

The Impresario.

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MEMORY.

How oft in silence, secretly, alone,
We wander back along the traveled road
Of life which lies behind us! There we stroud
With buoyant step; and there, with many a groan,
We picked a painful way from stone to stone,
Which barred our path: one while a weary hill
Defeated ardour; then again, a rill
In brightness cheered us. All are passed and gone,
But not forgotten. Standing as we seem,
Beside the wall which hides futurity,
The long-lost past behind us gives a hope
And faithful promise of security,
But none of ease; or else there were no scope
For trust in God, and life were but a dream.

Chambers' Journal.

Music—the First Element of Education.

IT is specially essential that musical education should be commenced at as early a period in childhood as possible; indeed, if the instruction is properly shaped, commencing, for instance, with the discipline of the ear, only—there is hardly danger of erring in this respect on the side of youth. Among all branches of human learning, there is not one so peculiarly adapted to the comprehension and requirements of childhood as music. It has the same affinity for the infant mind that the atmosphere has for the lungs, or that the nectar of blossoms possesses for the bee. It flows into the unfolding intellect as gratefully and as refreshingly as does its primitive food into the body of the infant. Unlike other mediums of idea, the child requires the aid of no interpreter to enable him to comprehend its intention. He raises no question as to the meaning of this or that word or sentence in the musical language. As soon as the sounds of music fall upon his ear, its periods and phrases are understood and enjoyed by him; and with a far keener relish than by maturer minds, whose sensibility to sweet sounds has become blunted by non-intercourse, or the employment of their fancies with subjects less harmonious and humanizing. On the revelation of no other branch of human skill or learning do these phenomena attend. You may, for instance, exhibit a beautiful piece of penmanship to a child, but he does not perceive its merits, or comprehend its utility. Or even in that art which borders most closely upon music—you may show him a rare specimen, and he presently besieges you with questions as to the meaning of its forms and tints. And should you have occasion to explain that this is a lion, and that a church, you are next called upon to solve the equally important queries, "what is a lion?—what is a church?" and to unfold the

relation and consequence of lion and church to the world we inhabit. Not so with the forms which music presents through the medium of the ear. These results, and these alone, of every species of human science and learning, are immediately intelligible to the youngest child. Their beauty and their utility are at once perceived and felt by the most infantile intellect. Hence we conclude that a child's education should begin with music, as being best suited to its necessities and apprehension. *And we have no doubt that were this course to be adopted, much of the innocence, the unselfish and generous impulses of childhood, would be preserved and infused into the after character through the conservative influence of this art.*

In addition to the adaptedness on the part of music, there are *physical* reasons on the part of the child that, with the urgency of fixed laws, point to music as the first material to be used in the structure of human education. In infancy and childhood the faculties which music requires are exceedingly active, sensitive and plastic. *Imitation* is busy in reproducing every species of sound which comes under its notice, and with an exactness and truth of character it in vain essays to reach in after years. While the ear is thus discerning, the eye is also quick—the fingers and the vocal organs are flexible, and easily modelled. *Invention*, also, is active in constructing rhythmical forms and melodical phrases. In relation to the former, who has not noticed the extreme delight with which children will sometimes repeat together for several minutes in succession a string of nonsensical syllables? We passed such a group the other day. One of the number had discovered a new rhythm, and himself and companions were intensely absorbed in the enjoyment of demonstrating it. After watching them a little while, we left them repeating together in the most perfect time the syllables, "lick-erty, lick-erty, BAM," which was continued in constant succession and in the same unvarying tone and cadence until we were out of hearing. We quote this trifle for the purpose of rendering our idea more intelligible.

This subject opens a wide and interesting field of discussion, but our limits impel us to a conclusion—in which we will express our regret—that the teachings of nature are generally so little consulted in juvenile education. We are accustomed to consider that as the late and most unimportant which nature has constituted the *instinctive* in its universe of harmony and beauty. And though in the outset of infant life we are *compelled*, in a degree, to yield to the imperative demands of this law, yet even these lullabies of the nursery are of so uncount-

and questionable a character as hardly to deserve the name, "musical."

Instead of their being pledges of a compliance with nature's intention, as manifested in the physical claims of childhood, they are oftener, we might rather say *invariably*, the precursors of a "seven years of famine" to the little sufferer, as it regards music. Those gentle virtues belonging to childhood, which music, as a natural nutriment, serves so powerfully to invigorate, after appropriating to themselves the last grain of musical wheat which may be doled to them from the nursery, are henceforth permitted to imbibe such tone and temper as the jargon, the strife and discord of words and the common-place bustle of life and selfishness may engender; until at some future period of the child's existence, after his mental and bodily faculties, appropriate to the art, have from disuse become unapt, blunted and decayed, music is again presented to him. No longer, however, as the reflector and interpreter of himself—the voice and *leading* principle of the universe—the Alpha and Omega of all law—but as a *brilliant insignificance, a gilded toy*, useful enough to amuse an idle hour to those that can be thus amused, but of no general value or permanent consequence. Thus do we live—half dis severed from the universe, of which we were created reciprocating atoms, neither receiving nor returning its joy-inspiring impulses. *Thus are Nature's laws inverted.*

Tintoretto's Painting.

