

The Impresario.

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AUBER.

DANIEL FRANÇOIS ESPRIT AUBER, one of the most distinguished of late composers, was born at Caen, in France, January 29, 1784. He was one of the few happy mortals whose popularity continued undiminished during a long life, and whose reputation sustains itself despite the ever-varying opinions of our times. Repeated changes in the musical art took place from the first appearance of Auber to his death, yet both during and after the most convulsive shocks of modern times, by which the art was not a little affected, he skillfully maintained his position. It is true that towards the end of his life he was forced to adopt various artifices to sustain the *apparence de jeunesse*, but the same winning smile plays on his lips, and his *esprit* still charms us. In criticising him we must remember that he was a *Frenchman* and wrote for Frenchmen. Hence his peculiarities, his excellencies, even-toned, bent upon amusing himself and others, but he is rarely pathetic. Sentiment seems to have been unknown to him; he cannot fill the mind with grand and beautiful pictures; his is no serious muse; she is of a lighter kind, that mingles in active life, finding her place in the elegant drawing room, and moves with grace among the fashionable ladies and gentlemen. To gaze languidly at the moon and indulge in romantic dreams of the ideal, does not fall in his line. This is the reason, too, that in the field of comic opera he was most successful. He furnished the music for several grand operas, but of these only *La Muette de Portici* (better known, perhaps, as *Masaniello*) occupied a more prominent position, combining situations of a higher order with equally dignified music. The extraordinarily excited state of public affairs preceding the revolution of the month of July may have exerted an influence upon him in its composition, and the attractive libretto also contributed something to its great success. But notwithstanding this there is a wonderful coloring spread over the entire opera, the characteristic of the nation is admirably portrayed, and an energetic and healthful sentiment pervades the whole. In this opera his genius reached its culminating point of renown, and from that day to his death, almost, it never rested. One composition followed another in such rapid succession as hardly to give time to the public to pronounce upon their respective merits. He himself would never hear his operas a second time, to avoid repeating his ideas, and to give himself at once to new works.

Among his more popular operas may be

mentioned *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Domino noir*, *Les Diamants de la Bourgeoise*, *L'Élixir d'Amour*, *La Sirene*, *Haydee*, and *Marco Spada*. Besides these there are numbers of others, all testifying to his excellency in the line of light and graceful composition. Though his first two attempts at the opera failed of success, once that he had gained an audience he never failed to please. His last opera, written a few years previous to his death, entitled *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, did not equal some of his former productions, but still it abounds in sprightly gems characteristic of his genius.

He departed this life in the midst of the dreadful excitement of the Red Flag rule in Paris, which promised at one time to rival the frightful revolution which he had witnessed in his younger days. He died on the 24th of May, 1871.

Rubinstein's Opinion of American Musical Culture.

A MEMBER of the editorial corps of the *Daily Times* of this city called upon Herr Rubinstein, the great pianist, for the purpose of ascertaining his views of the present state of musical art in America. He details the result of his interview as follows:

Calling, according to appointment, the writer was at once shown up stairs and presented to the great pianist, whom he found seated at a small table, upon which were a few sheets of written music, apparently in an unfinished condition. The singleness and directness of purpose of Rubinstein, so strikingly apparent in his bearing and manner in the concert room, was at once manifested in his reception of his visitor. Inviting his guest to be seated, and proffering a cigar as an efficient auxiliary in relaxing any constraint the position might not ungenerally provoke, he smilingly asked, "Now, what is it you want to know?" (The question, however abrupt and brusque it may appear in print, was entirely relieved of any such semblance by the courtesy of both tone and manner which attended its utterance.)

R.—I desire to obtain, for the information and instruction of our readers, your impressions concerning the musical taste and culture of our people, the present condition of the art in America, and how it compares with the status in Europe.

It may be proper to remark just here that despite the statement of Herr Rubinstein that his "English was very bad," and one or two instances of slight hesitation to find the one word which accurately conveyed his idea, his visitor found that he spoke our tongue readily, if not fluently, though with an unmistakable German accent.

Rubinstein.—My opportunities for arriving at correct conclusions have, necessarily, been limited. I am inclined to think, however, that

music, as an art, is quite unknown to the American public. You will understand, of course, that I speak of the mass of the people. There may—yes, there must be—instances of elevated musical taste and sentiment; but generally speaking, I should say art has not yet found a home among you. Indeed, if the theory of statisticians be correct, it is not to be expected that it should be otherwise. For, according to their statements, strength as a nation is never consistent with high artistic development. Devotion, adoration of the ideal, is the inevitable accompaniment of declining vigor.

R.—Can you not account for this imperfect artistic development upon other grounds, which, if clearly pointed out, may suggest the means of applying a remedy?

Rubinstein.—Yes. In the first place, the critics are greatly to blame. It has happened more than once during my present tour through your magnificent country, that my attention has been called to articles in different papers, advising, if not demanding, that "popular music" be introduced into our programmes.

The public naturally look to you gentlemen to lead them aright in the matter of art, but with you music appears not to be an art, but simply an amusement. The "Rubinstein Concerts" are nearly always discussed under the designation of "amusements," in large and attractive numbers, and are not amusement. It is rightly appreciated and understood, Instruction. It does not serve merely as a relief or relaxation from the cares and anxieties of our grosser and purely material life, and it is profanation so to regard it. The struggle for wealth is but an elevated phase of the struggle for food, and if food is the highest object of man's aspirations, he is but little higher than the brute. We are superior to the brutes because we have souls, and it is through art, whether it be painting, poetry, general literature or music, that the soul finds appropriate expression. It is not to be expected that these reflections will occur to the thoughtless and unreflecting multitude, and it is, therefore, the duty of the critic to lead them aright and strive to correct the erroneous impression that art is to be made subservient to their mere gratification or amusement. This fatal neglect of duty on the part of the critic has had its natural effect upon your people. To the great majority of them, music is not an art, but merely an accomplishment or adornment, as important as fine or fashionable dress, but not more so.

