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KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. VII. MAY, 1884. No. 5.

DR. LOUIS MAAS.

DR. LOUIS MAAS, whose picture appears on this page, is a pianist of rare skill and a composer of no mean reputation. Dr. Maas spent the earlier years of his life in London and there acquired the fluent use of the English language, which distinguishes him from all the virtuosi which Germany has sent us. After having been one of the professors in the Leipzic Conservatory for several years, Dr. Maas came to this country and made Boston his home. Although quite a young man, since he is only in his thirty-third year, he has achieved an enviable reputation in the higher walks of musical composition. His "American Symphony" is a well written work and, we believe, the largest he has yet attempted. His piano compositions are numerous and of real excellence.

As a pianist, Dr. Maas belongs to the intellectual rather than the emotional school. We do not mean thereby that he is devoid of emotional expression, but that what impresses one in his playing is that he has a thorough understanding of the musical idea of the composition and proposes to render it as it is, letting it convey its own meaning, rather than emphasizing it in such a manner as to throw his own individual conceptions or fancies in the foreground. Socially, Dr. Maas is one of the most pleasant men we have ever met; for he has the modesty of true merit and the quiet dignity and suavity that distinguish the gentleman.

DR. LOUIS MAAS.

HOW SOVEREIGNS COMPOSE.

IN Mr. Joseph Bennett's life of Spohr, is found the following interesting anecdote:

"About this time, Spohr was much astonished at the announcement of a new cantata, words and music by his patron and master, the Duke of Gotha. He was required to put the piece in rehearsal and conduct its performance forthwith, which, being done, the Duke "received the congratulations and praises of the Court with a satisfied mien," and graciously complimented Spohr upon having entered so well into his ideas. The whole affair, as Spohr must have suspected and as he quickly discovered, was a fraud. In a confiding moment the principal agent let out the whole silly device, to our master's infinite amusement. This is how the German Duke "composed:" "The Duke read to his old music master seated at the piano a passage of the text, and explained his ideas respecting the style in which it should be set. * * * If the text was cheerful, a major key was chosen; if it was mournful, a minor key was selected. It happened one day that the Duke thought the major key too sprightly, and the minor too mournful; upon this he required poor Reinhard to select a key in 'halfminor.' When they had agreed upon this point, the melody suited to the text was next sought for, the Duke whistling every melody that came into his head, and leaving his master to choose the most suitable. * * * As Reinhard could not compose, or, at least, not arrange the instrumentation, the sketch of the Cantata was handed over to the *Kammermusicus*, Bachofen, to score. The latter as may readily be imagined, could make but little use of the materials given him, and was therefore obliged, as it were, to recompose the Cantata anew. Possessing considerable talent for composition, he accordingly put out of hand a piece of music such as could be listened to." No wonder the Duke was somewhat astonished that his "music sounded so well." But he held his tongue, as, no doubt, a good many royal and noble composers have with equal prudence done since."

BEETHOVEN'S HANDWRITING.

"An odd handwriting and a confusing style of writing were peculiar to him," says Ferdinand Hiller, of Beethoven, and whoever has seen his autograph, particularly that of the latter part of his life, will agree with Hiller. We learn from Seyfried that Beethoven himself laughed in later years at his odd characters, but excused them by saying: "Life is too short to allow one to make beautiful letters and notes." He certainly wrote a most unreadable score, so different from the extraordinarily neat and clean manuscript of Bach, or even of Haydn or Mozart. In 1821, when young Felix Mendelssohn at the age of twelve years, but much beyond his years in intelligence, was introduced by Zelter to Goethe at Weimar, and played some wonderful things at sight, amongst them a manuscript of Mozart, Goethe exclaimed; "That is nothing, anyone can read that, but now I will give you something that will puzzle you. Take care!"

Speaking in this joking way, Goethe fetched another manuscript and set it before Mendelssohn. This one looked certainly most strange. It was almost impossible to know whether it was composed of notes or straight lines sprinkled with ink blotted in innumerable places. Felix laughed outright. "What writing! how is one to read it?" he exclaimed. Suddenly he became serious, for as Goethe was asking him to guess whose writing it was, Zelter called out, "Beethoven wrote that, one can see that a mile off. It always looks as if he wrote with a broom-stick."

This remark was quite in Zelter's usual style, but suited admirably to Beethoven's handwriting, for we know through Dr. v. Breuning that he always used a carpenter's pencil to note down his ideas, as he only broke finer pencils in pointing them. Dr. Castelli speaks of Beethoven's dreadful writing in a few verses, which will not be out of place here:

[illegible]
[illegible]
And of the light they [illegible],
At school they seemed to give me promise.

By no means then was Goethe's hand
[illegible],
No living man could comprehend
Beethoven's [illegible].

I write a hand both neat and clear
[illegible],
But, I shall [illegible], I fear,
Like those so well and [illegible].

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., - - EDITOR.

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THE "Wagner Festivals" which are being given in our principal cities under the conductorship of Theodore Thomas are interesting occasions and well deserve all the patronage they will get. In one sense, however, they will be fair neither to Wagner nor to the opponents of his system. Wagner, when alive, always insisted upon having his music given only in connection with all its accessories of scenery and dramatic action. He also claimed that each of his operas, or at least each act of his operas, was a continuous work which could and should be judged in its entirety or not at all. It is for these entireties that he claimed special merit, it is to these entireties that his opponents denied it. Wagner's greatest detractors have granted the transcendent beauty of many of his numbers and it is these very numbers that are selected for these concerts—and not the "infinite melos" or endless recitative and interweaving of principal and secondary *Leitmotive* that largely constitute the Wagnerian style. The selections to be given, in other words, will be a source of enjoyment to all music lovers, they will not be a complete and hence not a fair representation of Wagner's style.

WHAT has become of the old-time singing school, that, in its humble way and because it was humble, did so much for the cause of elementary education in vocal music? The introduction of choirs into churches, with its resultant destruction of congregational singing, and that of pianos and cheap organs with their concomitant "professors" of music, into the families of even the working classes, have thrown vocal music into the background of popular favor, as compared with instrumental music. Then, in not a few cases, the singing school has developed (in the same way that, in protracted inclement weather, wheat "develops" into cheese,) into the "musical convention" or "musical normal" with all its attendant evils. There ought to be, and we believe there will be, a revival of the old institution. The wind of popular favor is again blowing to congregational singing, piano and organ players, of the ordinary calibre, have become so numerous as to be more "common" than even ordinary singers, so that singing is at least as "aristocratic," *i. e.*, as attractive for common people as instrumental music. There is more money, we believe, in singing schools well organized and honestly conducted than in any other form of music teaching—at least for ordinary teachers—and then there is honest work with results that are substantial if not pretentious, useful if not showy; and this should commend it to those teachers of music who have at heart the good of the cause of musical education.

MUSIC IN YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOLS.

BOARDING-SCHOOL FRENCH has for years been a by-word and, with the very general advancement of the people in musical knowledge and understanding, *Boarding-School Music* is likely to become another. We speak from personal knowledge and observation when we say that a surprisingly large number of the young ladies who "graduate in music" every year from our ladies' seminaries, female colleges, etc., do not know the rudiments of music—their knowledge being limited to the mechanical thumping of a few pieces upon the long-suffering piano, or the equally mechanical singing of a few pretentious operatic arias. Who is to blame for this? Primarily the managers of these institutions, next the parents, then the teachers, and lastly, the girls themselves.

In how many ladies' schools is music made a part of the regular curriculum? If in any, we should like to know it and we shall take pleasure in advertising the fact. The rule (and we repeat it, if it has exceptions we are not aware of them,) is that music is made an elective study and usually an "extra." Not to mince matters, music is usually made the means of playing a little "gouge game" upon the parents' purses. It is well understood that by far the larger number of pupils will sooner or later take music lessons of some sort, and while tuition in other branches is *charged for* as a whole, music is charged *for* separately, thus making the ordinary tuition fees much less in appearance than they are in reality. The music department, thus reduced to a sort of side-show, is expected not only to be self-supporting, but to be a source of considerable income. The result is that while the other departments of the school may be managed with considerable thoroughness, the main, if not the sole, consideration, so far as the department of music is concerned, is what income it can be made to produce. At the outset, therefore, the endeavor is to get teachers as cheaply as possible, and the result not unfrequently is that cheap, *i. e.*, incompetent teachers are obtained. Competent or incompetent, the teacher is given to understand that his first, if not his sole aim, must be to get as numerous a class as possible, in order that the income from his work may be as large as practicable. The music teacher's first duty is thus made to be popularity with pupils. Hence, the teacher is compelled to teach largely as and what the pupil wishes; discipline is, with many, out of the question, and thorough method can seldom exist. He knows that the pupil and her parents expect her to learn pieces, and pieces it is that he drums into this and that pupil. "Those hateful scales" are discarded, simply because they are "hateful" to the capricious or lazy maiden; the young lady follows her own sweet will and, in due course of time, "graduates in music," hardly knowing one scale from another, expert only in the constant use of what, in her innocence, she calls the "loud pedal."

This is all wrong, and degrading alike to schools, teachers and pupils. Music is now really a part of every young lady's education. It should have a place in the regular curriculum of young ladies' schools, so that the same control could be had of the pupil in this as in other branches. It should be understood that music is a serious study—not merely an accomplishment—and it should be treated as a serious study, and the course and progress of the pupil should be left as entirely in the hands of the teacher as are languages and mathematics. The necessary additional cost of tuition should be frankly and honestly added to the cost of the general tuition and made part of it, whether it be much or little. This is a reform which sooner or later will be demanded, and we believe that those institutions which lead in the movement will be pecuniarily gainers by the process almost from the beginning, for the results obtained by a thorough and regular course of teaching will be such as to commend the school even to those who are not competent to judge of any theory or philosophy of instruction.

We do not mean that the teaching of music in young ladies' schools is always conducted as we have stated; we know that some of these institutions, in spite of the pernicious system we have described—either because they have teachers who will not compromise with their own sense of duty to please managers, parents or pupils, or because they are fortunate enough to have principals who will support the music teacher in the discharge of his duty—do bring out pupils in music who are truly meritorious—but that is the exception—the rule is, as we said at the start, that boarding-school music is about on a par with boarding-school French—musicians can no more understand the former than Frenchmen the latter. Who will lead in the reform?

VERY recently we heard a certain pianist play one of Tausig's best concert pieces in a way which would have been amusing if it had not been distressing. The next morning, a paper of wide circulation and corresponding influence, contained an account of the pianist's performance, commended it highly, but regretted that the selection should have been so ill-suited to concert use. The name of the composition alone ought to have saved the reporter from falling into such a blunder, and his statement, of course, established his ignorance, but yet his impression was that of the large majority of those who heard the performance, and might well have been our own had we not known the composition and its great effectiveness when properly played. More than one moral could be drawn from this incident, but what struck us most forcibly at the time was the fact that a composer's work is but half secure when it is finished; for, if he chance to have as interpreter one who disfigures his work, the unfavorable impression produced is likely to be attributed to the work when it should be ascribed to the performer. If a composition of established reputation can be made distasteful to an entire audience by an unsatisfactory rendering, what would it be if the work were being presented for the first time? A funeral, without a hope of resurrection.

WE hear a great deal about "the underpaid profession of music teaching" that, we think, is simply nonsense. There are undoubtedly cases of able teachers who fail to reap the proper reward for their services, but this is the *rare exception* and not the rule. Statistics show that the average salary of clergymen is less than three hundred dollars a year; physicians and lawyers seldom amass wealth, and often grow gray in the harness before they are able to earn a decent living for themselves and their families; and college professors of national and even international reputation, toil early and late, from year's end to year's end, on a yearly salary of from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars. These are facts, not guesses. Where is the music teacher of equal ability who cannot, and with sobriety and ordinary management does not earn more money than any of these people? The underpayment of music teachers as a class is all imagination; there are more who are overpaid than the reverse. Instead of discussing how they may make more money out of their profession, music teachers should discuss how they can give value for the money they get. This is not flattery and may not please many, but it is the truth.

FISHING.

One morning, when Spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I, in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She, with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I, with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She, with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And, when the time of departure came,
The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty pounder. —Ex.

THE RAVEN'S REQUIEM.

I.

My uncle Zacharias was the oddest genius I have ever met. Imagine a little man, thick, short, fleshy, with a prominent paunch and a blooming nose, and you have my uncle Zacharias' picture. The good man was as bald as a billiard ball, and usually wore large, round goggles, and a little black silk cap, that covered little more than the crown of his head and the nape of his neck.

My dear uncle was fond of a joke; he was also fond of stuffed turkey, *pâté de foie gras*, and old Johannisberg; but what he was fondest of was music. Zacharias Müller had been born a musician by the grace of God, just as others are born Frenchmen or Russians; he played upon all sorts of instruments with marvelous skill. No one, seeing his look of innocent good-nature, would have imagined that so much gayety, snap and dash could have animated such a fellow. God made the nightingale greedy, inquisitive and a singer; my uncle was a nightingale.

He was invited to all the weddings, *fêtes*, christenings and burials. If any one said to him, "Master Zacharias, we must have a *Hopser* [a dance], an *Hallelujah*, a Requiem for such and such a day!" he would simply answer: "You shall have it." Then he set to work, whistled at his desk, smoked pipes, and while he poured the notes like rain upon his paper, kept time with his left foot.

Uncle Zacharias and I lived in an old house on Minnesinger street, Bingen; he occupied the ground floor, a veritable *bric-a-brac* store, full of old furniture and musical instruments; as for me, I slept in the chamber up stairs, and all the other rooms remained unoccupied. Just opposite our house dwelt Dr. Häselnoss, who, next to my uncle, was the queerest personage in the town. His old maid-servant boasted that she had but one washing every six months, and I am disposed to believe her, for the Doctor's shirts were spotted with yellow, which proved the quantity of linen that was shut up in his clothes-presses. But the most striking peculiarity of Dr. Häselnoss' disposition was that no dog nor cat that ever crossed his threshold was ever seen again. Public rumor even accused him of carrying in his pockets a piece of bacon, in order to attract the poor brutes, and hence, when he went out mornings to see his patients and he passed my uncle's house with short but rapid strides, I could not help gazing with a vague terror at his large coat-tails floating right and left.

Such are the most vivid impressions of my childhood; but what charms me most in those reminiscences of the past, that which above all recurs to my mind, when I think of that little town of Bingen, is Hans, the raven, flying hither and thither in the streets, plundering the butchers' stalls, seizing all papers on the wing, entering into all the houses, and whom everybody admired, petted and called "Hans" here and "Hans" there.

He was a strange bird indeed; one day he had arrived in town with a broken wing; Doctor Häselnoss had set it for him and everybody had adopted him. One gave him meat, another, cheese. Hans belonged to everybody and was under the protection of the public faith.

Uncle Zacharias could not bear Hans; he called the inhabitants of Bingen fools, for liking such an ugly fowl; and that man, who was usually so calm and mild, got quite beside himself when, by chance, his eyes fell upon the raven, flying before our windows.

Now, one fine October evening, uncle Zacharias seemed even jollier than usual; he had not seen Hans the whole day. Leaning back in his large arm-chair, he was tranquilly smoking his pipe and I was looking at him and wondering what made him smile to himself, for his good-natured face shone with unspeakable satisfaction.

"Dear Toby," he said at last, as he puffed toward the ceiling a long spiral of smoke, "you cannot imagine what sweet quiet I experience just now. I have not for many years felt in better mood to undertake a great work, a work in the style of Haydn's 'Creation.' Heaven seems to open before me; I hear the angels and seraphim strike up their heavenly hymn; I could note down all its parts. Oh, what a beautiful composition, Toby! If you could hear the bass of the twelve apostles, it is magnificent, magnificent! The soprano of Raphael pierces the clouds; it seems like the trumpet of the judgment day; the little angels beat their wings and laugh, while the sainted women weep harmoniously. Hush! Now comes the *Veni Creator*, the colossal bass is advancing; the earth totters, God is about to appear!" And Master Zacharias bowed his head; he seemed to listen with all his soul; his eyes were filled with tears.

"Well done, Raphael, well done!" he whispered. But, just as he was thus going into an ecstacy, as his face, his glance, his attitude expressed a celestial ravishment, Hans fluttered against our window, uttering a frightful croak. I saw Uncle Zacharias grow pale. He looked toward the window in a bewildered way, wild-eyed, open-mouthed, his hand extended in an attitude of terror.

The raven had perched upon the cross-piece of the window. I do not think I have ever seen a more mocking physiognomy; his long beak was slightly turned to one side and his eye shone like a bead. He uttered a second, ironical *crôa*, and began to smooth his feathers. My uncle did not speak a word, he was as one petrified.

Hans at last flew away, and Master Zacharias, turning to me, looked at me for a few seconds.

"Did you recognize him?" he asked at last.

"Whom?"

"The devil!"

"The devil—you are joking!"

But uncle Zacharias did not condescend to reply, and fell into a brown study.

From that day on, Master Zacharias lost all his good humor. He tried at first to write his great symphony of the *Seraphim*, but not meeting with success, he became very melancholy; he would stretch himself out in his arm-chair with his eyes upon the ceiling, dreaming of celestial harmonies. When I called his attention to the fact that we were out of money and that it would not be a bad idea for him to write a waltz, a *hopser*, or anything else that might furnish us funds, he would say: "A waltz, a *hopser*! what does that amount to? If you spoke of my great symphony, there would be some sense in it, but a waltz! Toby, you're getting crazy; you do not know what you're talking about." Then he would continue, in a calmer mood: "Toby, believe me, as soon as I shall have finished my great work, we shall be able to fold our arms and rest. It is the alpha and the omega of musical composition. Our reputation shall be made! I should have completed this masterpiece long ago, but for one thing—that raven!"

"The raven! Why, dear uncle, how can the raven prevent your writing? Is he not a bird like any other?"

"A bird like others!" repeated my uncle indignantly. "Toby, I see you are conspiring with my enemies! And yet, what have I not done for you? Have I not raised you like my own child! Have I not taken the place of both your father and mother? Have I not taught you to play the clarionet? Ah, Toby, Toby, it is very wrong!"

He said this so earnestly that I at last came to believe it; and in my heart cursed the bird that disturbed my uncle's inspiration. "But for him," I said to myself, "our fortune would be made," and I began to query whether, indeed, the raven might not be the devil in person.