TINTORETTO, called by the Italians the "Tintoretto of Painting," because of his vehement impulsiveness and rapidity of execution, soars above his brethren in the faculty of pure imagination. It was he, too, who brought to its perfection the poetry of Chiaroscuro, expressing moods of passion and emotion by brusque lights and luminous half-shadows and opaque darkness, as unmistakably as Beethoven by contrasted chords. There must be some scope for poetry in the conception, for audacity in the composition, something in the subject which can rouse the prophetic faculty, and evoke the seer in the artist, or Tintoretto does not rise to his own altitude. Accordingly, we find that Tintoretto, in abrupt contrast with Veronese, selects by preference the most tragic and dramatic subjects that can be found in sacred or profane history. The crucifixion, with its agonizing Deity and prostrate groups of women sunk below the grief of tears; the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, with its passionate contrast of the grey-robed Man of Sorrows and the ruby-winged, voluptuous fiend; the temptation of Adam in Eden, a luxurious idyl of the fascination of the spirit of the flesh; Paradise, a tempest of souls, a drift of saints and angels, "raining," like Lucrætan atoms of gold-

dust in sunbeams, "along the illimitable infinite," and driven by the celestial whirlwind that performs the movement of the spheres; the destruction of the world, in which all the fountains and rivers, and lakes and oceans of earth have formed one foaming cataract, that thunders with cities and nations in its rapids down a bottomless gulf, while all the winds and hurricanes of air have grown into one furious blast that carries souls like dead leaves up to judgment; the plague of the fiery serpents—multitudes encoiled and writhing on a burning waste of sand; the Massacre of the Innocents, with its spilt blood on slippery pavements of porphyry and serpentine; the Deliverance of the Tabernacle. Law to Moses amid clouds on Mount Sinai—a white, electric, lightning-smitten man emerging in the splendor of apparent Godhead; the anguish of the Magdalen, after her martyred God; the solemn silence of Christ before Pilate; the rushing of the wings of the Seraphim; the clangor of the Trump that wakes the Dead; these are all the awful and soul-stirring themes that Tintoretto handles with the ease of mastery. He is the poet of infinity and passion; the Prospero of arch-angelic Ariels; the Faust of Spiritual Hells; the majestic scene-painter of a theatre as high and broad and deep as heaven and earth and hell. But it is not only in the region of the past and tempestuous and tragic that Tintoretto finds himself at home. He is equal to every task that can be imposed upon the imagination. Provided only that the spiritual fount be stirred, the jet of living water gushes forth pure, inexhaustible, and limpid. In his Marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne, that most perfect idol of the aesthetes and whose sensuality is absent; in his temptation of Adam, that symphony of greys and browns and ivory, more lustrous than the crimson and the gold of sunset skies; in his miracle of St. Agnes, that lamb-like maiden with her snow-white lamb among the soldiers and the courtiers and the priests of Rome, Tintoretto has added one more proof that the fiery genius of Titanic artists can pierce and irradiate the soul, and that the secrets of the soul with more consummate mastery than falls to the lot of those who make tranquility their special province. Paolo Veronese never penetrated to this inner shrine of beauty, this Holiest of Holies, where the Sister Graces dwell. He could not paint waxen limbs, with silver lights and golden, and transparent mysteries of shadow, like those of Bacchus, Eve, and Ariadne. Titian himself was powerless to imagine movement like that of Aphrodite floating in the air above the lovers, or of Madonna adorning Christ in the Paradise, or of Christ himself judging by the silent simplicity of his divine attitude; the worldly judge, at whose tribunal he stands, or of the tempter, raising his jeweled arms aloft in triumph, with metriculous lustre the impassive God above him, or of Eve leaning in irresistible seductiveness against the fatal tree, or of St. Mark down-rushing through the air to save the slave that cried to him, or of the Mary who has fallen asleep with folded hands from utter exhaustion of agony at the foot of the Cross. In the attitudes, movements, gestures, that Tintoretto makes in human body an index and symbol of the profoundest, most tragic, most poetic, most delicious thought and feeling of the inmost soul. In daylight radiance of color, he is surpassed, perhaps, by Veronese. In perfect mastery of every portion of his art, in solidity of execution, in firm, unwavering grip upon his subject, he falls below the level of Titian. Hundreds of his pictures are unworthy of his genius—hurriedly designed, rapidly dashed in, studied by candle-light, with brusque effects of abnormal light and shadow, hastily daubed with colors that have not stood the test of time. He is a gigantic

improvisatore—a Gustave Dore or a John Martin on the scale of Michelangelo: that is the worst thing we can say of him. But in the swift intuitions of the spirit, in the purities and sublimities of the prophets—poet's soul, neither Veronese nor Titian can approach him.—*Westminster Review.*

The Novelists' Art.

NOVELS exercise a wonderful influence over us, greater, probably, in the present age than ever before. They form a new element of literature which was unknown to the ancients; they not only add to the stock of harmless amusement—which is no small matter—but the novel of a great writer may justly be considered as one of the ties that bind us to one another—one of the common interests of society. They lower or elevate the taste of the nation; they enlarge our knowledge of human nature; they show the world to us in many new lights and aspects. We do not imagine that we learn anything from them insensibly. Have not many seeds and germs of noble thoughts and actions been sown or planted in the impressionable minds of the young by works of fiction? Sometimes the novelist delights to turn to the common side of society, and makes the judge and the criminal change places, when regarded by the eye of the inner soul as they might be by the judgment of God. Or again, he shows how near the best things are to the worst; how philosophy, and even philanthropy, may dwell in the breast of the villain or the murderer; for human nature is sometimes a strange compound, and a man may be equal to a saint both in good and in evil. Are there not many lessons of religion and philosophy to be learned from such creations? Or the genius of the novelist may rise up against the conventionalities and respectabilities of mankind; and some persons may fear that society will be undermined, and that it is bad for the young to read such books, which were, perhaps, written in youth. But is the truth so conveyed really different from that of the gospel—that the Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat, but that the publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of heaven before them? Or the novelist may imagine the world under new conditions, and show us, not without the aid of supernatural machinery, pure reason and pure instinct in their separate natures, now dividing, now blending; rising to heaven or sinking to earth; unable to sustain themselves, either separate or united, in an alien world. Those are mistaken who suppose that the great novelist had no other object in such works but to amuse the world, or that he did not intend the hope of life and immortality to shine through them.—*From the Funeral Sermon of Lord Lytton, by Prof. Jewett.*

Madame Anna Bishop.