R.—You have doubtless heard that, excepting in our larger and older cities, as New York, Philadelphia or Boston, the position of "critic" is rarely filled by educated musicians, and the conscious want of knowledge renders them diffident in attempting to instruct their readers upon a science the primary elements of which they have yet to learn. Would not this explain, to some extent at least, the neglect of duty which you censured?

Rubinstein.—It may explain it partially, but it can hardly be accepted as a sufficient excuse. Any one capable of filling such a position should at least have an approximately just appreciation of the dignity of art, and may yet not know a single note of music.

R.—The critics are accountable in the first place. What is the next cause?

Rubinstein—The want of opportunities for a thorough musical instruction. You have "conservatories" of music—in name—without number, but in none of them that I have visited, or heard of, is music treated as a science, demanding long laborious and constant study and application. There is, judging from my observation and information, a fatal lack of the vigorous and thorough instruction necessary to the mastery of any science, and by which the pupil is led gradually, step by step, stage by stage, to a proper comprehension and appreciation of the majesty, the beauty, the Divinity of Art. Your institutions for musical instruction naturally, if not necessarily, conform to the wishes and taste of those by whom they are supported. A parent who regards music solely as an accomplishment, a superficial knowledge of which is necessary to enable a son or daughter to make a creditable appearance in society, naturally requires or expects nothing more than that this superficial "accomplishment" shall be acquired as speedily as possible. The consequence is that the patrons of these institutions—who they cannot be called students—are rarely, if ever, thoroughly grounded in music, but are hurried on to that stage where art is ignored, and a fashionable accomplishment secured. Hence you have a multitude of "players," and but few musicians.

R.—The school system, then, you conceive to be equally at fault with the critics?

Rubinstein—Ah! The schools. That is a question so vast and to art—so important that I do not care to enter upon it in this conversation. I did not refer to your "schools," by which, as I apprehend, are meant establishments where the rudiments, the primary elements and principles, are taught. I referred to institutions which, from their titles and professed objects, are intended to apply and complete the instruction obtained in the schools.

R.—Is it, then, in these so-called "conservatories" of music only that the completion, the "finish" of a musical education should be sought?

Rubinstein—Far from it. So far as musical taste and culture is concerned, they are—even when most efficiently conducted—quite as preparatory as schools. One prepares them to enter upon the study, and the other fits one for the proper and loftier appreciation and enjoyment of art.

R.—What other auxiliary, then, do you regard as important in artistic development, and which our people do not possess?

Rubinstein—Choral societies, symphony associations, and other similar organizations, the members of which would naturally become trained, drilled in the interpretation of the particular class of music to which they were devoted, and which could not fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon the taste of the community in which they existed. Another, and most important aid in creating, fostering and developing a pure and elevated musical taste in a community, is the opera, which, as a permanent, local institution, has no existence in America, even in your largest city, New York. All your large cities, it is true, have "opera seasons," but they are supplied by traveling troupes, appearing at irregular and uncertain intervals. The immense benefit of regular and continuous operatic performances is, therefore, unknown to the American public.

R.—Do you think there is any other cause to which our want of artistic taste or development may be attributed?

Rubinstein—Yes, another, which it would, perhaps, have been proper to have mentioned first, as the others I have alluded to would,

doubtless, be speedily modified, if not entirely overcome, but by its influence. You are too wealthy as a people. Large pecuniary rewards follow every kind of exertion so rapidly and so certainly that the long, toilsome and painful apprenticeship which art inexorably demands of her votaries is looked upon with distaste, and naturally passed by for some profession or vocation less exacting and promising speedier results. Were your wealth less generally diffused than it is, a much greater number of your people would, in all probability, select music as a profession, to be pursued with the same ardor and devotion which now characterize your students of law, medicine, or theology. For the profession of music promises at least food and shelter even to him who attains only to mediocrity. It is owing to this, I imagine, that most of the musical talent among you is not native, but imported. Other countries, which, in the exclusively material point of view, are justly regarded as less favored than America, are yet far more favorable to art growth and development. The necessity for patient and continuous toil and application cannot certainly supply the want of talent, but if early impressed upon the mind, and accepted and acted upon through life, will go far toward making a good musician, if not a brilliant artist.

R.—May not this apparent indispotion on the part of Americans to apply themselves to art be more directly attributable to the more practical genius of our people?

Rubinstein—Possibly. And yet the Germans are a most practical people and it is in Germany that music as an art is most generally understood and most devoutly worshipped.

R.—Are there still other causes?

Rubinstein—There doubtless are, though those we have already considered probably embrace them all, either directly or indirectly. I may add, however, that possibly, to digress into musical politics, the very nature of your institutions and system of government may be unfavorable to art. You are Democratic, and in Art there is no democracy. Music, as every other form of art, is not only Monarchism, it is Despotism.

R.—These being the causes to which you attribute the want of art elevation you have noticed in America, what do you think would be the most direct and effective remedy or remedies?

