance around the Christmas tree

TANZ UM DEN CHRISTBAUM.

Emmy Schäfer. Klein.Op.8.

Allegro vivo. ♩ - 152. *mf*

mf

mf

f cresc.

2d time

1. 2.

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3 1 3 3 3
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

3 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 3 2
cresc. f
Ped. Ped. Ped. *

5 4 3 3 1 4 3 1 4
f
Ped. Ped. *

3 2 1 3 2 1 3 2 3 2
f cresc. p
Moderato ♩ = 100.
FINE. O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum.

(3)
Ped. *

cresc. (3)
1. 2.
Ped. *
Repeat from :8: to Fine.

STUDY.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 120 \text{ to } \text{♩} = 100$

Henry Bertini

A strict *legato* must be observed in playing the runs throughout this study. The passages inclosed thus \square contain large intervals, which are difficult to span (especially for small hands) Special attention must therefore be paid to striking every note so inclosed squarely with the tip of the fingers, which must retain their proper rounded position.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In the following studies, all notes or chords marked with an arrow, must be struck from the wrist, otherwise the attack (*attaque* French *ansatz* German) will be clumsy stiff and hard. After the notes or chords so marked have been struck, a strict *legato* must be preserved throughout, as indicated. By *legato* is meant the keeping down of each key during the full length or time-value of the note, and until the following note is struck. It often occurs that the second of two chords which immediately follow each other should be connected with the first almost *legato*. To accomplish this, all the fingers of the first chord which are not used to strike the notes of the second chord, should be held down on the notes of the first chord, until the second chord is struck. The fingers so held down form a sort of pivot or fulcrum for the other fingers, which can then strike the following chord with freedom and elasticity. In order to assist the student to distinguish the notes which are to form the pivot and which must be played absolutely *legato*, they have, in these studies been connected by dotted lines with the following chord. Strict attention to these general remarks, and to the notes accompanying each study will lay the foundation of correct and elegant piano playing.

My lady Sleeps.

MEIN LIEBCHEN SCHLÄFT

Poem by Henry W. Longfellow.

Music by Ernest R. Kroeger

Allegretto ♩ - 112.

Ihr Stern' der Som . mer . nacht!.....

Am blau . en

Stars of the sum . mer night!..... Far in yon

or thus

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

Detailed description: This system contains the first six measures of the piece. It features a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics, a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, and a separate bass line for the left hand with fingerings and pedaling. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' with a quarter note equal to 112. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part includes various ornaments and fingerings, such as '1 3 5' and '1 4 2 4 4 1 3 5 2' in the right hand, and '3 2 1 3 1', '4 2 1 3 1', '2 3 2 3', '2 1 1 3 1 3', and '2 1 1 3' in the left hand. Pedaling is indicated by 'Ped.' under several notes.

Him . mels . zelt,.....

Ver . bergt die gold' . ne Pracht.....

Sie

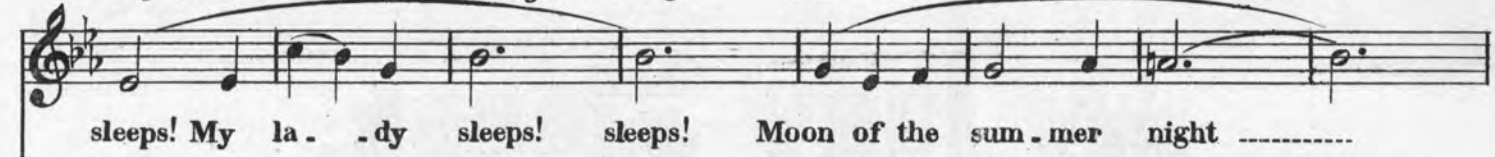
a . zure deeps,..... Hide, hide your gol . den light.....; She

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

Detailed description: This system contains the next six measures of the piece. It continues the vocal line, piano accompaniment, and left-hand bass line. The piano part includes fingerings such as '1 2 3', '1 2 4', '1 2 3', '2 4', '1 3 5', '2 3 5 1 4 2', '4 2 1 2', '1 2 1 4 1', '3', '2', '3', and '3 1 2 1'. Pedaling is indicated by 'Ped.' under several notes.

schläft, mein Lieb.chen schläft, schläft! Du Mond der Som.mer.nacht

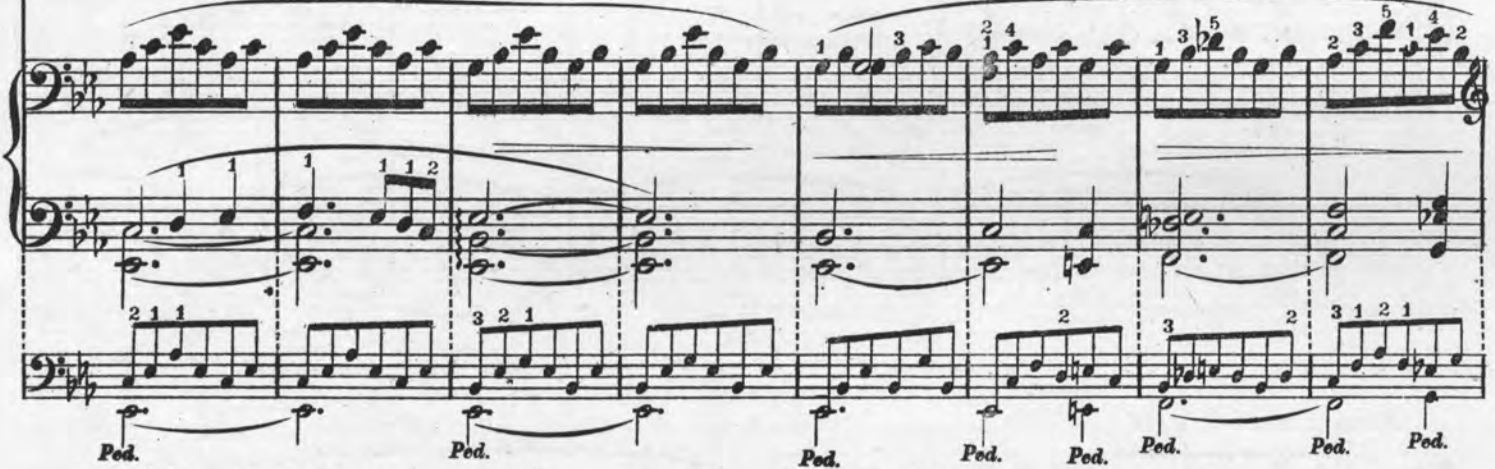
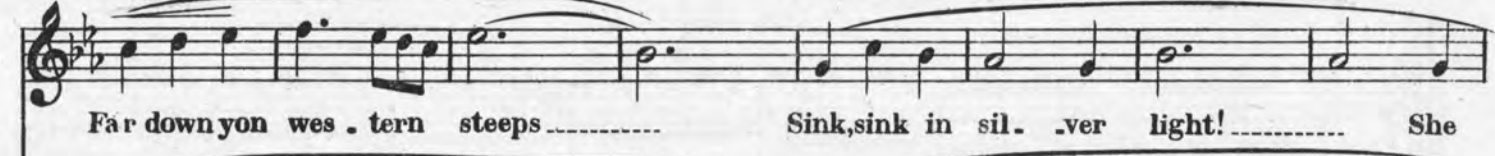
sleeps! My la. .dy sleeps! sleeps! Moon of the sum.mer night



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

Im fernen We.sten tief, Sink, sink in Sil.ber.Pracht, Sie

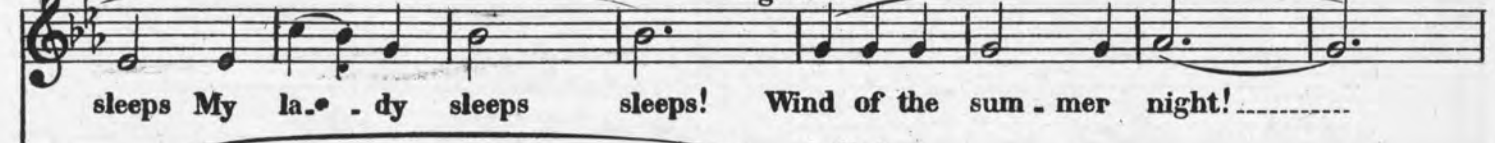
Far down yon wes.tern steep's Sink, sink in sil. .ver light! She



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

schläft, mein Lieb.chen schläft, schläft! Du Wind der Som.mer.nacht

sleeps My la. .dy sleeps sleeps! Wind of the sum.mer night!



Ped. * Ped. *

Wo die Jas . min sich schlingt,.....

Reg' dei . ne Schwin . gen

Where yon . der wood bine creeps Fold, fold thy pin . ions

Ped. *

sacht, Sie schläft, mein Lieb . chen schläft.

rall.

light She sleeps! My la . dy sleeps!

rall.

Ped. *

Ihr Träumer der Som . mer . nacht
a tempo.

Sagt ihr, ihr Trau . ter steht

Dreams of the sum . mer night Tell her her lov . er keeps

a tempo

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

Zur Seit' und hält die Wacht,.....

Indem sie slummert, wacht,.....

Sie

Watch, while in slum - ber light..... Watch, while in slum - ber light She

cres.