The New York Evening Post says: "Much interest is felt in musical circles in regard to the coming concert tour of Mme. Anna Bishop, who is already one of the greatest of living female travelers. The tour, which will occupy about five months, will begin at Marshall, Michigan, will include Chicago and other Western towns, Great Salt Lake City, and the California cities. Thence she will proceed to the States of Oregon, the Territory of British Columbia and Oregon. The troupe will include, besides the prima donna herself, Mr. Gottschalk, baritone (brother of the great pianist), Mr. Gilder, pianist, and a new English tenor, who has not yet been heard in this country.

THE ENGLISH STAGE.

A NEW AMERICAN HAMLET IN LONDON.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, the English dramatist, has attempted a fresh and interesting theatrical experiment at the London Crystal Palace. Some time since he announced to the world that recent release from official life had given him leisure for aesthetics, which he should employ in the production of Shakespeare's Hamlet; not for the sake of the actor playing the part of the "Prince of Denmark," but chiefly for artistic reasons and the furtherance of dramatic art.

A series of afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace was accordingly resolved upon. The object was to render the tragedy without conventionality in scenery, costume, or stage business, and without that exaltation of a particular actor which is usually accompanied by a shameless indifference as to the manner in which the smaller parts are performed. Mr. Taylor himself superintended the preparation of the play. He printed a special edition of Hamlet, with brief notes of his proposed changes in the action of the players and the arrangement of scenes, giving his reasons for each. This book was carefully consulted by a large majority of the throng of persons who attended the opening performance at Sydenham. "Never, probably, save at an Italian opera house," says the *London Times*, "were so many books of the play to be seen in the hands of an English audience, or so many pairs of eyes anxiously comparing the printed text with the words spoken on the stage."

Mr. James Steele Mackaye was the "Hamlet" of the occasion. He is the young American pupil of Debraute, whose endeavor to carry out the principles of his master at the St. James Theatre in this city will be remembered. The audience were "manifestly delighted" with his acting. The critics say he has a fine stage figure and an expressive face; his emphasis remarkably correct, and that in many passages his action was both original and effective. His effort was marred, however, by a deficiency in sustained vocal power.

Mr. Tom Taylor has impressed novelty upon every feature of the Crystal Palace Hamlet. In the play scene of the third act, instead of placing the usual mock stage so that the King is compelled to turn his face from the auditorium while he watches the performance, the players put up their platform in the presence of the court, at the side of the real stage, and as the action progresses, the changes in the King's features and the countenance of "Hamlet," as he lies at "Ophelia's" feet, are visible to the entire audience. Then Mr. Taylor rejects the old custom of making "Hamlet" refer to the two miniatures in the closet scene, when he says: "Look here, upon this picture, and then on this," but hangs the portraits of the two kings upon the wall.

It is said that the lesser characters of the tragedy were probably never kept up to a more generally creditable level than by the actor. According to the *London Times*, the logic which makes it venal to witness a play acted in a museum, a gallery, or a palace, and wicket to see one performed in a theatre when so called, is still potent among shrewd English and American, and has led to the Crystal Palace those who abhor theatres, but desire to learn something more of one of the masterpieces of English literature. "This class was largely represented, and a stern sense of duty obviously pervaded the atmosphere."—*St. Louis Journal.*

SPRINGS.

With unaccustomed tenderness
The wayward son enfolds his mother;
With strange and sudden gentleness
The sister looks upon her brother.

The babe is tightened in the hold,
With gushes of maternal passion;
The wife and husband show their love
After the maid's and lover's fashion.

And some white face with moveless lids
That can be wet with tears no longer,
Staying, perchance, life's wretched way,
Was made love's current flow the stronger.

Or, it may be, in last night's dream,
Each felt what might be Death's aggression;
And waking, fearful, Love ran forth,
To prove still safe his own possession.

Galaxy.

The Lucca-Kellogg Opera.

THE great prime donne have come and gone. The Germans cry Lucca, the Americans Kellogg. They are both right; two great stars have just left us—the one a great actress, the other a great singer. Lucca is the actress. Her dramatic conceptions are perfect; she identifies herself with her part thoroughly and absolutely. She never loses a point, but in everything, from the most trivial up to the most important, her magnificent acting is seen. Wonderful is this little creature—full of love, passion and sentiment; full of the strong womanly qualities which made the hopeless Mignon cling to her careless master so faithfully, earnestly and long, just as a true woman does even against reason and common sense. We all felt it, and our hearts ached for poor, miserable little Mignon—we never thought of Lucca. So it was with all her acting. As for her singing, nature has not done as much for her as for Miss Kellogg. She has a voice of great power, but has not good use of it; her trill is grand and of great strength, but is not gracefully executed, nor within her control. It is otherwise with Kellogg. Her trill is not as powerful, but managed perfectly, the gradual crescendos and decrescendos being positively magnificent. As regards breath-taking, Lucca exhausts herself entirely, and then her deeply-drawn inspirations are heard at every corner of the theatre. Kellogg has not this fault, but inspires prudently, carefully, with the least possible effort and little noise. She is a most cautious singer; she probably never forgets that Miss Kellogg is singing, that a large audience is listening, and that every piece of music must be sung just so. For this reason she is a brilliant songstress, and for the same reason an inferior actress. Miss Kellogg never seems to sing by inspiration, but is ever herself—grand, magnificent, confident, full of the sense of power to rule by song the hearts of men, she dispenses her favors gracefully, modestly. Madame Lucca requires much more vocal cultivation, while Miss Kellogg should pay more attention to acting. Neither seemed ac-

