

ART AND MUSIC



a Monthly Magazine.



VOL. I.

NOVEMBER.

NO. 3.

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ART AND MUSIC.

VOL. I.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 3.

CONTENTS.

	Page
AN OLD ABBEY AND ITS LEGEND. By G. W. Chambers.	67
"DRIFTING." By T. Buchanan Read	73
THE RECENT PICTURE SALE. By Askelon	77
CAUSERIES ON THE ARTS. By Count A. De Vervins	78
BEETHOVEN. A. E. Kroeger	86
MUSICAL GOSSIP.	90
I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE. By James M. North	93
HOPE IS HAPPINESS. By Emil Hahn	95

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	Page.
THE VINE COVERED LODGE Etched by G. W. Chambers. Printed by J. M. Kershaw.	
YE OLDE HALLE WAY Etched by Chas. Holloway. Printed by J. M. Kershaw.	

IN THE TEXT:

Head-Piece and Initial W. By G. W. Chambers	65
Front Gate. By G. W. Chambers	66
Hallway, Mask of Garrick and the Steps. By G. W. Chambers	67
The Lodge, Group of Chimneys. By G. W. Chambers	68
Rear of the Abbey. By G. W. Chambers	69
Monastery Bell. By G. W. Chambers	72
"DRIFTING," Sketches by Will S. Eames, Carl Gutherz, J. R. Meeker, W. L. Marple	73
Ernest Albert, Mrs. A. S. Bryant, J. M. Barnsley, C. Adams	74
J. R. Buckingham, Miss B. Heuitt, Frank Gates, W. R. Hodges	75
G. W. Chambers, Will S. Eames, C. Holloway, Paul E. Harney	76
C. E. Moss, Harry Chase	77
Initial M. Mat. Hastings	86

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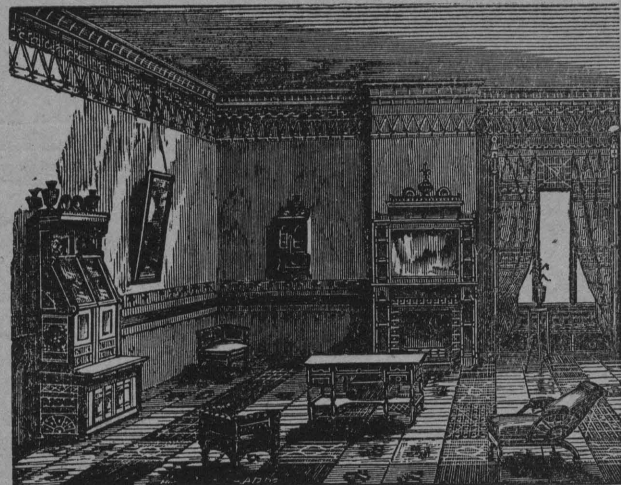
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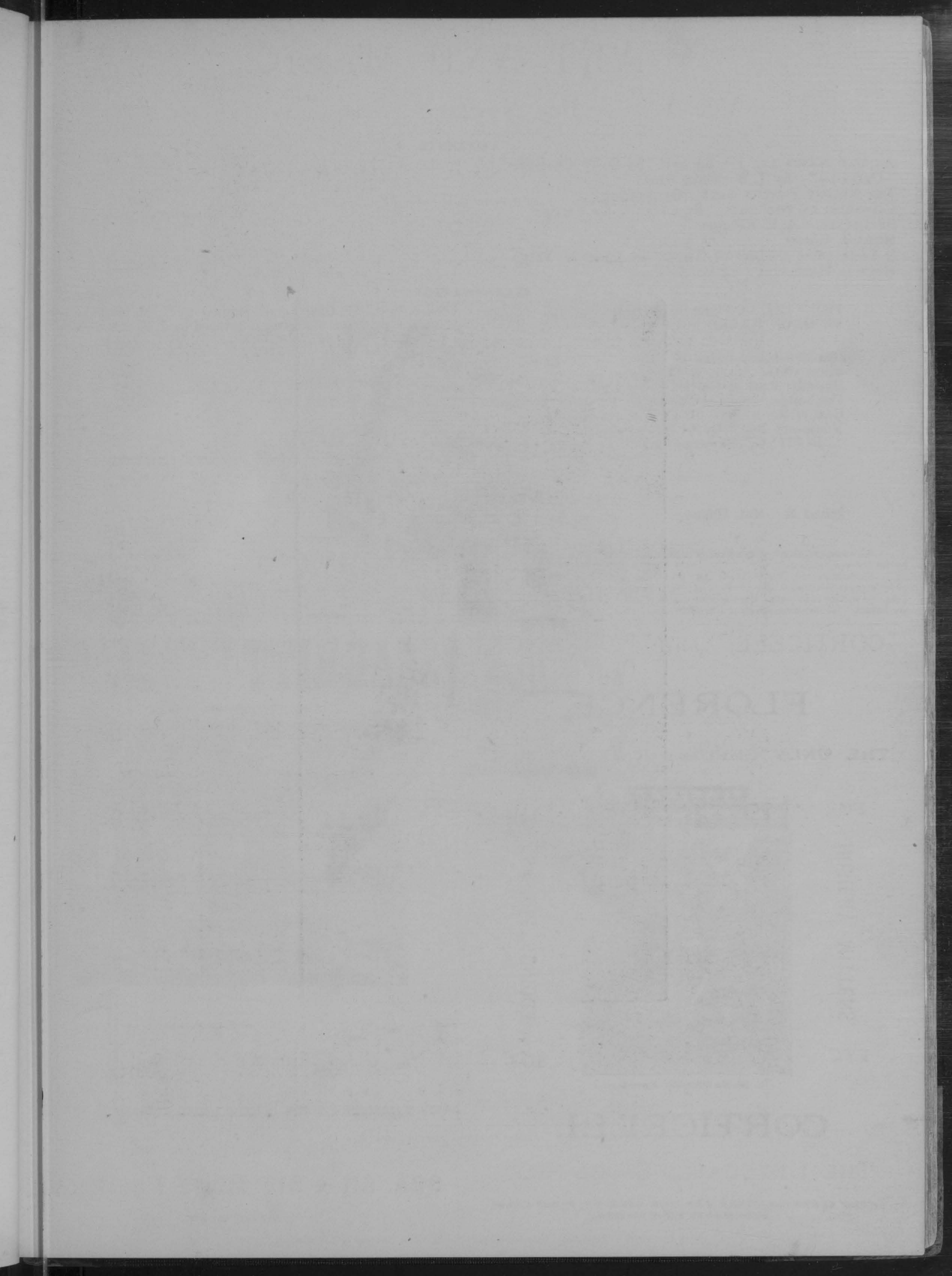
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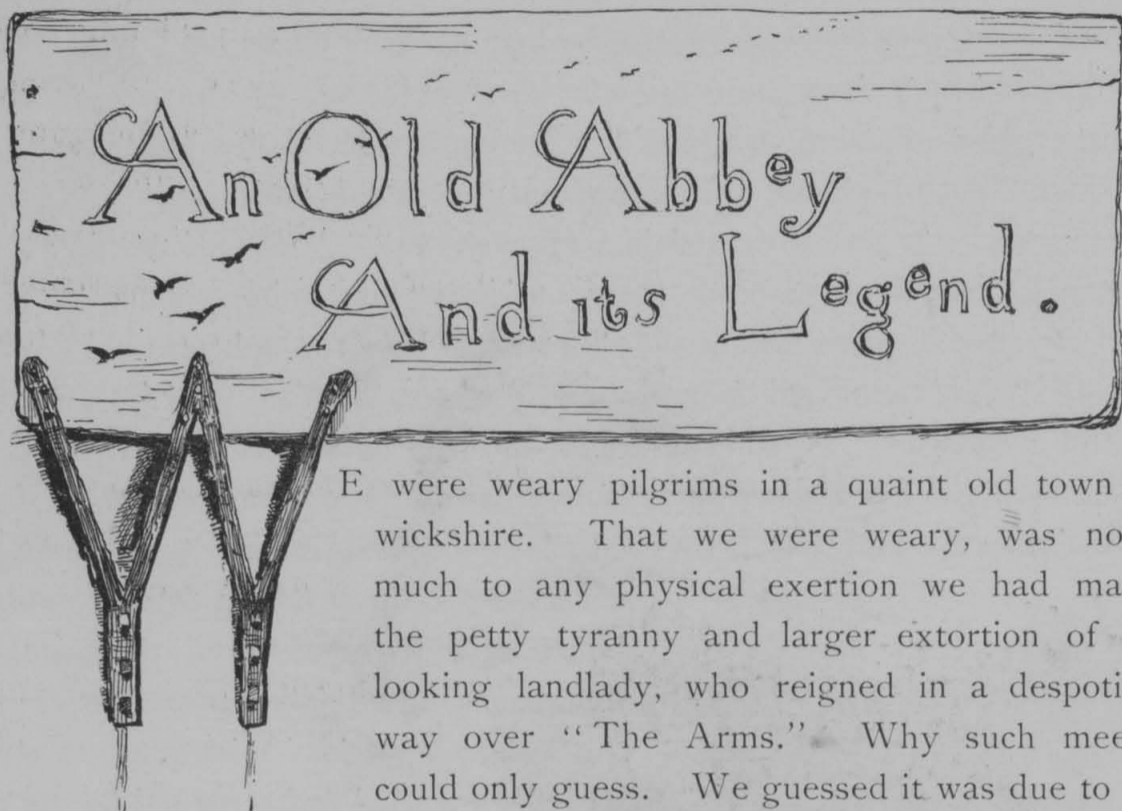
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WE were weary pilgrims in a quaint old town in Warwickshire. That we were weary, was not due so much to any physical exertion we had made, as to the petty tyranny and larger extortion of our meek looking landlady, who reigned in a despotic kind of way over "The Arms." Why such meekness we could only guess. We guessed it was due to a London barrister who had run up to the little town in answer to a summons from his nature for a spree.