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

schläft, mein Lieb - chen schläft, schläft, Sie schläft, mein Lieb - chen schläft, schläft, Sie

sleeps! My la - dy sleeps! sleeps! She sleeps! My la - dy sleeps! sleeps! She

f

Ped. *

schläft,..... Sie schläft,..... Sie schläft.....

sleeps!..... She sleeps!..... She sleeps!.....

mp *ppp*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

To William Peate.

The Pauper's Lament

DES BETTLER'S KLAGE.

Words by J. V. Mc Gregor.

Music by G. Elmer Jones

- 3. Der Sommer und Herbst meines Lebens nicht mehr, Der
- 2. Als jung ich noch war, schiender Lebenspfad schön, Ich
- 1. Als Nachts zu vor ich auf dem Stroh - bet - te lag, Ge.

Andante ♩ - 84

1. Last night, as I lay on my pal - let of straw, My
 2. When young was my life, the broad road look'd so fair, I
 3. My sum - mer and au - tumn of life are both spent, Chill

- 3. Win - ter ist auch bald ver - gang'n Zu le ben noch länger ich hab' kein Begehr, Zur
- 2. wähl - te und wan - der - te drauf, Nicht träumend, nicht denkend, dass bö's es möcht' gehn, Nichts
- 1. dan - kenvoll, rastlos ich war, Im Lau - fe des Den - kens Er - in - ne - rung trach Von

1. thoughts they went wandring a - way, Through mem - o - ry's paths, and in - fan - cy I saw The
 2. chose it and strolléd a - long, Not dream - ing or think - ing that grim vis ag'd care Would
 3. win - ter is more than half fled, I can - not live longer and breathe with content, I

3 Gra - bes - ruh' möcht' ich ge - lang'n.
 2 hin - dern den glück - lich - en Lauf.
 1 Freu - den der Ju - gend so - gar.

Ein trau - ri - ges Da - sein im
 Ich lieb - te ein Mäd - lein recht
 Ein glück - li - cher Va - ter stolz

1 home of my young boy - hood's day; A kind, hap - py fa - ther my
 2 si - lence de - cep - tion's gay song; I lov'd a kind maid she was
 3 wish! yes, I wish I were dead! The poor - house is but a cold,

3 Ar - men - haus ist,
 2 schön und ge - mach,
 1 strei - chel - te mich,

Ach mit - leid du fin - dest nicht da!
 Ich brach ihr zart Herz - lein, oh, Weh!
 Die Mut - ter zärt - lich Küss - se gab,

Was
 Als
 Und

1 head strok'd with pride, A moth - ers fond lip kiss'd my brow; While
 2 fair to be - hold, I broke her poor heart, that I know, And
 3 drea - ry a - bode, No sym - pa - thy here will you find; And

3 je - der der Ar - men dort Schmerz - lich vermisst, Und herzlich den Tod sich wünscht nah.
 2 a - ber der kal - te De - cem - ber rein brach, Ward be - grab - en sie unterm Schnee
 1 Brü - der und Schwestern um mich drängten sich, Die al - le jetzt schlummern im Grab.

1 broth - ers and sis - ters press'd close to my side Who're si - lent - ly slum - ber - ing now,
 2 when cold De - cem - ber his wings did un - fold, They laid her be - neath the first snow.
 3 each wea - ry pau - per that bends 'neath his load Would death glad - ly wel - come as kind.

Ich bin blos ein Bett-ler, schwach und alt, Der Le-benssand läu-fet rasch ab, Vom
Chorus.

Air.
Ah Im but a pau-per, old and worn, Life's sands are fast glid-ing a-way..... This
Quartett ad lib.

Alto
Ich bin blos ein Bett-ler schwach und alt, Der Le-benssand läu-fet rasch ab. Vom

Ten.
Ah Im but a pau-per old and worn Life's sands are fast glid-ing a-way..... This

Bass

Ar-men-haus tra-gen sie mich bald Des Mor-gens früh zum kal-ten Grab.

wreck from the poor house will be borne At dawn of some cold win-ter day.

Ar-men-haus tra-gen sie mich bald Des Mor-gens früh zum kal-ten Grab.

wreck from the poor house will be borne At dawn of some cold win-ter day.

Repeat from the \$

STUDY.

Allegro vivace ♩ - 72 to ♩ - 144.

J. B. Duvernoy Op. 120.

p

poco a poco cres.

cen.

do

f

dim.

p

cres.

f

p

See General Remarks under Study No. 1.

original

original

B

C

- A At first, practice very slowly, raising the fingers high, from the knuckles, in striking. The student should not leave this study until he can play it at least as rapidly as indicated by the first metronome mark: $\text{♩} = 72$ Few students for whom this study is intended will be able to play it at the tempo $\text{♩} = 144$.
- B The original text from this point to the end, is rather too difficult when compared with what precedes. The editor therefore recommends the change indicated, which is more in keeping with the technique required by the balance of the study
- C It is very difficult to play this measure in time, on account of the skip of three and a half octaves with the left hand. This and the preceding measure should for some time, be practised alone and slowly, counting four eighths. In this way, the precise moment when the skip must be made, and the second eighth be struck, will be so impressed upon the memory that the student will continue to make it at the proper time, when the increased velocity will have lessened the time allotted to its performance.

STUDY.

Friedrich Kiel

Tempo $\text{♩} = 80$ to $\text{♩} = 80$.

The musical score is divided into five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The second system also starts with *p* and features a *cres.* marking. The third system includes a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic and a *cres.* marking. The fourth system features a *mf* dynamic and a *cres.* marking. The fifth system includes a *do* (do) marking and a *cres.* marking. The score is heavily annotated with fingering numbers (1-5) and slurs. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

See General Remarks under Study No. 1.

A CONCERT UNDER GROUND.

Mr. George Chickering, of the famous piano manufacturing firm, was in St. Louis very recently and Mr. Charles Kunkel, desiring to show him that St. Louis had its manufactures as well as Boston, made arrangements to take him through the immense establishment of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. Mr. Chickering, Mr. Dodge of Story & Camp, Mr. Kunkel and the editor of this paper formed a quartette which drove to the famous brewery, where they were met with the utmost courtesy by Mr. Busch, the President of the Company. The compliments of the day had hardly been exchanged when Edouard Remenyi the famous violinist accompanied (personally not musically) by his accompanist Mr. Bauer and by Mr. Fred L. Morell of the "Blue Line," whose guest he was during his temporary stay in the city, unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. It seems that Mr. Busch had informed him of Mr. Chickering's intended visit and that he had made it a point to be there. Congratulations and greetings were exchanged all around, and the little company, re-inforced by the presence of Messrs August Busch and Geo. Krug of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, Tony Faust, the well-known St. Louis caterer and Messrs. Goetz and Buch of the Milwaukee Lithographing and Engraving Company, who are making extensive sketches of the magnificent establishment, followed the lead of the host through the different departments of the institution, not however, until some of its product had been sampled, discussed and approved by all present. Just at this time a little conspiracy was entered into against the "fiddler," as he calls himself, which developed later on.

The two immense vats, with a producing capacity of fifteen hundred barrels per day, were looked into, two or three of the sixteen seventy-five horse power engines which run the machinery were inspected, so was the room where the company manufactures its own cold weather by means of a number of immense ammonia ice-machines that refrigerate salt-water which is carried by pipes through the five blocks of vaults where the beer is kept. The bottling department was not forgotten and the packers were seen at their work. At last a number of lanterns were brought and a descent to the gnomic regions was organized. Here the conspiracy we have spoken of took shape, materialized so to speak, in the form of a violin, if the name can be given to a three dollar fiddle which one of Mr. Busch's employees had unearthed or unhooked somewhere, while the company was doing the above-ground visiting. Bad as was the fiddle, the bow was worse, one of those short stiff bows which artists use—but only for kindling wood! "Shades of Stradivarius! What do you expect me to do with that!" exclaimed the Hungarian violinist, "Nothing here!" was the reply, "March on!" Down and down the company proceeded, then along devious paths between hundreds of immense beer vats until, except those connected with the establishment, no one knew where he was, save that there were "vats to the right of him, vats to the left of him, vats in front of him"—yes, and vats behind him as far as the eye could discern. Then Mr. Busch called a halt, and the fiddle was passed to Mr. Remenyi, who was, in a tone sweet but firm, (like molasses candy) told that if he did not wish to be abandoned in that labyrinth, to the tender mercies of the gnomes which inhabit it, he must then and there play upon that fiddle! He looked at the bow ruefully, then at the violin doubtfully for a second or two, then he placed the instrument in position and launched off into the quartette from "I Puritani." It was not long until Remenyi looked as if he himself be a gnome "to the manner born." He seemed inspired by the oddity, the weirdness of the situation, and though his instrument was not a Stradivarius, few audiences have heard him play as well as he played for the little company that there surrounded him. It must have astonished the old fiddle itself to discover that it could make such music as that which rose and fell among the beer vats, filling the whole place with sweet melody. We almost expected to see the grim vats applaud, but whatever they may have thought they gave forth no sign. Not so the company, which, whenever opportunity offered, that is to say, whenever Mr. Remenyi ceased playing, made the vaults ring again with their applause. At last he ceased, and the company, after some ten minutes walk, emerged from the gloom into Mr. Busch's elegant office, where the violinist left a couple of autographic souvenirs, while Mr. Busch presented each of the company with an elegant pocket-knife, bearing the company's name and trade-mark. Mr. Chickering, whose house has made ten miles of pianos, was satisfied that the Anheuser-Busch

Brewing Company could supply all the thirsty musicians with beer of the first quality. He expressed himself as highly pleased with his visit and will show Mr. Busch when he goes east, what a first-class piano factory is like.