Sometimes Uncle Zacharias tried to write, but, through a curious and almost incredible fatality, Hans always appeared or his hoarse *crôa* was heard just at the critical moment. Then the poor man would throw away his pen in despair, and if he had had hair he would have pulled it out by the handful, such was his exasperation. It came to this pass that Master Zacharias borrowed the baker Kasper's gun, an old rusty blunderbuss, and stood watch behind the door in order to ambush the accursed fowl. But Hans, cunning as the devil, did not put in an appearance, and as soon as my uncle, shivering with cold (for it was mid-winter), came in to warm his hands, Hans was heard croaking in front of the house. Master Zacharias would hasten into the street—Hans had just disappeared!

It was a real comedy. It got to be the town talk. My schoolmates made fun of my uncle, and thus compelled me to engage in more than one fight on the commons. I defended him to the utmost, and every evening I came home with a black eye or a bruised nose. Then he would look at me with emotion and say: "Dear child, take courage; you will not be much longer compelled to take so much trouble!" And then he would begin to describe to me the work he was meditating. It was really superb; everything was in order. First, the overture of the apostles, then the chorus of the seraphim, in B flat; then the *Veni Creator* rolling forth in the midst of thunders and lightnings! "But," added my uncle, "the raven must die. The raven causes all the trouble. You see, Toby, but for the raven, my symphony would have been finished long ago, and we could live upon our income!"

II.

One evening, at dusk, as I was returning from the commons, I met Hans. It had snowed, the moon shone above the roofs, and a vague dread crept into my heart at the sight of the raven. As I reached the door of our house, I was quite astonished to find it open. Flickering lights, like gleams from a dying fire, were playing upon the window-panes. I entered, I called; no answer. But imagine my surprise, when, in the dim fire-light, I saw my uncle with blue nose and purple ears, stretched out in his arm-chair, our neighbor's old gun between his legs, and his shoes covered with snow. The poor man had been out hunting the raven.

"Uncle Zacharias," I cried, "are you asleep?" He partially opened his eyes, and sleepily looking at me, he said: "Toby, I aimed at him more than twenty times, but each time, just as I was about to pull the trigger, he disappeared like a shadow!"

Having said these words, he relapsed into a deep torpor. No matter how hard I shook him, he did not stir. Then, thoroughly frightened, I ran for Dr. Häselnoss.

"Good evening, Master Zacharias," said the Doctor as he blew out his lantern, "how are you. It seems that we have a slight cold in the head."

At the sound of his voice, uncle Zacharias seemed to awake.

"Doctor," said he, "I'll tell you the whole thing from the beginning."

"That is unnecessary" replied Häselnoss, taking a seat in front of him, "I understand that better than you do—I know both the principle and the consequences, the cause and its effects. You detest Hans and Hans detests you; you pursue him with a gun, and Hans perches upon your window to tease you. It is the simplest thing in the world; the raven does not like the nightingale's song and the nightingale cannot bear the raven's croak."

Thus spoke Häselnoss as he took a pinch of snuff from his little snuff-box; then he crossed his legs, shook the ruffles of his shirt-bosom and smiled as he gazed steadily at Master Zacharias, out of his cunning little eyes.

My uncle was astounded.

"Listen, continued Häselnoss, "that ought not to surprise you; we see similar facts every day. Sympathies and antipathies govern this poor world of ours. You enter a tavern, you see two men at a table playing, and, without knowing either of them, you immediately take sides with one of them. What reason have you to prefer one to the other? None! On this, metaphysicians build endless theories, instead of just saying: This is a cat, and that is a mouse. As for me, I take the part of the mouse, because we belong to the same family; because, before being Häselnoss, Doctor of medicine, I was a rat, a squirrel or a mouse, and, in consequence—"

But he did not finish this sentence, for, at that instant, my uncle's cat chancing to pass near him, the Doctor grabbed it by the neck and caused it to disappear within his capacious pocket, with lightning rapidity. Uncle Zacharias and I looked at each other quite astounded.

"What do you mean to do with my cat?" asked my uncle, at last.

Häselnoss, instead of answering, smiled constrainedly and stammered: "Master Zacharias, I want to cure you!"

"First, give me back my cat!"

"If you compel me to give you back that cat," said Häselnoss, "I shall abandon you to your sad fate; you will no longer have one minute's rest, you will not be able to write another note and you will grow thinner from day to day."

"But, in the name of heaven," retorted my uncle, "what has that poor animal done to you?"

"What he has done to me?" answered the Doctor, whose features contracted. "Learn that we are at war since the beginning of the world! Learn that this cat gathers within himself the quintessence of a thistle that choked me when I was a violet, of a cypress that shaded me when I was a bush, of a pike that ate me up when I was a carp, and of a hawk that devoured me when I was a mouse."

I thought that Häselnoss was becoming insane; but uncle Zacharias, closing his eyes, answered, after a long silence: "I understand you, Doctor Häselnoss, I understand you; you might not be altogether wrong! Cure me and I give you my cat!"

The Doctor's eyes glittered. "That's right," he cried, "now, I am going to cure you."

He took from his case a penknife, and from the fire-place a piece of wood, which he split dexterously. Then he hollowed it out, and then he cut from his pocket-book a very thin strip of parchment, and having carefully adjusted it between the two blades of wood, he applied it to his lips, smiling.

My uncle's face lighted up. "Doctor Häselnoss," he cried, "you are a rare man, a truly superior man, a man of—"

"I know it," interrupted Häselnoss, "I know it, but put out the light, and do not let a single coal gleam in the darkness!"

And while I was executing his order, he opened the window wide. The night was very cold. Above the roofs appeared the moon, calm and clear. The bright glitter of the moon, and the darkness of the room formed a strong contrast. I could see the forms of Häselnoss and my uncle like dark shadows set in the window frame; a thousand confused impressions agitated me. Uncle Zacharias sneezed, Häselnoss' hand was extended with impatience to order him to keep still, then the silence became absolute.

All at once a sharp whistle rang out upon the night air. "Pee-weet, pee-weet!" After this cry everything relapsed into silence. I could hear my heart beating a tattoo. After an instant the same whistle was again heard: "Pee-weet, pee-weet!" Then I discovered that it was the Doctor who made the noise with his bird-call. This somewhat quieted my fears, and I noticed the least details of everything that passed about me.

Uncle Zacharias, stooping, was looking at the moon, Doctor Häselnoss was standing motionless, one hand upon the window, the other holding his whistle.

At least two or three minutes elapsed in this way, then suddenly the rustle of a bird's wings was heard in the air.

"Oh!" murmured my uncle.

"Hush!" said Häselnoss, and the "pee-weet" was repeated several times with strange and rapid modulations. Twice the bird grazed the window with his swift, uncertain flight. Uncle Zacharias made a motion to take his gun, but Häselnoss grasped him by the wrist saying: "Are you crazy?" Then uncle controlled himself, and the Doctor continued his calls, imitating with so much art the cry of a sparrow caught in a snare that Hans, fluttering right and left, at last entered the room, attracted probably by an odd curiosity that troubled his brain. I heard his two feet fall heavily upon the floor. Uncle Zacharias uttered a cry and pounced upon the bird, but it escaped from his hands.

"Awkward fellow!" exclaimed Häselnoss as he closed the window.

It was time, Hans was flying in the neighborhood of the ceiling. After having flown around the room five or six times, he struck against a pane so violently that he fell, partially stunned, along the window, trying to hold with his talons to the window-frame. Häselnoss then quickly struck a light and I saw poor Hans in the hands of my uncle, who was squeezing his neck with frantic enthusiasm, saying: "Ha! ha! ha! I've got you; at last, I hold you!" Häselnoss accompanied him with loud laughter: "He-he-he! Master Zacharias, you are satisfied now, you are satisfied!"

I have never seen a more frightful scene. My uncle's face was crimson. The poor raven stretched out his legs, beat his wings like a gigantic moth and the chill of death ruffled his feathers. This sight horrified me, and I ran and hid in the farthest corner of the room.

The first moment of indignation over, Uncle Zacharias became himself again: "Toby," he cried "the devil has been called to account, I forgive him. Now, hold that fellow Hans where I can look at him! Ah, I feel I am getting a new lease of life. Now, silence, listen!"

And Master Zacharias, with inspired brow, sat gravely down at the piano. I was in front of him and held the raven by the beak; behind, Häselnoss held up the candle, and no more bizarre picture was ever seen than these three figures: Hans, Uncle Zacharias and Häselnoss beneath the high and worm-eaten beams of the ceiling. I can see them yet, lit up by the flickering light, as also our old furniture whose shadows wavered against the unplastered walls.

With the very first chords, my uncle seemed to be transformed. His large eyes beamed with enthusiasm; he was not playing before us but in a cathedral, before an immense audience, for God Himself! What a sublime song, by turns sombre, pathetic, poignant and resigned; then all at once, in the midst of sobs, hope outspreading its wings of gold and azure. Heavens! is it possible to imagine such great things!

It was a *Requiem*, and for an hour inspiration did not forsake my uncle Zacharias.

Häselnoss had ceased laughing. Little by little his mocking face had assumed and undefinable expression. I thought his tender emotions were aroused; but soon I saw him fidget, double up his fist, and I noticed that something was struggling in his coat tails. When my uncle, wearied by so many emotions, rested his forehead against the edge of the piano, the Doctor took out of his pocket the cat, which he had strangled.

"He! he! he!" he said, "good-night, Master Zacharias, good-night. We each have our game, he! he! he! You have written a *Requiem* for the raven, Hans, now compose an *Hallelujah* for your cat.—Good-night!"

My uncle was so worn out, that he merely nodded to the Doctor and motioned me to see him out.

Now, that very night, the Grand Duke Yeri-Peter, the second of the name, died, and just as Häselnoss crossed the street I heard the bells of the cathedral slowly begin to toll. As I re-entered the room I saw Uncle Zacharias standing.

"Toby," he said, gravely, "go to bed, my child, go to bed. I must write it all down to-night, for fear I should forget." I hastened to obey, and never slept better.

On the morrow, about nine o'clock, I was awakened by a great tumult. The whole city was agog and nothing was talked of save the death of the Grand Duke. Master Zacharias was summoned to the ducal mansion and received an order for the *Requiem* of Yeri-Peter II, a work which secured him the position of *Capellmeister* which he had so long coveted. This *Requiem* was none other than that of Hans, and Uncle Zacharias, who had become an important personage since he had five hundred thalers a year to spend, often whispered in my ear:

"Hey, nephew, if they knew it was for the raven that my famous *Requiem* was written, we might still have to play the clarinet for the village balls. Ha, ha, ha!" and my fat uncle shook all over as he chuckled at the idea.

Such is life here below.

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ANTON DVORAK.

NOW that Wagner is dead, writes Joseph Bennett in *The Musical Times* of London, no more interesting figure than Dvorak remains for the contemplation of music-lovers, while the Bohemian's claims to attention rest upon a basis so different from those of the German as to stand quite apart. Some words about the man and his pretensions will not, at the moment, be thought inopportune.

Dvorak has passed through the best training which the professor of such an art as music can possibly have. A composer, if he be a composer indeed, speaks from his experience of life, and the more intense and varied that experience the more he has to tell us of a sort worth hearing. Fitting it is, no doubt, that there should be Mendelssohns in the ranks of our art—those on whose path the sun has never ceased to shine, and who reflect their own brightness and cheerfulness upon the page across which their pen travels. Yet even these favored ones touch us most profoundly when, by some rare chance, they are cast of the depths. Witness the Quartette in F minor of him who was truly named Felix. Plunged in grief for the loss of his favorite sister, and with some presentiment, it may be, of his own approaching dissolution, Mendelssohn wrote a work which will ever endure as a recognized expression of poignant sorrow. But it is best for music when some divinely gifted singer, like Beethoven, or Schubert, or Schumann, lives a life of heavy burdens, sore discouragements, and weary trials. This is the true school for one who has to speak from heart to heart, and, from the fulness of his own experience, to touch the chords of feeling in others. And this is the adversity which, "like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." Through such a school Dvorak has passed, so long looking into the face of adversity that few know its lineaments better than he.

What reasonable prospect of musical eminence had this son of a struggling Bohemian innkeeper? There seemed to be nothing before him but the life of a rustic fiddler, who plays for the amusement of dancing peasants. He discharged this lowly function as a necessary part of business, for the Bohemian of the humbler orders is given to energetic terpsichorean exercises. Every Sunday afternoon, "in the season of the year," as the old poaching song has it, the Czechish youths and maidens resort to the dance; mostly favoring the national forms of that art, though the progress of what we call culture is, in Bohemia as elsewhere, reducing manners and customs of every kind to the dead level of an European uniformity. Young Dvorak helped his father to supply music for the frequenters of the village inn, and thus spent impressionable years in close association with much that was distinctive of his people. The influence of these early surroundings may be traced on the pages of nearly every work he has written. When he approached serious artistic labor he did so steeped to the lips in folk-music. He had lived his life upon the wild yet strangely fascinating dance forms represented, in a glorified way, by the "Furiant" of his symphony, and upon characteristic popular melodies, such as those that charm in his Moravian and Gipsy song. A Bohemian musician he was, and a Bohemian musician he remains, chiefly as the result of strong devotion to his country, and love for whatever is an element in her distinctive life. Composers are rarely men of this stamp. They early learn the advantages of cosmopolitanism, and hasten to speak the conventional language of civilization, thus losing touch of the people to which they belong, and deriving no benefit from the vitality and power of popular art. Circumstances prevented Dvorak from making such a mistake; to the aid of circumstances came patriotic feeling, and now we recognize him as speaking with the freshness and force of those who draw their inspiration directly from nature. In this there is true cause for congratulation. All art needs to obtain strength by contact with the source whence its vigorous, original elements come, and, perhaps, the art of music most of all, because it is most easily weakened and conventionalized in the process of culture. Not only so, but its origin is essentially popular; while, owing to intimate connection with human feeling as acted upon by the diverse conditions of life, its manifestations are wonderfully varied. When, therefore, a composer emerges from the mass of a people endowed largely with an individual musical expression, intelligent men recognize a "God-send," bringing not only force and fancy, but new resources and fresh forms of utterance. It would be a serious thing for music were such results not forthcoming from time to time. The art, like some florists' flowers, would suffer from an excess of culture, and, losing its natural charm, descend to the level of a curiosity. Do we not see this very process going on in Germany at the present day? May we not recognize its outcome in the exaggerated and sensational developments which are taking the place of classic beauty and grace? It was only in the decadence of Greek art that sculptors began to tint their statues and degrade the ideal into a semblance of realism. Having all these things before me, I cannot but rejoice over the appearance in the musical arena of new and, comparatively speaking, virgin nationalities. There is hope in them. They are like the untouched soil of the prairies; sometimes a little rough and rank, but needing only to be "tickled with a hoe" in order to "laugh with a harvest." Especially does hope attend the advent of the great Sclavonic race—one which nobody can accuse of being played out either in politics, literature, or art. A people of deep sentiment and keen feeling, with an individual way of looking at life, and inheriting musical traditions of a definite and distinctive character, they seem to be the possessors of the future.

When Dvorak emerging from his lowly village life, went to Prague to pick up what he could of musical education, circumstances were still kindly adverse. In other words, he had, for the most part, to educate himself, and this he did by studying the scores of the great German masters in order to wrest from them the secret of their technical excellence and perfection of form. His works show with what assiduity this labor was carried on; also, how successfully he managed to keep alive his own spirit while pondering the "letter" of others. If Dvorak occasionally suggests to us Beethoven, it is only by some resemblance of structure or detail of form. The inner life of his music remains quite distinct, not to be confounded with anything else. We owe this, perhaps, to an isolation which left

him to follow his natural bent undisturbed. Poor and unfriended, he dwelt alone, poring over his scores in the intervals of musical drudgery so scantily remunerated that it is a marvel how he kept body and soul together. This was hard training, but, we repeat, it was healthy. "Every man," says an ingenious writer, "has two educations—that which is given to him and that which he gives himself. Of the two kinds the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself. It is this that constitutes our real and best nourishment. What we are merely taught, seldom nourishes the mind like that which we teach ourselves." All experience and observation of life go to prove this, and we need not, therefore, pity the years of Dvorak's poverty and hardships. They disciplined him; they drove him back upon himself with a lesson of self-reliance, and a mission to find in his own resources the materials with which to build up a distinguished life. Many men would have despaired, given up the struggle, and never redeemed their names from obscurity. But such men are they in whom the unquenchable spirit of genius does not dwell. Like Schubert under similar conditions, Dvorak was bound to live out his musical life. An essential and absolute dependence upon circumstances could never shape itself into an idea in the mind of either of these composers. Their way was dark, and their career, to all seeming, without prospect, but they had no thought of sitting down and waiting for light. They worked on, guided by the sure instinct that sees farther than the eye of sense, and better than the vision of imagination.

During this disciplinary period of Dvorak's career he composed music incessantly. There was not the smallest hope of hearing his works performed. At first so great was his poverty that he could not even furnish his lodging with a pianoforte; so complete his isolation that nothing but the humblest musical tasks afforded him the means of earning a scanty living. Thus the composer existed, with no more than slow change for the better till 1878, when, driven to seek a grant from funds devoted to the help of poor artists, his music came as a revelation to Ambros, Herbeck, and Brahms, and, through them, to an astonished public. It may be that Dvorak is himself partly responsible for the hard fate which pursued him till he had reached middle life. Had he been merely a musician, with no thought or feeling outside his art, he would probably have drifted away into some German town and been absorbed into the huge mass of Teutonic musicianship. But, sprung from the Bohemian people, brought up amongst them, and remaining of them heart and soul, he acted the part of a good Czech, stayed at home and joined in the struggle of Sclav against German always raging in Prague, and destined, sooner or later, to wrap Eastern Europe in flames. "The march of empire is forever westward." So it assuredly has been from the beginning of history, and there are no evidences of cessation. At all points along the line where Sclav and Teuton meet there is friction, but who can wonder if the Bohemians, in the very capital of their country, chafe under the supremacy of the rival race. Even Austrian Germans, with the politeness to which their northern cousins are strangers, cannot conciliate the offended Czechs. To be a good Czech is to be a good hater of the Germans. Dvorak is a good Czech. This fact explains much that would otherwise be obscure. In presence of it we cease to wonder that the master was first known through the medium of national music—through Sclavonian rhapsodies, dances, songs, and operettas written in the native tongue for a Bohemian theatre. The musical public are, of course, concerned with this only so far as it confirmed the national tendencies of Dvorak's art, and kept him from falling into the stream of German music-making. It is certain, however, that he had a narrow escape. At one time even our ardent Czech caught the infection arising from the most aggressive and characteristic development of Teutonic art. That is to say, he was almost persuaded to adopt the faith and practice of Wagnerism. There can be no question about this curious fact. I have it out of his own mouth. Happily Dvorak paused in time, as was to be expected from the rude and vigorous nature of his training. *Apropos*, let me quote here some remarkably pregnant observations of Goethe, upon which I casually lighted the other day: "It is our ambiguous, dissipating education," says the Sage of Weimar, "that makes men uncertain; it awakens wishes when it should be animating tendencies; instead of forwarding our real capacities, it turns our efforts towards objects which are frequently discordant with the mind that aims at them. I augur better of a child or youth who is wandering astray in a path of his own, than of many who are walking aright upon paths which are not theirs. If the former, either by themselves or by the guidance of others, ever find the right path which suits their nature, they will never leave it; while the latter are in danger every moment of shaking off a foreign yoke and abandoning themselves to unrestricted license." The application of these keenly discriminative words to the case of Dvorak is not difficult. He certainly had no "ambiguous, dissipating, education," but one which, guided by natural promptings, animated his tendencies and forwarded his real capacities. Hence, though he felt the temptation of Wagnerism, he passed the ordeal unharmed. Had he been trained according to "the schools," the chances are that he would have succumbed and perished, as all those perished whom Klingsor's "garden of girls" seduced.