At our first request, made humbly enough, for an idea of her terms by the week, she gently shied this barrister at us by way of protection against our unreasonable request. "Es bin a goin' h'on in such a way sir, — H'its quite did me h'up. H'every night till four in the mornin' sir, and h'up agin at seven. H'I've just ben atellin' of 'im sir, as 'ow I think e'll 'ave to go. I'm afraid as 'ow we cant 'ave no more of it, sir, I 'ope 'e wont be a disturbin h'of you all, sir."

For the first time it was quite interesting, but the gentleman continued to "carry h'on sir" and she as regularly informed us as 'ow she 'ad told 'im sir as we could'nt 'ave no more on it" and the program palled. We were living in an uncertain kind of way, and it was wearisome. When at last we warded off the usual dose of barrister and solicited an immediate reply, she tremblingly informed us that "H'its all right I'm sure sir; we shant disagree about prices; will make 'em reasonable, h'I'm sure sir."

In a fit of desperation we rang for the maid and our bill. They came and we went, weary pilgrims as I have said. In consideration of a shilling or so overcharge, and because it was a kind of lien on us, our landlady allowed us to deposit our traps on our former sitting-room table, until called for. Ordinarily there would have been no necessity for that proceeding, as our hand traps comprised two satchels, two small rugs, and a sketch box, which could have been distributed comfortably between us, but it was Good Friday, and Good Friday in England means something more than Sunday. It would not only have risked our reputation individually, but blasted the character of our countrymen for religious reverence, to have been seen filing along the streets of the staid old town, bags in hand. Whatever gloomy cogitations our homeless condition engendered, were speedily dispelled by a sign we happened on. It was an unpretentious sign, indeed it

rather seemed too trying to escape notice by leaning back on its hind leg. We peered at it through a heavy iron gate which bore evidence of having been "jarred by the gusty gales of many winters." At each side of the gate rose a column of stone, crumbling in places, but graciously covered with ivy. We peered in silence for a moment, and then turning to each other, with one accord we exclaimed "Apartments!" Simultaneously we lifted our gaze to see what manner of place it was that offered accommodations, and were charmed to behold a splendid old Gothic manor house which the high stone wall had previously concealed from view. Apartments in this delightful old place! How fortunate for us, who as Americans belonged to a land which, a distinguished English writer tells us, "has no history," and which by its very destitution of evidences of the past has fostered a love for them in its history-reading children.



Front Gate.
"An old Abbey & its legend"

Like a forgotten dream the old mansion stood before us with vine-covered turret and tower, its five deep-pointed gables turned to the front, and the broad proportions of its spacious bay windows partially mantled and screened by the ever-present and beautiful ivy which softens and adorns whatever it touches.

It would have saddened us to think of the desecration of a fine old place like this, being turned into a lodging house, if we had not been otherwise engaged in feeling very joyful over the prospect of the many charming "bits" awaiting our pencil, and we unhesitatingly entered the grass-grown avenue lined with gnarled yet graceful pine trees, and approached the entrance. As we stood for a moment contemplating the carved and fretted door-way and the heavy oaken door, on whose worm-eaten front hung a massive iron knocker, a man cutting grass near, approached and to our inquiries concerning the age and history of the building, replied that it was supposed to have been built in the reign of Henry I. in the 12th century, as a hospital for the Knights of St. John, and afterwards converted into a Monastery or Abbey. A portion of this ancient building still remained, but most of it had been destroyed and the present building was built in the reign of Elizabeth. "It has been in our family" he said with pride "for over three hundred years." "Our family" we subsequently found referred to the Earl of Warwick, its present owner.

Our double knock brought in answer a pretty maiden with red cheeks and smooth brown hair, clad in a baby gown, who, after removing a heavy iron bar on the inside, timidly begged us to enter. A sudden gust of wind blew some of last year's leaves into the dark and musty hall after us, and the old door swung to with a hoarse rumble. That ominous sound and the weird surroundings as we passed along the stone-paved floor, worn deep in places by the feet of other years, aroused associations, and my mind instantly pictured the groups that have trod the weary path of life through these scenes, and gone out to death. For centuries this cumbrous door had swung on its



Hallway.

rusty hinges. To whom had it opened to give admittance and egress? Noble brides and gay cavaliers. Chivalrous knights and cowled monks. What joys and sorrows, what heart-aches and woes had it closed in with its heavy iron bar—heavy enough to resist all strength! These reflections were brought to a sudden end by our passage through a door over which hung a fine mask of Garrick, and which brought us to the great hall and stairway, quaint in its broad landings and latticed windows, giving charming views of the meadows and quiet flowing river beyond. The steps squeaked as we ascended, as though the burden of the centuries they had lived through were being condensed in the one moment we trod on them. The maid became communicative as we paused to consider the fine view of the castle beyond, and, probably to impress us with the importance of a speedy contract, told us that a London artist had written to engage the rooms; but the landlady, who stood in an adjacent doorway tapping the casing with her glasses, supplemented this information with the remark, “but we must serve them as comes first.” A look at the drawing-room, with its pleasant outlook and antique furniture, and at the bed-rooms adjoining, which, with their great dark rafters, heavily-curtained beds and oaken wainscotings, seemed fit abodes for ghosts, decided the matter, and we were soon installed in our lodgings. It seemed almost sacrilegious to apply that modern and common term to our ancient quarters, with that wigged and powdered old gentleman, book in hand, and his estimable lady in silken gown and towering cap, looking down from their frames reprovingly upon us. The sudden wind



The Steps.

grew continuous and the sun went down in clouds, while the Gothic gables and weather-worn chimneys shivered as with age and cold, and from walls and corners and mullioned windows came creakings and sighs, rattlings and whisperings. On the ceiling, from which hung a crystal chandelier, quivered shadows of long ghostly skeleton hands, cast by its many pendant prisms. Our wax candles refused to light the furthest part of our immense sitting room; and we resolutely turned our backs on the dark and distant corners, and drew nearer to the generous fire-place, where a yellow fire crackled and roared. The ghostly character of the room was an added charm, with the golden sunlight stealing in through quivering leaves and lying in patches on the uneven floor and



Mask of Garrick.

lighting up the old tapestries; but when the silence and darkness of night fell upon us, we dreaded to separate, and sat talking in subdued tones over the embers till the midnight chimes sent "Home, Sweet Home," tolling out on the bosom of the swelling wind and carrying our thoughts back beyond the rolling deep.