THE CHICK-A-DEE AND THE EAGLE.

Once upon a time a Chick-a-dee and an Eagle had nests in the same forest. The forest was plenty large enough for both, and peace and harmony might have prevailed but for the jealousy of the Chick-a-dee. Having been created by nature for a small bird, and having digestive organs for only bugs and worms, it made him wroth to behold the Eagle having such spread of wings and such appetite for large game.

One day after the Chick-a-dee put in ten hours' hard work for small grubs he beheld the majestic Eagle pounce down and secure in a moment a fish large enough to last him three days. This capped the climax, and the Chick-a-dee flew higher up in the tree to consult the Buzzard as to what could be done.

"I'd lie about him," was the advice of the Buzzard after thinking it over.

The Chick-a-dee therefore flew through the forest spreading lies and slanders regarding the Eagle, but the results were not satisfactory. No one seemed to believe them, and many advised the Chick-a-dee to continue his grubbing and let the other birds do as pleased them best. In this emergency the tiny bird again appealed to the Buzzard for advice. The unclean Bird picked his teeth over the subject and replied:

"You must go to the Eagle and tell him what you think of him."

Early the next morning the Chick-a-dee set out on his mission. Meeting the Eagle in mid air he began a tirade of abuse, but the Eagle did not seem to hear. Enraged and exasperated, the Chick-a-dee used still stronger language, but the result was the same.

"Say! say! I'm abusing you!" he finally called out, "I've slandered you, lied about you, and now I insult you, and you dare not resent it."

"Little atom," replied the Eagle, as he slowed up a little, "if struck by an Eagle I should strike back. When a bird of your size bothers me I can not even afford time to stop and eat him."

Moral.—A chick-a-dee can't increase his own bulk by slandering the size of an eagle.

MOSAIC.

Old age avowed is less old. Every man makes his own reputation; the world only puts on the stamp.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green.

Old people love to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to give bad examples.

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

Know, he that Foretells his own calamity, and makes Events before they come, twice over doth; Endure the pain of evil destiny.

No man is borne wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

The true glory of a nation is in the living temple of a loyal, industrious and upright people. The vine-clad cottage of the hillside, the cabin of the woodman and the rural home of the farmer are the true citadels of any country.

Who reads Incessantly, and to his reading brings not A spirit and genius equal or superior, Uncertain and unsettled still remains, Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

The love concentrated on a family may produce greater fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.

A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of a philanthropist.

ONE day my father was walking in Portland Place, when he met a nurse carrying a baby in her arms, and being struck by the beauty of the infant, he inquired whose it was. The nurse, much astonished, answered, "Your own, Sir Thomas!"—*Reminiscences, Baroness Bloomfield.*

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Affetuoso.

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childhood's home. The bright and cheerful fire burns

high; The era-dle, with the sleeping babe, Swing-

rall. a tempo.

slowly to the lul-la-by. That lov'd one's form once

more I see, I nes-tle fond-ly at her feet: A-

gain I hear that melody in mother's tones so soft and

CHORUS.

sweet. O! Sing a-gain that song to me, My

mother sang in days gone by: No sweeter song can

ev-er be, Than that she sang so ten-der-ly.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON. BOSTON, JAN. 17, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Just now the cords and dissonances are flying about in Boston with peculiar vehemence, and the science of sweet sounds is mingled with legal technicalities in a most bewildering fashion, all on account of Gounod's *Redemption*. The Handel and Haydn Society are to bring out the work, January 29th, with orchestral accompaniment as scored by Gounod. Mr. J. G. Lennon intends to give it next Sunday with a picked chorus, and an orchestral accompaniment which has been arranged from the piano score. Now the Novellos of England take a hand in the proceedings, and deny the right of the latter to perform an "arrangement" of the score, since the score as an unpublished work, is to be regarded as property under the common law and does not come under the head of the copyright laws. The results will be sure to call a good deal of attention to the subject of international copyright.

Another series of discords have arisen over the recent weak performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Henschel. December 30th they gave a dreary performance of Schubert's Symphony in C, with all the repeats. Scarcely any conductor to-day follows the numerous repeat-marks of this composer, and the symphony became wearisome in the extreme since to the multitudinous repetitions were added strange and unauthorized tempi, and many errors of execution. When, the following week, (Jan. 6th) this failure was followed by a massacre of Beethoven's fifth Symphony, all the critics began to protest vigorously. The fact is that Henschel has not yet proved himself a great conductor, and the experiment has been a very costly one. He has had better chances than any American conductor has ever had before, yet his performances have not excelled, nor equalled those of Thomas, or of Zer-rahn. The last concert was much better than its predecessors, for Raff's Lenore Symphony does not require very subtle treatment, and will always be effective so long as the leader can give a fair *crescendo* and *diminuendo*.

Another item of interest at the last concert (Jan. 13th) was the performance of a new overture, entitled *Thalia* by G. W. Chadwick, under the composer's own direction. It is called "an overture to an imaginary comedy," and it carries out the idea very graphically. A tender melody (horns) pictures the lone element, a sudden brusque figure (contrabass) the semiburlesque,—the ill tempered father or the gouty uncle, and a rapid dance, rhythm with castanets and tambourines adds to the lightness of the action. At the *finale*, the themes are worked together with musicianly skill.

At the close of the work, the composer was rewarded with enthusiastic applause and a laurel wreath. He is not the only one who has won laurels recently. Wulf Fries the veteran violinist was also greeted with a laurel wreath on his appearance at the third concert of The Philharmonic Society, it happened to be the occasion of his birthday, and the public were aware of the fact, for the old musician has numerous friends here, and has been active in our music for nearly forty years, and until the formation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra scarcely any Symphony Concert has been given without him, and he has co-operated with chamber concerts innumerable beginning with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. At this same concert, (Jan. 10th) Mme. Schiller also caused great enthusiasm by her performance of Liszt's *Tarentelle* from *Masaniello* and the piano part in Rubinstein's Overture Op. 9. The latter work is like others of Rubinstein's compositions of this class of chamber music, rather a piano concerto, with a small orchestra than anything else. How different is Hummel's septet, which I happened to hear the same afternoon at Prof. Baermann's Chamber Concert. In this work all is pure music, symmetry and clearness, and it is always the ensemble that one thinks of rather than of the piano part only.

I may add *en passant*, that I never have heard a better performance of Hummel's work than on this occasion, and I do not know of a better ensemble player than Prof. Baermann.

To return to the other concert for I have somewhat mixed the two, it contained a noble symphony, the B flat of Schumann. I believe this first symphony of the composer to be his best. In it there is less of gloom than is usually found in Schumann, and this I account for by finding that it was written in the happiest period of his life, the same period that brought forth his best songs.

I despair of giving even a synopsis of the chamber concerts of the past month. There has been the Baerman concert aforesaid; then the Euterpe have given some choice string quartets with the Beethoven and the Mueller-Campanari quartet clubs as performers at two excellent concerts. The Mueller-Campanari quartet have been giving concerts on their own account also. They deserve great success, for by most constant rehearsals they have attained a most perfect ensemble. They gave a quartet by Henschel at their second concert, and the work won universal praise. It is melodious, the movements finely developed, and the whole is free from any traces of effort or straining for effect.

The New England Conservatory of Music has given a host of musical entertainments. I dare not attempt to speak of all, for what with lectures, pupils' recitals, etc., these occasions run to the number of three or four per day. Among the most important was a classical concert by Dr. Louis Maas and his talented wife. Much modern music was given at this concert, Wagner, Grieg, St. Saens and Liszt being represented on the programme. Sleight-of-hand, humorous entertainments, debates and lectures by such famous authors as Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Rev. M. Deeming, Chas. Barnard, etc., have made the evenings at the vast building pass very pleasantly. It is an actual music world within itself.

Its recent action in the matter of lowering the pitch has borne good fruit already, and the result will soon be seen in easier singing and less piercing piano playing. The old proverb, "Touch pitch and be defiled," will in future only refer to those who endeavor to touch the extravagant concert pitch of the present time.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The amusement season has thoroughly opened. You may suppose that this is rather a late date for the season to open but in this respect Washington is peculiar. Although the theatres are all opened as early as the latter part of September, there is no life in the social world until after the session of Congress begins. The wealthier portion of the residents do not return from their summer resorts until November, so that there are no people to attend performances except the army of clerks, few of whom have the means to invest in that direction. But after Christmas, when Congress has had its holiday out, the hosts of lobbyists, visitors, office-seekers and excursionists take possession of the town, the theatres, and in fact every form of amusement draw large audiences. There are in this city two principal theatres which are well supported, and deservedly so, as they offer the best attractions in the amusement market.