quainted with the words of the music, but required the almost constant aid of the prompter, whose hoarse whispers were disagreeably loud and unmusical. It required a most powerful imagination to see the noble castle-walls and turrets high, the gorgeous palaces, and rich banquetting halls; but the garden, (?) where

"Spreading herbs and flowers bright
Glistered with the dew of night."

The few miserable, sickly plants standing there all friendless and alone, hung their heads in very shame at being the instruments to such a fraud! The stage effects were about as impressively lame and shabby, contrasting strongly with the rich apparel of the performers. As for their reception, the fair singers can scarcely complain. They received encores many times during every performance, and at the close of the last act of "La Favorita" the Lucca Society presented their countrywoman with a pyramidal basket filled with the choicest flowers, and her name nightly worked in geraniums and fuschias. During the last act in "Il Trovatore" Miss Kellogg was the recipient of a beautiful floral testimonial. It was composed of three baskets of flowers rising one above the other to the height of seven feet, the centre one containing a birdcage in which was a fine little songster, though, unlike Miss Neilson's, it did not make a show of its vocal powers. Just as she had received this, another of the same character was handed her, with the following address in writing:

MISS KELLOGG—On behalf of the citizens of St. Louis, we have been requested by a committee to express to you their appreciation of your character as an American artist, and one who, throughout the dramatic world, has established our national reputation by virtue of your talents and labor second to none in the development of native resources in the noblest exemplification of grand opera, speaking the universal language of music, which knows no nationality or clime. It is the only language given which speaks from earth to heaven, and even Revelation tells of no other language than music in heaven itself.

God has stamped the universe with His omniscient seal of harmony, and all nature responds to the decree. So with flowers, strewn upon the bosom of our mother earth by the hand of a beneficent Father, who recognizes all as His children, we now present to you this floral temple, and leave each bud, flower and leaf to speak the language of a nation, cosmopolitan, yet individual in its character as an American people.

If we were to present jewels or diamonds, they would only represent individuality, but representing as we do a nationality embracing all races, we feel a sincere and warm affection for the noble efforts you have exerted in behalf of the American name. We can only say in the language of Miss Landon:

"Flowers are all the jewels I can give."

The flowers may fade, but the sweet perfume they exhale to-night, we trust, will ever live as a lyric drama in years to come of our appre-

ciation of your great abilities and noble worth entertained by the citizens of St. Louis.

At the end of the first act of "Don Giovanni," the last night of the opera, Miss Kellogg received a magnificent casket containing a gold chain and from this suspended a medalion upon which was engraved the following inscription: "To Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, from her many friends and admirers in St. Louis." Above her name was elegantly chased a mocking-bird; and on the opposite side of the medal the coat of arms of the city. Hon. George Bain made the following presentation speech:

MISS KELLOGG—On behalf of your many friends in the city of St. Louis, I have been requested to present you with this evidence of their respect, esteem, and admiration. The people of St. Louis feel proud that an American girl has made herself one of the most eminent prime donne in the world, and that she has united in her bright career all that gives grace and dignity to womanhood. In the West—in the Western metropolis—it is our ambition to be first in the development of material interests, and in commercial vigor and enterprise, but also to be first in assisting in the progress of art and the higher civilization. For this cause, if for no other, we would tender you, as one of the highest representatives of vocal music living, our respect and encouragement, and feel that in so doing we are merely discharging a duty. In this instance, dear lady, respect is mingled with affectionate regard, not because of the national honor reflected by your career, but because of the home associations of your life and the pleasure your visits have given us.

The utmost enthusiasm ensued; the stage became almost covered with bouquets which fell in perfect showers. When quiet was again restored, the fair cantatrice modestly said:

I can hardly find words to express my gratitude to my dear friends in St. Louis for the generous and flattering testimonial of their esteem and affection. I trust that in the future I shall show myself worthy of the confidence herein displayed, which will ever remain the most pleasing recollection of my present visit to your beautiful city.

Thus has St. Louis shown her appreciation of the great American songstress. We have recorded the speeches made and her reply, because we wish to ever remember the occasion when so great honor was paid to merit irrespective of nationality; and we have but one thing to regret, and that is, that Germany's pride did not receive the same apparent honor with Miss Kellogg, and that we have not some few words from her lips to record and remember.

ST. LOUIS IN ART.

WE are happy to announce that Mr. Will Chase, who left this city for Munich last summer, has received for his proficiency in antique drawing the bronze prize medal. The original diploma reads as follows: The Royal Bavarian Academy of Art in Munich to its student, Will Chase: We are glad that we are able, by this, to testify to you that the Faculty of the College has granted to you the bronze medal, in acknowledgment of your superb drawing of the antique.