The Lodge

Early the next morning we began investigating our new surroundings. Passing out a pleasant side entrance we had a view of the lodge nearly concealed by its mantle of ivy. At its side swung a ponderous gate and on one of the stone posts was a life-size goat rampant, which one of our party suggested was a "Goat of Arms." Some pilferer had stolen its companion of the other column and left it perpetually alone on its bed of ivy. Back of the avenue towards the rear of the manor we found more gables and turrets and innumerable windows of uneven sizes and shapes, and tall quaint chimneys and round spaces over evidently windows that had been built up and now seemed like great human faces, perpetually appealing for help and sympathy. In

one with diamond panes was an immense silver candlestick, looking like the forgotten relic of an altar, and beside it a quaint old vase filled with the feathers of the peacock, which awakened the echoes in the house by a piercing shriek at every slightest noise. Around a group of chimneys, wheeled and fluttered a bevy of chattering swallows rejoicing in the fresh green spring-time and the coming of the lovely summer. It was a safe home for them. For centuries their ancestors had been breeding in those old chimneys never disturbed by smoke or fire.

At the back of the house the sun shone brightly, crowning the seven moss-mantled gables with a yellow splendor, dispelling all thought of ghostly inhabitant or possibilities while we looked upon them. Soon the maid came out, and crossing the paved courtyard rang an old rusty bell hanging near the apex of a gable.

We looked across the green stretch of meadow reaching away into the morning haze, and reveled in the early freshness. The sheep grazed hurriedly as though to reap their breakfast while yet it was covered with dew, and a string of crows flapped lazily through the luxurious air, cawing contentedly.

Persistent inquiries of our rosy-cheeked maid when she appeared with our eggs and coffee, failed to elicit the faintest touch of romance or ghostly tale or indeed any story whatsoever, concerning the old place. Yet, we thought, there must be some interesting bit of history. Why were our bed-rooms titled "St. Claudes" and "St. Agatha" and



Group of Chimneys.

our drawing room "St. Mary Magdalen," as evidenced by the bits of ancient-looking boards tacked above the doors, on which in quaint letters were the respective names? What were the sounds we had heard in the night, like the melancholy music of a bell



REAR OF THE ABBEY.

From an Original Sketch by G. W. CHAMBERS.

tolling afar off, and the low murmuring chant, rising and falling like the sighing of the wind? A breath in the open-mouthed fire-place or through the yawning casement might have caused it—but was there not some story to give it a tinge of mystery? Suspecting that there was a story and that the maid, instructed by our landlady, had evaded our questions, it occurred to us that the ancient antiquary who lived near by would certainly know of any legend handed down. We visited him, and found him busy with a parchment-covered tome. He proudly showed us his "visitors book," in which were the signatures of Hawthorne, Mark Twain, General Grant, innumerable lords and ladies, the Bancroft family, and a host of others running through a period of fifty years. With even more pride he showed us a tea set, the former property of Rogers, the poet. From him we learned the following legend, which be it true or not, is sufficiently interesting to be here repeated.

In the reign of Henry III. and during his wars with the Barons, a certain foray led by a governor of a castle against another castle held by a noble ally of the King, resulted in the overthrow of the latter. A part of the walls was demolished, and the castle despoiled of many of its treasures; but the most important result of the incursion was the capture of a number of noble personages; most of whom were afterwards released on the payment of large ransoms.

One young girl, however, failed to re-appear, and in a certain circle, that having for its central figure no less than His Majesty, the greatest concern was felt. But in those violent times the fate of a mere girl (whose natural defenders had come to sudden deaths by too great a prominence) could not be made the cause of outcry without raising suspicions, and implicating others whose services were only less than hers'. Wise in planning, bold in action, and exceedingly lovely in person, the "Faire Margery" seemed to combine in herself all the prowess of her ancestry, whose deeds are in the Sagas. Often had the Barons and their adherents stolen on embattled towers supposed to be entirely ignorant of their approach, only to find them ready with an unwelcome greeting.

By the aid of good spirit or fiend, by beauty or love or gold, *some one* triumphed over their secrets, prophesied their suddenest incursions and enabled their foes to meet successfully their most savage onslaughts. Certain disclosures, the high favor of the King, no less than her "proper aire of powre and conninge" pointed to Margery as the cause of their chagrin and defeats, and now she was their prisoner.

This old house was at that time an Abbey. The one feature of it connected with the legend was a wall, looking, from the exterior to be five or six paces in width, which ran through the main part and divided the Monastery from the nunnery.

On a certain night the monks and nuns were assembled by their respective superiors and commanded to their devotions to "honoure and preie God" as on an occasion of special moment. But over chants and prayers, past bolts, and through walls, came sounds as of hurrying to and fro, sometimes as if with burdens. These at length ceased, and the weary worshipers were dismissed, to sleep, or pray, or wonder as they might. Slowly the secret whisper crept through the Abbey that a person of noble degree was its guest or captive.

Death, indeed, had been allotted to Margery as her portion and punishment, but she held it in her power to betray those through whose treason to them or love to her, her foes had been her scorn. In hope of this confession Margery's fate was for the moment delayed. The abbess allowed no other custodian than herself; nuns were not always mercy-proof, and monks, alas, were men.

One of the former, passing by the will of God, at the moment of the opening of the door of the cell allotted to Margery, was wonder-stricken at the cloths of gold depending from the walls, the rich skins on the floor, and other luxuries of which she knew neither the wants nor the uses:—these being, in fact, a portion of the booty stolen with Margery from the castle, and intrusted to the Abbey, not for the prisoner's splendor, but for safe keeping.

To one other, and to one alone, came signs of the captive's presence. The south wall of her room was none other than the division wall before mentioned. On its other side Cecil, a holy monk, was wont to pray and meditate. To his ears came one day a faint sound of tapping, succeeded by another that might have been caused by mice—were mice foolish enough to undertake the piercing of the great stones that formed the wall,

Cecil's thoughtful brain soon divined the cause of these noises. "Poor imbecile," he murmured, "were thy task possible of completion, to what would it lead you? Another cell, another captive, whose first duty would be thy betrayal to the Abbot, whom God prosper." And with a heavy sigh, born, perhaps, of the incongruity of his prayer and his suspicions (for the hand of the Abbot was thought to be against his king) Cecil knelt to combat the whisperings of the adversary. Days passed, during which the intermittent sounds continued: at night a mere pin scraping, at the times of gathering in the chapel or refectory, a more daring and assiduous digging. Strange thoughts came when Cecil, placing his ear to the wall, discovered that no jarring could be felt. Was the prisoner, after all, not so wild, so credulous, in his hopes and endeavors?

That day the monk confessed to the Abbot that he was carving, as a thank offering, an image of the Virgin; but his heart had failed him at the thought that he was, perhaps, unworthy of the task, and he begged the Abbot's blessing and approval. After that, when a certain tapping and scraping ceased, another began in the monk's room; but when not at work he lay prostrate on his face, feeling that he had yielded to the tempter, had sealed himself a second Judas. There came another day: a day whose unbroken silence at once puzzled and relieved the mind of the monk. But at dusk, moved by some strange prescience, he appeared before the Abbot and asked leave to stand guard that night as sentinel. At starlight his watch began; pacing to and fro, now around the somber pile, searching the outlined hill, the shadowed valley, for marshalled foes or bands of robbers, and anon treading the paved court to intone the signal words of peace and safety. Hours passed away, and resting against the angle of the wall Cecil fell to musing. His heart was worn with the beating of hands against a relentless barrier, and he pondered the mystery of their captivity. It seemed to his fevered brain that, even from here, the muffled struggles for liberty were audible. Surely something was moving yonder, high up in the ivy—there underneath the bell—a night bird perhaps.