Looking at the characteristics of Dvorak's music, one is struck by the prevalence of those which are more or less of a national cast. This remark holds good even when we take from the field of view all compositions avowedly national. In point of fact, works quite free from the Sclav tinge are a very small minority in Dvorak's list. A little farther on I shall have occasion to show this more fully; meanwhile, let me state with explicitness what I conceive to be the leading features of the Bohemian musician's method and style. These are, first, an abundant flow of fresh and characteristic tune; second, remarkable facility in varying and developing motives; third, an almost excessive freedom in the employment of modulations and transitions without reference to key relationship; fourth, a luxuriant fancy, for the manifestation of which novel and striking rhythmic devices are largely employed; fifth, picturesque use of orchestral color; sixth, strong contrast of moods. These, I think, cover well-nigh all the ground over which the student of Dvorak needs to extend his investigations. Let me remark upon each, more by way of suggesting matter for thought, than for the purpose of exhaustive handling.

I. The "abundant flow of fresh and characteristic tune" I take to be a fact which no one will question. In what consists its freshness and characterization? Precisely in the national tinge to which reference has before been made. The spirit of the composer is thoroughly possessed by the genius of his people's art. He thinks its thoughts, and employs its accents; not always avowedly, of course, but ever so as to betray the origin of his thematic ideas, or, at any rate, the special nature of the channel through which they run. It is this which gives to Dvorak's melodies their peculiar piquancy and freshness of flavor. We recognize a departure from the conventional utterance of musical society, and, at a time when the world is fast becoming monotonous, the sensation is not only novel but agreeable. Here I touch the broad question of Sclavonic melody, but have no time to enter upon it. The reader, if he be tempted to follow up the matter, can easily do this for himself by studying Wenzig's "Slawische Volkslieder, übersetzt" (Halle 1830)—a little work full of information on this most interesting theme.

II. "Remarkable facility in varying and developing motives." This feature is remarkable in very truth, and for examples of it the reader may turn to the "Stabat Mater," nearly every movement of which is constructed out of a few bars of tune. Or he may refer to the illustrations given in my two articles on "The Music of Anton Dvorak"—*Musical Times* for 1880, pages 165, 236. It there appears how the composer—thematically the most economical of musicians—takes his melodies to pieces and uses up every fragment, making each the germ of fresh details. Here, again, the early training of Dvorak has stood him in good stead. "What!" it may be asked, "does national music include the careful development of themes?" most certainly it does, and I fortify myself by the evidence of the late Carl Engel, who says (vide "Introduction to the Study of National Music," page 180), "My object is to draw attention to the noticeable fact that the prevalence and development of a certain motive is just what we continually meet with in national music. Only its treatment here, as might be expected, is far less complicated than in the elaborate compositions of our great masters. In dance tunes an entire period is sometimes constructed from one or two motives only. Evidences in proof of the above observations will offer themselves continually to the student in analyzing national tunes. It would, therefore, appear that the usual device of developing the motive derived from the theme in an elaborate composition is by no means so arbitrary and artificial a contrivance as some of our greatest composers maintain it to be, if we may judge from the disregard shown to it in their productions; but that it emanates from a natural and healthy taste for what is beautiful in art." I may add to the foregoing that the national music of the peoples of Eastern Europe is just that in which a fondness for treatment of motives most shows itself.

III. "Almost excessive freedom in modulation and transition, without reference to key relationship." "Down with the tyranny of the 'tone-families!'" exclaimed Wagner, the revolutionist. Dvorak never echoed the cry, because he never experienced the provocation. He was, to this extent, cradled in the lap of liberty, and his fashion of roaming at will among the tonalities, simply means the exercise of a privilege to which he was born. It must be granted that he avails himself of this privilege to the full, and the official analyses of his scores never weary in showing us how he goes from key to key, on a course, apparently as erratic as that of a butterfly among flowers. The pages of his scores look like a study in "accidentals." Of this, however, the performers are much more conscious than the hearers. I do not deny that Dvorak might restrain his tendency to abrupt key changes, with advantage to the classicality of his works. Yet, somehow, this feature appears to harmonize with the general character of the music, and does not become offensive, even where most pronounced.

IV. "Vigorous fancy, for the expression of which large use is made of rhythmical changes." Here we have a very striking feature in the Bohemian master's music. The strongest impression made, perhaps is that of an almost exuberant imagination carrying the composer along in a manner the most spontaneous. Listening to Dvorak, we never feel that he has been casting about for ideas, or hesitating what to say next. The notion is, rather, that he suffers from an embarrassment of riches. This may explain the rapidity with which he works. I have his own authority for stating that the "Stabat Mater," written ten years ago, was begun and finished, even to scoring, within six weeks—a feat, in its way, quite as remarkable as Handel's composition of the "Messiah"—while the symphony in D was completed in three weeks. These facts confirm what the character of Dvorak's music indicates—a free flow of ideas under the stimulus and ardent and lively imagination. In the matter of technical expression, the master is largely helped by a prominent characteristic of national music in Eastern Europe—varied and mixed rhythms. He plays with these as though he loved them, and he can do with them what he likes. Let the reader take up any movement from his pen, and observe what an extraordinary resource he has in rhythmic variations, and how he handles them as "to the manner born"—which, indeed, he was.

V. "Picturesque Orchestration." The orchestra is never monotonous with Dvorak, who seems to have a natural facility for making it glow with bright and changeful color. This could only have come from careful and intelligent study of the best models. Berlioz himself might envy the Bohemian the delightful touches—a soft clash of the cymbals, a faint note from the triangle, a single pizzicato chord from the strings—with which he conveys to his audience a sense of beauty and consciousness of charm.

VI. "Variety of Mood." No national "property" affords a better index of the nature of the people than their music; and if Sclavonic music indicates one thing more than another, it is the sensitiveness from which spring changes of mood. Dvorak's compositions show an almost childlike play of feeling, as though the master's nature answered, like an Æolian harp, to every breath passing over its chords. Herein lies the humanness of it, as distinct from the artificiality of a mere music-maker.

I have now indicated what seem to me the features most worthy of the student's reader's attention, and there only remains to emphasize the fact that Dvorak, albeit delighting in the unrestrained liberty of a rhapsody, finds observance of classic form quite compatible with the expression of all that in him is individual and characteristic. The thing is significant and I need not point its moral.

Dvorak's success in England affords matter for much congratulation. We have from him that which is new and not mischievous, that which is a legitimate development from, and variations upon true art models, and that which is founded, not upon an elaborately devised theory, but upon the natural expression of a people's musical nature. The more of Dvorak the better, therefore, and the indications are that a good deal of him awaits us. He has undertaken to produce a Patriotic Hymn at the Worcester Festival, next September; an important secular Cantata at the Birmingham Festival of next year; and an Oratorio at the Leeds Festival of 1886.

[illegible]

HOW MUSIC IS PRINTED.

BUT few of our readers probably know how music is printed, and the many who do not will probably be grateful to us for giving them a brief description of the different methods by which sheet and other music is produced. The first mention made of printed music was in A. D. 1495; this was printed from wooden blocks. This method is not used at all now-a-days; indeed it was discarded very early, for, in 1500, only five years later, we hear of music being printed from copper plates. Bach engraved his own compositions on copper plates, and one of his sons, who assisted him in the arduous task, lost his eyesight as a result of the strain upon them, demanded by this protracted and taxing labor. In 1710 pewter plates were invented, and, with but slight change in their composition, are to the present day the principal means of printing music. The plates in question are about one-twelfth of an inch in thickness and perfectly smooth on both sides. When they are to be used, the engraver first draws the staves with a tool that engraves the five lines at once. The note-heads, clefs, letters, finger-marks, etc., are all a series of steel punches. The engraver (more properly, puncher,) takes up his punch, places it where the note ought to be (but reversing everything, of course, since the plate is the negative from which the positive print is to be made), and, with a small hammer, gives it a smart rap which makes an indentation in the plate of the form of the punch, and of about one thirty-second of an inch in depth. This is kept up until the notes and other characters have all been punched. Some workmen use punches that have not only the note heads but also the stems. The better class of workmen however usually prefer to cut the stems afterwards with a graver, as they can thus produce straighter stems. If the notes are eighths, sixteenths, etc., the hooks have to be punched in after the stems have been cut. Words of songs, etc., are punched in in the same manner, as are short slurs and ties. As to the longer slurs, marks of phrasing, etc., they are cut in with a graver, as are also *crescendo* and *decrescendo* marks, fancy headings, etc. When this has been done, the slight roughness produced on the surface by the punches and graver is scraped off and a black (or colored) proof is taken, that is to say, the entire plate is inked, and being put into the press, an impression is taken in which everything is colored except the engraved places, which, not receiving any ink, remain white; in other words, the notes, etc., appear the color of the paper and all the rest the color of the ink. This proof is then read and necessary corrections indicated. These are then put in by the engraver. When the plate has been pronounced correct, it is waxed; that is to say, the plate is warmed and beeswax is poured over it and made to go into all the lines, notes, etc. The surplus wax is then carefully removed and the plate is ready for the press. This is really a copper-plate press and the process is very much that of copper-plate printing. The plate to be printed from is placed upon a stone, and there inked all over with a hand-roller; it is then wiped off with rags, all the ink being thus removed save that which adheres to the wax, in other words, save where notes, etc., have been punched. The plate is then put into position on the press, usually two plates are used at each impression, so as to print one side of a sheet at a time. The paper, previously moistened, is laid over it and above that, "backers" of other sheets of paper, and the whole is run through the press; the "backers" are removed and the printed sheet is taken up, considerable care having to be used to prevent "off-setting", *i. e.*, transferring of print from one sheet to another. When both sides of a sheet have been printed, it is hung up on strings to dry, and when all the sheets composing a piece are printed and dried they are folded together and placed in a press, where they are subjected to a pressure of several tons, in order to straighten them all out and remove all unevenness or warping of the paper. The music is then ready for the market.

This is the method by which most of the sheet music is produced. It has advantages and disadvantages. If the plates are well engraved by a tasteful workman, the music looks much better than by any other process; again, a plate such as we have described can be produced for one-fourth of the cost of a similar plate electrotyped from type; finally, it takes little or no time to "prepare forms," as in type printing—a very considerable saving of time on small editions. The objection to this process is that as each plate must be inked and wiped clean by hand, and put upon the press, and removed therefrom for each impression, the printing is very slow, and therefore very expensive on large editions, where the time consumed in preparing forms becomes inconsiderable when divided by the large number of copies produced. Where large editions are to be printed, therefore, one of two processes is resorted to. Hymn books and many of the cheaper reprints are printed from type, or rather from electrotype plates made from type. Music type setting is an art of its own, the font containing hundreds of characters which have all to be learned. Type-work never looks as well as plate work, for the reason that the body of the type being necessarily square or oblong its face partakes somewhat of the same character—the slurs look squatty and square, the marks of phrasing are straight and clumsy. The types which make up the staff-lines show the joints, leaving many small but still perceptible breaks in the staff-lines; this is particularly the case when the type becomes somewhat worn and the sharpness of its edges impaired. On the other hand, however, the lettering and particularly the words of songs, look much better in typographical plates than in engraved plates. The principal advantage of these plates is that they can be put upon a steam press and run off as rapidly as one may wish—and this makes an immense saving on large editions.

The other method is that which is used in producing the music in this paper. Impressions are taken in a certain manner from engraved plates and these impressions are transferred to lithographic stones, placed upon steam lithographic presses, and printed almost as rapidly as they could be from stereotyped or electrotyped plates upon an ordinary printing press. While this system preserves the general characteristics of the plate print, there is always a greater or less loss of sharpness in the impressions, so that, as we have already hinted, impressions from original engraved plates are always the choicest. Of course, music plates can be produced, or rather reproduced, by photo-engraving, but so far but little has been done in that line. As to lithography proper, that is to say, writing the music originally on stone and printing from that, it is only used now and then where cheapness is sought and beauty is not regarded, and that never, or hardly ever, by regular publishers of music.

MICHAEL COSTA.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA, the famous conductor of London, departed this life on the 29th ult. We borrow from Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, the following sketch of his life and career.

"Michael Costa, the son of the late Cavaliere Pasquale Costa, of an old Spanish family, was born at Naples, Feb. 4, 1810. Having a great inclination for music, he was placed at the Royal Academy of Music in Naples, and at a public examination obtained a free scholarship from Ferdinand I, King of the two Sicilies. At the age of 15 he composed a cantata, for the theatre in the college, entitled 'L'Immagine.' In 1826 he composed for the same theatre an opera called 'Il Delitto Punito', and in 1827 another, 'Il Sospetto funesto.' He composed also at this period a Grand Mass for four voices, a 'Dixit Dominus,' three symphonies, and an oratorio, 'La Passione.' In 1828 Costa was engaged by the manager of the Teatro Nuovo to compose an opera semi-seria, called 'Il carcere d'Ildegonda.' In 1829 he composed 'Malvina,' an opera, for Barbaja, the famous impresario of San Carlo. In the autumn of that year, Zingarelli, his maestro, sent him to Birmingham, to direct a psalm of his composition, 'Super flumina Babilonis.' On the young Costa's arrival, through some misunderstanding, he was obliged, having a fair tenor voice, to sing in the psalm, instead of directing the music. In 1830 he was engaged by Laporte as *maestro al piano* at the King's Theatre. In the next year he composed the music of the grand ballet, 'Kenilworth.' In 1832 Monck Mason, the then impresario, engaged him as director of the music, and in that capacity he wrote the ballet, 'Une heure à Naples,' and several other pieces for operas and concert-rooms. 'This was the year,' writes Mr. Chorley, 'when (happy event for England!) the Italian orchestra was placed under the direction of Signor Costa.' In 1833, engaged by Laporte as director and conductor, he composed the ballet 'Sir Huon' for Taglioni, and the favorite quartet, 'Ecco quel fiero istante.' At the invitation of Severini, the impresario of the Italian opera at Paris, he wrote the opera 'Malek Adhel,' in 1837, which was performed there in February, 1838, with moderate success, but with better fortune in London. The critic already quoted says on this point, 'Whether a great conductor can ever be a great composer, is a doubtful matter. * * * From the first evening when Signor Costa took up the bâton,—a young man, from the country then despised by every musical pedant, a youth who came to England without flourish, announcement, or protection * * * it was felt that in him were combined the materials of a great conductor; nerve to enforce discipline, readiness in the second, and that certain influence which only a vigorous man could exercise over the disconnected folk who made up an orchestra in those days. His Malek Adhel is a thoroughly conscientious work, containing an amount of melody with which he has never been duly credited.' It contained a song for Rubini of stupendous difficulty—which has been a main obstacle to its revival—as well as some telling music for the other singers. In 1842 Costa composed the ballet-music of 'Alma' for Cerito; and in 1844 the opera 'Don Carlos.' In 1844 three new operas were produced in London, of which 'the worthiest,' says Mr. Chorley, 'was Signor Costa's Don Carlos, which had nevertheless not the good fortune to please the public. Yet it is full of good music; the orchestra is handled with a thorough knowledge of effect and color. One trio for male voices is so solid and fine that it ought not to have been soon forgotten.' In 1846 he quitted the opera; and the orchestra, which he had brought to a point of perfection previously unknown in England, passed into other hands. In 1846, Costa undertook the direction of the Philharmonic orchestra; and that of the new Italian Opera, Covent Garden; and in '48 that of the Sacred Harmonic Society. In '49 he was engaged for the Birmingham Festival, which he has since continued to conduct. With the season of '54 he gave up the baton of the Philharmonic, and was succeeded (for one year) by Richard Wagner. In '55 he composed his oratorio 'Eli' for the Birmingham Festival. He conducted the Bradford Festival in '53, and the Leeds Festival in '74; and as conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society has directed the Handel Festivals from '57 to the present date. Beside other occasional compositions, his second oratorio, 'Naaman,' was also written for Birmingham, in 1864. He has written additional accompaniments for 'Solomon,' 'Judas,' and others of Handel's oratorios for the Sacred Harmonic Society. In 1869 he received the honor of knighthood. Sir Michael is also decorated with orders from the sovereigns of Germany, Turkey, the Netherlands, Würtemberg, Italy, etc., in recognition of his talent and position. He has been since 1871, 'director of the music, composer, and conductor' at Her Majesty's Opera. His services in these capacities will not soon be forgotten in London. (J. M.)

THE SONATA FORM.

THE sonata form is universally recognized as the most important form known in instrumental music. All sonatas for piano or other instruments, trios, quartettes, quintettes, sextettes, septettes, octettes, and symphonies, are based upon the sonata form. In a work of this class, there are generally three or four (sometimes more) movements, each in itself distinct, yet connected in melody or harmony. Haydn may be called the author of the sonata form, as used at the present day, although Sebastian and Emmanuel Bach, Scarlatti, and others, wrote works under this title before him, and although it is undoubtedly derived from the "Ancient Binary Form," which is that of Bach's gavottes, courantes, etc. When a work of this kind is written in three parts, it contains an *allegro*, or quick movement; an *andante*, or slow movement, and a *finale*, generally quicker than the first movement. If in four parts, a *minuetto* or *scherzo* is added after the *andante*, although some modern writers occasionally place it before. Of course, the composer is at liberty to change the above order to suit the character of the composition.