Rubinstein—The enumeration of the causes I, should think, naturally suggest the remedies. "There are, first," (counting them off on his fingers), "the press, incapable or negligent of its duty; second, defective, irregular and unreliable means of musical instruction; third, the too general diffusion of wealth among your people. The remedy for the first must be more apparent to you than to me; that for the second I will venture to suggest; but for the third can only be overcome by increasing age and a denser population. To supply the first, for musical instruction, I should think that every one of your large cities, like New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, or Chicago, should have a fixed, local and permanent Opera, where German, Italian and French operas should be continuously presented; not in the German, French or Italian language, but in English. Render your people familiar with all these distinctive schools of music, but let them be presented in your native tongue, in order that they may appreciate the relation of the music to the sentiment, and judge of the accuracy with which the latter is interpreted. Organize in the country choral societies, string quartets, amateur orchestras, symphony associations, or any other combinations or associations by which individual musical taste, talent or capacity may be fused or united with that

of talent and culture it may be surrounded, and the aggregate of such concentrated efforts cannot fail of a favorable effect upon the artistic instincts and aspirations of the community. Educate your people up to a love of Art for its own sake—if it is not already latent among them; teach them to discern and appreciate the difference between the music that merely tickles the ear and ministers to their gratification or amusement, and the lofty compositions in which the souls of the great masters of harmony have found expression. This is no light task to undertake in the presence of the active and restless vigor so strikingly characteristic of the American people, but even partial or limited success would be a rich reward, were the effort even more protracted than it is likely to be."

(Language is powerless to convey to the reader even a faint idea of the sincere and lofty enthusiasm of the great composer in expressing this idea. His eyes, which had remained throughout the interview, up to this point, the "fish-like, introspective" look so often described by Charles Reade, were now bright and sparkling with the fervor of the thought; his utterance became more animated, though no less impressive, while his voice and manner betrayed the emotion which the contemplation of such a possibility had excited.)

A pause of a few minutes, welcome to the auditor, and doubtless to the speaker, as affording opportunity for a descent from the exaltation of both, which must have been harsh and painful had it been abrupt, was broken by Rubinstein, who inquired in his ordinary tone: "Is there any further question you would like to ask?"

R.—There was another point upon which I desire to show my opinion, though I am sure you have already said may render it apparently superfluous. I mean, how does the condition in which you find musical art in America compare with its status in Europe?

Rubinstein—I should say there is no country in Europe, not even England, where music, as an art, is less generally understood and appreciated than anywhere on the Continent, that does not surpass you in this respect. Italy, France, Germany, all have their distinctive "school of music," known and recognized throughout the world. All these countries are abundantly provided with all those advantages for cultivating and developing the musical taste of the people, in which you are so signally deficient. You not only have no distinctive "school," but if you have any composers, excepting of ballads and "negro melodies," I am ignorant of their productions. And even your "negro melodies," though they enter a splendid opportunity for the exhibition of your native talent, are woefully defective as works of art. There is no homogeneity, no identity of sentiment and treatment as indicative of the feelings and passions of a peculiar and distinct race. Nor is this their only defect, but also an important respect in which they are defaced by a lamentable want of careful and artistic treatment." The speaker here handed his visitor a book, "Slave Songs," and continued, running over the pages as he spoke: "Here, you see, there are no marks whatever as to 'time,' or to indicate whether the music is emotional, dramatic, or heroic. From the art stand-point, such carelessness, such want of accurate treatment, is culpable, if not criminal."

R.—If your art be at low ebb among the American people in the aggregate—and the reasons you have just given, upon which the point are certainly forcible, if not convincing—have you not, during your visit, found some individual instances of rare musical culture and talent?

Rubinstein—Yes, quite a number. But in

the majority of instances the individuals have not been Americans, but foreigners, whom the prospect of large monetary gains, or other equally potent inducements, have led to seek a home in the New World. Your own city affords a striking instance of this. The brothers Kunkel, whom I have visited twice since my arrival, manifest in their performance talent of the highest order. In fact, I was somewhat surprised to find artists of such undoubted merit satisfied to remain away from New York City. So deeply was I impressed with their ability that I at once advised them—and in all sincerity, too—to make a tour through the country, and by all means to visit Europe. The duo playing of these gentlemen is remarkably clever, and could not fail to secure appreciation and admiration in Europe, where it would have novelty as well as genuine merit to recommend it. Other instances of remarkable talent have come under my observation, but these gentlemen were being identified with your own city. I mention them as an exemplification of individual musical talent of which your city may be justly proud.

R.—This exhausts the specific objects for which I sought the interview. Mr. Rubinstein, but there are still one or two questions upon which I should like to obtain your opinion, if you can spare the time and are not fatigued.

Rubinstein.—Proceed by all means. I have yet some hours at my disposal, and am by no means fatigued, as I probably feel more interest in the questions we have discussed than yourself.

R.—What are your impressions concerning the future prospects of your art in the United States?

Rubinstein.—From all I have learned, I am inclined to regard them as hopeful, though I cannot anticipate its speedy establishment upon a firm and enduring basis. My information and observation lead me to think that there has been most gratifying improvement already, which promises yet greater results for the future. For instance: It is not long since the Americans were perfectly satisfied with an opera troupe, the only merit of which was one or two brilliant stars. Now, this no longer meets the public demands. A successful opera troupe now must combine an efficient orchestra, capably led, a trained and effective chorus, and the highest talent in all the principal roles. Unusual excellence in a single feature no longer satisfies you. You now require a harmonious and artistic ensemble, as has been shown by Maretzka's experience in New York. Even Lucca alone could not satisfy the public. This is a great step in advance. But before you can justly expect any lasting change in popular sentiment upon the question of art—and change means improvement—you must have in all your larger cities more thorough and more rigidly conducted conservatories of music; a larger number of choral and other musical associations; and, above all, local and permanent Opera, which shall present all the higher and best schools of operatic composition, but in English, for the reasons I have already mentioned.

R.—May I ask which of the cities you have visited has impressed you as possessing the highest musical taste and culture?

Rubinstein.—Oh, yes. New York. Before visiting this country I had heard that Boston was the musical centre of this country, and I anticipated peculiar pleasure from my visit to that city. The Handel Society of Boston was particularly lauded. This society I have not yet heard, and, therefore, cannot say how far, in my judgment, the praises bestowed upon it may be merited. But apart from this particular society, I should say that New York is far be-

yond Boston in knowledge and proper appreciation of music.