M. CARRIERE, Sec'y of the Prof'rs.
W. KAULBACH, Director.
Munich, April 9, 1873.

The Impresario.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE, 1879.

We desire sound communications, either for the Correspondents' Column, or upon matters of a Musical, Art, or Literary nature.

The doings of musical associations will be carefully noted, if they simply keep us informed of their character.

Communications will appear at the earliest possible convenience. In all cases append the real name; write plainly on one side of the paper.

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MUSIC WITH THIS NUMBER.

LOVE IS A ROSEBUSH—Song.....35 cents.
BEAUTY'S MESSAGE—Schottisch.....35 cents.

Pianists and Accompanists.

THE ability to finger well, the possession of time, delicacy of touch, precision, wrist-power, firmness, intelligence, imagination, etc.—with these one may be a pianist, but it by no means follows that he is enabled by these accomplishments to accompany the voice in singing. There are many excellent pianists, who are utterly ignorant of the art of accompanying, and, what is more stupid, blissfully unconscious of their deficiency. Many persons imagine that to play the notes as written upon the staff is to be an accompanist. There never was a greater mistake. The accompaniment—except in rare cases—should be subordinate to the voice; not play in strict time, but in solos, allowing for effect, the emotions, and those various deviations which make song appeal so earnestly, so universally to the higher nature—the language of the soul. The majority of concerts have on an exhibition one of these self constituted accompanists, an individual who plays his part with as little reference to the singer as though he did not exist—utterly, entirely absorbed in the execution of the music before him; while the distressed vocalist is vainly struggling to keep with the instrument, or overcome the noise made by this energetic automaton—they are usually very much so—presiding at the piano. The majority of them evidently labor under the monstrous delusion that their performance is the attraction, and not the singer; and so strongly rooted is this idea, that they are seldom persuaded out of it. How many singers, more or less embarrassed on a first appearance in concert, signally fail in the rendition of a piece with which they are perfectly familiar, merely for want of a little aid in a trying moment from the accompanist? Usually, if he makes a false note, or gets off the melody, he is allowed to get back as best he may. Many pianists pay but little or no attention to the words, but are guided to an extent by the ps. pps. crescendo's and decrescendo's, etc., placed at regular intervals over the music. These generally apply very well to one

verse, but seldom to the others, if, as is frequently the case, they are placed under the first, the sentiment being vastly different. This is certainly the experience of most ballad singers; and until those who accompany study carefully the words as well as the music, think a little more of the singer than of their own performance, we may expect good accompanists to remain, as now—a rarity.

Beethoven Conservatory of Music.

THE Mercantile Library Hall was completely packed on the occasion of the conservatory exhibition. The performance on two pianos by the Misses Kitty Daum, Ida Eisenhardt, Ida Taussig, and May Hewitt, was happily executed by the young ladies. When we noticed the "Ah Che Assorta," by Venza-no, on the programme, we were somewhat curious to see the Miss Jennie Garland. She stepped upon the stage with considerable apparent confidence, and sang with a voice of great purity and compass this very difficult composition. We congratulate her upon her success, but would suggest a little more study and cultivation before attempting music which properly belongs only to the most cultured musicians. The performance of the allegretto movement from Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" was executed tolerably, but speaks little for somebody's judgment in attempting that which can only be accomplished by thorough and accomplished artists. We can say little for the duo from "Lucia." Mr. McCabe sang well, from the fact that he not only possesses a good voice, but knows how to use it. Mr. Doan did tolerably, and might have done much better if there had not been an evident conspiracy on the part of the orchestra to drown him. The great straining required on the part of the gentleman to make himself heard detracted considerably from the effect. The "Grand Duo" on two pianos, by the Misses Julia Durkee and Bertha Bollman, was most perfectly executed, both ladies exhibiting great delicacy and taste in its performance. Verdi's "Ernani Qurolam" was most excellently rendered by Miss Letitia Fritch. This little lady astonished everybody, not only by her pure tones, but her great strength and compass. She lacks cultivation, but possesses a rich store of natural ability. But one thing marred the effect of her singing, and that was the attempt to trill; she should refrain from anything of that kind for the present. The "Concertante," for five solo violins, was a neat rendition at the hands of Masters Knable, Schillinger, Schren, Taussig and Prof. Waldauer. "Colin che m' dice," from "Don Bucefalo," was the gem of the evening. Miss Branson's rich, magnificent voice filled every foot of the large hall, and then died away in the sweetest and gentlest of echoes. We have seldom heard such a faultless vocal rendition. Every tone exhibited the most careful and conscientious cultivation; and it is not too much to say that a most brilliant future awaits the young lady if she continues to improve as she has the past year. The exhibi-

tion concluded with an overture, "The Merry Wives," performed by the Misses Lizzie Stanford, Lizzie Simon, Carrie Mayer and Elsie Carter; on two pianos, with orchestra accompaniment, and reflected creditably upon the young ladies.

The Centenary Church Organ Concert.