He watched the place eagerly, leaning there in the shadow, the silence of night made deeper by the sudden rustling. *Something* was cutting and tearing away the ivy, struggling the clinging matted vines—a hand! And now a form—how it clasps the frail tendrils—Holy Virgin! *the bell-rope!*

The great bell tolled with a single solemn knell; wild arms loosed their hold, outstretching as in supplication; in the Abbey as on another night, there was hurrying to and fro; while in the starlight on the stones lay Margery, not foiled, not captive, not broken-hearted, but dead. * * * * *

These are the sounds of the night, when the ears of the pitiful are unsealed—a gentle tapping, a single solemn tolling, mellowed as if with its long vibration down through time. And now there rises clearer than the bell, more tender than the voices of women, the chanting of a monk; the chanting of Cecil on his knees in the shadow, his brain frozen and his heart like the heart of one dead, but from his submissive lips pouring in supplication a miserere: "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God!"



affection for its mysterious and beautiful sounds, its gray walls, its shadowy halls and cloisters, its general air of commingled melancholy and dignity — And its rambling outlines faded from our sight behind the somber pines, while the swallows wheeled and circled in graceful lines above their ancient chimney-home.

GEO. W. CHAMBERS.

“DRIFTING.”

So much has been written and said of the Sketch Club, but so little outside of a limited circle is really known of its workings that it has been thought proper to attempt in some measure to satisfy the curiosity that naturally exists. To this end the readers of ART AND MUSIC are presented in this number with reduced reproductions of some of the sketches exhibited last October, when Mr. Meeker was the host of the evening. The invitation cards sent out for the occasion were works of art in themselves: fine sketch engravings from designs by Mr. Meeker, and attracted much attention. As it was generally understood that this entertainment would be the last, or nearly the last, in the old rooms of the Sketch Club, around which linger so many pleasant memories, the gathering on the evening was unusually large and the sketches of a very high order of merit.

The subject chosen for illustration by the host was T. Buchanan Reads' charming idyl "Drifting"—perhaps one of the most musical rhythmic compositions ever given to the world. Every verse of the beautiful poem suggests a picture, and the artists were not slow to seize upon the suggestions. Thus came to be produced a most admirable set of works, and it is only a source for regret that they cannot be reproduced in all their beauty of color effect. But even in the simple black and white can be seen ample excellence—enough to give the reader an idea of what the originals were. But encomium is useless when the sketches are here for examination. We refer the reader to them and praise from us will be needless. According to the rules of the Club, the sketches become the property of the entertainer, and Mr. Meeker met with numerous congratulations at becoming the owner of such an excellent set.

The poem itself was recited in an effective manner, during the evening, by Mr. Charles Pope.

Since this memorable night the Sketch Club has moved into new and much more commodious quarters, and a few days ago another splendid series was exhibited, Mr. Paul E. Harney officiating as host; the subject being "The World."



Ye
Olde
Hall-
waye

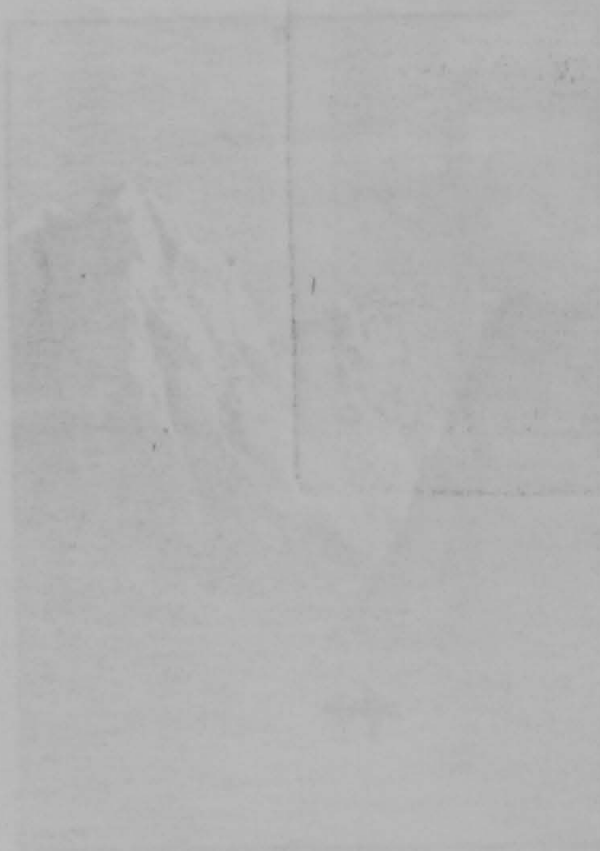
C.H.

THE FOUR SEASONS

THE SEASONS

THE SEASONS

MAY



ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB.

J. R. MEEKER, ENTERTAINS.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th, 1881.

Subject:—

“DRIFTING.”

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.



Sketch by Will S. Eames, Oct. 5th, '81.

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;



Sketch by Carl Gutherz, Oct 5th, '81.

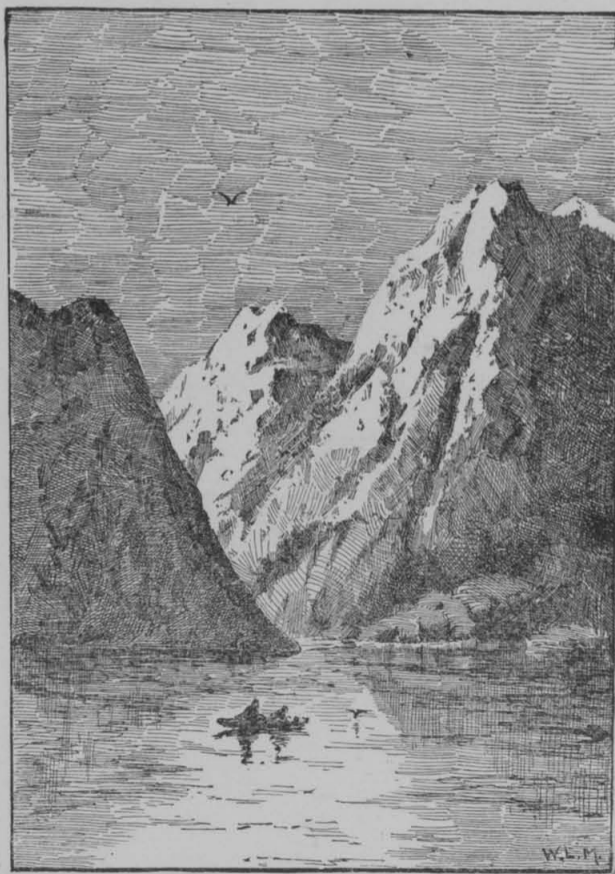
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks,
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,



Sketch by J. R. Meeker, Oct. 5th, '81.

Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.



Sketch by W. L. Marple, Oct. 5th, '81.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The grey smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.



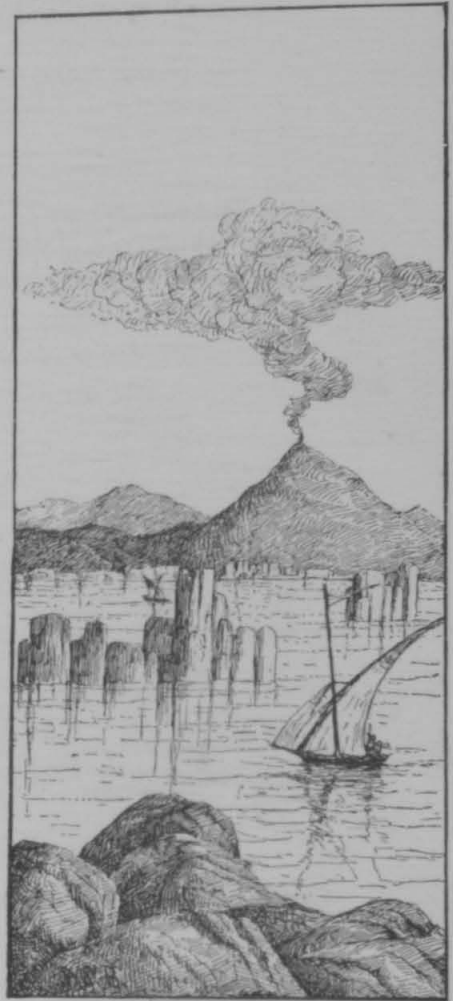
Sketch by Ernest Albert, Oct. 5th '81.

Here, Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles ;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.



Sketch by J. M. Barnesley, Oct. 5th '81.

Under the walls,
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.



Sketch by Mrs. Augusta S. Bryant, Oct. 5th '81.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Floats swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !



Sketch by C. Adams, Oct. 5th '81.

The day, so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled :—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.



Sketch by J. R. Buckingham, Oct. 5th '81.



Sketch by Miss B. Hueitt, Oct. 5th '81.

Over the rail,
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail ;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies
O'erweiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.



Sketch by Frank Gates, Oct. 5th '81



Sketch by W. R. Hodges, Oct. 5th '81.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid ;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.



Sketch by G. W. Chambers, Oct. 5th '81.



Sketch by Will S. Eames, Oct. 5th '81.

The fisher's child,
 With tresses wild,
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
 With glowing lips
 Sings as she skips,
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
 Where traffic blows,
 From lands of sun to lands of snows—
 This happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.



Sketch by C. Holloway, Oct. 5th '81.



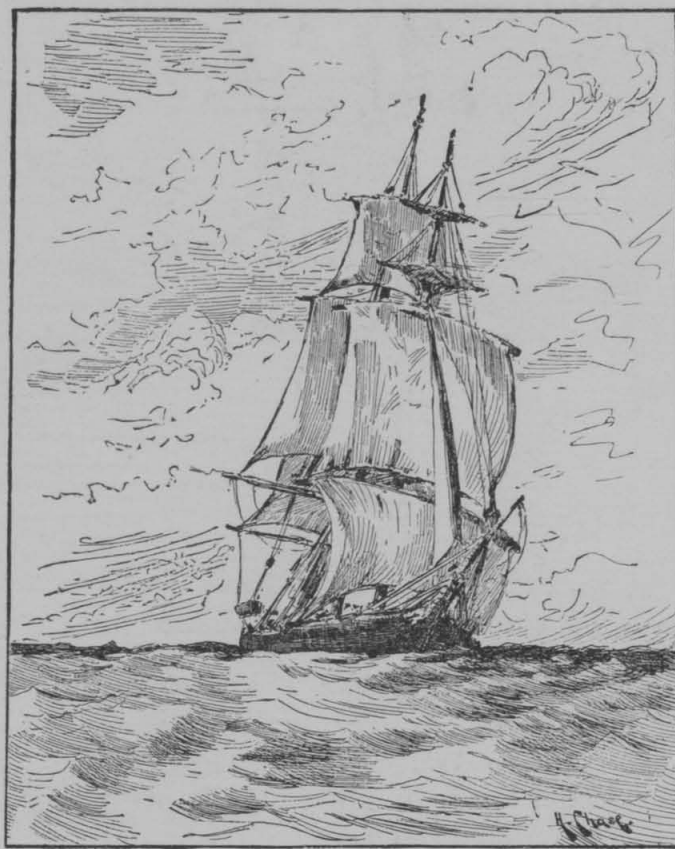
Sketch by Paul E. Harney, Oct. 5th '81.



Sketch by C. E. Moss, Oct. 5th, '81.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

O, happy ship!
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip.
O, happy crew!
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew.



Sketch by Harry Chase, Oct. 5th '81.

THE RECENT PICTURE SALE.

The financial result of the recent art sale was not, perhaps, its most discouraging feature. Though it is usual at St. Louis sales to observe proceeds that could be better met by the fortitude of a stoic than by the mercurial temperament ascribed to artists. "Bressed am dey dat don' 'spect nothin'"—experience has probably taught the artists not to anticipate the reaping of fortunes. What they did look for, and did not get, was the personal support and presence at their sales of professed art-patrons, lovers, connoisseurs. One hears constantly expressed in cultivated circles surprise and regret at the slow progress of our city in these matters. Our artists are looking to New York, Boston and Philadelphia as final markets for their work, and one by one they shake St. Louis dust, or mud, off their feet and depart. The chief Northern and Western cities give a far heartier support to such interests than we. How are the knowledge and love of art to come? From above, like manna, or like lava, from below by volcanic eruption? Hardly. Yet the artists cannot be expected to work for them alone and unaided, and so far talking has accomplished very little.

No man can be expected to devote his life to a movement which is met with indifference and lack of comprehension. It is barely possible that those having culture, leisure, influence do not realize how far they are themselves responsible for the lethargy they bemoan. There are individuals whose presence is expected in the front rank of all progressive movements. They are known as public-spirited, and supposed to recognize established features of their city, observe good customs, encourage enlightened innovations, and do what they can for all worthy endeavors; without any need of apologizing for what they cannot do. So it was not necessary that all should attend the sales as purchasers; some of our galleries hold examples of local artists which their owners do not care to duplicate. But where there is a hearty interest there are generally several ways of attaining a desired end. The simple solution of the small attendance and dull bidding or no bidding at the sales is, there was no hearty interest felt; the professed art-lovers, patrons, connoisseurs not wishing to buy, gave no further thought to the matter.

ASKELON.

CAUSERIES ON THE ARTS.

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

CONCERNING POETRY.



THE poetical sentiment seems inherent in men of all countries and of all times. But this sentiment varies in character, as much by the motives that give birth to it as by the forms it adopts to give it expression. With the Orientals, it is a luminary which covers the whole earth with brilliant rays, the glory of which is so intense, that it often blinds us, producing on our mind and intellect the same effect which the pupil of our eye experiences when we gaze upon the sun. With the people of the South, the exaltation of their characters, the vivacity of their imagination, the beauty of the skies that cover them, and the grandeur of the scenes that surround them, have produced the lyric and epic forms of poetry; while with the people of the North the inclemency of the climate, the intemperature of the seasons, that recall to man his miseries and his nothingness, cause him to turn his thoughts to his own inner-self, and thus give to his poetical genius more of a personal, serious, and often religious or philosophical character, in which the idea of death develops its most remarkable manifestations. We see in fact, that it is in the mysteries of beyond the tomb, that the Scandinavians, the Germans, nay, even Shakspeare, have found their finest poetical images. I explain this in the following manner: The Orientals descend from on high to come down to us; the Northern poets, on the other hand, start from the earth in order to arise to the skies, and neither the one nor the other are truly sublime, except when they borrow their images from the divinity or the works which personify it. Finally the Occidentals, by which term I mean the French and the Americans, have caused their poetical productions to participate in the intermediate position which they occupy geographically. Hence, they have not yet been able to produce an epic poem; a fact which I shall explain more at length hereafter.

If we would trace the history of *Poetry*, we should thus be forced to follow the course of the star which has always been its symbol, the Sun—*Apollo* or *Phæbus*—for it was in the East, that he first shed his light. Only in later times his rays illuminated Greece and Italy, and not till ten centuries still later that he extended his influence to the regions of the North.

This applies, however, only to that poetry which moves according to certain rules, or to those poetical works that have survived their authors for I repeat and I shall prove further on, that the poetical sentiment is inherent in human nature and manifested in all countries and at all times, and that if exceptions are to be made they will be in favor of the savages or barbarians, with whom the poetical instinct is more developed than with the more civilized people. The cause of this is, that the former are in more intimate and frequent contact with the beauties of nature. Strange as this may appear at the first glance, I hope to be able to justify my assertion.

The first poetry which we meet in literature is that of the Hebrews. If there are any older chants, they are those of the Vedas and the Shasters of Hindostan. The Bedagat of the Buddhists is of much later date. The poetry of the Bible is majestic and earnest, though its general somewhat harsh character does not exclude the expression of tender sentiments, such as we find in the Book of Ruth, which is, indeed, a touching model in that respect, and with which the Canticles are thoroughly impregnated—nor the expression of the most exalted thoughts. Again, while the profound sadness of the complaints of Job presents to us a character of sublimity which has never been equaled, the tones of the harp of the King-Prophet seem dictated by a God. The style of the Hebrews, bold and simple at the same time, has for us the fault of disdainning the timid forms of our modern languages; but what fecundity and what majesty appears in the choice and abundance of its metaphors and similes, always taken from nature, from the heavens, from pastoral life, from agriculture, or from natural history! “The stars of the skies, the sand on the seashore, are images of a great multitude; a hostile army invading the country is likened to a rapid and destructive torrent, to the raving of the sea or to the clouds that gather to announce the coming storm. The war chariots move rapidly like lightning, or like the approaching tempest; happiness arises like the morning dawn and shines like the light of day; God sends his benediction upon Israel as the dew or the blessed rain descends upon the parched earth; while the wrath of heaven is like a devouring fire, which annihilates the sinners as the flame devours the stubble. The cedars of Lebanon or the oaks of Bazan are images of powerful men; the palm tree and the reed, images of the great and the humble; the briar and the thorn, of evil; and the pious man is like an olive tree, always covered with verdure, or like a tree planted on the border of a sheet of water. God’s chastisement hangs over Israel like a chariot laden with sheafs of arrows; the people succumb to the charge of the enemy as corn is crushed under the weight of the flail; and God places the grapes in the press when He chastises the wicked and causes their blood to be shed. The wrath of Jehovah is often represented as an intoxicating cup, which he causes those, who have merited his chastisement, to empty.”