Ford's Opera House possesses some historical interest as being the immediate successor of the Ford's Opera House in which Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on the 15th of April, 1865. This opera house was closed and the present one opened by Manager Ford, who celebrated his 30th anniversary as a theatrical manager last fall in a presentation of "Patience" by his son's company. This opera house, while not as large as your own, is a cosy place, with good stage appointments. J. Louis Ford, who manages it for his father, is constantly adding new scenery, so that there is always something new to please the eye, in addition to the "sidereal" attraction on the boards. The Boston Ideal Company has been playing to good business for the past two weeks. "The Chimes of Normandy," "The Mascotte," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Bohemian Girl" and "Fatinizza" have each many admirers, who turned out in full force at each presentation. Lizzie Burton, who went out with this company as the assistant of Adelaide Phillips, has bloomed into a first-class operatic alto, and now carries the principal parts in this company with credit to herself and satisfaction to the public. Myron Whitney, of course, holds his own as a basso, but his admirers here feel that his powers were better used in something more serious than comic opera. Misses Beebe, Stone and Geraldine Ulmer are dividing the honors among the *prime donne*, with the odds in favor of Beebe. Frothingham is always good, as also is McDonald. Tom Karl has a new assistant in Morsell. Herndon is a Washington boy, and his debut took the form of an ovation. Public opinion is divided as to his probable success; but his friends feel that he is in a good school, and being an apt scholar, will come out all right.

The National Theatre, which has a little more prestige than the Opera House, is a well managed establishment under John Albaugh, with Sam G. Kingsley as local manager. The theatre is large and well ventilated, and is patronized by the heavy people of the town. Gen. Sherman, Col. Corkhill and a half dozen boon companions monopolize one of the boxes, and it is interesting to watch these old sinners when a handsome woman is on the stage. Salvini opens there next week.

In addition to the regular attractions, there is in operation an operatic association with a chorus of 200 of the freshest voices in the city, under the management and direction of John Phillip Sousa, the director of the Marine Band. The soloists are hired from local and Baltimore talent. "Patience," "The Chimes," "The Smugglers" and "The Pirates" have been given by this association with great success, both as to performances and the financial outcome.

The Masonic Choir is one of the leading amateur organizations, and is made up of forty-eight powerful male voices under the direction of Prof. Sousa, with your former fellow-townsmen, S. H. Jecko, Esq., as organist and pianist. This latter gentleman is taking a conspicuous place in local musical affairs, and has written a number of pleasing ballads, now in the hands of Boston publishers. Several of them have been sung in public, and met with a very flattering reception.

In my next, I shall tell you something of the leading social organizations. J. H. S.

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Why, since they came within a few vibrations of it, did not the Boston reformers of musical pitch adopt the French *diapason normal*?

Was the failure so to do an exhibition of Boston wisdom or of Boston—beans?

As they have conformed to no recognized pitch, why should we not have a New York pitch, a Chicago pitch, or a Bungtown pitch?

Did anybody care whether Belmont or any one else had an interest in Steinway's piano business?

And (in plain English) did not Steinway make an ass of himself in taking the trouble of denying through the press Freund's statements to that effect?

And does he think that any one is gullible enough to believe that if the fact could be proven, as charged, he (Wm. Steinway) would pay the \$430,000 he offers as a challenge to his accusers, when the offer is without valuable consideration and legally void?

Did Mr. Steinway consult his legal adviser upon this point before he made the offer?

Did you say, Mr. Steinway, that we were too inquisitive?

ROMANCE, BUT NOT TRUE TO NATURE.

"Good-day, gentlemen."

A very nice-looking young man stood in the doorway of the editorial room and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the apartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell the *Tribune* a story?" he continued.

"What kind of a tale have you ground out?" asked the horse reporter.

"The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, and—"

"It isn't one of those 'and as Ethel stood there in the soft moonlight, her lithe figure sharply outlined against the Western sky, there was a loud crash in Coastliff Castle, and the girl knew that her mother had dropped the doughnut jar, kind of stories, is it—because they won't do,'" said the horse reporter.

"There is nothing at all about doughnuts in this story," replied the visitor, rather haughtily, "but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the horse reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think—"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself and read as follows:

"For answer Gladys' beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently."

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about such ducks."

"Why, I don't see—" began the author.

"Of course, you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

"The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal."

"Well, Thompson's colt," continued the horse reporter, "was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand—"

"Probably not. It is not expected of literary people. But I will tell you. This young fellow in your story is out under an apple tree holding a girl's hands, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he 'raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently.' That's right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibbling around a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecile, you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such young man as your story depicts. We were once young and up to the apple-tree racket ourselves."

"Good-day," said the author, starting for the door.

"So long," was the response. "Make George act like a white man in your story, and come around again."—*Chicago Tribune.*

SHE WANTED SOME FUN TOO.

The Lowell, Mass., *Citizen* says: "A ten year old lad called at our office day before yesterday morning, saying: 'Mother's got a lame back, baby has the mumps, sister is laid up with neuralgy, and father's in bed with rheumatiz; so Aunt Mary, who is keeping house, sent me over to subscribe for your paper, which she says, is full of joy and wisdom. She wants some fun too. After noting the subscription, we delivered a copy of the paper to our youthful visitor, and humorously wrote on the margin: 'To Aunt Mary: Read the *Citizen* regularly, and use St. Jacobs Oil on your relations.' Shortly after noon to-day the boy appeared again with the following intelligence: 'Mother is well, dad is out gunning, sis is flirting with my chums, the baby is all hunky, and Aunt Mary is happy. She says your paper and St. Jacobs Oil are the back-bone of home comforts.'"

The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Montreal Post*: "Missing from her home in Ottawa Street, Jane O'Fogerty; she had in her arms two babies and a terrier pup, all black, with red hair, and a tortoise shell comb behind her ears, and large black spots all down her back, which squints awfully." Nothing has been heard of the above party for some days.

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HOW TO ORDER MUSIC.

For the benefit of a good many young and inexperienced teachers, and amateurs in general, we will give a few words of advice as to how to order any piece of sheet music so as to be sure to obtain it. In the first place, it is necessary to give the title of the piece desired, correctly as printed, for pieces are put upon the shelves in alphabetical order, and many an inexperienced clerk will not be able to find the piece wanted, if there is a mistake of one syllable only. Next, it is necessary to state the name of the author of the piece, since there are often as many as a hundred different arrangements of the same piece and name, by as many different composers. For instance, if you order variations on "The Last Rose of Summer," you will be pretty sure to get the wrong piece, unless you state the author's name. Last but not least, if you want a piece particularly, you should state by whom it is published, then the house with which you deal will have no excuse for not procuring the piece you desired for you. All large music houses are more or less publishers of music, and often, when they receive orders for music, they will substitute some of their own publications, and make some excuse for not having sent what was wanted. Some of the principal excuses are that the piece is out of print, cannot be had in the city, etc.; but if the publisher's name is given, there can no longer be any excuse for not procuring what is wanted, for no house will run the risk of losing your custom since you state where they can obtain the pieces for you should they not have them on hand. All honorable houses will at once order the music you wish from the publishers thereof, provided, of course, that you have informed them where they are published. Any house that refuses to do this is unworthy of your patronage, and you should immediately withdraw it from them and place it in the hands of those who are willing to supply that which you ask and pay for. The greatest profit is made when dealers sell their own prints, and we do not blame them when they try to push them; but when they try to hoodwink their patrons by stating that the music they want is out of print, not to be had, etc., in order to get rid of some of their own, it is carrying the point a little too far, and we advise teachers and amateurs to deal summarily with any such firms, by a speedy withdrawal of their support.

THE TELEGRAPH EXPLAINED.

A couple of colored gents were standing about the Relay depot yesterday, awaiting the departure of their train. They observed nearly everything about the locality, and commented upon the same. The numerous telegraph wires about the depot did not escape their notice, and one of them expressed his wonder at the rapidity with which a message could be sent a great distance.

"Why, that's easy enough to understand," said the other.

"How?"

"Well, suppose you had a dog 3,000 miles long—"

"Pshaw? You can't have a dog 3,000 miles long."

"I know that; but we suppose that there was one. Don't you understand me?"

"Well, what then?"

"You take this dog, 3,000 miles long, and place his fore feet in New York and his hind feet in California—"

"What then?"

"You just tramp on this dog's tail in California and you bet he'll growl in New York."

"That's so," said the darkey, and he assumed an expression of deep thought, while the other appeared quite satisfied with his apt and original illustration of telegraphy.

ORIENTAL PROVERBS.

The following are some of the infinite number of Oriental proverbs:

It is easy to mount a little donkey.

The nightingale was shut up in a golden cage, but she still cried, "My home, my home."

Two captains in one ship will surely sink her.

The fox ends by getting into the furrier's shop.

Knife wounds heal, but not those produced by a word.

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken, it can never be mended.

With patience, sour grapes become sweet-meats, and mulberry leaves turn to satin.

At sight of a glow-worm, the timid cry "Fire."

A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite.

The apple and the pomegranate trees disputed which was fairer, when the thistle exclaimed, "Brethren, let us not quarrel!"

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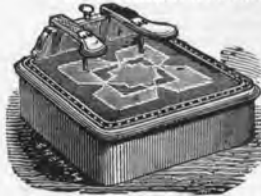
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SIGNIFICANCE OF MUSICAL INTERVALS.