THIS concert was certainly one of the most successful of the season. Professor Creswell played an overture from "Masaniello," a sonata in B flat, Mendelssohn, and an allegretto movement from Beethoven's "Eighth Symphony." The rendition of these compositions was absolutely perfect. His combinations show careful, conscientious study, while his exquisite organ-touch, his perfectly correct interpretation of the music with regard to the various effects to be produced, prove him an excellent musician and master of the instrument at which he presides. An attempt was made to sing the well-known duet in Martha. Mr. Dierkes sang pretty well, but his articulation was very poor indeed. Mr. Cooper should not have attempted the piece at all; the great effort required in singing the high notes produced such a distortion of the features as to altogether destroy the effect of his really good voice. The "Good Night," later in the evening, was much better rendered, and proved his ability when in a proper field. "Kathleen Avourneen," by Mrs. Wycoff, was sung as we have seldom heard it. The effort was heartily applauded, and the enthusiastic audience would not rest until the lady again appeared and sang. "When the Pale, Pale Moon Arose Last Night." This piece was more within the range of her voice, and rendered with even better effect than "Kathleen." "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," was sung by Miss Ingham very creditably, although we have heard her in pieces much better adapted to her voice. The omission of "Quis est Homo" was a disappointment. There are few voices in our city possessed of the qualities necessary to render, as it should be done, this beautiful duet. We expected a musical treat from Miss Branson and Mrs. Wycoff, and hope soon to hear them render this gem of Rossini's. As a substitute, "An Evening Song" was given, proving much more for the ladies' voices than for the composition. Gounod's "Ave Maria" was a little high for Miss Huntington, yet she sang the piece quite well, showing her abilities best in the middle register. "La Carita" might have been greatly improved; the solos were creditably given, but the time was poor in the quartette, and the expression was sadly wanting. There was also an evident uncertainty throughout the entire piece, which was anything but pleasing. If Mr. Dierkes would place himself in competent hands he would some day make a vocalist. It is painful to see a good voice abused as it is his. Let him cultivate it—learn to use it properly—and then he can sing. The quartette, "Midnight Sounds" closed the performance, and was an improvement, both in time and expression, on the other.

Prof. Malmene's Concert.

AN appreciative and highly respectable audience was in attendance at the above concert. "Millard's Waiting," was sung very creditably by Miss Huntington, as also, "I Love My Love." The lady received an encore after each piece, and sang in response, "Who's at My Window" and "Where are Ye Going, Sweet Robin?" The rendition of "Judith," by Miss Schumacher, was quite well done, although the exhibition of less force would have been a great improvement. We are inclined to the belief that the lady would do herself greater justice if she sang music confined to her lower register. Few voices possess the quality, even though they have great compass, to sing the extremes of high and low acceptably. One of the secrets of successful singing is the finding the field where our abilities can be used to the best advantage and strictly confining ourselves to it. Three compositions of Prof. Malmene were given to the public for the first time. The music is certainly neat, elegant and expressive; the arrangement of instruments is almost faultless; while both compositions and arrangement place Prof. Malmene in a new and enviable position in musical art. The performance of the "Serenata" was not what it should have been; the orchestra being miserably out of time during the entire first movement, and the greater part of the second; yet, after this, there was a perceptible and gratifying improvement until the last. The rendition of Favarger's "Fantasia Oberon" was excellently well done by Miss Malmene. The execution in every particular was given with great delicacy and taste. An hearty encore was demanded, when she played with her father a duet from "Trovatore." This arrangement is not at all simple, and speaks well for the young lady's future. "It Ought Not thus to Be," by Mr. Habelmann, was given in this gentleman's usual happy manner; while Esser's exquisite ballad, "Mein Engel," was perfect. The enthusiastic applause following this obliged the gentleman to reappear and sing "Silent Night." "Thou Art my Dream," by Prof. Malmene, with violincello obbligato by Prof. H. Robyn, was rendered very effectively. The Professor, with his rich and highly cultivated voice, gave a fine interpretation of this sweet song of the great German composer. The violincello accompaniment at the hands of Prof. Robyn was excellently given, the well-known proficiency of the gentlemen on this instrument insuring no other result.

Professor Meyer's Concert.

THIS concert was poorly attended, yet the audience was appreciative—seeming heartily pleased with each individual performance. Miss Goldstick sang in her usual happy manner a cavatina from Lucretia Borgia—"It is better to laugh than be sighing," also a Barcarole, which elicited a hearty encore, to which she responded with "I've Nothing Else to Do." Miss Esther Jacobs rendered Millard's "Wait-

ing" so sweetly as to leave nothing to desire; and later in the evening, with her sister, Miss Julia Jacobs, sang a duet, "La Regatta," from Gounod. This pleasing duet called forth a well-deserved encore, which was given in "No One to Love," with variations. Mr. Cunningham sang quite acceptably in "Flow, Gently Diva," but Mr. Wilson was evidently not cut out for a public singer. He is a good teacher of vocal music, but has not the requisite control of voice and feature, to be at all pleasing to an audience. The performance of Miss Minnie Breidenbach was in every way creditable to the lady. Mr. Heerig's violin solos were pleasantly given, and speak well for him as an amateur. It was the duty on this occasion of a pretty well-grown boy to raise and lower the top of the piano at stated times. He was a stout boy, with large feet, and any amount of very tough shoe-leather encasing them. No "concord of sweet sounds" arose from those clumsy heels, nor were our optics delighted with the graceful movements of the awkward biped. He would shuffle to the front of the instrument, and, instead of returning as he came, would pass entirely around it—life same being very annoying to those who came to enjoy the music, and not to see boys. At the termination of every two or three pieces that everlasting boy would put in an appearance, and abruptly dispel the lingering echoes of delightful music. We felt then, and the desire is yet strong within us, to say in all earnestness, and with a thankful heart, "a sweet farewell to that angelic boy."

Mr. Wolfsohn's Complimentary Concert.