The Hebrews have only two kinds of poetry, the lyric and the didactic, if we go by our classification; but we must add to these the gnomic, although it is simply a branch of the didactic, because, of all the Oriental peoples who love to present in a figurative and poetic form sentences of morality, philosophical aphorisms and maxims of wisdom,

or ingenious comparisons, the Jews rank foremost, especially during the time of Solomon.

Their lyrical poetry comprises: 1. The Hymn, or Ode—*Mizmor* or *Schir*—which is often called a Psalm, and which usually addresses itself to Jehovah, whether as the God of the universe or as the Protector of the Jews; 2. The Elegy—*Kinah*—of which the finest specimens are to be found in the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, and in the Elegy of David on Saul and Jonathan; 3. The *Erotic Poetry*, which is represented by the *Song of Solomon*—or *Cantica Canticorum*—and which is clothed in all the charms of a most enchanting phantasy, and yet written in a spirit of pastoral naiveness that is altogether primitive, and nevertheless breathes all the ardor of an imagination ripened in a tropical climate.

Alongside of these different popular classes of poetry, we find among the Hebrews a didactic poetry of the most exalted character, since it abounds with the highest moral and religious questions, clothed in expressions and figures of the noblest poetical quality, either striking the imagination by the sublime images, which it gathers from the mind or heart by profound meditation, and by the study of human nature. The problems of providence and of the absolute justice of God, the sufferings and miseries of the just here below; the apparent prosperity and immunity of the wicked: all these questions are treated in the Book of Job in a way which makes it the grandest monument of the kind antiquity has ever produced, as well in regard to the boldness of its ideas, its imagery and style, as in regard to the profundity and grandeur of its thoughts.

The poetry of the Hindoos is little known to us for two principal reasons: the difficulty of their translation and the transcendent character of their poetry, which, perhaps, is beyond the grasp of our reasoning faculties. This, again, may be owing, either to our ignorance of subjects that are necessary to be known in order to comprehend those writings; or it may be due to the fact that in reading them we are, as it were, blinded—as I have mentioned elsewhere—we not being so constituted as to be able to look straight into the light. Still we possess enough of their writings, and comprehend them sufficiently to appreciate their merits and to recognize that they are no less didactic than the Hebrew writings, and seem to be of still greater antiquity. Their holy books are, the Vedas and the Shasters for the Brahmans, and the Bedagat for the Buddhists. These books contain, like the Bible, a descriptive and historical part, moral precepts and the laws of the Hindoos, followed by sentences, or proverbs, like these from the Bedagat:

“He who goes in search of unlawful pleasures is like the butterfly that flutters around the candle until it is burnt.”

“He who licks honey from the blade of a knife will cut his tongue.”

“The words that pass from thy mouth are thy enemies; those which thou retain are thy friends.”

They excel in familiar stories as well as in dramatic compositions, and their lyrical productions are innumerable. They pass, finally, for the originators of the *Apologue*, and know how to give to their compositions on this field a poetical, elegant and ingenious

turn which neither the Moderns nor even the Greeks have exhibited in their fictions.

Zoroaster among the Persians, and Confucius among the Chinese have left traditions, which prove that more than two thousand years before our era those people had already lifted themselves to a height of thought equal to that of the Hebrews and the Hindoos, at least so far as their imaginative works are concerned.

The ancient Egyptians have not transmitted to us any poetical works, properly so called; but can we suppose on that account that they had none, especially when we see the ruins of Thebes, the Sphynxes and the Pyramids; when we remember what they have done for the increase of astronomical knowledge far beyond the point reached by the Chaldeans; that they have been the initiators of all the arts possessed by the Greeks, and that Omar burnt one of their libraries which contained more than 700,000 volumes or written scrolls?

Before now speaking of the Greeks, I must at least mention the Scandinavians, the Germans, and those Cimbri, Celts and Armoricans, whose traditions have constituted the national poetical genius of the Norwegians and Swedes, of the Germans, Anglo-Saxons and the French; for, after the *renaissance* of literature the Greeks furnished those peoples only examples and rules, while for the Normans the *Edda*: for the English or Scottish, the chants collected by MacPherson under the name of *Ossian*: for the Germans the *Nibelungen*, and the Bardic traditions for the Gauls are the veritable hearths, from which Shakespeare, Ariosto, Gœthe, Schiller and all the other great poets have taken the sacred fire that animates their works, just as Prometheus brought from heaven the fire that he needed for his more material workmanship of clay.

In the Middle-Ages, finally, the Arabs introduced into Spain and the southern part of France a poetry, which in spite of the boldness of its metaphors, the pomp of its descriptions and a certain emphasis which is peculiar to it and attests its oriental origin, is distinguished by the delicacy of its sentiments and the nobleness of the imagery of which it makes use. This was that poetry, which arose to life in the eleventh century and brought forth the Troubadours, the Trouveres and the German Minnesinger. But they used their inspiration only to compose easy songs, or fugitive pieces, which, while they bear the impress of their origin and of the national genius that produced them, do not furnish us a criterion of the latter. It is to the Greeks and the Latins, or at any rate to a profound study of their works, that we all owe the development of our poetical faculties. For, the more powerful, vivid and brilliant our imagination is, the more it needs to be kept within bounds by certain rules, on penalty of being often not understood, or of rambling away from the beautiful, which the poet ought alone to cultivate.

These rules, which are necessary for the poets of all nations, just as discipline is necessary for armies, were first sketched by Aristotle, and the models which he offers us are Homer, Sophocles, Æschylus, Simonides, and, in fine, all those who had preceded or were cotemporary with him; and in fixing the point at which the Greek poets had arrived in the fourth century B. C., that point seems to indicate the limits at which the

human mind has arrived up to the present time; limits that men have often sought to overstep, but never with any success.

Thus, with the Romans, who succeeded the Greeks, poetry was only a reflex of the works of the Greek poets; a reflex which Horace and Virgil especially, besides Ovid, Tibullus, Plautus, Terence, and many others invested with a certain splendor, though without equaling the masters who inspired them, or causing them to be forgotten.

It is from those two literatures that modern literature has arisen. But the spirit of poetry had meanwhile experienced a profound modification by the introduction of Christianity. People believed no longer in mythology, the source of all imagery. Now, one of the principal characteristics of poetry is that it excites emotions; but how is it possible to move the hearts of men who do no longer believe in what you tell them? And who believes to-day in the power of Jupiter, or the justice of Themis? Then, again, the Latin language, which had been forced by their victors upon the Germans, Gauls, Saxons, and Irish, had ceased to be the common language when the great invasion from the North and East took place; and the invading barbarians substituted their laws and their languages in place of those of the Romans. Now, the barbarians had neither homogeneity of language, nor the power to assimilate the Romans.

The Saxons in England, the Visigoths and Franks in Gaul, the Lombards and Ostrogoths in Italy, and in Spain the Saracens, tried to impose their language upon the conquered nations, but always in vain, as it has been exemplified so often in history. On the contrary, it was the language of the conquerors that was absorbed by the national element. It was just as we see it at present in the case of an inundation. We behold the waters, which cover the land on every side, slowly recede, leaving the fields to cover themselves, after having imbibed the moisture slowly, with crops and plants conformable to their soil.

Such was the origin of modern languages. Charlemagne, who reconstructed the Empire of the Occident, felt himself tempted to restore Roman as the official language; but he soon felt that the enterprise was much beyond his powers. The Roman language, even then already very much corrupted, was in the act of expiring.