An interesting investigation might be made of the various musical accents which answer to different conditions of feeling. To ascertain this correctly would require a long and minute course of experiments. It is curious to observe, however, that Gluck, Mozart, Berlioz, Meyerbeer and Wagner, when they have the same situation to depict, whether in recitative or melody, use the same musical intonations. It thus appears that the major third is generally employed in interrogations and appeals, and that the appellative character of that interval becomes more marked and impressive in the fourth descending, while fourth ascending denotes affirmation, decision, command. The minor and major fifths express the feelings from prayer to violent desire and menace. The sixth is the interval of passion; it is the symbol of a very accentuated emotion, and is inevitably met where love is declined. A semitone higher conveys the idea of something painful, which is resolved into a real expression of grief in the cry of the seventh, the symbol of an excess of suffering. There are, in effect, no two ways of saying the same thing in music, and it is only in the way the phrase is introduced and sustained by the harmony that authors vary. We are speaking, of course, only of those passages of the songs in which the emotions are exploded, for it is in these only that the author, not caring to expend his force over the whole phrase, aims to bring out his full meaning. From these comparisons of emotions and intonations we are able to discover the physiological reason of the correspondence between the note and expression. The smaller intervals are congenial with indifference, monotony, doubt, melancholy and sadness; the group of moderate intervals affirms occupation, pleasure and desire, which grow more ardent as we approach the extreme intervals, and in these we look for the most intense feeling. Melancholy sentiments involving diminished vitality, we might naturally conceive them to be expressed musically by diminished intervals, the compass of which requires little effort; while earnest desires, strong passions and pleasant and happy feelings, being accompaniments of a more active vitality, provoke more vigorous expressions; and these expressions, by giving an outlet to the excess of vitality, furnish one of the best means for calming violent passions.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A PREACHER, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But, while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You tend to your preaching, daddy, I'll keep them awake."

A LITTLE five-year-old friend, who was always allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his pet and playmate, before the other nurslings were drowned, was taken to his mother's sick-room the other morning to see the two tiny, new twin babies. He looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, then poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest baby, he said, decidedly: "Save this one."

THERE are too many books which teach "Every Man to be His Own Physician." What the country requires is a work enabling every man to be his own apothecary, so that he can manufacture soda-water for his girl in summer, and make her happy with a positive cure for chapped hands in winter.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

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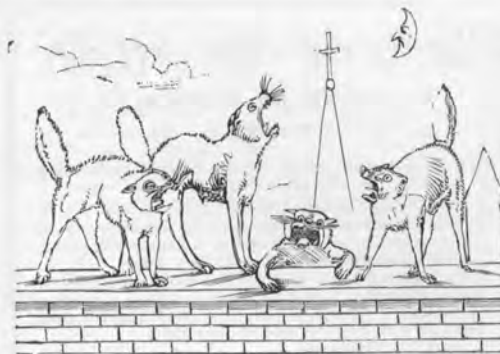
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CHINA and Japan buy our dried apples free y. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Transcript.*

BREVITY is the soul of wit. The hotel keeper who wrote to a delinquent ex-boarder, "Send me amount of bill," received for a reply, "The amount is \$10.50"—*Check.*

DID it ever strike you, in looking at a copy of the famous Greek Slave, that Powers had done a contemptible act in thus presenting her? Why, he chiselled her out of all her clothes.

A SYRACUSE young lady has a peculiar mode of reckoning time on Sunday. Last Sunday evening, about six o'clock, when asked what time it was, she replied, "Five minutes to Smith."

AN article entitled "How to Wash the Baby" is going the rounds of the press. Persons who read it will be surprised to learn that the infant is washed with water, but it is not run through a wringing machine and hung on a line to dry.—*Norristown Herald.*

I WAS in Paris with a friend who will persist in attempting to speak French. We entered a restaurant, and my friend called the waiter, "Garsong, je suis fameux." No, no, that's not it. "J'ai oon grand jamme." After some laughter we got what we wanted.—*Ex.*

A FASHIONABLY attired young lady asked her doctor, the other day, if he did not think that the great weight of the large hats and bonnets now in style had a tendency to cause disease of the brain. "Not at all, my dear Miss; ladies who have brains don't wear those large hats."

A WESTERN cyclone went through the open windows of a house, caught up all the tidies, pillow shams and a pocket-book, and blew them miles away. The man of the house refused to go look for the pocket-book. He is afraid he might also find the tidies and pillow shams.—*Philadelphia News.*

"ARE you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Brown, as she walked into the office of a judge of probate. "I am a judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."—*Wheeling Leader.*

IT is said that the custom of making New Year's calls is on the wane. This year "best society in New York merely hung out baskets." To travel about a city all day in a suit hired for the occasion, dropping cards into a basket is about as wild and hilarious fun as to sit on a fence and see your best girl go by with another fellow.—*Norristown Herald.*

FITZ and Simmons were discussing the merits of opera singers, and when the conversation turned upon Kellogg, Fitz became enthusiastic, and went into a long rhapsody, which closed with, "There is so much soul, such warmth in her singing—" "Yes," said Simmons, "her warmth must be great, for I understand she has a voice of two registers."

THE difference between Spanish and Rhenish wines is thus described:

In Spain, that land of monks and apes,
The thing called wine doth come from grapes,
But on the noble river Rhine,
The thing called grapes doth come from wine.

OSCAR WILDE has sailed for England. Now, if a treaty could be made between the two countries, similar to the Chinese treaty, so that no idiot or heathen could ever come to America, or go from America to England, we would keep our fools at home if England would. Such persons are of no earthly use, except for tobacco signs, and the wooden Indian monopolizes that business, and crowds out wooden heads.—*Peck's Sun.*

SCHOMBURG, upon returning to his store, on Galveston avenue, from dinner, found his clerk very much excited. The clerk said that a stranger came in, and, after asking and paying the price for a cravat, which was one dollar, picked up the entire box, containing a dozen, and went off with them. "Did he pay you de dollar?" asked Mose. "Yes," responded the clerk. "Vell, then, ve makes, anyhow, fifty per cent profits on de investment."—*Galveston News.*

"PATRICK," said an Irish gentleman to his servant one morning. "I heard last night from undoubted authority, that you have had the audacity to go and tell some people that I was a shabby old rascal, a mean fellow, and anything but a gentleman. I am told that these were your exact words." "Bedad, sor," replied Pat, "and it's there you're quite wrong; I can assure you, sor, that I don't tell my private thoughts to any man."—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

ON the first day of a recent session, as the terms are called in Scotland, the students at the Edinburgh University read on the door of the Greek class-room: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th inst." A wag took out his pencil erased the "c," and made the notice read thus: "Professor Blackie will meet his lasses on the 4th." A group of young men hung about the door on the opening day to see how the Professor would take the joke. Up he came, saw at once the change in his notice, stopped, took out his pencil, apparently made some further alteration, and passed into the room with a broad grin on his face. A roar of laughter followed him. As altered for the second time, the notice ran—"Professor Blackie will meet his asses on the 4th."—*Ex.*

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IN WRITING ALWAYS MENTION THIS PAPER.

LORD ERSKINE, while doing circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he had slept. He replied, dogmatically: "Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could have easily pushed me out of bed." "Fleas!" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship; "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families."—*Argonaut.*

A REPORT comes from London that there is a change in the fashion in dogs. Young ladies who have been wearing English pugs to match their complexion, trimmed with plastrons and things, or the Italian greyhound or King Charles' spaniel, cut en train with jabot and polonaise, will regret to learn that they have gone out of fashion, and they might as well be given to the poor, or sold to the old rag-man. The new style of dog is the fluffy white Pomeranian, with a nose in point applique and shirred ears; or the Maltese terrier, with a silk jacket and velvet lingerie—or somehow that way.—*Norristown Herald.*

A GENTLEMAN who was dining with his family at a friend's table, where a number of invited guests were present, had a bright little daughter, who, as soon as the host had asked grace, said, "That's a pretty grace, but that isn't the way my papa says it." "And how does your papa say it?" asked the host, expecting to hear one of the bright replies for which the child was famous, while the rest of the guests echoed, "Yes, tell us how your papa says grace." The unhappy father could not reach her, and she said sweetly: "Why, when he comes in to dinner he looks at mamma, and then says, 'Well, this is a h—l of a meal to set before a white man!'"—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

"WHEN two Icelanders meet on the street, instead of shaking hands, they get down on all-fours and rub noses together. The other day an Icelander traveling through this country stopped for a few hours at St. Louis. His first exclamation was: 'The men here must be very affectionate. Their noses show that they are rubbed hard fifty times a day,' says the *Philadelphia News*. That 'ice-lander' was from the *Philadelphia News*, and he did not land the ice at all, but left it floating in the tumbler—the other tumbler, that is. J. Travis Quigg will substantiate our assertion. It is true, however, that he 'got down on all-fours' according to the time-honored custom of Philadelphia ice-landers.

A New Haven pastor, who allows the choir in his church to select the hymns to be sung, tells a story at his own expense. A Sunday or two ago he was astonished to find that there had been selected for the opening service a hymn "for a church seeking a pastor:"

"O, Lord! in ways of peace return,
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to Thee."

He did not give out that hymn. He looked for a hymn for a church seeking a new choir, but failed to find any, and thinks of writing one, says the *Palladium*.

THE affection between stage lovers is often so well acted that no one suspects the real feeling which exists between them. A writer says he knew two actors of the opposite sex who positively disliked each other, but were forced by their parts into the most devotional tenderness of conduct. One night when he was playing at love she was to rush into his arms; being a true artist, she did her work with energy, and between speeches he muttered, "You need not swallow me." She replied, "You are too bitter a dose." While holding her in fond embrace, wrapped in delicious transport, he growled in a whisper, "Don't lean so hard against a man." With her hand in tender repose upon his breast, she retorted: "You are paid for holding me, and I intend you shall earn your salary." They never made up, and never married. She married another actor, and clings still to the dislike for the man with whom she plays.