A LARGE audience assembled on the occasion of the above concert at the Temple. As there was a large number of listeners, so there were many performers, but, we are obliged to say, few singers. The Professor himself was not a star of the first magnitude, while the attempt to perform the fourth act of "Il Trovatore," was not only ridiculous, but in very bad taste, particularly at this time when the singing and acting of the late magnificent opera troupe was still fresh before us. Had the entertainment taken place at a private residence, it would have been different; but the concert was regularly advertised, and an admission charged of one dollar. The singing in ordinary concert of select music, and the enacting of operas, are two very different things. People will criticize, and amateurs should be politic enough not to attempt that in public which can only be rendered properly by those who make the opera a constant and life-long study, and then too frequently fail of success. When a party essays to cater to the public, it is assumed that he is master to a greater or less degree of his subject; it is not understood that he is to attempt, but render in a satisfactory manner the performance for which he has charged his hearers, and a failure to do this is as reprehensible as the bad work of any profession or trade, and as universally condemned. Of the singers, we take pleasure in

especially naming the Misses Peake and Buckingham. They both sang in excellent taste, and, indeed, added to their already well-known reputations as leading amateurs of our city.

THE MAY QUEEN.

STERNDALE BENNETT'S beautiful cantata was presented during for the past year in a manner highly creditable to Prof. Creswold, as manager, and as is seldom seen in local entertainments of this character. The principal parts were sustained by Miss Huntington as the May Queen, Miss Ingham as Queen of England, Mr. Smith as the Shepherd, and Mr. Dierkes as Robin Hood. The several characters were rendered pleasantly—the singing being much superior to the acting—such being frequently the case with those who make the stage a profession. Musically it was a success; financially not what it should have been. This was no compliment to Prof. Creswold. He has been in our city but a short time, yet has already done much to raise the standard of musical taste; and an audience, in point of numbers, such as greeted him at the presentation of the May Queen, we repeat, was no compliment, and, comparatively speaking, such as would have barely graced an ordinary side-show. The name of this gentleman alone, in connection with any musical enterprise, should have been enough to have drawn full houses. We fear too great allowance was made for the merits of the piece and performers, and not enough attention paid to financial matters. Prof. Creswold's late experience will probably deter him from entering on anything of the kind again for some time, and when he does it may be he will be better appreciated.

High School Exhibition at the Temple.

The annual exhibition of the third class of the St. Louis High School took place on Friday, the 9th of May, at 9 A. M., at the Temple.

Long before the beginning of the exercises the large hall was filled with the friends and relatives of the pupils. The High School at present numbers about 900 scholars, of which over 500 took part in the singing. In the neighborhood of 450 were placed in the gallery—the third class, numbering about seventy, on the stage, and the rest (who did not take part in the singing) were seated on the north and south side of the hall, leaving the body of the house for the visitors. The arrangement was a good one, and showed the thoughtfulness of the principal.

There were sixteen orations and essays read and delivered, of which some showed considerable merit—one in particular, "Nothing but Leaves," by Miss Fannie B. Griffith.

Three dramas (French, German and English) were well performed. Of the musical part we can only say it was superior to any school singing we have ever heard, here or elsewhere. The compositions—all classical—were sung

with good taste and understanding; the different parts were well balanced, each in a good proportion—sopranos, altos, baritones. The chorus, "Home," by F. Abt, was rendered without accompaniment; there was no wavering of voices, no detonation, no flattening of tone, but a perfection hardly to be expected of singers of experience. The "Gloria" of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and "The Heavens Declare," by Beethoven, were rendered in a truly artistic style.

In all the compositions the time was kept most perfectly, but particularly fine was the beginning of each piece, all voices coming in as one. If such music can be performed and kept up for a number of years, no doubt we could then also have American choral societies as well as German ones; the capacity and talent are evidently in our young people; it but needs the right kind of teachers to bring it out as it was done on Friday at the Temple.

The following was the musical programme:

1. The Lord is Great, by..... Chas. Kiel.
2. How Sweet when the September Evening Breezes..... C. Von Weber.
3. Hallelujah..... F. Abt.
4. The Heavens Declare..... Beethoven.
5. Who on Yonder Mountain High..... F. Mendelssohn.
6. Weep Not, Fond Heart..... F. Kueken.
7. Gloria..... W. A. Mozart.

Miss Neilson's Reading.

THE mass of intellect assembled on the occasion of the above lady's reading, but proves the power of an actress—a true interpreter of humanity—the soul-reader of passion, of the inner springs of life, to do good, to supply that longing, that ever-constant yearning to see a clear portrayal of thought, a perfect demonstration of that which is of us, with ourselves. We hold that Miss Neilson's acting and reading has done much to change the views of many regarding the theatre. She has proved that one can be an actress and a lady; she showed people in herself an actress, made them feel that she was a great and noble woman, a true representative of a noble profession. At every appearance she received an ovation, the recognition of the great merit of this remarkable woman. *The Globe* says of her reading:

Her style is peculiarly nervous and sympathetic. Her elocution is not hampered by force. It often obeys the laws of feeling and impulse only, and these always command sympathy and carry the auditor by storm. In the rush of impassioned words and tempest of feeling which she raises in her theme there is no time for reason, and nothing to do but listen and yield. Such is the power which the reader holds over her hearers, and there can be no result but full triumph. Miss Neilson's elocution may have some slight faults when judged by rules, but none when measured by the grand effect, which is the interpreting of what was struggling for expression in the author's soul when he wrote. She seizes this subtle essence which mere words can but imperfectly convey, and gives it form and body. This is her victory. Her method is her own, and no criticism has been invented for a problem that so clearly demonstrates itself. Miss Neilson is as effective and great as a reader, as she is as an actress, and affords a better study, as the glamour of the stage is absent, and the method is as it were laid bare.