Just at this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, and, expressing his obligations for the instruction and enjoyment the interview had afforded him, the writer withdrew.

In closing the report of this most interesting interview, it is but just to both Herr Rubinstein and the writer to state that no attempt is here made to reproduce the precise language used. The utmost that has been attempted in this respect has been to faithfully present the ideas advanced by the great artist, the utmost caution being observed to attribute to him no sentiment or thought which was not clearly and vividly impressed upon his auditor.

Gounod's New Work.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pill Mail Gazette* gives the following account of the new work by M. Gounod, which has just been produced in that city for the first time:

A new play has just been produced at the Italian opera, entitled "Les Deux Reines," a kind of epic poem, written by M. Legouve, with musical interludes by M. Gounod. This kind of entertainment was much in vogue when the theatre was first introduced into France, and when privileges were accorded to Italian troupes which were withheld from the French, and it was tried again, the other day, at the Vaudeville, in L'Arlesienne, but it failed. How *Clio* and Polyhymnia will get on together at the Salle Ventafour remains to be seen, but it is sadly to be feared that the two muses will not agree, and that history is too stately and severe for harmony. M. Legouve has selected his subject from the struggle between Philip Augustus and Innocent III. The French monarch cruelly repudiated his second wife, the Danish Princess Ingeburge, in order to marry Agnes of Saxe, the first was so comendable a young queen, while the second shared the throne of the conqueror of Bouvines and the renowned monarch who dared to brave the thunders of Rome. Naturally the two queens hate each other, until they discover that there has been no perfidy on either side. Agnes is warned that she can repair a great injustice at Etampes, and there she finds the innocent Ingeburge in prison. She was unaware that her professor had been unjustly put away by the king, and soon becomes convinced that she had no right to His Majesty's hand. But how abandon Philip Augustus, who for her sake had resisted the most terrible anathemas of the Church, and the fate of her two sons? Though Innocent III. has laid the country under interdict, and all the churches are closed and the people complain, the king refuses to yield. In the meantime a generous struggle takes place between the two queens. The Danish princess, moved by the prayer of her rival, who supplicates her in the name of her children, wishes to renounce her pretensions, but the Pope's legate arrives, and declares the marriage with Ingeburge to be indissoluble. Agnes has nothing to do but to bow her head to this decision, and she returns to a convent, Ingeburge having previously promised to adopt the children. Such are the broad outlines of the play, to which a few incidents are added. For instance, the Count de Landres, who went to Copenhagen to marry the Princess Ingeburge by proxy for the king, is suspected of being her lover, a lock of her hair being found in his possession. The count is sent to a monastery, but gets to Rome, where he meets his way, and returns to the papal legate to humble the pride of Philip Au-

gustus and see justice done to the injured queen. There is a juggler, too, who plays a notable part in the piece and songs. For this play M. Gounod has written an introduction, music to be performed between the acts, solos, stage music, and choruses, and in the principal morceaux of the work he has met with a success which the most cautious critics acknowledge. "La Bataille des Vins," written with great spirit and abounding in a variety of beauties, is considered one of the happiest inspirations of the master. The well known critic of the *Deutsches*, M. Reyher, after admiring the solemn unctuous of the "O Te, qui Teuvers ne peccat sui contenti," the march of the pilgrims, and, in fact, the whole scene of the excommunication, adds that these magnificent inspirations are worthy of the great composer who has written the third and fifth acts of "Faust," "Sapho," and the choruses of "Ulysses." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the French musical world feels jealous of London, and inclined to condemn M. Gounod for doing the work of a missionary instead of laboring at home. That "Les Deux Reines" will prove a success is doubtful, as it has been carelessly put on the stage, and the piece itself is devoid of interest.

Rossini's Grave.

ROSSINI, like Bellini, sleeps in a Paris burying-ground after his death of their noisy demonstrations after his death of their resolution to bury him in Santa Croce (the Westminster Abbey of Italy), but they all ended, as they began, in noise—a common weakness of those who speak the "soft bastard Latin." Rossini's widow, they say, was the obstacle to the gratification of the Italians' wish. She made absurd conditions precedent to his removal, and when these were accepted, she insisted on still absurd conditions. Being a woman, a French woman, a widow, and an ex-opera songstress, she was impenetrable to reason. Time flew away, blunting memory and bringing new cares; so Rossini was left in *Père la Chaise*. There he is likely to remain. His widow has built a tussel and gingerbread chapel, with his vault beneath, and thither his old friends went the other day, with crowns of yellow flowers, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of his death. I think it is to be regretted that he is not in his native land. During the long, mournful half century of its straidom, Italy's own glory was its martyrs, its composers and its singers. They revealed to the world the ancient genius which lingered under all the fetters and chains of Austria, and kept alive faith in Italy's future in many a breast. Rossini himself had no love for his native land. He loved best the place where company was scarce, giggles, most careless, he cared for nobody, for nothing; all he asked of earth was good victuals, and plenty of them, and to be amused. And yet, as I write, I fear I judge Rossini, for he left munificent and judicious legacies to his native town, and to places endeared to him by recollection of youthful hours, when hope made life even the clouds were rosy hues. It was a weakness of Rossini to conceal his thoughts under the giggler's mask. Laughter was the armor by which he protected himself from those fools who are continually annoying eminent men with their impertinence or their folly.—Paris Correspondence of an American paper.

A few rugged cats in our neighborhood have already begun rehearsing for their spring concerts. Various novelties will be introduced by them during the coming season.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY 1879.

We desire sound communications, either for the Correspondent, 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.

IN MY SWEET, MY HAPPY DREAMS—Song..... 35 cts.
L'ETOILE DU SOIR—Valse de Salon..... 35 cts.