DURING the palmy days of the income tax, and when blanks were mailed to even tailors' apprentices, a farmer living near Columbus, Ohio, called upon a lawyer in that city, and said: "I'm afraid I'll have to pay an income tax on about \$800." "Is that so? That would be too bad." "Yes; the bare idea makes me feel terrible. I want to figure with you and see if we can't beat the Government." The two sat down and went over income and expenses a dozen times over, but figure as they would there was \$800 on which income should be paid. "I have it! I have it!" suddenly exclaimed the lawyer, as a light broke in on him. "You must return \$800 as lent on a note for a year; I'll give you my note, take the money, and Uncle Sam may whistle." "I'll be hanged if I don't do it!" cried old corn-stalk, and do it he did. He hadn't been able to collect anything on the note up to a year ago, but he beat the Government all the same.—*Wall Street News.*

It may not be generally known that the melodies to the two songs of *Papageno*, as well as to the duet "Bei mannern welche Liebe muelien," in Mozart's "Zauberflöte," really originated with Schikaneder, the author of the libretto. Idealized by Mozart's genius, as they are, the latter had no choice but to adopt them, since Schikaneder—who sang the part of *Papageno* on the occasion of the first performance of the opera in 1791, at Vienna—was only able to commit to memory such melodies as he had invented. In other portions of the work, notably in the duet following upon the first meeting of *Papageno* and *Papagena*, the influence of the librettist made itself likewise felt. . . . At the gathering of the Priests, in the second act, there was originally no music; the ceremony opened in solemn silence. Schikaneder, however, clamored for a pathetic march, and Mozart, there and then, wrote in the orchestral parts of the assembled musicians the well-known beautiful march. It is needless to add that Schikaneder was very boastful of his share in the opera, which indeed he looked upon as essentially his own work. When receiving the numerous congratulations of his friends, after the first representation of "Die Zauberflöte," he is reported to have exclaimed: "True, the opera has pleased, but it would have done so still more if Mozart had not hashed up my ideas so much!"—*Deutsches Morgenblatt.*

THE Hon. Oden Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Baltimore City Passenger Railway Co., also President of the Maryland Jockey Club says: "Both in my family, and in my private stables, as well as those of the City Passenger Railway Co. I have for several years used St. Jacobs Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement ought to convince every reader of this paper.

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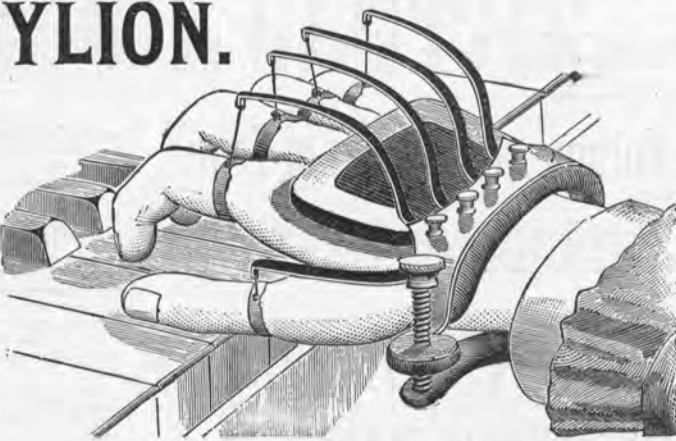
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

THIRTY-FOUR theatres were destroyed by fire in 1882.

"A. HUNE, Pittsburgh, Pa., is sole agent for the celebrated Albrecht Pianos, of Philadelphia."

THE *Musical Bulletin* of Chicago, has turned up its little toes to the daisies. Next!

THE Philadelphia *Sunday Mirror* of January 28th advertises "Pianos for Christmas." When does Christmas come in Philadelphia?

THE collection of violins and bows which belonged to the late Henri Vieuxtemps has been purchased by the Duke of Campo-Medina for the sum of 50,000 francs.

THE *American Art Journal* asks: "Will the Knabe Grand inspire President Arthur to write a Second Term March?" If it does, count the editor of the REVIEW for one of the band that will play it.

THE gratifying news comes from Paris that Mlle. Dorani (Miss Dora Hennings), who was expected to sail on the ill-fated *Cimbria*, did not do so, and consequently did not perish, as a sad report had given her many friends to believe.

EDWARD McCAMMON of Albany, manufacturer of the McCammon Pianos and music dealer, was burnt out recently. He has however secured enlarged quarters at 53 Pearl street, Albany, and will continue business without serious interruption.

WE welcome to our exchange table *The Musical Review* of London, the new musical weekly just founded by Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. It aims to be a critical journal. We hope it will find many readers among the cultured classes of England.

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG, the pianist, has "gone back on" Steinway and now swears by the Steck, which he says "surpasses everything accomplished hitherto in the way of procuring volume and beauty of tone and evenness of the scale for the pianist."

THE Pittsburgh correspondent of the *New York Dramatic Times*, in writing about the recent engagement of the Boston "Ideals" in that city, says: "The 'Marriage of Figaro' as a whole is to me a bewildering, brain-racking medley of mediocre melody and mummery." *Dear, dear!*

"The Charter Oak A. B. C. for Housekeepers" is a neat pamphlet of 36 pages, containing many recipes and other useful information, which ladies will appreciate. It is sent free to all who apply for it. Drop a postal card to "The Excelsior Manufacturing Company," St. Louis, and receive one!

THE *Folio* reads the riot act to two or three of its exchanges for copying items from it without giving it due credit, and at the same time publishes as original four columns of matter borrowed from *Peck's Sun*. It seems to us that "what is sauce for the *Folio* ought to be sauce for the *Sun*." Eh, Marble!

SINCE Judge Lowell's decision, it is said that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has decided to take steps to prevent "Iolanthe," "Patience" and other of his operas being given with orchestral arrangement made from the piano-forte scores, or, in other words, to place an injunction on all performances of his works unless his own orchestration is used.

MME. JULIE RIVE-KING has been engaged as the solo pianist for the tournee of the Thomas Orchestra next spring. The tour commences at Baltimore and will extend to San Francisco, Cal. Mme. Rive-King receives the highest price ever paid to any pianist in this country, \$200 per concert, or \$8,000 for forty concerts, she playing only four times per week.

CHICKERING AND SONS have now reached the number of sixty-five thousand instruments, manufactured since they began business. The imagination can hardly grasp the idea that one single house has done so extensive a business, and that its business should still be on the increase. It is certainly gratifying to know that if poor instruments are sold extensively, there is so great a demand for the best among the musical people of the United States.

"Too Soon" is the title of a one act operetta, words by Charles Barnard of *The Century*, music by the well known musician Alfred Cellier. The right of performance can be had on reasonable terms from the author of the libretto. Three male and four female soloists and a chorus are needed. Scenery simple. From reading the libretto, we are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Cellier's well-known skill as a writer of pleasing music must make a success of the composition.

THE firm of Bollman and Mohrmann, dealers in pianos, organs and sheet music, has been dissolved. Mr. Timothy Bahnsen, formerly of Moxter and Bahnsen, buying out Mr. Mohrmann's interest in the business. Mr. Bahnsen and Mr. Bollman (Oscar) have joined fortunes and under the name and style of Bahnsen and Bollman, will continue the music business at 1721 and 1723 Franklin Avenue. They hope soon to be recognized as the busy B's of the music trade in St. Louis.

ACCORDING to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, the state of Herr Von Buelow's mind is such that it has been found necessary to place him under restraint. The London *Musical Review*, however, says: We are able to state from authentic information that the rumors of Dr. Von Buelow's serious indisposition which have made the round of the Continental press, are both exaggerated and substantially perverted. There is no kind of mental derangement, and the idea of confining the great pianist to an asylum has not been entertained for a moment. What he suffers from is nothing more than one of those attacks of nervous excitement to which he has been subject for years, and which, it is hoped, will soon be remedied by perfect quiet and the careful attention of his newly-married wife.



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SARDANAPALE, a new cantata by M. Alphonse Duvernoy, was given for the first time at one of M. Lamoureux's recent concerts in Paris. The *Menestrel* says that the work is "rien moins qu'un véritable opera," and adds that the greatest success of the evening was scored by a *ravissante mélodie*, "O doux Bacchus," sung by M. Faure in the character of Sardanapalus. A prayer at the end of the second part is said to be amongst the most effective numbers of the score.

It is said that Nilsson while on her way to San Francisco, realizing that the people of the interior could not hear her except in this way, freely sang wherever people assembled. While crossing the straits on the ferry the passengers gathered around the car, and she sang to them. She treated Sacramento in the same way. Rocklin was similarly favored, and the residents of Reno heard the famous lady. The employees of the road were welcomed to her car, and she sang to them willingly.

The violin owned and used by Beethoven was, it is said, given by him to his friend, Carl Holtz, whose widow sold it a few years since to an Englishman by the name of Kunwald, who now owns it. The violin is accompanied by documents which prove its genuineness, and by a portrait by Selb, inscribed in the great master's own handwriting. "A. M. von Holz de son ami Beethoven." The instrument has a B coarsely cut on the back, and the case is marked "Eliza Holz geborne Von Bogner."