The name "Roman" had originally been given to the common language of all the subjects of the Western Empire; and one and the same language had been spoken by them for many centuries in all the countries situated on the Danube and on the Rhine. But the invasions of the Norsemen, which spent itself southward, introduced a multitude of new words to the peoples of the Roman (or Latin) language. The Teutonic and Gothic languages then became the master tongues; and the Roman, or Latin language, was only the speech of the slaves or the conquered peoples. These last, crushed down by exactions, stupefied by misery, having neither the liberty to travel, on penalty of being accused of desertion, nor to assemble, on penalty of being accused of conspiracy, knowing neither reading nor writing, and consequently as separated from their ancestors as from their cotemporaries — they forgot almost all of their mother-tongue, and retained in mind too few ideas to remember many words.

During all this period of oppression and labor, that is to say, from the fifth to the tenth century, the Latin, corrupted into the Roman language, existed continuously, but it varied from one village to another, had no rules, no monuments and no interpreters to guide it. The inheritance of the Latin language was at that time unequally distributed among the provinces. The best words were being offered to people, who did not find occasion to employ them—a few of the more cultivated classes excepted—and thus it happened that as millions of words were offered to people, who could use only a small number of them, the same language became divided into a multiplicity of dialects, each province having retained perhaps only one original Latin, German or Gaul synonym. On the other hand, the Latin words presented themselves with a variety of flections—as the case might be—of which ignorance had grasped only one. In France the nominative and the ablative supplanted one another; in Italy the plural the nominative; and in Spain the plural the accusative. From the choice thus made at hap-hazard, writers went into common elements, wherefrom it resulted that every province had a uniform language, in disregard of its nearest neighbor though they came from the same source. This is readily understood even at this day in tracing the Latin languages. This state of things continued until the beginning of the eleventh century; but at that time in the life of man a new era arose, which became the aurora of the renaissance of arts and letters, and began to illuminate the existing chaos.

The end of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century witnessed the establishment of feudalism. This was a period of life and creativeness, which was opened under the influence of that form of government that has been so odiously calumniated, by the envy and pride of our cotemporaries and so stupidly insulted or cursed by ignorance. Everything there is of noble and great, of heroic and vigorous, was born or developed during that period. The feudal code impressed and even imposed respect for an oath and a conscience of reciprocal duties. I allude to the ties that united the vassal to his sovereign. These virtues, when become idealized, gave birth to *chivalry*, that is to say, to the consecration of strong men in defense of the weak: to the cult of women and the refinement of morals and manners, and which changed barbarism into courtesy. Then came the crusades, in regard to which SISMUNDI writes: "A fanatic and bloody religion troubled the states of Europe and sacrificed generations for a fantastic end."

Other writers of our own times, as mean caterers as be to the people, whom they mislead, but whose promptings they flatter, which has procured them a notoriety, that they may have taken for glory, though it is only its shadow, seeing that truth alone is eternal: other writers, I say, have repeated or copied him, but no serious mind can misapprehend the grand objects that were accomplished by those far-off expeditions and the first of which achievements was, that under their influence morals as well as arts and sciences were greatly advanced. In fact: I have said that poetry came to us from the East. Mathematics, Philosophy, Natural Sciences and nearly all the arts came to

us from the Greeks and the Arabs. Then, inspired by the grand deeds done and by the religious sentiment which at that time inspired all souls, the Troubadours, Trouveres and the Minnesingers created a new literature, brilliant with poetry, full of faith and of tender or heroic ideas. The arts of luxury came to be developed in all their splendor, and architecture set in motion all its marvels. Industry and commerce grew so as to increase tenfold values in the West. War and navigation made immense progress. It is, indeed, from this epoch that we must date the emancipation of the peoples, for, left to themselves during the absence of their masters they were forced by necessity to exercise certain rights. The farmers as well as the villagers and citizens felt it necessary to organize, and the organizations thus created soon exhibited such a power, that feudal oppression soon became impossible of execution.

All the brilliant armors of the cavaliers were forged in the cities. All the stuffs and all the furbelows of the noble ladies as well as all the ornaments of castles and churches, and the gorgeous plate of the sideboards: in short, all that served to cast splendor on the tournaments necessitated new manufactures, and those creations arose with a quickness unknown to preceding centuries. Nearly all the arts were developed simultaneously, and the men who practiced or cultivated them, formed unions among themselves, sealed by oaths, elected their officials, and voluntarily placed themselves under chiefs in order to be able to assure their tranquillity and have their efforts directed to a common end.

But all that is done in common is achieved by language, by persuasion. When a people has a militia, and has to defend great interests in public affairs, it stands more in need of a rich vocabulary than stood the serfs of former times, who had nothing to comprehend except obedience. But as commerce grew, communication extended, not only to neighboring provinces, but also to remote countries, and it became necessary to have a vocabulary that would be understood in distant regions. Language was thus forced in spite of itself to become enriched, regulated and expanded with a certain uniformity. At the same time the monks exhumed from the dust of their libraries all the treasures of Greek and Latin literature which their predecessors had saved from the vandalism of the barbarians. At first they merely copied and compiled, but with that as a basis, the patois of the villages gradually became regulated; the scattered parts of modern languages found their place again in this grand picture frame; words corresponding to each other, instead of excluding each other, became synonyms, and the remembrance of the Latin grammar, Greek dialectics, Pagan mythology, and Athenian literature, engendered or inspired a new poetry, of which Dante and Petrarch were the first interpreters in Italy. In fact, the former, Dante, is the founder of that poetry, which the Christian religion came to erect on the ruin of Paganism; while Petrarch, a Christian inspired by Plato, replaced the voluptuous and erotic songs of Propertius and Tibullus by the expression of a sentiment of pure and virtuous love, which antiquity had altogether ignored. In the sixteenth century Ariosto, Tasso and Camoens set the example of new and unknown epics, and after them Shakespeare, and still later, Milton,

appeared. These poets may be said to have established the equilibrium between the Scandinavian, or Saxon, and the Latin nations. The German *Nibelungen* have also given rise to a new school of poetry, but it is only much later that this school has manifested itself with splendor in the works of Goethe and Schiller.

Poetry in Europe has, therefore, followed two currents, from which have sprung, chiefly, two systems: the one, coming originally from the East, perfected by the Greeks, adopted by the Romans, and imposed by them on the people whom they vanquished, and among whom they were able to establish themselves permanently; the other, likewise coming from the East, but transported in pre-historical times to the midst of the icy regions of the North, where it assumed a peculiar character, which neither the conquests of the Romans nor the invasions of other European tribes have been able to extinguish, for we see its influence in all later times making itself felt among those poetical minds, with whom its sombre, ferocious or barbarous grandeur had some analogy. It is on this account that the nations of the North, the Slaves, Germans, Scandinavians or Saxons have adopted a system of poetry, vague and undetermined it is true, but on that account perhaps more really poetical than the poetry of the Romans, though it has no rules. For it has not handed down to us a single didactic work; whereas the Romans, on the contrary, without conforming strictly to the rules of Aristotle, have at least adopted his general principles, among which the supremacy of the Beautiful is the most important.

The nations of the South, whose language is softer, better accentuated and more in conformity with the laws of euphony than that of the North, attach in general a greater merit to the manner in which the thought is expressed than to the thought itself. The Portuguese and the Italians for instance, offer in their poetry such an attraction to persons familiar with their idioms, that it produces on their ears all the effect of music. The result is, that a thought delicately expressed and couched in choice terms suffices for the taste and even the needs of these peoples. In the North the language has little attraction for the ear, and hence the mind demands more: the attention of the reader must be sustained, he must be interested or touched.

In conformity with this principle the poetry of the South seems to please itself in representing tender sentiments. Hence the sonnets and *canzones* of Petrarch seem to us cold and empty of thought, however perfectly they are worked out, and Ariosto himself owes it only to this superior merit that he has been preferred to Tasso; for with the Italians the harmony of sounds is held of chief importance.

[Continued in the December Number.]

BEETHOVEN.