GRAND CONCERT.

THE Choir of St. Xavier's Church, under the direction of the organist, Prof. M. A. Gilsinn, have in rehearsal, and will give on the evening of the 24th inst., a grand concert for the benefit of the poor, in the large hall of the St. Louis University. The following is the programme arranged for the occasion:

PROGRAMME—PART I.

1. Trio and chorus—Wake thy Exulting Song. Attila. St. Xavier's Choir.
2. Irish Ballad—Colleen Bawn..... Glover. Mrs. M. A. Gilsinn.
3. Quartet—Bella Figlia..... Rigoldetti. Misses Elise Taylor, Leticia Schaller, and Messrs. Emil A. Becker and Robert Gamm.
4. Flute Solo—Selection..... Prof. Schillinger.
5. Duett—Il Baccio..... Campana. Miss Elise Taylor and Mrs. M. A. Gilsinn.
6. Basso Solo—Vieni la Mia Vendetta..... "Lucretia." Mr. Robert Gamm.
7. Oretto (double male quartet)—Cantate Domino..... Bordese. Messrs. A. H. Cowen, E. A. Becker, A. H. Gilsinn, W. J. Gilsinn, J. Tubbs, M. Rohan, P. Lebens, and R. Gamm.
8. Piano Solo—Selection..... Prof. Gilsinn.

PART II.

9. Soprano Solo—Scena and Aria, "Judith"..... Concone. Miss Elise Taylor.
 10. Duett—Alto and Basso—Surprise..... Luxantone. Miss Jennie Fuller and Mr. R. Gamm.
 11. Guitar Solo—Selection..... Prof. Price.
 12. Baritone Solo—Descriptive Song: The Newfoundland Dog..... Russell. Mr. A. H. Cowen.
 13. Tenor Solo—Eileen Mavourneen..... "Lily of Killarney." Mr. Emil A. Becker.
 14. Violin Solo—Seventh Air Variato..... DeBergot. Master F. Schillinger.
 15. Trio—Through the World..... "Bohemian Girl." Miss Hortense Hoedigs, and Messrs. A. H. Cowen and R. Gamm.
- Prof. M. A. Gilsinn.....Accompanist.

Having attended a rehearsal of the above programme, we can promise our readers a delicious musical treat. Of the vocal part of the concert, those who have attended "St. Xavier's" and heard the fine choir of that church, can form an idea for themselves. Of the instrumental performers, Prof. Schillinger, Gilsinn and Price, and Master Schillinger, it is unnecessary to say anything, they being well known in this community as among

the most accomplished instrumentalists in the city, some of them being without a peer. Prof. Price, however, the solo guitarist, has but recently made our city his home.

In our next issue we will furnish our readers with a critical report of the performance.

HAYDN ORCHESTRA.

The next concert of the Haydn Orchestra is announced to take place early in March, with a programme nothing inferior to any heretofore given. The programme will appear in our next issue.

An American Tenor in London.

Mr. William Castle has been singing at one of the famous London "Popular Concerts." *The Athenaeum*, one of the best and severest of critics, says of him:

The *debut* in this country of Mr. William Castle, a tenor who has won fame in America, and who has studied in Italy must be referred to, as indicative of sagacity on the part of the director of the Monday Popular Concerts, for we are much mistaken if the taste, tact and style Mr. Castle displayed, combined with a voice of good quality, will not render him a very welcome addition to the professional ranks here. He selected Haydn's "Native Worth" and Mendelssohn's "Garland" as his two airs last Monday, and distinguished himself in both compositions.

NILSSON AGAINST PATTI.

It was anticipated in the *Athenaeum* that the antagonism of the Italian and Swedish *prima donne* would cause much excitement among the Russian amateurs in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The war of partizanship has commenced. Madame Nilsson opened fire herself in a telegram to Paris from St. Petersburg, addressed to her teacher, M. Wortel, informing him that she had achieved, as Ophelia, a grand triumph, and expressing her gratitude for his singing lessons. Her agent, or her husband, supplemented this news by telegraphing that the fair Swede had recalled thirty times. These dispatches roused the Parisian agents of Madame Adelina Patti, and that at once published counter-telegrams, stating that Madame La Marquise de Caux had recalled thirty-six times in Verdi's and Dumas' naughty "*Traviata*," but the six recalls in excess of those vouchsafed to Madame Nilsson did not suffice; and therefore, to overwhelm the Scandinavian songstress, a further thought came, to the effect that the Princess Douglorouki threw a bouquet on the stage of rare flowers; value £100, which it required two men to carry across the stage. How muscular the Princess must be who could convey this bouquet into her box, and then fling it at the feet of Madame Patti, and what a dispensation of Providence it was that it did not fall on the *prima donna's* head—*London Athenaeum*.

Anniversary of the Stoddard and Central Presbyterian Sunday-Schools.

THERE is hardly an individual but is more or less affected by the sight of a great army—the march, the soul-stirring music, and the various manoeuvres and ornaments of individual members of it. The highest and noblest aspirations of our humanity are aroused by it; our physical natures are in the deepest sympathy with it; and they respond with thought or action. But grander than this is the march of little souls—of youth and innocence—of newborn flowers just entering upon the stage of life, all in line of march to God and better things. We had the pleasure of seeing this typified at the anniversary of the above mentioned schools, Friday evening, the 14th of last month. The little ones entered the Church in two columns, each class carrying a banner, with various mottoes, such as "Standard Bearer's," "Little Reapers," "Sowers," etc., and singing that most beautiful procession hymn, "Marching Home." The march was executed in the most perfect manner, each class reaching in proper time and order the positions assigned them. From the beginning of the service to the benediction everything was rendered as nearly perfect as possible. We cannot forbear mention of the music. It was all of a remarkably lively character—not a sleepy note in it—and calculated to wake and keep awake any individual of sleepy inclinations. "Little folks will be little folks" if you wish them to sing, give them music suited to their youth and activity. "Good old tunes" may be perfectly proper for people of advanced years, but will not do for children; they want "go-ahead" music, and must have it to sing well. The good people of the Central and Stoddard schools have evidently arrived at this conclusion, are acting upon it, and hence their good music. We wish them every success in their good work, and hope for an early repetition of the anniversary. We give below the

PROGRAMME.