The first movement, or *allegro*, is sometimes preceded by an introduction of a few bars, written in slow time. These introductions are often found in Haydn's symphonies, and sometimes Beethoven's works, as in the *Sonata Pathétique*, the Quintette, Opus 16, the Seventh Symphony and others. The *allegro* is lively and brisk, the chief theme often being made the foundation of the whole work. When this is the case, the composer takes particular care in impressing this theme upon the hearer, and treats it as skilfully as possible. When he has used the theme long enough to be marked, and yet not wearisome, he gracefully modulates into the second subject, or complementary key, which no listener can fail to discern. It is generally softer; its melody is more flowing than that of the first theme, and is treated in a different key—either a fifth above the original key, or a fourth above, or a third below. If the composition be in a major key

the second subject may be taken in a minor key, or vice versa. The first movement is often divided into two parts, and if so, the composer closes the first part with his treatment of the second subject, and repeats from the beginning, or proceeds immediately with the second part. This second part may commence with the first theme in a new key, a new treatment of the second theme, a skilful combination of both themes, or an entirely different theme. Any of these may be used with all the ingenuity the writer is capable of. This is where genius asserts itself and determines the rank of the composer. The first theme is soon reached again, and in such a manner as to render it forcible and agreeable. The movement proceeds as before, but the second theme is afterward used in the original key of the composition, instead of the key in which it was treated before. The movement may close in the manner of the first part, or may conclude with an episode, or a *coda*, which is calculated to reach a climax at the finish. The *andante* or *adagio* is not so complicated as the preceding movement, although it may be treated similarly, or in the form of variations, or (more seldom) as a *canzona* with a quick intermediate part. The key of this movement may be in the relative major or minor of the *allegro*, or in another key closely allied.

The *minuetto* is well known as a graceful dance, much in vogue a century ago. It is used frequently by Haydn and Mozart, and by Beethoven in his works. But the Titan was not content with confining himself to the narrow limits of a dance which was capable of but little departure from a set form and length, so he invented the *scherzo*, which gave full play to all the wild fantasies of his brain, but in which he adhered closely to a given form. This is the wonder of the musical world,—that a man gifted with as fantastical an imagination as ever human being possessed, should be considered the master of form. Such is Beethoven. The *scherzo* is capable of many modes of expression. It may be a dance of fairies or demons; it may be either gay or sad. And there is no restriction to any particular kind of *tempo* as there is in the *minuet*. The *scherzo* is nearly always followed by a *trio*, which is of a calmer character, and is a sort of relief to the dash of the *scherzo*. After the *trio*, the *scherzo* is repeated, sometimes concluding with a brief *coda*. In some of Robert Schumann's works, as, for instance, in his popular piano quintette, there are cases of the *scherzo* being followed by two *trios*, but most modern writers cling to the old form. The *finale* is in the same key as the first movement, but exceptions occur sometimes, when the first movement is written in a minor key and the *finale* in the major of that key, as for example, Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, in which the first movement is in G minor and the last movement in G major. The general construction of the *finale* is similar to that of the first movement, although Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and even later writers frequently use what is called the "*rondo* form." The material difference between the *rondo* form and the first movement form is that in the former the first subject reappears in the original key, instead of concluding the first half of the movement in the complementary key, as is usually the case in the latter.

The *rondo* form is not held in such strict observance to-day as it was held by the classicists. In fact all musical form is now thought somewhat subject to the caprice of the writer, though the form adopted by Beethoven has undergone but little change. The sonata form may be considered perfect. From a mere interchange of tonic and dominant, as was in use a couple of centuries ago, it has passed through gradations into a form in which all the resources of the key-board can be employed; a form in which fantasy is bound but not imprisoned; a form in which genius and science are commingled. Whether any innovation on this form will ever be accepted, under the same name, remains to be seen. But the ripest age for musical development has passed, and Beethoven's great contemporaries and successors, Schubert, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Brahms have but followed in his footsteps, in the sonata form. It is hardly possible that this form should be revolutionized during the present generation.

E. R. KROEGER.

The Bollman Brothers have taken the two principal [illegible] agencies lately held by Saxe & Thompson, the Knabe and the Decker & Son. [illegible]

MUSICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

It has often been truly said that the advertisement columns of large newspapers reflect, with fatal accuracy, the state of the society in which we live, and few thinking persons, indeed, can read unmoved the daily catalogue of misery and hypocrisy there set forth. A heart-broken wife or mother implores the return of a runaway, when all will be freely forgotten and forgiven. A reduced gentleman earnestly entreats the aid of fifty dollars to save his goods from being seized, and his family from being sent to the poorhouse. A douceur will be given to any person who will procure for the advertiser the means of honestly earning a bare living; and a widow, who has been brought up in the best society, will accept for the few remaining years of her life, any office, not positively menial.

In another part of the paper announcements appear that fortunes are to be made for sums varying from one to one hundred dollars. Sleeping partners are required, with a capital of four or five thousand dollars, by men who are sufficiently wide-awake to use the money to the best advantage; and "most experienced" persons offer to do everything for everybody, with apparently little more reward than the consciousness of having benefitted their fellow creatures.

As amidst this heterogeneous mass of advertisements, all trades and all professions are regularly represented, it is unnecessary to say, that music comes in for a very fair share of notice; indeed I may safely say that no want connected with the art is left ungratified.

The first thing that forcibly strikes us is the fearful sacrifices so continually made by persons who desire to dispose of pianofortes. Grands and parlor grands, "nearly new," with "metallic plates, and all the recent improvements—belonging to ladies and gentlemen who are summoned abroad in breathless haste—are to be met with at prices too contemptible to mention. The sum of money that they cost, "only six months ago," will at once guarantee their worth. Country gentlemen (who make a point of looking in newspapers for bargains) often become the purchasers of these instruments, but it is usually found that in a very short time the wires jingle, and the keys, when they are pressed down, acquire a habit of remaining there, most of which curious effects are supposed to result from the extreme dampness of the room.

But if pianofortes are to be had for a mere trifle, how much less, in proportion, are the sums to be paid for learning to play upon them? At first it might be supposed that the variety of terms advertised by the teachers of this instrument, have some reference to the degree of efficiency in the professor. This, however, is not the case. They are nearly all first-rate. They hold diplomas from the greatest masters—they are "brilliant" performers, and ensure the utmost proficiency to their pupils in half the time consumed by all those who do not advertise. The result of their instruction is hidden from vulgar scrutiny; for as they are all their own trumpeters, they are of course their own umpires, and within the narrow circle which separates them from the new world of art, they admire and praise each other with a pleasing ignorance that disarms criticism.

Amongst these advertisements, however, one, meek and simply worded, claims a sympathetic notice. A lady wishes to meet with a few pupils for the pianoforte at a mere trifle, by the lesson or the quarter—"distance no object." Poor girl! The last line tells a melancholy tale. It is, doubtless, a last, almost hopeless appeal for the means of creditably supporting herself, and, perhaps, some others who cling to her as their last chance of rescue from starvation. Cold, wet, and exhausted with fatigue, she may pass uncared for from house to house, life becoming like distance, "no object," as the future looms more drearily than ever before her.

Let parents and guardians who select professors from advertisements, ponder on one like this, and recollect that persons who vaunt their talents in print, are usually those who cannot afford to allow those talents to speak honestly for themselves.

"Wanted, an organist," at once catches the eye of the musical reader; and he anxiously hopes that he may at length have free scope for the exercise of his talents on this instrument. Three services on Sunday, two in the week, and the musical training of a few charity children, are the duties; and the salary is two hundred dollars a year. At first it would appear that the advertisers are desirous of treating with a person to turn a hand organ, the emolument offered being less than is usually paid to the sexton, and rather under the wages of a good cook in a private family. It is a *bona fide* address to the musical profession, however, as will be seen by the announcement that "testimonials as to strict integrity and professional talent must be sent in with the application for the office." To make up something like an existence for the person who gains this appointment, other inducements are occasionally held out; and I have seen it stated that if the organist could "teach dancing," it would be of great benefit to him. These facts must speak for themselves. The degradation of a noble office like this is a matter of grave import to all. In every case, the disgrace falls upon those who offer these terms to the professor, and not upon the professor who accepts them; and I would therefore earnestly advise those who have the direction of this matter, to see that, in so recklessly lowering the standard of art, they do not loosen the foundation of that holy structure with which it is united. H. C. L.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE eighth and ninth Kunkel Popular Concerts took place respectively on the [illegible] and [illegible] of April. So far as attendance was concerned, it was the same old story, every seat occupied and hundreds standing. The programme of the eighth concert was the following:

PART I. 1—Piano Solo, "Norma," Grand Fantasia, [illegible] Mr. Chas. Kunkel. [illegible]

[illegible]

OUR MUSIC.

"Valse Brillante" (for the piano) ... *E. R. Kroeger.*

Mr. Kroeger has here written a brilliant waltz indeed, and withal one whose themes are original and melodious and whose working out is in every respect musicianly. It was played by Mr. Charles Kunkel at the Ninth Kunkel Popular Concert, in advance of publication, and proved a popular as well as artistic success. Dr. Louis Maas, the famous pianist, has accepted the dedication of the piece and added it to his already very extensive *repertoire.*

"Bohemian Girl" (Duet for piano) ... *Carl Sidus.*

Balfe's melodious opera of the "Bohemian Girl" has furnished themes for scores of piano fantasias, *potpourris,* etc. Our readers are already familiar with this excellent arrangement of Sidus' as a solo. It is, if possible, better as a duet. In this, as in all of Sidus' pieces the requirements of teaching are always kept in view and the editing is as careful as possible.

"Morning Chimes" (for piano) ... *Jean Paul.*

We gave last month "Evening Chimes" by the same author. This is a companion piece. Less dreamy and gayer than "Evening Chimes," "Morning Chimes" seems to call the villagers to their work and to mingle harmoniously with the song of birds, the fragrance of opening flowers and the glitter of dewy diamonds in the first rays of a bright June morning. The piece is not of great difficulty, and being very melodious will be found very taking, whether in private or in public.

"My Idol" (for the piano) ... *E. R. Kroeger.*

This is another number that was played by Mr. Charles Kunkel at the Ninth Kunkel Popular Concert and that with great success. It is less effective as a concert piece than the preceding number, but will please the critical even more. It is a number which Schumann or Schubert might well have signed without fear of in the least dimming their high reputation.

"Nevermore" (song) ... *A. G. Robyn.*

Mr. Robyn's songs, if not always original in style, are always melodious and well written. In this instance, he has caught the spirit of the words very nicely and given them an excellent musical setting.

The pieces here given cost in sheet form:

"Valse Brillante," *Kroeger*	$ 75
"Bohemian Girl," (Duet) *Sidus*	50
"Morning Chimes," *Paul*	60
"My Idol," *Kroeger*	35
"Nevermore," *Robyn*	50
Total	$2.70

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, engraved, printed, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

Kunkel's Royal Edition.

Of Duvernoy's École du Mécanisme Op. 120, in two books, each $1.00.

JULIE RIVE-KING'S

Great Edition of Liszt's Tannhauser March, $1.50

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

"Fragrant Breezes," *Rive-King*	90
"Supplication," *Rive-King*	60

KUNKEL'S ROYAL EDITION

Of Standard Piano Compositions with revisions, explanatory text, notes, and careful fingering (foreign fingering) by **Dr. Hans Von Bülow, Dr. Franz Liszt, Carl Klindworth, Julie Rive-King, Theodor Kullak, Louis Kohler, Carl Reinecke, Robert Goldbeck, Charles and Jacob Kunkel, and others.**

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

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

H. Ahlborn, Cleveland, Ohio.
Fairchild Allen, Wilmington, Del.
W. H. Boner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
E. D. Buckingham, Utica, N. Y.
Brentano's Literary Emporium, New York City.
H. E. Cooper, Petersburg, Ill.
Conover Bros., Kansas City, Mo.
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Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.
Denton & Cottier, Buffalo, N. Y.
Daynes & Coalter, Salt Lake City, Utah.
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Ignaz Fischer, Toledo, Ohio.
H. A. French, Nashville, Tenn.
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Phillips & Crew, Atlanta, Ga.
A. Hospe, Jr., Omaha, Nebraska.
H. B. Roney, East Saginaw, Mich.
A. Shattinger, St. Louis, Mo.
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M. Steinert, New Haven, Conn.
M. Steinert & Sons, Providence, R. I.
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Otto Sutro, Baltimore, Md.
V. Walter, Alton, Ill.
A. Waldteufel, San Jose, Cal.
J. P. Weiss, Detroit, Mich.
E. Witzmann & Co., Memphis, Tenn.

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Yearly subscribers preferring other premiums than these Albums may select $[illegible] worth of sheet music from our extensive premium catalogue. [illegible] of sheet music from our extensive premium catalogue. [illegible] Our complete premium catalogue will be mailed free of charge upon application.

KUNKEL'S PARLOR ALBUM No. 1.—128 Pages; $20 worth of Music.

CONTENTS—VOCAL.

I Love But Thee (English and German words)	*Robyn.*
The Parting (duet, English and Italian words)	*Tamburello.*
Above All Treasures Past Excelling (vocal waltz)	*Robyn.*
Leave Me Not Lonely	*Tamburello.*
The Wedding Day (English and German words)	*Robyn.*
Angels' Visits	*Melnotte.*
The Stolen Kiss (English and German words)	*Robyn.*
The President's Prayer	*Kunkel.*
The Brightest Eyes	*Stigelli.*
Why Are Roses Red? (Eng., Italian, and Ger. words)	*Millard.*

INSTRUMENTAL.

Norma (operatic fantasia, with lesson)	*Paul.*
Il Trovatore (operatic fantasia, with lesson)	*Paul.*
William Tell (operatic fantasia, with lesson)	*Paul.*
Martha (operatic fantasia)	*Paul.*
Rainbow Spring (caprice, with lesson)	*Rive-King.*
Gem of Columbia (grand galop, with lesson)	*Siebert.*
Skylark Polka (with lesson)	*Dreyer.*
Shower of Rubies (tone poem, with lesson)	*Prosinger.*
Maiden's Longing (reverie, with lesson)	*Goldbeck.*
Love's Devotion (romanza, with lesson)	*Goldbeck.*
The First Ride (galop)	*Sidus.*
Cuckoo and the Cricket (rondo)	*Sidus.*
Warm Waltz	*Sisson.*
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Come Again, Days of Bliss	*Schleiffarth.*
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Row, Slumber, Love (Barcarole)	*Rembielinski.*
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INSTRUMENTAL.

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Traviata (Operatic Fantasia—with lesson)	*Paul.*
Twilight Musings (Reverie Waltz—with lesson)	*Johnson.*
Beads of Champagne (Polka Caprice)	*Schudt.*
Carnival Elegance (Quickstep)	*Schleiffarth.*
Shepherd's Morning Song (Idyl)	*Paul.*
Summer Sky (Waltz—with lesson)	*Vonfielenski.*
Ashes of Roses (Valse Caprice)	*Goldbeck.*
Echoes of the Woods (with lesson)	*Paul.*
Angelus Chimes (An Evening Reverie)	*Vonfielenski.*
The Banjo (Ethiopian Sketch)	*Melnotte.*
Peep o' Day Waltz	*Rochow.*
Spring Waltz	*Chopin.*
Summer Waltz	*Chopin.*
May Galop	*Bloom.*

INSTRUMENTAL DUETS.

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Put your Trust in One Above	*E. E. Rommega.*
The Cot on the Hill (Die Hütt' auf dem Berg)	*Frank Lavarnie.*
Five O'Clock in the Morning (Ballad)	*Claribel.*
Eva Ray—Ballad	*Jane Eyre.*
Fannie Powers—Song and Dance	*Eddie Fox.*
How Can I Leave Thee (Ach wie ist's möglich)	*Cramer.*
When the Swallows Homeward Fly	*Franz Abt.*
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer (Die Letzte Rose)	*Flotow.*
When the Corn is Waving, Annie Dear	*Chas. Blamphin.*
The Land o' Bonnibell (Schöne Kate O'Bonnibree)	*G. Estabrook.*
Home, Sweet Home (Suesse Heimath)	*Sir Henry R. Bishop.*
Allie May—Ballad	*Wrench.*
Little Birdie May (Kleines Vöglein Mai)	*Jas. Green.*
The Lizard on the Stone	*Windsor.*

INSTRUMENTAL.

Shepherd's Bells—Idyl	*Jean Paul.*
Shakespeare March	*Jacob Kunkel.*
Music in the Fairy Land—Romance	*Jean Paul.*
Visitation Convent Bells	*Jacob Kunkel.*
Greeting to Spring (Gruss an Frühling)	*Albert Lutz.*
Zeta Phi March	*J. L. Hickok.*
Shepherd's Return March	*Jean Paul.*
Vinlee Slow	*Jacob Kunkel.*
Lauterbach Waltz	*Albert Lutz.*
Pleasant Polka Redowa	*Chas. Kunkel.*
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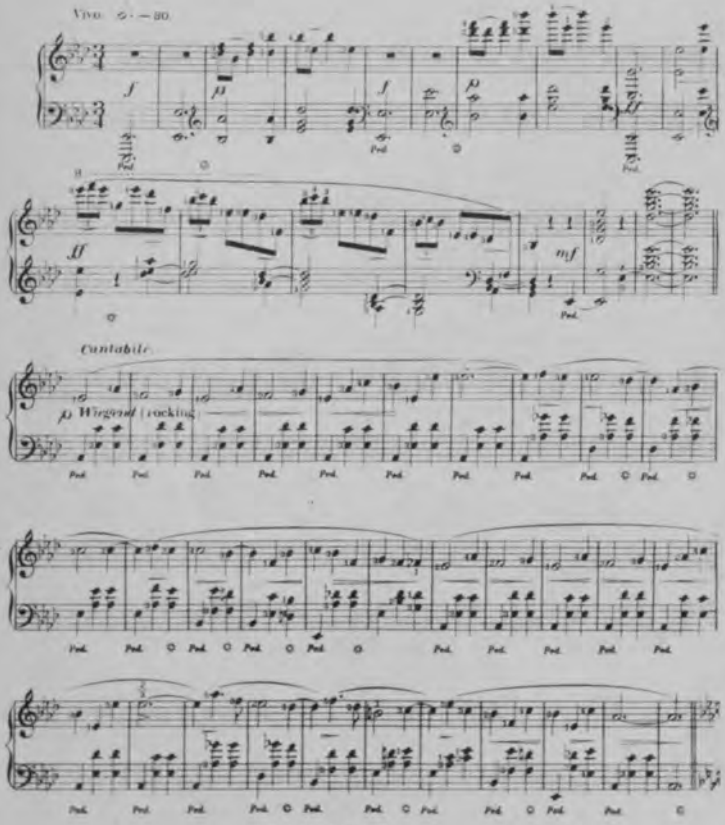
E. R. Kroeger.