C. C. BRIGGS, JR., of the firm of C. C. Briggs & Co., Piano Manufacturers of Boston, was recently married to Miss Lillie P. Gould daughter of Geo. N. Gould Esq., of Newtonville, Mass., at the residence of the bride's parents. A large company of friends was present. Previous to the ceremony many tokens of respect were given, and a valuable contribution was sent by the workmen of the Piano Factory. Prof. Edwin C. Woodman the eminent pianist of Boston was present, and enlivened the occasion with fine selections upon the piano. The couple started immediately upon their wedding tour south, stopping at Washington, D. C., and other cities.

WAGNER, the composer, as is well known, ran away with the wife of Hans von Buelow, the eminent pianist, with whom he was then on terms of intimate friendship. Von Buelow's wife and his two daughters now live with Wagner, as though legitimately the latter's wife and daughters. This singular arrangement does not seem to cause much difficulty or dissension in the respective families, and it is reported that Von Buelow's mother, who is very wealthy, has just made a will bequeathing 550,000 marks (about \$120,000) to each of the grand daughters whom Wagner has cared for.

A LONDON organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by a very ingenious excuse. He had been playing before the house of an frascible old gentleman, who furiously, and with wild gesticulations, ordered him to "move on." The organ-grinder stolidly ground on, and was arrested for his disturbance. At the trial the judge asked him why he did not leave when requested. "No spik Inglese," was the reply. "Well," said the judge, "but you must have understood his gestures, his motions." "I tinkee he come to dance," was the rejoinder, that caused the judge to laugh heartily, and let the musician go.—*Musical Herald*.

SELLIER, the famous tenor, before he was discovered, was in a bad plight one day. Finding no work in Paris, he went to Havre. There he met an old friend employed in the Transatlantic Company. Sellier asked for work. His friend suggested the position of undercook on board the Saint-Laurent. Sellier, who is a capital cook, asked for the place and got it. His pay was \$10 a week. But the tenor cook increased his funds by singing in the evening when his work was over, and passengers passed the hat around for him. Every cent he earned he sent to his mother. He has been in New York Bay sixteen times, and never set his foot on land. He says, "*Je connais mon Amérique*."

In the large drawing-room of Professor Joachim's official residence there is a recess separated from the rest of the apartment, of which the master of the house keeps the key, and which is entered by a few privileged intimates only. On entering the closet, which is enveloped in semi-darkness, the eye gradually recognizes the outline of a shrine-like structure of chaste Doric symmetry. In the top niche stands the colossal statue of Brahms, by Afinger, crowned with a fresh laurel wreath. A little below this are seen plaster casts of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, each on a separate pedestal. The portraits of Spohr, Paganini, and other famous violinists are hung round the room. On the base of the altar is painted a picture—a kind of "predella"—in the early Florentine manner, representing a scene from Dante's "Inferno." Amongst the "heretics" undergoing eternal punishment, the features of Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz are dimly discernible. Every morning at half-past eight the professor enters this sanctum, and soon the magic sounds of one of the movements of Brahms' violin concerto, played as only Joachim can play, fill the house. "It makes my fingers ache," Joachim confessed to me in a confidential moment; "but what is worship without sacrifice?"—*German Society Journal*.

We find the following item in three or four of our exchanges: "The Princess Louise, when recently staying in Richmond, Va., had a Knabe upright grand in her rooms at the hotel. Miss Harvey, her first maid of honor, is said to be an accomplished pianist, and used to play the piano very often.

Ramos & Moses, the agents for the Knabe Piano in Richmond, received the following letter before the departure of the Princess:

EXCHANGE HOTEL, RICHMOND, January 18, 1883.

Miss Harvey is desired by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise to thank Messrs. Ramos & Moses for the Knabe upright grand piano they sent for her to try.

It is a beautiful piano, and H. R. H. was much pleased with its tone and power."

Miss Harvey ought to inform the expectant American public whether when "they sent for her to try" the piano, the Princess Louise answered the summons forthwith. Miss Harvey may be "an accomplished pianist," but it looks very much as if she did not know how to frame an unambiguous English sentence. It may be further remarked, in reference to the publication of this note by Messrs. Ramos & Moses, that it is a breach of the common courtesies of civilized society. They sent to the Princess a piano, to use while she was at the hotel. She accepted, not wishing doubtless to hurt the gentlemen's feelings by a refusal, and having used it she courteously returns her thanks for the courtesy shown, and that is all there is of it. The publication of this private letter of thanks as a testimonial is unmannerly, and shows that the pretended courtesy of Ramos & Moses was nothing but an unworthy dodge to obtain from H. R. H. something that could be used as an advertisement. The Knabe piano is too good an instrument to need commendations thus obtained and the Messrs. Knabe are too much of gentlemen not to be the first to regret the course pursued by their Richmond agents in this instance.

STORY & CAMP
NO. 203 NORTH FIFTH STREET
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Pianos

To accommodate a large number of buyers we will, until further notice, sell new pianos on payments of \$10 to \$25 per month to suit purchaser. Our stock is carefully selected and contains latest improved pianos of all grades, from medium to the best, in all

Monthly

styles of Squares, Uprights, Cabinet Grands, Parlor Grands, and Concert Grands, from the factories of DECKER BROS., CHICKERING, HAINES, STORY & CAMP, MATHUSHEK, FISCHER AND OTHERS,

Payments

giving a variety to select from that can not be found in any other house in the country.
Every instrument warranted. Catalogues mailed on application.

STORY & CAMP,
NOS. 188 AND 190 STATE STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

SMITH AND JONES.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1883.

MR. EDITOR:—You may have thought it strange that Jones and I had not invaded your sanctuary for some weeks past. The reason was that we had quietly removed to New York, where we had determined to become wealthy by opening a piano and organ store. We thought that if we got away from bad associations and came to a city where the Sunday laws were rigidly enforced, we were sure to save money and grow wealthy. So Jones and I joined heads, hands and purses and came to this moral town. After some looking around, we found what we thought was a suitable location. We made arrangements with two or three manufacturers, which seemed satisfactory, and we flung our banner to the breeze: "Smith and Jones, Pianos and Organs." Our first customer was a drunken fellow who came in and said he wanted to "play on Smith and Jones"—and, when I asked him what he meant, said that Smith and Jones were advertised on our sign as pianos and organs and he wanted to play on them. I escorted the gentleman to the door and helped him out with my boot. Jones was out all this time, and I began to fear that another toper would come in and find me alone, when I saw a gentleman approaching, with a smile upon his countenance. "Mr. Smith, I believe!" said he. I smiled blandly and acknowledged the compliment, when he informed me that he was Mr. Colby of the *American Art Journal* and had come in to see the new addition to the New York music trade. He thought that with our western "push" we ought to teach the New Yorkers a thing or two. I modestly agreed (What else could I do?). Then he suggested that we ought to do some advertising, and that the *Art Journal* was the oldest and best of the trade papers. I thought I remembered reading something of the sort in your *Review* and I succumbed and signed a contract for two hundred dollars' worth of ads. As he was leaving, we were met at the door by a man who said to me: "Mr. Smith, I wish to say something to you!" Mr. Colby looked as if he would like to say something too, but as I thought the new man was a customer, I bowed to Mr. C. and went back with the newcomer. "Have you given an ad, to that 'lame Lemnian' of musical journalism?" he said. "Yes sir," said I. "Well, you're eternally sold. I represent the only real live music trade paper in the United States, *Music and Drama*, and the only way in which you can undo the evil you have just done, is to advertise in its columns!" "Ah!" said I. "Indeed," continued he, "it's your only salvation. I'm the editor's brother and if you'll advertise with us I'll see that you are taken care of. If you don't, we'll give you fits. We have a circulation of two hundred thousand, and run a Hoe press day and night with a heavy mortgage and by steam!" To make a long story short, I succumbed again and entered into another contract for three hundred dollars' worth of advertising. He left, but before he got to the door he was run into by another chap, who presently introduced himself as Herr von Blumenberg and said he represented the only musical paper published in New York if not in the world by musicians, of whom he was one, because his brother played the 'cello. The circulation at present was only fifty thousand copies weekly, but, as musicians were running the paper, it was bound to reach a circulation of at least a million in six months; hence the advantage of making a contract now for at least a year. I told him I'd just closed a contract with *Music and Drama*. He looked at me with pity and said: "Why, that fellow's a Jew, do you hear, a Sheeny, a Christ-killer!" I told him I knew some very respectable and honest Jews. "Not in New York!" he said. "A New York Jew is never honest!" But why lengthen the agony? He walked away with a contract for two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of advertising. I began to wish Jones was back, for I did not like to enter into so many obligations without his knowledge. I heard a footstep and thought he had returned; but no, a party, with specs, advanced and handed me his card. "Charles Avery Welles," etc. He spoke of his paper, of its immense circulation, of its fearlessness and all that, and was rattling away at a rapid rate, when I stopped him and asked him how many music trade papers there were in New York. "Only one," he replied, confidently, "that is the *Musical Critic and Trade Review*!" Then I told him of my contracts, and he said the others were all frauds, especially that Jew, Blumenberg. "Friend, you mean!" said I. "No," replied he, "Friend is bad enough a Jew, but Blumenberg is a worse one. I had the fellow with me, but he went off with that fellow Floarsheim, who thinks he's a composer because he jumbles up together a lot of augmented and diminished chords, and calls them music. They bought up the remains of a decayed corpse of a paper, and with a circulation of about fifty copies, they try to make a big splurge and do get some advertising, but I'll expose them sir—just read the *Free Lance*. Just then Jones appeared on the scene, and I turned Mr. Welles over to him and went to my lunch; therefore I shall have to let him tell the balance of the story.