1. Processional hymn.
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn—Beautiful Zion.
4. Recitation—"The Names of Jesus."
5. Quartet—"Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Misses Wilson and Dudley and Messrs. Baker and Aull.
6. Superintendent's Reports.
7. Hymn—"What Shall the Harvest Be?"
8. Pastor's Address.
9. Hymn (by the infant classes)—"Jesus Loves Me."
10. "When I can Read my Title Clear."
11. Duett—"Changes of the Bells," Mamie Scott and Mamie Hood.
12. Recitation—"The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" Willie Foster.
13. Hymn—"Love at Home."
14. Duett—"Slowly and Softly Music Shall Flow." Miss Dudley and Mr. Aull.
15. Distribution of Premiums.
16. Hymn—"The Lawd of Promise."
17. Recitation—"The Book of the New Year." Stewart Steele, Jr.
18. Hymn (by the congregation)—"Best be the Tie that Binds." Benediction.

A backwoods school committee summed up the results of an examination by declaring to the scholars: "You spell well and ciphered fast sair, but you haint sot still."

Tired Mothers.

BY MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes that look so lovingly
From underneath a pair of eyelid hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers folding yours so light;
You do not prize the blessing, "God bless,"
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and more devoutly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head off your breast,
This lagging tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And as'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the foot-prints when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patten in my home once more;

If I could meet a broken cart to-day,
To mortify make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next mine own
Is never ruffled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

ST. LOUIS NORMAL SCHOOL.

EXAMINATION AND GRADUATING EXERCISES.

THE semi-annual examination of the St. Louis Normal School, and the exercises of the graduating class, took place on Saturday, the 23th of January, in the Polytechnic building, and were followed by a musical and literary entertainment on Monday, the 27th.

The examination was conducted in the Normal school-room, commencing at 9 o'clock in the morning. The programme embraced several exercises in teaching, reading of essays, and several musical compositions.

The exercises were very interesting, particularly the different "teaching exercises" by the young graduates. The examination of the different classes by the regular teachers of the school were spirited, and showed that the teachers, as well as the scholars, understood their "business."

Of the essays read during the morning, the subjects chosen were not "every day ones." One in particular our readers will find of interest, which will give in full. It shows that the great masters of music, of which so seldom anything is heard in any school, are not unknown to the pupils of the Normal School. The time has evidently passed for that institution, where "Mary had a Little Lamb," and "Lowell Mason" psalm tunes, were the height of ambition during the music lessons.

The musical part consisted of the following compositions, which were all performed in a true artistic style, not often heard on any occa-

sion. The compositions were performed by the whole class, numbering over one hundred well trained voices, of which not a few showed more than ordinary talent.

The class part was read by Miss Kezia Bloch and the valedictory delivered by Miss O'Neil, both compositions manifesting more than ordinary merit and winning praise from all who heard them. The parting hymn was written by a member of the senior class, the music being composed by Henry Robyn, who conducted the singing, and under whose instruction the Normal School has made such progress in music during the last five years.

At the graduating exercises the following remarks were made by the President of the Board, which show the right spirit of the Directors, under whose care our public schools *must progress, provided such ideas are carried out and do not remain only fine words*: "If you allow the pupils under your charge to suppose that verbal memorizing is the proper method of study, you will pervert the system of education into a lifeless machine, and the results will appear in mechanical intellects, and the grief consequent on wasted endeavor will follow your labors through life. *Mechanism is the death of mind.* Where there is no freshness, no originality, no development of the thinking power of the pupil in his lessons, there is only *machine work*, and the great object of the school is not accomplished." How true, not only for the studies necessary for common education, but for all others, *music not excepted.* He also remarked: "The Board found the work of mechanical teachers too dear, but was glad to compensate with the highest wages teachers that were willing to work in the right direction."

The new Principal, Prof. L. Soldan, seems to be the right man in the right place. No doubt under his able management the school will progress, and the influence of the young teachers will in time help to raise the standard of the profession.

MUSICAL PART OF THE EXAMINATION PROGRAMME.

1. Prayer for "Moses in Egypt".....ROSSINI.
2. { Vocal exercise (Solleggio).....CONCONE.
3. { Morning.....KELLER.
4. { Vocal exercise.....CONCONE.
5. { How Sweet When the Soft Evening Breeczes.....C. M. V. BEECHER.
6. Associations of Spring.....C. LOWRE.
7. Home.....F. ABE.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

6. Life, Thine Eyes.....F. MENDELSSOHN.
7. Vale of Kent.....G. MEYERBEER.
8. Parting Hymn.....H. ROBYN.
9. Glory to Thee.....L. V. BEEHOFEN.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

10. Labor song.....F. ABE.
11. The Rose and the Nightingale.....F. KUEHN.
12. How Happy are We.....H. WELDE.
13. Good Night (quoting solo).....C. METZLER.
14. Oh, Come with Me.....F. KUEHN.
15. Carnival (duet for soprano and alto).....BORSDEE.
16. The Farewell.....MENDELSSOHN.

Among the essays read we were especially pleased with the following:
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

The civilization of a country advances with its progress in the fine arts, and no one of these arts is more elevating than music. Music is the poetry of the soul, and the gentle harmony of the great composer's soul is breathed in each

vision of the grand or simply beautiful compositions of Felix Mendelssohn. Truly was the great man named, for although his days were short, he passed through life with no heavier burden weighing on his lively spirit than the unfulfilled desire of raising his art to still higher perfection.