THE CINCINNATI FESTIVAL.

THE late musical feast held at Cincinnati was a grand success—an epoch in music—reflective of the greater credit on the enterprise and energy of the city that inaugurated it. It was no half-way affair, but a well-prosecuted, ably-managed series of concerts. The services of the best solo-singers of the country were obtained, a fine and well-drilled chorus, with a magnificent orchestra, and the king of the baton, Theodore Thomas—to lead and stamp his individuality upon every performance, this is something which Cincinnati may well feel proud. Just think of an immense audience listening with the most rapt attention for nearly an hour and a half to the grandest and last of Beethoven's, the "Ninth Symphony." This speaks volumes for the musical culture of the listeners, when we bear in mind that the first three movements are entirely instrumental. Of the music produced at the festival, fully nine-tenths was classical, severely so, we may say—such as the "Dettingen Te Deum," "Orpheus," and "First Walpurgis Night." We looked for this in the old æsthetic capitals of Europe, but we venture to say, until the late festival, none of us were really aware of the musical talent of the country. The Boston Jubilee was a feature in musical circles, but by no means comparable to this; and Chicago is about to do something, (?)—we await developments. There were many anti-festivalists in Cincinnati just before and at the opening of the festival; many coldly indifferent, and few enthusiasts. It took just one concert to dissipate these, and, notwithstanding it rained more or less during the entire week, the hall was constantly thronged with eager listeners. So thoroughly enthusiastic and delighted were the people that, during the intermission at the last concert, they resolved themselves into a mass-meeting, and, as a result, decided to hold a similar festival annually.

"Mr. Nichols said it was a maxim of the first Napoleon that wherever one soldier could plant a foot his whole army should follow. In this May Festival Cincinnati had secured a footing on the very steps of music. Mr. Nichols continued, that public gratitude was due to Mr. Thomas, [applause] to his great orchestra, [applause] to the chorus which had labored with unequalled perseverance, [applause] and to the public whose support had been noble. [Applause from the chorus.] When Mr. Nichols retired loud calls were made for Mr. Thomas. He returned smiling, and was frantically cheered. The audience thought he was going to make a speech, and enforced silence; but he said, with a perceptible accent, "If I could make a speech I would do it gladly, but I can only thank you." He disappeared again amid a volley of cheers. One of the tributes to Mr. Thomas during the evening was a floral harp."

The Cincinnati Festival was a new departure, a great progressive step in music, the initiative to much good in the future—not only to art alone, but to the community in which it shall exist, through its ever-ennobling and refining influence.

Miss Violetta Colville.

The fair young American prima donna, Violetta Colville, has left Italy, where she has been studying, and gone to Germany. Shortly after her arrival there she sang at a concert for the poor at Carlsbad, and produced a profound sensation. She received the highest honors and many presents. She will probably be in America in 1874, when we shall have the pleasure of doing honor to another American lyric artist.

High Art at Low Prices.

WE have had a sale of pictures at which, by a not uncommon coincidence, some of the successful bidders were sold, too, while some of the works of art brought less than they were worth—to those who thought them worth more. There has been a half-defined feeling that the credit of the city was involved in high prices being paid for paintings which had almost attained the dignity of hereditary nuisances in the pleasant rooms of the Mercantile Library, and a great many people wished that somebody else would bid up to a very high figure for them. Strangely enough, nobody else did this, and though no doubt the late owner regrets their dereliction, the purchasers are to be congratulated, and it is pleasant to feel that high art is within the reach of the humblest purse. When we say high art, we mean art with a foreign label tacked to it, art to be mentioned only technically, and which abashes criticism by simply mentioning the painter's name. If the name is unapproachable Dutch, or undecipherable Flemish, the picture must be admirable, and its merits and its price of the very highest kind. Such has hitherto been the rule in this country; and while we were wondering when the country had failed to attain to the customary standard, or whether it was leading the way to better things, there appeared in the New York papers an account of a sale that rivaled ours in smallness, and we gratefully conclude that Dutch and Belgian art is not what the American public cries for. We are asked to believe that an artist who is capable of spelling his name G-y-s-e-l-e-n-c-k-x-s, can only obtain forty dollars for his picture, on which he probably worked all day, while the inevitable Van, who on this occasion was called Van Lumputten, after putting his whole soul into an effort, called simply "Chickens," must have contracted literally as well as figuratively knocked down when he brought the round sum of \$8. A Van Lumputten for \$8! We seem to hear the genial connoisseur who presides over the sale mourning over the degeneracy of American art, and remarking, as he hands down the gem (pointed by the dozen with the frames, who, by the way, that hereafter "dog-theater" is an obsolete word, and "hen-cheap" will express the lowest notch of prices.

We repeat, that we congratulate the purchasers, and we rejoice to see foreign art so popularized. True, it may drive the American artists out of the market, for, who would pay Mr. Mecker his price for a "Live Oak," or a bit of bayou scenery, when he could become the possessor of a real Greylinckx for forty dollars, or a Van Den Buffer for eight? But no matter for that; let our American artists go West, or else change their names, and meanwhile let us welcome the foreigners, from whom we can squeeze twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, and then buy them at their eight dollars apiece, if not for less.—*St. Louis Globe.*

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