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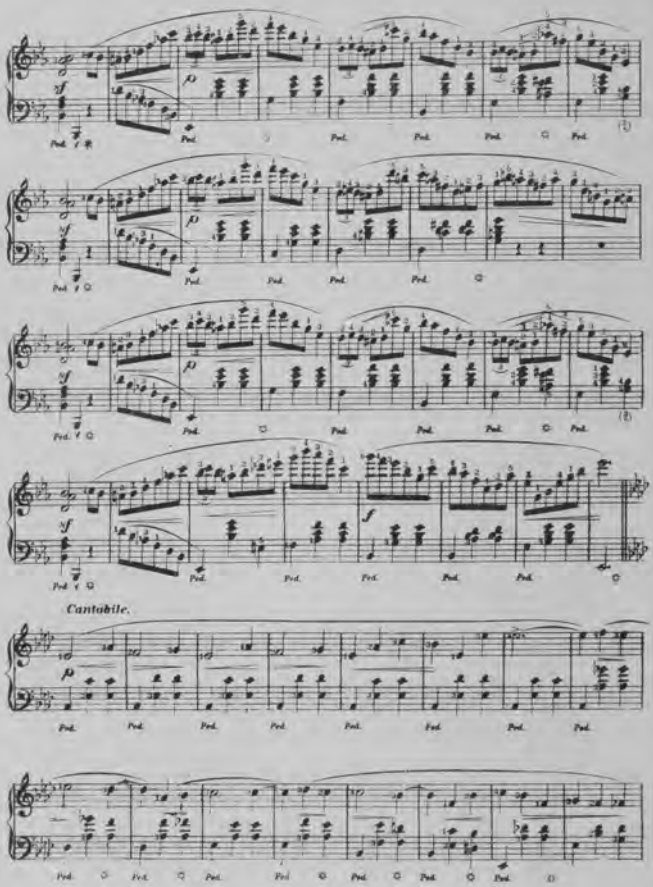
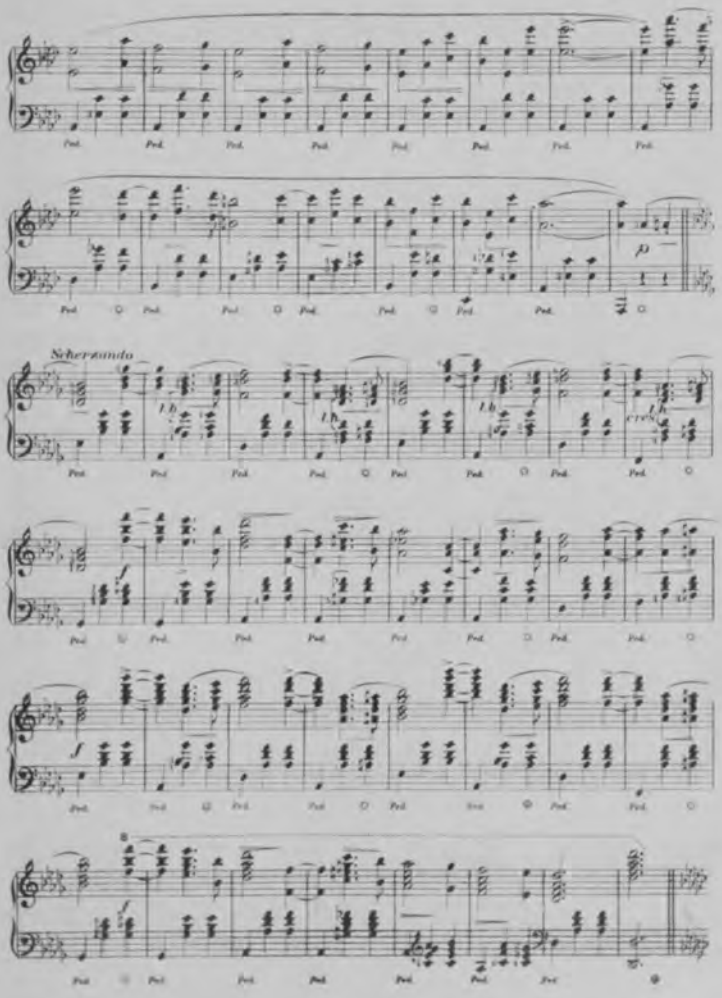
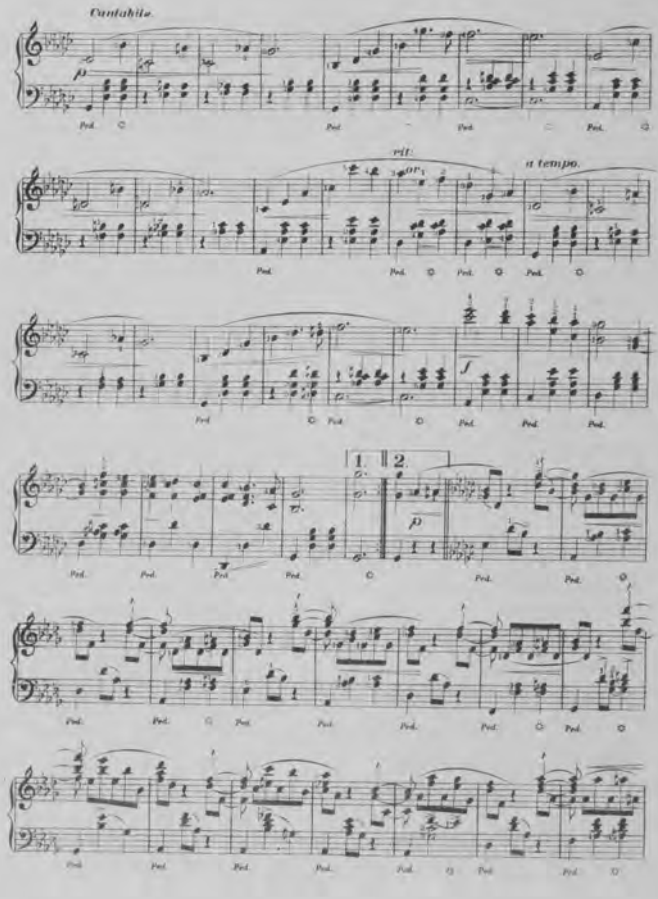
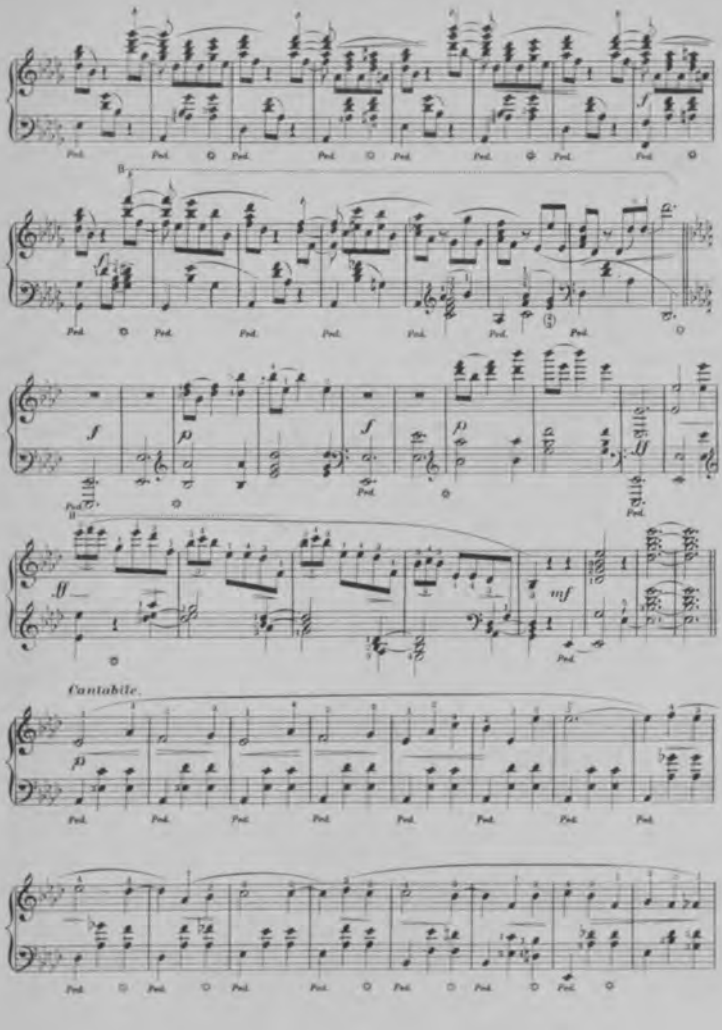

Cantabile.


Scherzando
cresc.


Cantabile.
p
Ped.
rit:
a tempo.
f
1.
2.
p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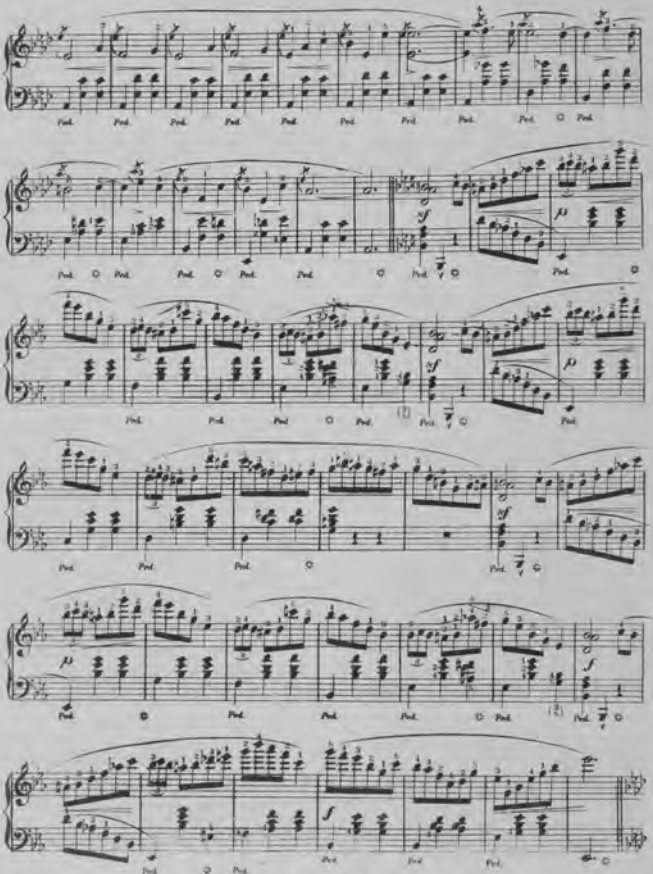
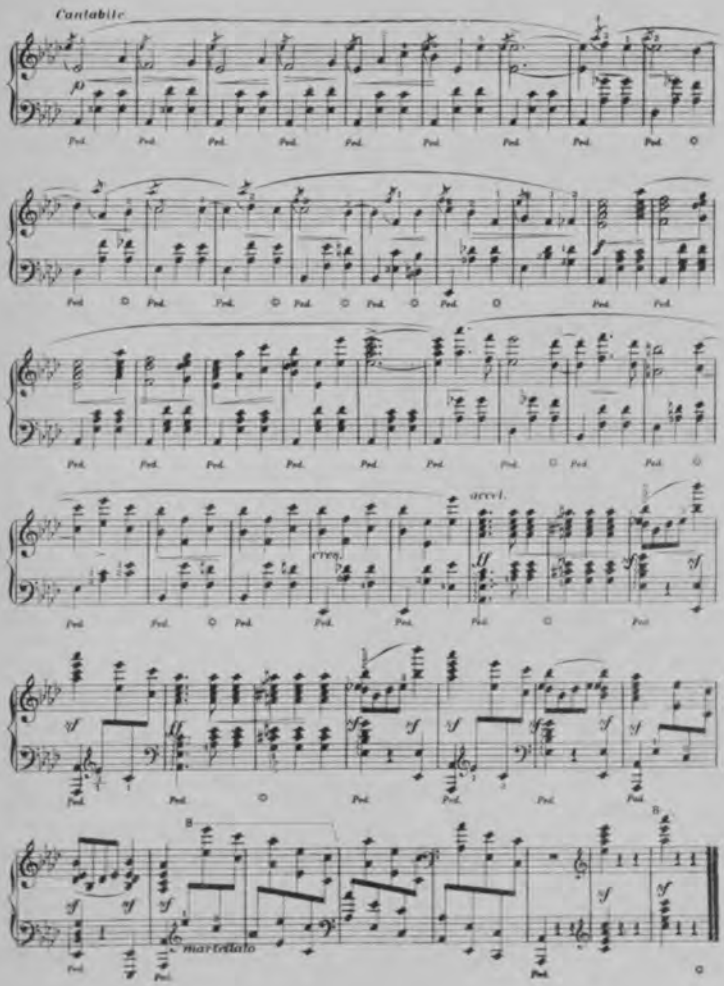

Ped.
sf
p
(2)
f

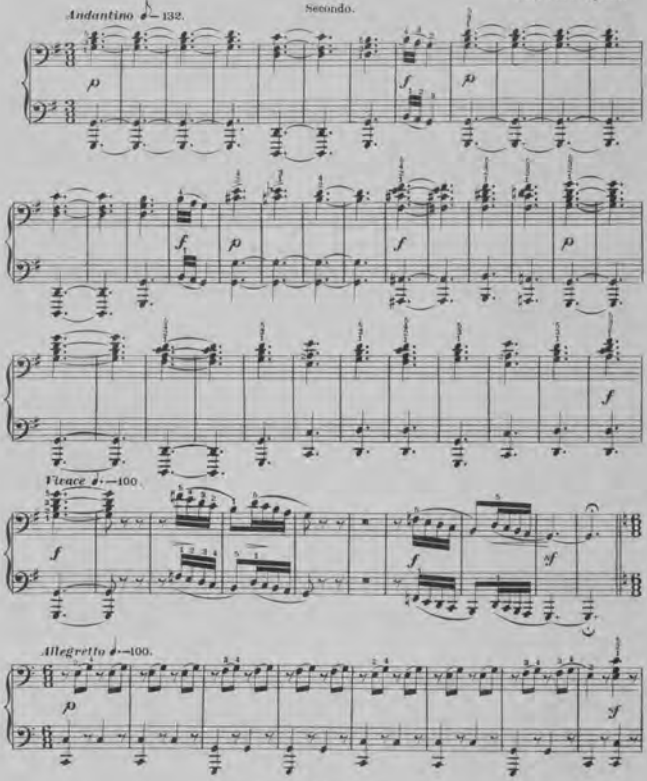

Cantabile
Ped.
accel.
cresc.
B
Martellato

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

(*Balfe.*)

Carl Sidus Op.121.

Secondo.



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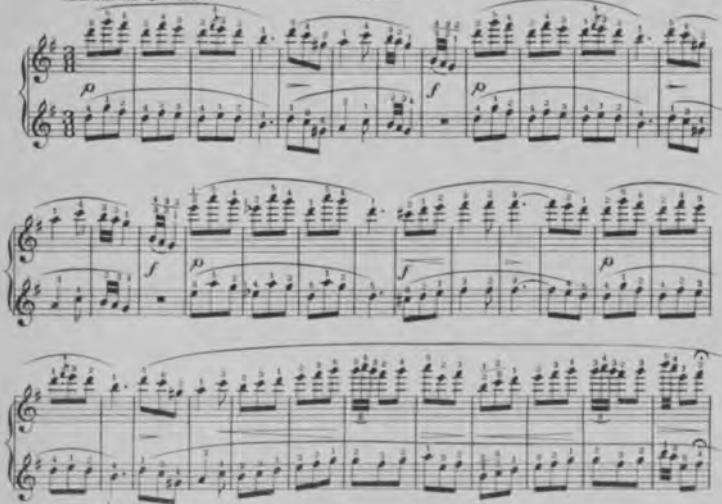
BOHEMIAN GIRL.

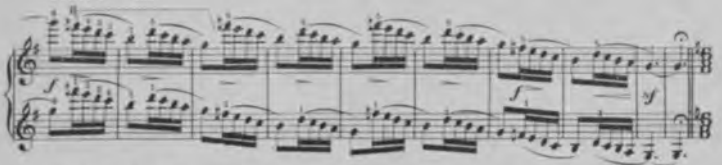
(*Balfe*)

Carl Sidus Op.131.

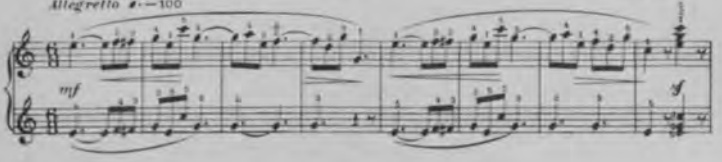
Andantino ♩.=132. Primo.