In the brief space of eight years Mendelssohn rose to the zenith of greatness, where he still shines, a star of the first magnitude. Long shall the strains of his beautiful music expand the mind and elevate the soul, and go on swelling the eternal music of the spheres.

We may be impressed and delighted with the bright, warm colors of a Titian, or elevated by a Michael Angelo, but the vibrations in a masterpiece of music touch the cords of our hearts with a stronger hand, and the impression lives long after the sound has ceased.

We may admire any work of art, simply for its intrinsic artistic value, but how much more do we appreciate that which comes near to us. How dear to us is the artist who expresses our own unworded thoughts.

Beethoven may command our respect and admiration, but it is Mendelssohn who speaks to the soul in language most eloquent. The echoes of his music "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever."

All of the home influences, so important in the formation of character, were in Mendelssohn's family of a peculiarly happy nature. His father's house was the centre of attraction for all musical connoisseurs. His family were most able to judge and appreciate his remarkable talent. His sister, Madame Henzel, his collaborator in youth, his friend through life, was one of the best musicians of the age. It was the shock of her sudden death which snapped the frail cord of the gentle composer's life.

Mendelssohn was a man whom all might love, for he was a lover of humanity. He was bright and cheerfully active, and until the shades of death closed round him this activity continued. He had none of that dreary sentimentalism which so many consider an essential characteristic of genius. In all of his compositions we see reflected his deep, earnest spirit. His compositions are the offspring of a purely unaffected nature, and although by no means free from mechanical difficulties, these were never introduced merely for the sake of display.

Not only was Mendelssohn great in his chosen vocation, his versatile talent added a charm to his every undertaking. His musical activity was the union of three gifts rarely possessed by a single individual. He was as great as the conductor of an orchestra as he was as virtuoso and composer. When conducting a concert he seemed to electrify the performers and impart to them some of his power. No one ever wearied in his endeavors to please him, for they were sure of praise when merited, and his criticisms were never chilling or disheartening.

Truly his life was one grand harmony, and when the angel of death, with his chilly fingers, swept the cords of his life, the gentle vibrations ceased and left a nation in tears.

P. S. Gilmore, General Band Master, U. S. Army.

THERE is a deal of energy and ingenuity, as well as music, in the soul of Coliseum Gilmore. Beginning his professional career as an humble tooter in a horn-blowing combination, he gradually worked his way to the position of leader, and made his horn-blowers the most popular of their class in all New England. Then a loftier ambition fired his spirit and inspired his movements. He would give the biggest concert ever heard in America—and he certainly did. His cannon, drums, trumpets and choruses reverberated through the length and breadth of the land—drew much people and money to Boston, and brought Gilmore a liberal share of cash and notoriety. Before the laurels of his first monster show had withered he conceived the idea of another which should be the biggest that had transpired since the morning stars sang together. He proceeded to Europe, and by the exercise of masterly diplomacy secured the services of several bands which had never before played outside the precincts of palaces. Unting with these the best home talent, he again took possession of Boston and called all the world and the rest of mankind to buy tickets and hear the colossal noise. Somehow the people had grown weary of that sort of thing, and the enterprise collapsed with a tremendous crash, sending stockholders and Gilmore very high in the air. The stockholders dropped heavily, and have not yet recovered from the wounds inflicted upon their susceptible pockets; but Gilmore fell upon his feet like a cat, and smiled serenely at the melodious smash he had made.

Most men under similar circumstances would have sat down and rested for a season. Not so the indomitable and indefatigable Gilmore. Leaving Boston in ashes he went to Washington on a musical mission, the point of which may be briefly stated thus: Gilmore is thoroughly convinced that the only thing necessary to complete our national happiness and glory is a government band, equal in quantity and quality to the finest which can be found on the other side of the Atlantic. He proposes to collect from the uttermost parts of the earth sixty-five musicians, each of whom shall be able to play a solo upon every known instrument from a jewsharp to the Boston organ. Gilmore is to be the general-in-chief of the sweet sounding army, and devote the remainder of his life—to a handsome annual salary—to furnish delicious music to the residents of the federal capital and its immediate vicinity. It is said that Secretary Robeson heartily approves of the project, and has assured Gilmore that he will do all in his power to carry it into practical effect. The President having no ear for music or foot for dancing, is indifferent, but will probably not veto the bill if presented to him. The new Congress, it is expected, will take the matter into serious consideration, and Gilmore is confident of ultimate success.

With sixty-five champions of wood, brass, catgut and sheep-skin, managed by Coliseum

Gilmore and paid for out of the public treasury, what is to prevent the exulting scream of the American eagle echoing around the globe? Nothing that we can see. If there be any grovelling tax-payer who intimates that such a use of people's money is unjustifiable, Gilmore says this tax-payer is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils," and should be *anathema maronatha*. —*Republican*.

CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

We received the following circular from Dr. C. C. Miller, official agent, accompanied by a request for publication, with which we cheerfully comply:

The interest in this undertaking seems to be increasing in a geometrical ratio. From the first it has been looked upon as a preparation for a rich musical treat of the highest order, and certainly its projectors have no reason to complain as to the complimentary manner in which the highest authorities amongst the press, both East and West, have given it notice.

No question as to the success of the instrumental part could be raised, for Theodore Thomas' concerts were fresh in the mind, and with the same orchestra which had been thrilling large audiences throughout the land, reinforced by an equal number of the best performers, selected under the scrutiny of Mr. Thomas himself, there could be no doubt that whatever might be the character of the singing, the world be in the orchestra alone a fine feast for the lovers of music.