MR. EDITOR:—Smith is too long-winded. Welles got me in for four hundred dollars. Then came Nickerson of the *Musical Trade Free Press*, and he struck me for two hundred more, one-half in advance, (You see, I did not know what Smith had done, and I knew people in business must advertise) and last came Daniels of the *Musical People*, who was ready to show me affidavits from his printers that his regular weekly edition was from five hundred to six hundred thousand copies—I have since learned it is about five hundred and fifty—and got me for another three hundred and some odd dollars.

When evening came, we footed up the results of the day's business, and it read about as follows:

Receipts.....	000 00
Expense: to advertising:	
American Art Journal.....	\$200 00
Music and Drama.....	300 00
Musical Courier.....	250 00
Musical Critic, etc.....	400 00
Free Press.....	200 00
Musical People.....	325 00
	\$1,675 00

The next day, four different parties came in and informed us there was "a long-felt want," "a crying need," etc., for a new trade paper, which wanted they were about to supply and wanted us to advertise or take stock or something. We concluded to wait awhile. The combined circulation of these papers runs up into the millions, but we have not seen a customer yet. We are getting tired; the February rent will soon be due, and we are thinking of returning to you and other evil associates of the olden times. It dawned upon us the other day that all these trade papers circulate among sellers and not among buyers, and that may explain the lack of results. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," and I return to a gold basis. Wish we knew on what basis to pay our rent next week!

Yours truly,
SMITH & JONES.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY,

700 Harrison Avenue, from Canton to Brooklyn Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

CHASE PIANO CO.

Manufacturers of

SQUARE, SQUARE GRAND, AND IMPERIAL UPRIGHT GRAND

PIANOS,

Every instrument Fully Warranted.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

NICHOLAS LEBRUN, SOLE IMPORTER

OF THE

CELEBRATED 'ROUGH DIAMOND'

ITALIAN STRINGS

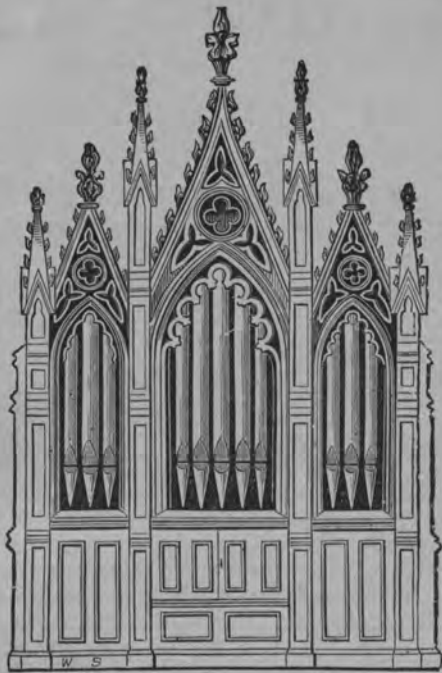
FOR VIOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, CELLO, AND DOUBLE BASS,

And of the "NE PLUS ULTRA" GERMAN ACCORDION.

Bands supplied and instruments repaired at lowest figures. Dealers supplied at New York figures. Sample orders solicited. Jean White's and Howe's entire catalogues in stock at publishers' prices. Largest and best stock west of the Mississippi. Tea assorted samples of "Rough Diamond" violin, guitar, or banjo strings mailed upon receipt of \$1.00

FIFTEEN YEARS OF SUCCESS.
NICHOLAS LEBRUN,
Manufacturer, Importer, and Jobber in
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
And Musical Merchandise,
207 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
TEN FIRST PREMIUMS.

Established in New York in 1851.



Established in St. Louis in 1873.

GEO. KILGEN,
MANUFACTURER OF

Church and Parlor Pipe Organs,

Office and Factory: 639 & 641 Summit Ave.,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Tuning and Repairing done at short notice. Drawings, Specifications and Prices furnished free on application.

**C. F. ZIMMERMANN'S
MUSIC HOUSE,**

238 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
—Makes a Specialty of All Kinds of—

Strings and Musical Merchandise

Generally, Concertinas, Accordions, Violins,
Guitars, Zithers, Etc., Etc.

I call special attention to my own manufacture of Drums, Banjos, Tambourines, Flutes, Fifes, and Brass Band Instruments. Proprietor of five patents and publisher of ZIMMERMANN'S SELF-INSTRUCTOR FOR CONCERTINA AND ACCORDION.

Every one should see ZIMMERMANN'S PATENT PIANO INSTRUCTOR, teaching this instrument by FIGURES—the greatest production of the age.

Send for circulars and learn the prices of my goods, which defy competition.

DEALERS will find it to their advantage to make my acquaintance.

JACOB CHRIST,

NO. 19 S. FIFTH STREET, Temple Building,

MERCHANT TAILOR

NEAR SOUTHERN HOTEL. ST. LOUIS, MO.

DRESS COATS AND EVENING SUITS A SPECIALTY

VITT HUSS,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Boots and Shoes,

203 SOUTH FIFTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

CATARRH

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business-men. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

HENRY KILGEN,

Church and Chapel Pipe Organ Builder, 1626 Pine St.

Church Pipe and Reed Parlor Organs tuned and repaired. On hand new Two Manuel Pipe Organ, 16 Stops, 27 Notes, in Pedal Gothic Walnut Case. Also 2 Stop Portable Pipe Organ, manufactured by Felgemaker, Erie, Pa. 17 Notes of Pedals for Sale Cheap.

Estimates and Drawings furnished on application.

THE LEADING PIANO OF AMERICA.



WAREHOUSES AND FACTORIES, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243 and 245 East 23d Street, New York.

TONY FAUST'S OYSTER HOUSE

Most popular place of resort in the city. Main entrance on Fifth St. Entrance to Ladies' Parlor on Elm St.



Northeast Corner Fifth and Elm Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. KNABE & CO.'S



PIANO FACTORY,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Grand, Square, and Upright Piano-Fortes.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an *unpurchased pre-eminence*, which establishes them as unequalled in **Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.** Every Piano fully Warranted for five years. Prices greatly reduced. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists promptly furnished on application.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

READ & THOMPSON, Wholesale and Retail Dealers for the KNABE PIANO,
208 & 210 N. FIFTH STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ITALY—1881.

AT THE GREAT

ITALIAN INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION,
MILAN, 1881,

MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS

WERE AWARDED THE

GRAND SILVER MEDAL,

being the **ONLY HIGHEST AWARD** in this Department, to any instruments of this class, European or American. The **MASON & HAMLIN CO.** value this extraordinary honor the more highly because it comes from a very musical country, where discrimination in regard to the merits of musical instruments may be supposed to be most accurate.

AT ALL THE GREAT
WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITIONS

For Fourteen Years these Organs have received the

HIGHEST HONORS,

Being the only American Organs which have received such at any.

IMPROVEMENTS. During the year just closed, this company have introduced improvements of greater value than in any similar period since the introduction of the American Organ by them, twenty years since.

ELEGANT STYLES are now received from their factories daily, surpassing in capacity and excellence anything which has before been produced, and certainly worthy to be ranked with the **VERY FINEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD.** They are in cases of solid **BLACK WALNUT, MAHOGANY, CHERRY, ASH, EBONIZED,** etc., and are at *net cash prices*, \$240, \$330, \$360, \$390, \$480, \$570, \$750, \$840 and \$900.

POPULAR STYLES, including, also, the most valuable of the recent improvements, and adapted to all uses, public and private, in plain and elegant cases, are at \$22, \$30, \$37, \$66, \$72, \$84, \$90, \$93, \$99, \$102, \$105 to \$200 and up.

EASY PAYMENTS. These organs are not only sold for cash, but also for easy payments, or will be rented until rent pays for an organ.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, just issued, fully describing and illustrating **MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED STYLES OF ORGANS,** with *net price lists* and circulars, will be sent free to any one desiring them. *Certainly no one should buy or rent any organ without having seen these circulars, which contain much useful information about organs.*

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.,

154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 46 E. 14th Street (Union Sq.), NEW YORK; 149 Wabash Av., CHICAGO.

CHICKERING & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES.

65,000

SOLD SINCE APRIL 1st, 1823.

The use of the Chickering Pianos by the greatest Pianists, Art Critics and Amateurs, has given to the Chickering Pianos an universal *prestige* and reputation far above all other Pianos manufactured in this country or Europe. The overwhelming verdict of the very highest art talent, including Dr. Franz Liszt, Gottschalk, Dr. Hans Von Bulow, Louis Plaidy, Stephen Heller, Carl Reinecke, Marmontel, Arabella Goddard, and hundreds of other masters of the art, places the Chickering Pianos of to-day at the head of the *entire list of Pianos made in the world.*

Illustrated Catalogues and price Lists mailed on application to

CHICKERING & SONS'

Cor. 18th Street and 5th Ave.

Chickering Hall New York, or

156 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

— THE —

EMERSON PIANO COMPANY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1849)

MORE THAN 25,000 MADE AND SOLD



Every PIANO Warranted for Seven Years.

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

SQUARE, UPRIGHT AND COTTAGE

PIANOS

Warerooms—595 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.