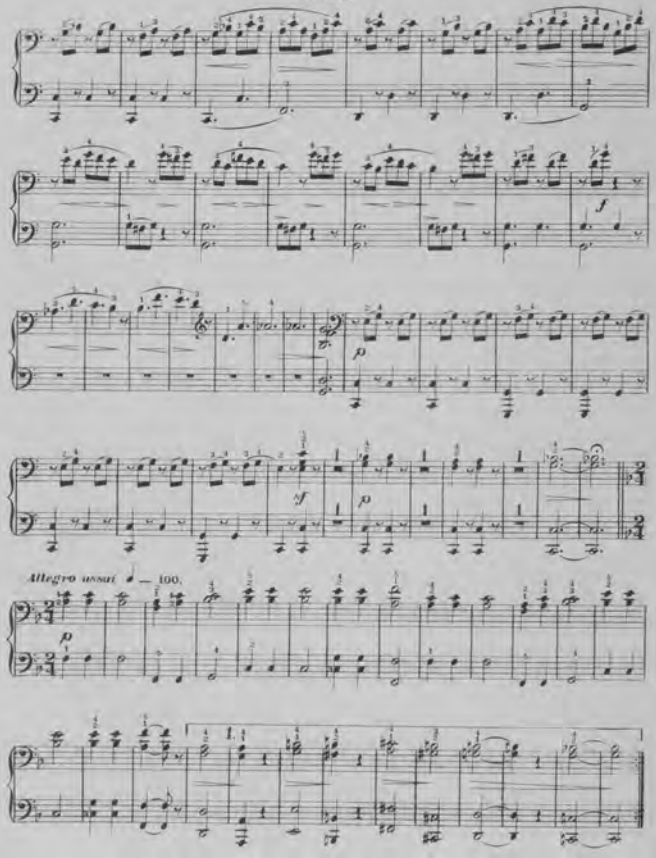


Vivace ♩.=100.

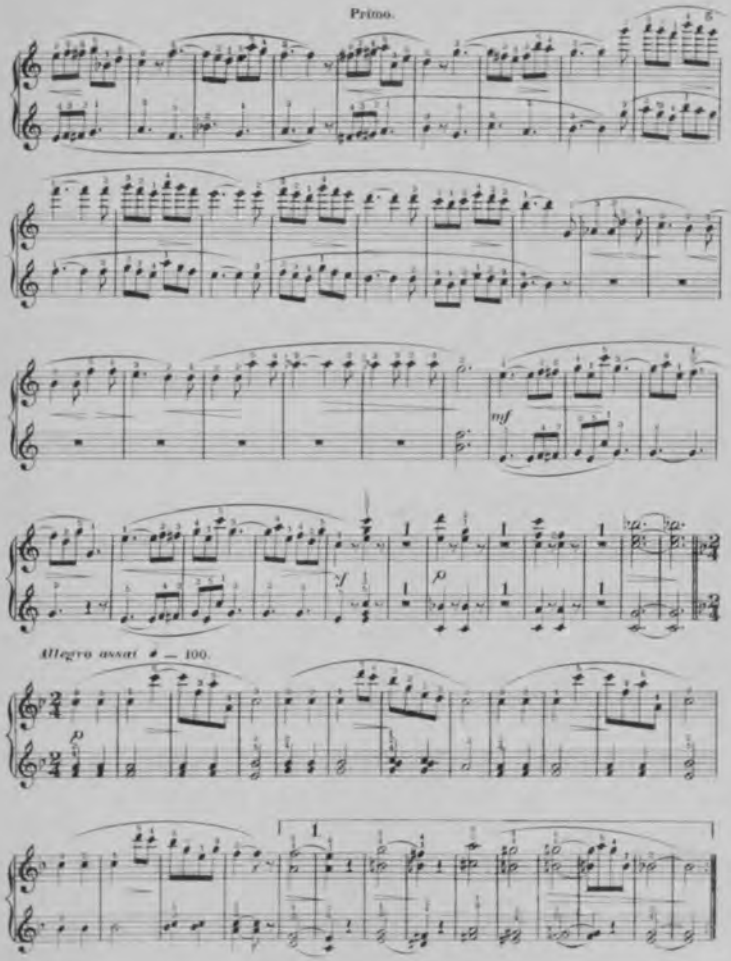


Allegretto ♩.=100




f
p
sf
p
Allegro assai ♩ = 100.
p
1.

Primo.



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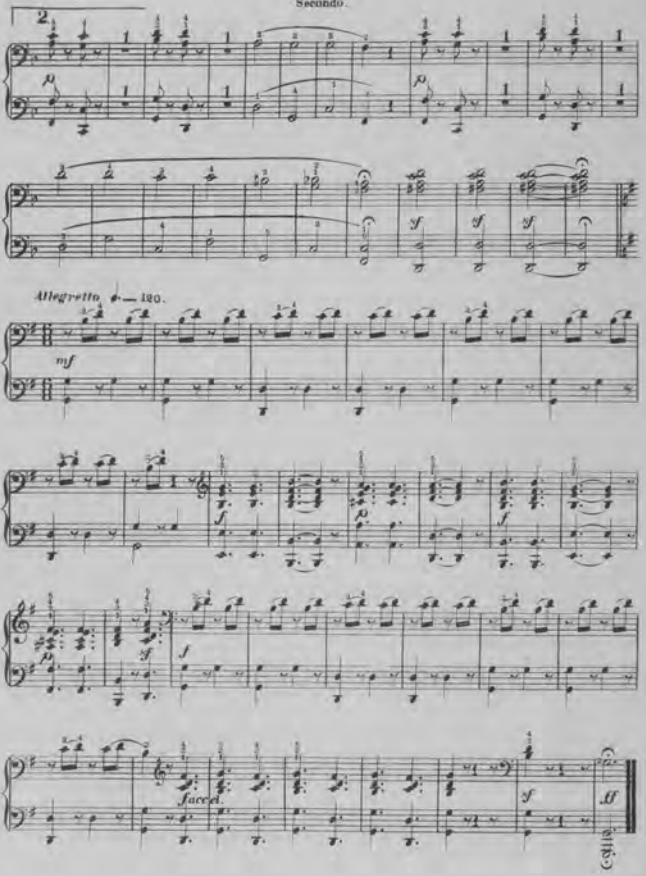
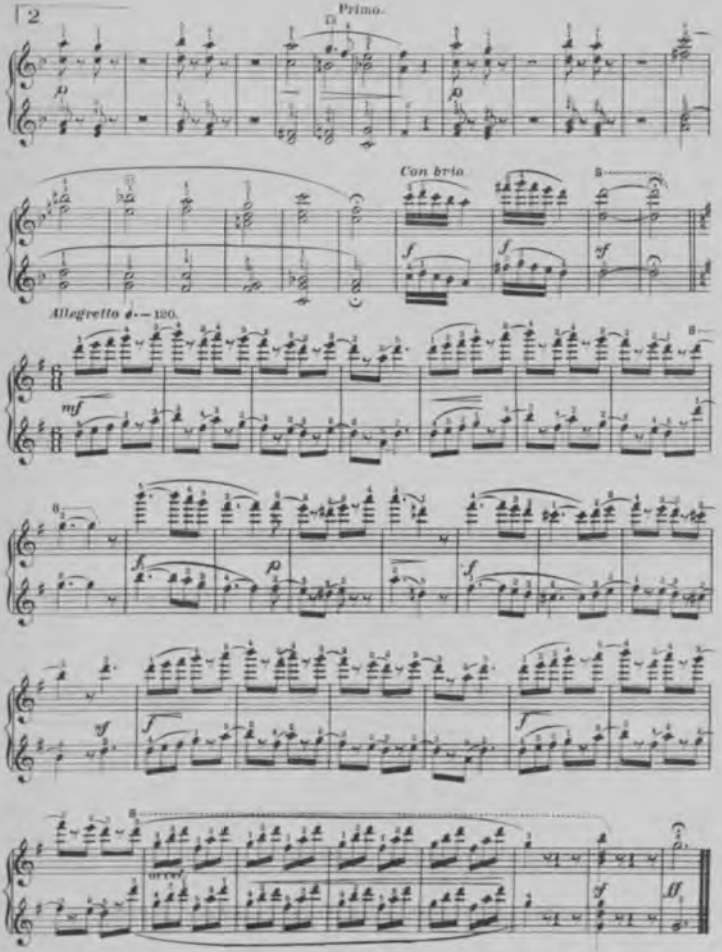
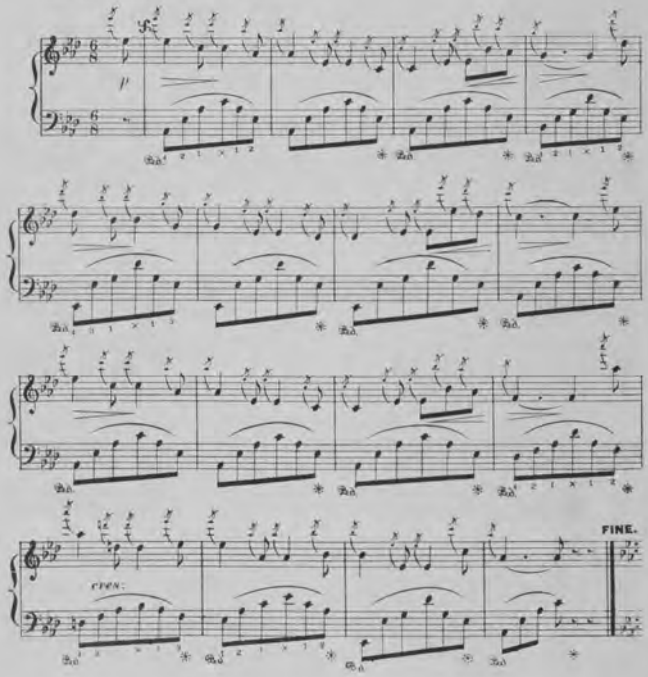


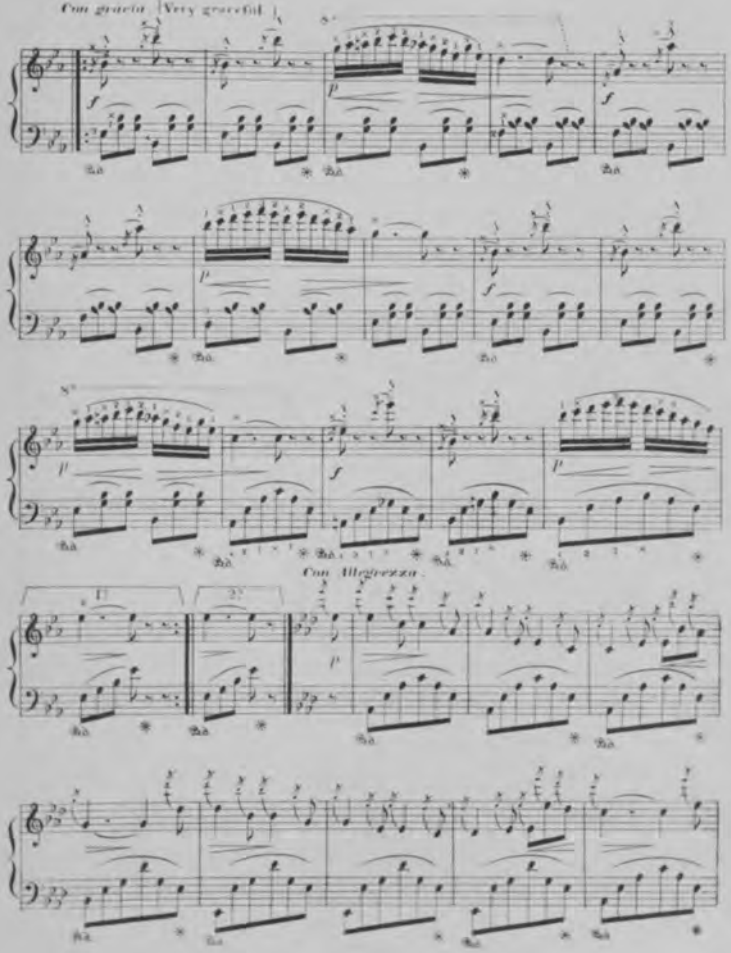

Primo.
Con brio.
Allegretto ♩.= 120.

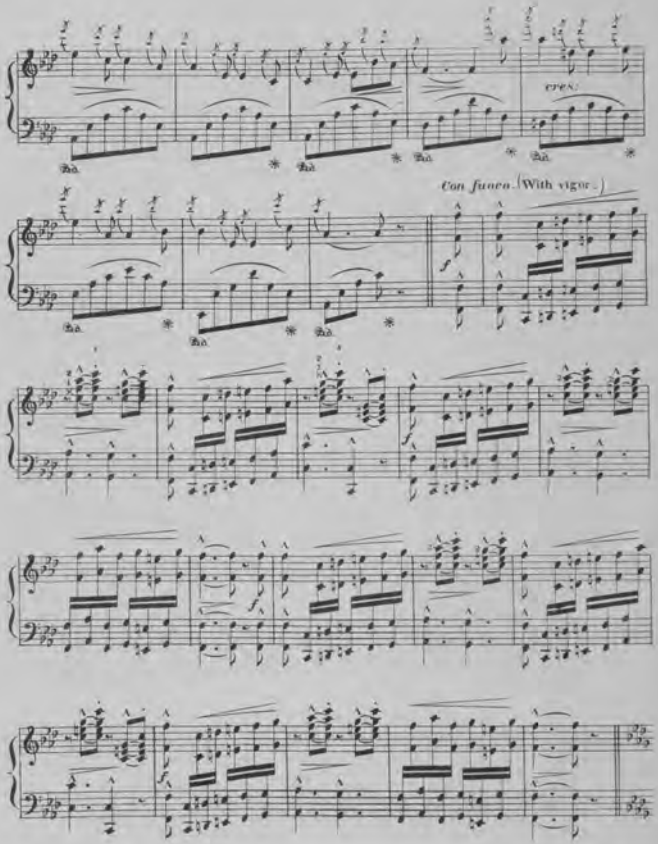
MORNING CHIMES.

JEAN PAUL

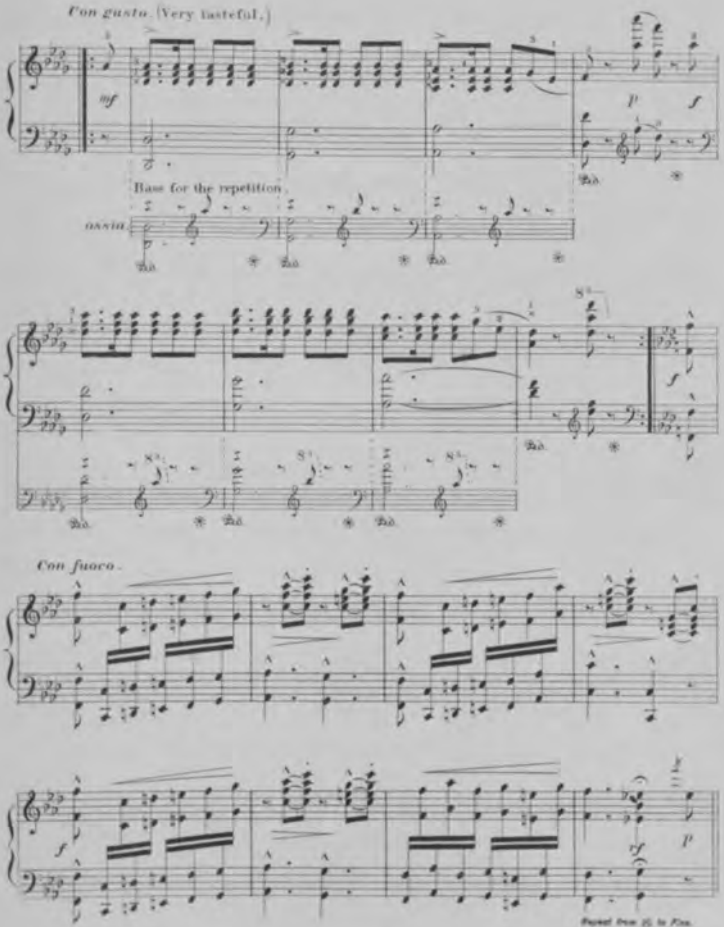
Con Allegrezza. (Cheerful.) M. M. ♩. = 80.




Con gracia (Very graceful)
8va
Con Allegrezza


cres.
Con fuoco. (With vigor.)

Con gusto. (Very tasteful.)



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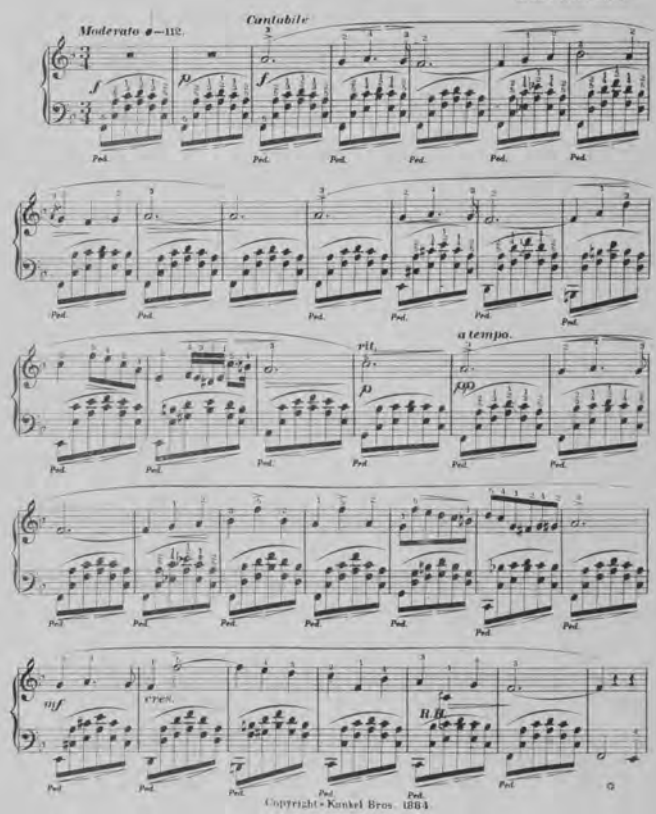
MY IDOL.

Song without Words.

Ernest R. Kroeger.