But, as to the vocal parts, there was a chance for some question. No large body of singers in the West had been assembled for the rendering of classical music, excepting at the German Saengerfest, and these were all male voices. No list of musical societies could be found excepting of German societies, and amongst these the frequent occurrence of the name "manner-chor," or *male chorus*, was somewhat ominous. But it was found that some of these so-called mannerchor were really mixed societies, and careful inquiry discovered the fact that quite a number of American societies of really fine ability were located at different points. As these facts came to light, and as one after another of the societies sent in reports of acceptance, the feeling of doubt disappeared, and during the last two or three weeks the accessions to the chorus have about doubled those received during the same time previously.

Twenty-nine societies are now enrolled, and are, in the order of their acceptance, as follows:

1. Cincinnati Mannerchor.
2. Harnoni: Cincinnati.
3. Orpheus, Cincinnati.
4. St. Stephens, Cincinnati.
5. Concordia, Milwaukee, Wis.
6. Mendelssohn, Titusville, Pa.
7. Musical Association, Xenia, O.
8. Musical Society, Charlestown, Ind.
9. St. Cecilia, Cincinnati.
10. Germania, Cincinnati.
11. Philharmonic, Upper Sandusky, O.
12. Haydn, Middletown, O.
13. Bliss, Ottwell, Ind.
14. Mannerchor, Indianapolis, Ind.
15. Harugari, Cincinnati.
16. Choral Union, Greenfield, O.
17. Mozart, Millford, O.
18. Musical Society, Lebanon, O.
19. Druid, Cincinnati.

20. Western Musical Association, Middleport, O.
21. Turner, Cincinnati.
22. Ninth Street Choral Baptist Society, Cincinnati.
23. Choral Society, Des Moines, Iowa.
24. Musical Institute Chorus, Wheeling, W. Va.
25. St. Paul's, Seymour, Ind.
26. Ontario Club, Artwells, O.
27. East End, Cincinnati.
28. Mozart, Cincinnati.
29. American Philharmonic, Hamilton, O.

The Cincinnati chorus consists of the various societies of Cincinnati, increased by individual singers who are not members of any society. In this chorus are several male societies, aggregating something over a hundred singers, including some very fine performers. Of course in the chorus these are balanced by soprano and alto not connected with any society, Miss Bauer's Conservatory of Music furnishing about forty young ladies, that are a credit to the institution, and a decided acquisition to the chorus. The Cincinnati chorus numbers, at present writing (January 17), 640 members, and is constantly increasing. The outside societies comprise 443 members, so the total number in the chorus is 1,083.

Every few days a letter of inquiry is received from some society, whose existence was previously unknown to the management, and the preparation for the festival has been seized upon in several places as an incentive for the organization of a society. In one place, where there was no such organization, but proper material for it, a first meeting secured about thirty members, and a second and frequent meetings increased the number to forty-seven. This in a place where it was hardly supposed twenty singers could be found capable of singing classical music.

The first installment of music was sent out during the last of December, and is very nicely gotten up, on good strong paper, with clear type. Its contents are marked as choros from the second act of Tannhauser; by Wagner; Schubert's 23d Psalm; Schuman's "Gypsy Life," and Ave Verum, by Mozart.

Expressions of delight have been received from those who have rehearsed this music, and on the evening of January 7th, a mass rehearsal of the Cincinnati Chorus, although not having present half so many as the Chorus now contains, gave some little idea of what might be expected at the festival by the hearty earnestness with which they entered into the work.

The *Dettingen Te Deum* is now published, and being sent out, and we predict for it a warm reception, as the bold majesty of its character is well befitting the subject.

It would be idle to attempt in words to give an idea of the pieces thus far issued. We might speak of the bold and exhilarating character of the chorus of knights and nobles in Tannhauser, of the exquisite beauty of the 23d Psalm, as sung by a chorus of female voices, and all that; but it must be heard to be appreciated.

The festival will have the best wishes of all true lovers of music, in that that it is solely in the interest of the art, and not intended to enrich the pocket of any one.

We earnestly trust that the fondest hopes of its friends may be realized, and that it may be the means of solid advancement in musical matters in the West.

DR. C. C. MILLER,
Official Agent, C. M. F.

When is a bear's arm like the Gospel?
When it maketh glad the waist places.

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- *Mountain Spring. Polka.....40 cts. E flat (5).
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- Orpheus. Grande Valse.....50 cts. B flat (4).
- Souvenir d'Amitie. Morceau de Salon.....50 cts. A flat (4).
- Souvenir Mazurka.....65 cts. D flat (5).
- Souvenir Schottisch.....40 cts. G (3).
- Silver Stream. Morceau de Salon.....50 cts. A flat (4).
- South Home. Mazurka.....40 cts. E flat (4).
- Thalia. Polka Brillante.....40 cts. E flat (4).
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* Indicates a picture title; the capital letter the key of the piece; the figure the degree of difficulty—1, very easy, to 7, very difficult.

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Fly across the ocean, birdie,
Fly beyond that gloomy sea;
There you'll find a true love,
Who has pledg'd his life to me, &c.

CHORUS.

Birdie, birdie, darling birdie,
Do not carry on the way;
When you hear the ocean murmur,
Birdie, birdie fly away.

Words by V. J. ENGLE. Music by H. BOLLMAN.

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The bleak wintry snow fell in showers,
The night wind was bitter and cold;
Each home was aglow with its fire-light,
And mirth-loving stories were told, &c.

CHORUS.

There trembled a voice at the window:
"I have not a home where to go?"
And still the dark night went on, freezing
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Happy was our little Mary—
Happy with the smiles of love;
But she heard the angels calling,
And her spirit rests above, &c.

CHORUS.

Mary, Mary, angel Mary,
Closed her eyes in slumber sweet—
Angel brother, angel sister,
Called where little children meet.

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