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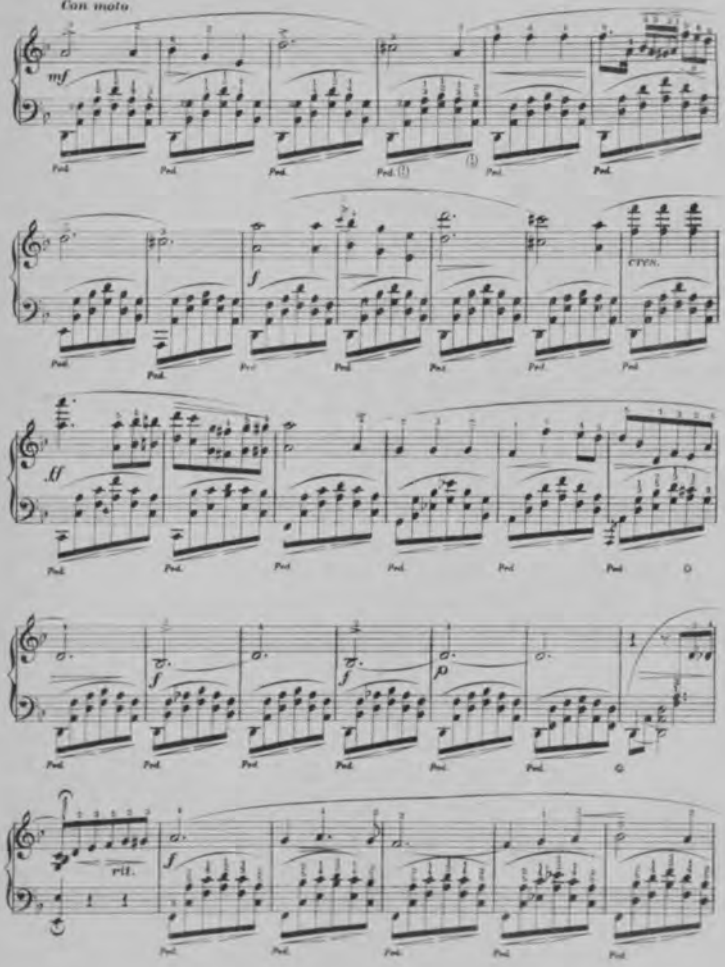
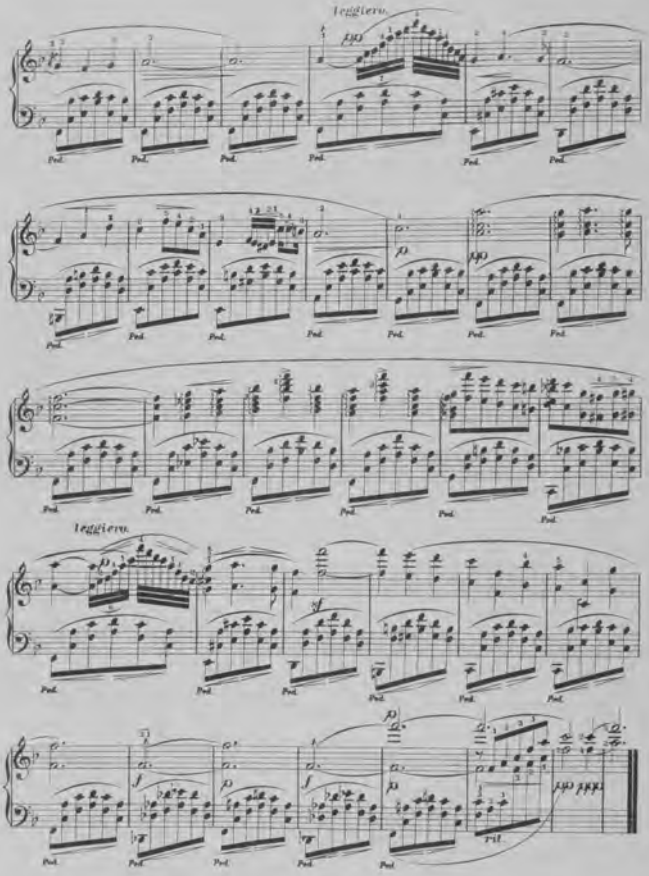
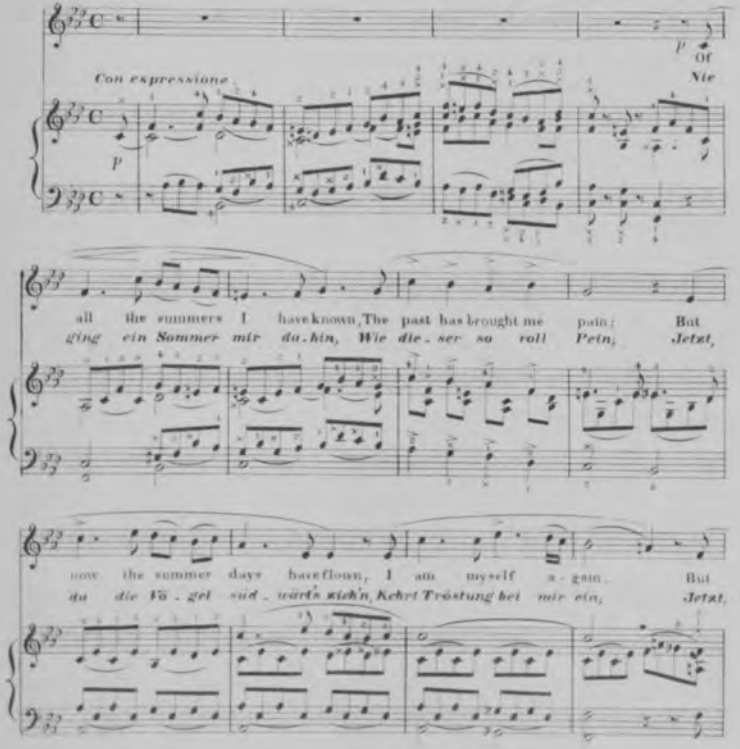

Con moto
mf
Ped.
f
cresc.
ff
rit.

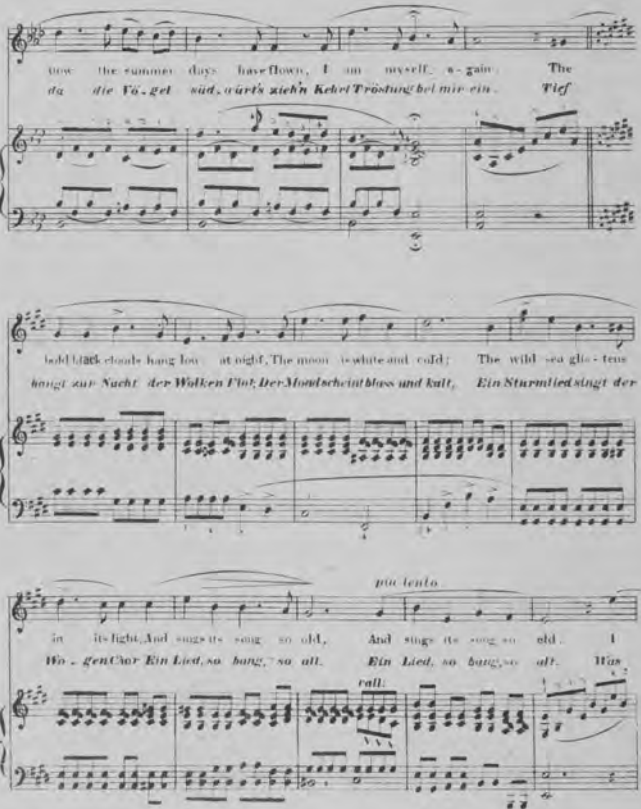

leggiero.
Ped.
leggiero.

204.

NOVEMBER.

ALFRED G. ROBYN.




love the summer days have flown, I am myself a - gain. The
da die Vö - gel süd, wärts zieh'n Kehrt Tröstung bei mir ein. Tief
bold black clouds hang low at night, The moon is white and cold; The wild sea glit - tens
hängt zur Nacht der Wolken Flor; Der Mondschein blass und kalt, Ein Sturmlied singt der
più lento
in its light, And sings its song so old, And sings its song so old. I
Wo - gen Chor Ein Lied, so bang, so alt. Ein Lied, so bang, so alt. Was
rall.

animato

mf

hate the fair blue sum-mer sky, The fair blue sum-mer sea: I

hilft mir's, wenn die Ro - se glüht Im lich-ten Son - nen-schein! Ich

dim:

mf

animato.

rall.

lento.

p

love the ro - ses when they die! They nev - er bloom for me; I

lieb die Blumen, die ver-blüht Denn kei - ne nenn' ich mein; Ich

p

lento.

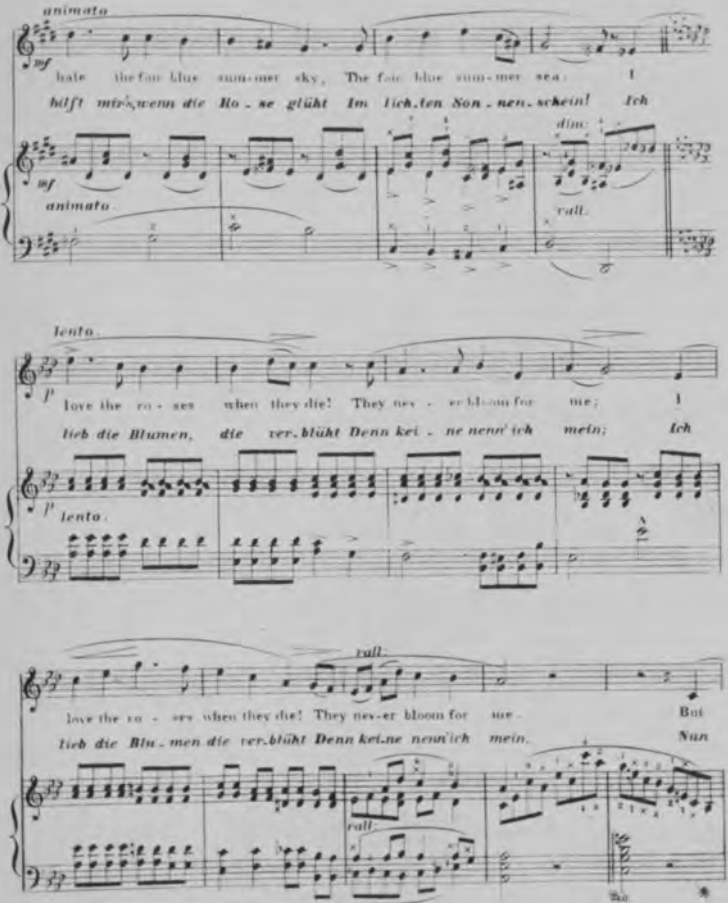
rall.

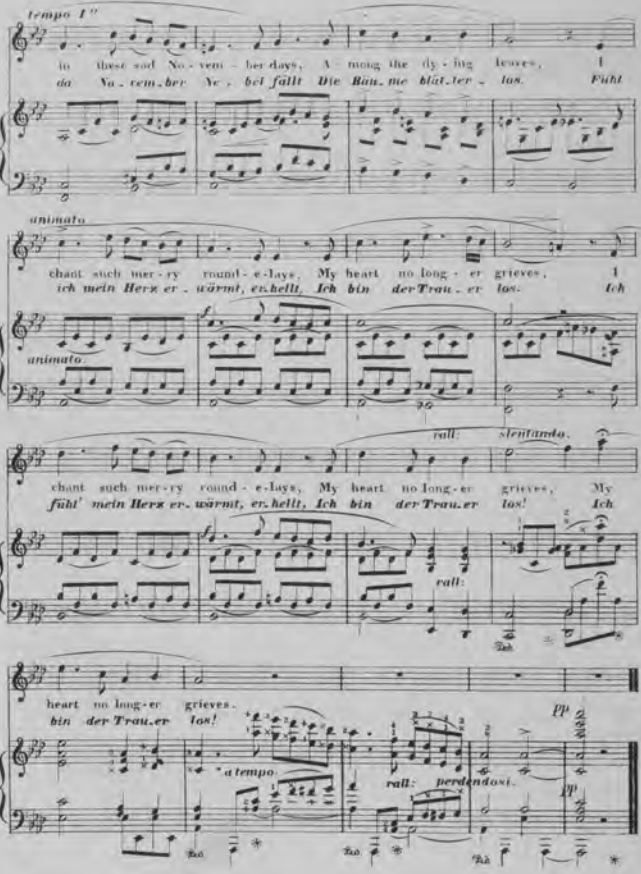
love the ro - ses when they die! They nev-er bloom for me. But

lieb die Blu - men die ver-blüht Denn kei-ne nenn' ich mein. Nun

rall.

Ped.




tempo I°
in these sad No - vem - ber days, A - mong the dy - ing leaves, I
da No - vem - ber Ne - bel fällt Die Blu - me blät - ter - los. Fühl
animato
chant such mer - ry round - e - lays, My heart no long - er grieves, I
ich mein Herz er - wärmt, er - hellt, Ich bin der Trau - er los. Ich
animato.
rall: slentando.
chant such mer - ry round - e - lays, My heart no long - er grieves, My
fühl' mein Herz er - wärmt, er - hellt, Ich bin der Trau - er los! Ich
rall:
heart no long - er grieves.
bin der Trau - er los!
pp
a tempo
rall: perdendosi.
pp

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO.

[illegible]

BOSTON.

[illegible]

[illegible]

IMPROVEMENTS IN CORSETS.

[illegible]

OBITUARY POETRY.

SOME genius, we cannot tell who, for we find the article among some dust-covered clippings, has collected the following lot of odd epitaphs: some English, others American:

A curious epitaph is found at Amersham over the grave of a knight there interred:

[illegible]

In the churchyard of St. Mary's, Nottingham, is found this epitaph:

[illegible]

But in the chapel of All Saints, in the same town, an epitaph condenses the virtues of John Grieves in the following manner:

[illegible]

Here, too, in Nottingham, is found the grave of that bold outlaw, Robin Hood, whose exploits in Sherwood Forest are so well known. The inscription on his tombstone, although now completely erased, read:

> Here, underneath this little stone,
> Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,
> No archer was as he so good,
> And people called him Robin Hood.
> Such outlaws as he and his men
> Will England never see again.
> Died 24th December, [illegible]

America, too, has a share in this curious grave poetry, many of which are fully as strange as those found in England. That the custom has not died out is evident from the following lines on a lady who died of consumption in 1886, and which are taken verbatim from a tombstone not far from Locust avenue, in Greenwood Cemetery:

> Farewell, my dearest Harriet,
> I know you're better off,
> For well I knew your sufferings
> And such a horrid cough.

On the grave of McDonald Clarke, the crazy poet, in the same cemetery, is the following epitaph, written by the poet himself:

> Let silence pass—
> But curse not his grave.

On a tombstone in Trinity churchyard in New York, over the remains of Catherine Thorne, who died in 1752, is the following:

[illegible]

On another tombstone, in the same ground, whose face bears the date of 1767, are found these lines:

[illegible]

For some American tombstones the favorite lines, when poetry is used, are those beginning:

> Affliction sore, long time he bore

These lines are to be found in a churchyard near to the town of Leamington, England, over the remains of a woman who died by lightning:

> "Here lies the body of [illegible],
> The kindest woman ever seen,
> She died of thunder sent from Heaven,
> In seventeen hundred and seventy-seven."

A graveyard near Bangor has a monument with the following inscription, the first verse of which was written by the wife before her death, and the second by the husband after he had married again:

> "Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
> I am not dead, but sleeping here;
> Repent, my love, before you die,
> For you must come and sleep with I."
>
> "I will not weep, my dearest life,
> For I have got another wife;
> I cannot come and sleep with thee,
> For I must go and sleep with she."

The following gem of obituary poetry is from a gravestone in the Wrexham burying-ground:

> A pit of water she fell in,
> Not knowing it would take her breath;
> But, O, alas! the fatal thing
> That proved to her a sudden death.

Disposed as one may be to laugh at such jingling and seemingly meaningless rhymes, there is no doubt that many a tear of deep sorrow has been shed over their composition.

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Scholten

PORTRAITS

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A CINCINNATIAN'S REMINISCENCES OF BEETHOVEN.

MUCH has been written about the life of Ludwig van Beethoven, and it is not out of place to suppose that its foundations and characteristics as well as construction so far as they became known to the public—and they became of his friends, have been exhaustively described and published. But as with the progress of time the genius of the greatest of musicians grows brighter and more comprehensive, so the interest of those who were his personal friends or associates increases, and becomes more valued. What a privilege it would be considered to-day, to speak to one who saw Beethoven, conversed with him, dined with him, observed his peculiar manners and ways! To speak to such a man would be like coming in contact with the inspired oracles himself. It would be far more interesting and refreshing to the associate as well as professional than the perusal of all that was ever written about him. Cincinnati is a city of high musical culture; its College of Music, its Festivals, have spread its reputation abroad. How many of its citizens—those who are interested in musical art—know that in their very midst has resided for many years, and now resides, one with the weakness of old age and a bitterness life, who in Vienna became acquainted with Beethoven, saw him, and conversed with him often. To speak to such a man about the most inspired of composers, can only be considered a privilege the more to be appreciated, as very few of Beethoven's personal associates can be living to-day. His name is one well known to Cincinnatians, especially to the German portion of the community. He is one of the old German pioneers, and was formerly the Coroner of Hamilton County. He is small in stature, wears his grayish hair rather long, and is of slight build. His eyes are expressive, and brighten with animation whenever the subject of Beethoven is touched upon. His conversation he still shows powers of versatility, although his form is slightly bent and his limbs are affected with tremor. His mind is still vigorous, his memory retentive. Although Dr. Limmer resides at the head of Race street, he spends a large portion of the afternoons of very many days of visiting almost every evening before supper, one of the popular resorts over the Rhine. His present associate is Mr. Wichert's Pavilion, where he always succeeds in finding some old acquaintance to discuss the lessons of the day or recount his experiences of the past.

In one of these occasions the writer of this article was introduced to him. Dr. Limmer was enjoying his wine, and was not at all averse to being led into conversation on his favorite theme—his acquaintance with Ludwig van Beethoven. The question was asked:

"When and how did you become acquainted with Beethoven?"

"It was in the years 1826 and 1827, when I was a student of medicine at the University of Vienna, where the great composer resided for that time and ended his days. An influential relative of mine, who at the same time was a friend of Beethoven, undertook, at my request, to give me an introduction. I shall never forget the first impression the appearance of the master made upon me. He was reading at a table, deeply absorbed in thought. His hair was tossed about on his head, as though it had remained unkempt for years. He had the habit of running his fingers through his hair even during conversation, and a few words only sufficed to confirm was sufficient to him. It is generally supposed, and this supposition finds support in most of the best portraits of Beethoven, that he was of a sullen, unfriendly disposition, and averse to his fellowmen. The reverse was the fact. He was one of the most social and pleasant men that I have ever met. His mouth had rigorous lines and his lips compressed, but this was the result of his unbending genius. When I became acquainted with him, he was very much afflicted with deafness, and he seemed to take the nature of a conversation with the greatest of difficulty. If any audience aroused the lines of his thoughtful face it was undoubtedly owing to his consciousness of how much could his conversation be missed on account of his defective hearing. Upon introduction to Beethoven at his house, I found no difficulty whatever in meeting him and conversing with him frequently."

"How was his domestic situation at that time?"

"He was very plain indeed. He lived in a small, comfortable looking house, not very handsomely furnished, and superintended by an old, majority housekeeper, who, however, understood his wants, entertained a high opinion of her master, and never grumbled at his eccentricities. She was a good cook, and especially an expert at preparing some

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ADVICE TO SINGERS.
BY A SINGER.

of Beethoven's favorite dishes. One of these was roast of veal, "Kalbebraten," of which the Viennese are almost proverbially fond, and which they prepare with a certain sauce, that makes it unusually enjoyable to the palate. I have enjoyed a "Kalbebraten," spread with Hungarian and can acknowledge myself a witness to the relish with which Beethoven partook both meat and sauce.

Did Beethoven, in the years of his physical decline pay much attention to the subject of food?

"I devoted my time in the years 1820 and 1821 to the study of counterpoint, and I may say that I have devoted myself to constantly to music. His influences clustered with his tastes and his home. Of course on account of his deafness he was not enabled to even listen to his own compositions. He was fond, however, of improvising on the piano and while he did not hear the composed sounds, they were clearly conceived and developed in his mind. It was not agreeable to hear him play. The piano was an old box, what the Germans would call a "Kompelsasken." It was a very instrument compared with a modern Grand. But although his instrument was lacking which had been considered very proficient in the younger days, was firm on the distant, his genius for composing, I had reference to his grand and solemn conceptions, with regulated rigor to the last. It was the mind over matter, when the senses had refused their support.

What was Beethoven in his political tendencies?

"He was by no positive knowledge a thorough Republican, who in national unity have respect for the monarchical institutions of the time. He was too deeply immersed in the study and culture of music to take any active part in political questions. A noble disposition and his humble birth naturally inclined an advocate of the most liberal principles. I was an eye witness to an interesting episode illustrating this power of Beethoven's character. He, one morning, I strolled along the shady walk which leads to the Imperial Palace, and chanced across Beethoven, who was walking by the side of Count Moritz Lichnowsky, a wealthy nobleman, engaged in deep conversation. Presently I noticed the Imperial Court passing by the trees. Count, who was a thoroughbred courtier, made a low bow to the specific statesman. Beethoven hastily lifted his cap, nodded his head very curtly, and momentarily passed on. I was fond of noticing the two parties and kept informed well informed on the current news as well as political events.

"What were Beethoven's religious tendencies?"

"He was educated a Catholic and it was intended he have died in the Catholic faith, but religious subjects and observances caused him very little trouble. He would often say that religion and theology should not agree well together. Liberal in his political views, he was just as liberal in his religious ideas. His words tell, religion, was confined to the simple form of music.

"I cannot recall any other pleasant things pertains to the life of Beethoven at a period which is not very near to his death. And let me add, that incidents he had witnessed, with an animated expression of countenance and a visible pleasure which he enjoyed how much he often gathered in the feeble old age the privileges of having conversed and eaten at the same table with the greatest of all musicians—looking von Beethoven.—J. A. Homan in Musical Times.

ANIMALS THAT LOVE MUSIC.

MUSIC affects animals differently. Some persons, and the students have also noticed, will be attracted by it, while others show unmistakable dislike to the sounds.

For some years my father lived in an old house in Hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns, and there I saw the influence of music upon many animals. There was a beautiful horse, the property of one of us all, and, like many others, he delighted being caught. One fine summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when old Willie, the gardener, appeared driving with perspiration.

"What is the matter, Willie?"

"Matter enough, Miss. There's that Jackson, the monkey-organ boy, he won't be caught, or get in a car. I've given him cuts, and one of the best pears off the tree, but he's too deep for me to get hold of the mare, kicked up the handle of the tit, breaking it, and at the bottom of the meadow.

"Well, Willie, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but, Miss, if you will only just go to and begin a tune on the pennies, mind, he's the will come to the house and hawken to you, for he is always hankering after, and maybe I can get hold and catch him.

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Engagements for Musicians

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the organ-grinder was standing listening quietly, while I played "Scott's Wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The latter was soon around his neck, and he went away harnessed, quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots, wha hae," he would listen with pleased. If I changed the measure and movement, playing the same air plaintively, he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say, "That is not my sort of music." Changing to something martial, he would return and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. She never would go with the other cows at milking time. She liked the cook, and when cook was busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. When the cook milked her it was always done in the front near the drawing room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. So long as I played plaintive music—the "Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Home, Adair, and sweet, tender airs she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.—*Harper's Young People.*

SONGS FOR DARK HOURS.

MUSIC of more fruity sounds jars painfully on an afflicted heart; but music of holy words beautifully uttered comforts sorrow, because it exalts it.

There is something grand, as well as touching, in the following incident of the effect the battle of Shiloh:

A Christian officer, a captain in a Western regiment, lay on the field of blood, fatally wounded by a grapeshot from his own battery. Of multitudes of others, helpless like himself, were stretched on the ground around him, but none so near that his mouth could converse. He felt himself alone—with God—and the comfort of a heart only prepared to meet him almost forgot his pain and thirst, and the sadness of his dying thoughts of home and friends, never to be seen by him again. Another home rose before him, to the twilights of eternity, the glass prepared by the Sufferer at Calvary for "Him loved and His own;" and as he lay there and the stars the vision of his enlightened as he drew near to it, and he began to sing—

"When I am read my life may
Thy blessed in the skies,
Thy love towards to every one
And wipe my weeping eyes."

Instantly another wounded man, under the bushes not far away, took up the strain, and beyond him another, and another, and the suffering and dying all around began to sing, till the whole dark battle-field rang that night with the melody of faith and hope.

A story is told of a Hungarian nobleman, whose inconsolable grief at the death of an idolized daughter had sunk him into such melancholy and derangement that, as a last effort for his cure, his friends called Madame Pleyel, the greatest vocalist of her time, to sing in his hearing.

Placed in an adjoining room, she began with selections from Haydn's "Creation." At first he paid no heed, but when she sang

"I know that my Redeemer liveth,"

he began to turn his head and listen. When she came to the words,

"Look and see
If there be any sorrow like my sorrow,"

and threw into them the pathos and sweetness of which her marvellous voice was capable, the afflicted father rose and burst out singing by his bedside in the attitude of prayer.

Then came the "Hallelujah chorus," and when other singers joined in that song of triumph his voice mingled with the rest. His spirit was freed. From that hour he was calm, submitting with Christian resignation to the hand that had smitten him.

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THE UNDERSTANDING IN MUSIC.

In many particulars public taste in music is retarded in its thoughtful appreciation, not of what is good by a want of insight into the real value of the compositions presented for general hearing, and appreciation. It is not to be expected that all lovers of music will be educated performers or singers, for the public who support the art generally are not able to devote their time or attention to such study. Then the concert halls and opera houses for pure entertainment, and appreciate that ability that the musician has attained even to a higher degree because they do not possess the gift themselves. There is always a little thought of wonderment when a person hears beautiful music well performed. That delicacy is often suggested to the mind of the listener, and there is a little anxiety about it that adds something to the charm. Among our general western public the larger per cent. of the people must depend upon such influences of culture in music and art as are brought in them. The music for the eye, the finest type of pleasure in Europe and their own land are given to but few out of the great mass of the people. Thus it is that the truest opportunities for improving our knowledge of the arts those which are dependent upon. There are two classes of listeners at our concerts—those who really admire music and those who affect an appreciation of it. The latter number have acquired a little familiarity with the names of the great composers, give utterances of commendation for every work written by them and pretend to like them only. Such performances is so sad that any comprehensive view of their merit is wholly impossible. They admire Beethoven, think Wagner sublime, and are lost upon the dreamy sentiment of Chopin. At the same time should a well-known composer's work be given without mention of his name it is a quest on of his style would meet with recognition.

There are a goodly number of people who really desire the opportunity to improve their taste and knowledge of music, and who would seek for that in it what measure of enjoyment and beauty their comprehension enables them to obtain. To this class a popular entertainment is a success that is deeper than the passing pleasures they find in them. They seek to discover what is beautiful and great in a classical composition by hearing it often, and in its varied rhythm and movement becomes familiar. What the culture of a great world has stamped as being worthy of a high consideration, must have in it a value that study and insight will sooner or later recognize and value. Beethoven is not called great because he is famous, but rather from the fact that he so impressed the world with the force of the power of his musical thoughts that it was obliged to accord to him a deserved fame. His enriched the musical world by his storehouse. Wagner brought the lyrical form of work into a new sphere, and the musical world is now listening and valuing the importance of his ideas. Chopin gave to pianoforte music a poetic grace and charm that made the most delicate melody of the human voice also bear a new form of beauty. He enriched musical forms of expression, besides adding to the list of noble works for that instrument.

To rightly comprehend the full beauty of music the unenlarged listener must first learn to hear from the whole of melody. He must learn by memething that his mind will retain. If we realize how the great mass of the people in public gatherings will unite in singing a well-known hymn, we will understand that the simplest form of the song has the widest power in reaching the general comprehension. From the common ground of simplicity in musical expression, the more highly educated listener must be led until he must be able to grasp the wider relationships that exist in a great piece. Then he will be able to follow a symphony, a sonata, and other intricate compositions with not only understanding but pleasure. The great realm of sound is native to his particular enjoyment, and the musician may discover new wonders and relationships. As his penetrating ear learns to catch to the difference of tone that are generally to be made as nearly of an half to quarter greater power of vibratory force, and will see widely and beauty go hand in hand. The education of the ear will be made as nearly of an half to quarter greater as that of the eyesight or ear other of the human senses. Sound waves of harmony more powerful than even the ray of light that link together with the day and the night. In in the tone of low tones some the illuminations of sunlight brought with all darkness disappear and become radiant with a universal beauty from the inspired soul.—E. SUTTER in *Pathmaker*.

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IT IS remarkable how proficient bird music. One hardly ever comes without bringing a call in. What are the symbols of bird profession.

A LADY tells us that the makers of an account from the beginning of the world down to infants but they have to do this from all lovers.

TAYLOR LODGE has recently been engaged to play at many receptions in Boston for a time. It is hoped he will keep them that time from dying.

A YANKEE boy has invented a contrivance that so contracts pupils as to keep them from sucking their fingers and to prohibit it with the rest, and thinks you see the opposite side.

OLD MAN: "What do you call my new hat?" It was of glorious purple hued. Reply: "Well, I suppose it is what people at an evening party, and others as wear their clothes for good."

"I'M SORRY mother has to use the hot irons, now she is sick, my right hand, and cold water, but I'll do my best to be learning diligently and thank you for all the kindness you have shown me."

THE conclusion, poetry as a typical homogeneous structure and the differentiation into prose and verse, is the expression of the feelings of superiority that he had known two lives, both into his consciousness.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that a lecture with the following title was announced: "The yellow and pestilence is a lecture of Dungeons, the founders of Spain. The Bishop to the Cross of Lorn from the Lord's coming and."

THE war is usually heralded and young housekeeper, as one may gather from the remark what some and expected that one of such preparations during preparations. "Yes," the replied, "if they are to success, we'd better have more."

A MAN'S fall before his gift and hand forward upon his self-respect to be under the influence of a person a person was considered. Experience him, and his first considered exclusion was: "Being it, with, sober's has matters."

"SAY, MISS," said a country editor in a New York hotel to the young lady at the office desk, as he was late for the stirrups with his knife, "please, ask, don't out for a little dry biscuit or two to take with me to the station."

"IT'S A MY child," said a youthful old maid to a young man. "I like best that to-morrow your hair to be curled, for would have them to remain." "As for me, I only wish I was a baby, and to-morrow I had the enough now to do it myself."

A LADY that described a delightful trouble: "I know a girl who tries to unconsciously that she won't give me some day. She has such an overpowering variety of manner that she puts me to shame. I could wish she had a little more such her last words."

A DR LOND physician of long, who in the summer days was a member of music, hung a red banner from his house to attract boarders, as he said. "You see, in that way that I am the homeopathic drink. Yes, I think, as a drug it reminds Fred."

"IF WE DO have dinner I am not down to the front and not dust your and dress to," said a newspaper proprietor to his wife, "I will be down in a few minutes." "Why, you what you mean?" asked Tom. Bob, who overhear us all: "we just dress and dress and dress."

THE remarkable rapidity with which an opinion is acted on the stage such a letter is only equalled by the suggestion was a cousin. Said Adams to a friend, "I am going to see the two characteristics to carry on with the latter characteristics."

AN ANT ran of the ground of their name in a character of Tom Hood. "Why do you have not let them in the middle of the house. After that it will be desirable to get rid of the smell of the ammonia. This effect will be done by rubbing an ammonia on or more."

"WHAT AILS?" Never make fun of a poor singer. He may pay back in the air when young and crushed his voice. Remember Orpheus. Which you'll admit is the worst voice of record extant. But manage to have music in it in the land of the lyre's native."

GEORGE has what some attempt to conquer that we would like to write a letter to a postscript. "My dear lady will excuse you," said Lady G——, "but it's much what the letter from her lover, where after his signature said: "P. S.—Who was right, you or I?"

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A SIMPLE little lad with fair hair engaged in combat with another boy, was reproached by bystanders, who told him he ought always to suffer rather than strike his fellow man. "But," answered the little hero, "I can't wait for the other boy to begin, I've almost done mine's for me right."

A PHYSICIAN who is a confirmed believer in homœopathic remedies, was called down in haste at a late hour of the night to see a patient who was suffering from a severe attack of colic. He had already used that for relieving pain, everything.

JOHN G. SAXE at a meeting of the Press, contributed to raise a portion of local wealth, was to be read by Mr. Saxe, which should give impressive force to the poet's well-known humor and wit. The poet took down his hands and took, glanced hastily and replied: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I don't see anything in Saxe's poems."

"William, my son," says an overworked mother to her son, "the people's table don't seem to have enough to eat. Please to hand them some more." "I was only waiting for some one to ask me," said William. "There was plenty more, but I didn't want to pass your own request."

A CONVERSATION of Hindoo visitors is based on the first Sunday-school question: "What is the chief end of man?" Delivered answer: "Pleases, sahib, he is serving agent for Government." Mother: "He can't have any more, he has had four sandwiches already." "Yes, but there must be a misunderstanding about. He's all swelled up."

Over the Pacific, with waiting intimate terms with fruitlessness the great reason, who was a passenger, was asked by a fellow-passenger the good reason, why he asked if he had been vaccinated. He did. "Indeed," said the other, "I have not been, and I have only a single vein. I had to remain behind until they got well."

A CLERGYMAN'S wife was called upon one of our citizens for aid, explaining that she was in a starving condition. The citizen asked what her husband's salary was, and upon receiving answer of the comfortable sum mentioned, "You don't look like a starving woman." "Sir," she replied, "I am terribly emaciated. The trouble is on the other side."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. AND MRS. HOUSEKEEPER had a verbal encounter on those vexatious every-day words, and the conversation turned on household economy. "Now, my dear," remarked the husband, "I think I could manage much better. Mr. Wiseman, who is a very smart man, remarked that he had a wonderful faculty for saving to get out of getting back change." "No, you are not," said Mrs. Housekeeper. "You forget your accounting days."

THE TRIBUNE says when in the state of a house which happened: One of them, in the house to-morrow, and his parents are fresh with talk, and the other is a little bit of a boy. His companions asked him for a book called *Le Sage*. "What, Larry, are you reading?" "Yes," said Larry, proudly, himself to and disappointing the affluent questioner, answered shrewdly: "Not anything big, but there's not much, I'm lately tattooed."

A GOOD story is related of T. P. Nichol, the painter, which illustrates his readiness in repartee. On one occasion he was much annoyed by a man who followed him, and at last, as he expected at a political meeting, which a dear friend was behind him, and whose acquaintance he was desirous of making, addressed Nichol with the remark:—

"What do you know about politics? There is just one thing you do know, and that is an ox-goad."

"I," replied Nichol, "I don't advise you to learn the other, and then there'll be just one thing you know."

It is needless to say that all the audience in that vicinity listened an audible silence.

AN EXPERIENCE man said that electricity was more manifest while singing, and sought to improve this as his opponent who was badly afflicted with that complaint. One day the young man rushed up from his cellar with wild gestures. "Mount an end—e—ft it's fire!" Then he shouted the agonizing words, whereupon the assistance rushed out to the rescue of Widow's A. stock of flannels on the line.

"The alcohol in all others
I will before you pour to you for,
Excuse an excuse so I singe
I drink the house is done for."

Further translation runs into the customary—*Hem.*

SAYS the genial humorist, Mark Twain, "Some German words are so long that they have a perspective. Observe these examples: Freundschaftsbezeigungen, Dampfschiffahrtsgesellschaften, Unabhängigkeitserklärungen. These words are not words—they are alps. You can't travel them by rail, you can only climb them. A German newspaper article is not written with words, but with alphabetical Indian clubs. It is impossible to make head or tail of it. You have got imagination to see into the heaven and know the minds that are there, and you have got it clear down. Then I have a great interest in those constellations. If somebody throws across a page of mine a remark which I cannot understand, I refer it confidently to them, and they always answer it. They are perfectly familiar with the affairs and the offices of a heavenly body a year before it comes into view, and they can tell you all about it. Astronomers are not to be compared with them. Astronomers are simply thieves. They are always trying to find out something about the movements of comets, when any one of those people can tell you to a second when a comet is due, and can even name the very angle at which it will appear, and the precise spot in the sky where it will first be visible, and how fast it will travel, and whether it will pass to the north or to the south of certain other stars, and how far it will be from the earth at any given time, and when it will reach its perihelion, and when it will reach its aphelion, and how long it will remain in sight, and how long it will take to go around, and what course it will take when it disappears, and when it will be back again. And they can do it without referring to a book. They can tell you the whole business, from the beginning to the end of the year, and they can tell you how the fun comes where so it leaves the sun of sunshine."

A YOUNG St. Louis newspaper, who is very particular about the getting up of his linen, wrote a note to his laundress, and at the same time, sent out to the object of his affections. Unfortunately he put the wrong address on the envelopes, and posted them. The woman was puzzled, but not the least offended, but when the young lady read: "If you consign up my shirts bosom and drag the bottom of the collar any more, as you did last time, I shall have to go somewhere else." She ran out the evening, and declared she would never speak to him again.

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