AMONGST the many treasures of the *Palais des Beaux-Arts* at Paris there is a magnificent painting by Paul Delaroche, representative of those arts. It is arranged in a sort of semi-circle. At the extreme left and right appear the most celebrated painters of the world, arranged in groups; further on, towards the centre, on the left side the sculptors, and on the right side the architects. But a supernal glory rests upon the centre piece of the painting. Seated on thrones, as judges, appear the three great masters of Greek art: Phydias, Appelles and Ictinus. To the left and right below, and looking up toward the masters, appear the personifications of Grecian, Gothic and Roman art and the Renaissance style; while in the centre below, kneeling in the most exquisite attitude, and unspeakably beautiful, the genius of arts is choosing from a collection of wreaths the one most beautiful for the most beautiful of the arts.

Now, if we study carefully the expression of the figures representing Grecian and Roman art, the peculiar distinctive characteristics of which have been wonderfully rendered, we shall find that they remind us of sculpture, architecture, of marvelous beauty, of Virgil and Homer; stately hexameters and sublime tragedies. But not the slightest trace of the Beyond, the Unattainable, the Infinite, is to be found in either the features or faces. Finish, self-sufficiency and artistic perfection they certainly exhibit in fullness, but nothing more; whereas, in the figure of Gothic art we have the utterly unearthly Madonna face, as we find it in Raphael's paintings, the entrancing loveliness of which is untainted by anything sensual, gazing upwards with that yearning and aspiring gaze, which longeth for rest and peace above. And who that looks upon it and draws its heavenly beauty unto himself, is not reminded by it of Music, as the very element in which that figure could, and only in it could, pour out all the unutterable so dimly, so faintly suggested, in comparison, by the painting?

Had we space, we might more at length follow the development of music in the Christian era and point out its movement through the various styles, noting its sublime character at the first, and its change into the "renaissance" style of a somewhat frivolous sensuality, until the epoch of the Reformation slowly restored it back to its original choral character, but beautified by all the charms and graces of earthly art. This final reconciliation was effected on the field of philosophy, about the same time

that we meet it in the art of music in the works of Bach and his successors, until we find its greatest expression in the works of Beethoven.

The character of classical music and the extent to which musical art was developed, amongst the ancients, has been the subject of many researches, which, however, have led to no satisfactory results. But even the latest discoveries in places of antiquity which have brought to view so many illustrations of the progress which other arts had made during ante-Christian civilization, have proved little more in regard to music than that the instruments of the ancients were few, and of very imperfect construction.

To us these inquiries have always appeared useless and idle; for it seems pretty evident, that neither the Greeks nor the Romans could have made any progress in an art which appeals altogether to that inner soul-life of which both of these nations were comparatively unconscious: to the mysterious, unearthly longing to grasp the ungraspable, to look upon the unlookable, to pour out our hearts' blood in the ecstasy of a return to the God from whom we came—this holy and rapturous life in an all-holy Deity, which is the very soul and origin of true music, was utterly unknown to those nations, and was known only, though no longer in that original purity of which we still find faint traces in a few characters of the Pentateuch, to the Jews. The Jews, a people of predominant individuality, of deep inner life, of mysterious and awful longings, may have had true music; the Greeks and Romans could not have produced it. Their whole physical and mental organization was averse to the peculiar and all-overpowering effect of music. They confined its charms to the accompaniment of measured and peculiar dances, or of songs and choruses characterized by that classical stateliness which is the direct opposite of musical excitement.

By the very virtue of its divine character, music could not achieve any profound development, until after the dawn of Christianity. Only when man was brought back to God, was restored to that knowledge of divine life, which had become a mere tradition of a golden age, was it possible for him to feel that unutterable yearning and rapture combined, which in true music finds its only adequate expression.

Born in the year 1770, on the 24th day of March, the fifty-seven years of life of this great man fell in that period of human history, when the conflict between the Ideal and the Real, reached its highest climax on every field of science, art and knowledge. Extraordinarily gifted, composing songs and sonatas at his thirteenth year, reaching an early fame at Vienna, which soon extended all over Europe, and enabled him in the first part of his life to live without pecuniary cares, there was much fear that he would become estranged from the Divine in music; but a character peculiarly earnest and solemn, happily never suffered him to slip from the path of the True.

This, his noblest and most invaluable of all qualities—earnestness—is, indeed, the most distinguishing trait of Beethoven's character and music: the deeply religious element with which he produces such overpowering impressions. His liveliest scherzos reveal it the same as his sprightliest songs. It is by this solemn piety that he makes himself understood even to those who cannot perceive the exquisite art of his

compositions, who cannot understand and appreciate that wonderful work of Beethoven, *Fidelio*, which is, at the same time, an endless study for the musical artist.

Indeed, no man who addressed himself earnestly to the people, has ever failed to produce an impression. To that which is noble and sublime every human heart is accessible; it is only cold, studied beauty which calls for peculiar artistic culture. This simple seriousness was so thoroughly a characteristic of Beethoven, that when his friends suggested to him the composition of an opera, he found the only difficulty in getting the proper text. He would say, "I cannot write music to such stuff as *Don Juan* or *Figaro's Wedding*." The sensual was utterly abhorred by him. He was chaste in thought and in life; a whole man, and not the remnant of one saved from excess and dissipation. So delicate and chaste were his feelings, that when a young lady whom he had deeply loved, but renounced for a friend, met him after her marriage with that friend, she disgusted him by pressing his hand. "From that moment I despised her," said he.

There is not a line of indelicacy in the many songs he has set to music, though there is in them intense passion, wild rapture, terrible melancholy and sweet coaxing. He is as pure and noble as Schiller, whom he so profoundly worshiped; but at the same time fiery and gigantic as Gœthe. Which of these two great poets he esteemed highest, it is difficult to say. Most of his songs he took from Gœthe—exactly as Schubert did, in all likelihood because Gœthe's songs are in themselves musical, while Schiller's poems appeal more to the affection, and are, therefore, less fit for musical composition. But it would seem also that Schiller's character harmonized more with that of Beethoven, and that the spirit of virtue and republican freedom in Schiller's writings must have endeared them far more to Beethoven than did the lyrics of Gœthe. This would furthermore explain why a copy of Schiller's *Don Carlos* never left Beethoven's table, and the enthusiasm which led him in the original Ninth Symphony, which forms the transition from orchestral jubilancy to the choral outburst in Schiller's grand "Hymn to Joy," to use the words: "Now let us sing the song of our immortal Schiller!" With particular fondness, Beethoven studied Plutarch and Plato; imbibing from them stern doctrines of republicanism and the supremacy of the ideas. He was also very fond of Sir Walter Scott's poetry, but at one time threw one of Scott's works aside and with the characteristic remark: "After all, the fellow only writes for money." To write for money and not for the sake of art, was conceived by Beethoven to be an unpardonable sin. When in later years—having squandered his money in supporting two ungrateful brothers,* and a still more ungrateful nephew—Beethoven was himself plunged into the deepest financial misery, and found it often necessary to write actually *for bread*, even this seemed to him a desecration of his art.

* One of them calling upon him once sent up his card "Beethoven, land owner," to which the brother returned a card in these words, "Louis Beethoven, brain owner."

The history of Beethoven's life has never yet been satisfactorily written. Material enough appears to be in existence, but is, so far as collected, published in uneditorial style. If we know so little of Beethoven's life, his works are happily becoming more and more known every year. Within the past few years, three or four editions of his principal works have been published alone in Germany; of which Holle's, arranged by Franz Litz, is the cheapest. Breitkopfe & Haertel, the famous Leipsig music publishers, have an edition of the complete works of Beethoven, containing many compositions never before published, and printed in the most beautiful style of art. The elegance of the edition is, we believe, unsurpassed by any other. Of this edition, Oliver Ditson & Co., the large Boston house, have republished all of Beethoven's compositions for the piano alone, in admirable style, and embellished with a fine portrait, at the exceedingly low price of \$15 for all the sonatas. We hope they will extend this publication so as to embrace Beethoven's songs, so full of exquisite gems, and his arrangement of Irish, Scottish and Italian songs. It must, however, be confessed that Beethoven's genius does not appear with such brilliancy in these songs as in his sonatas and larger orchestral works. While in some of them, as "Adelaide," "The Quail," "To the Far-Off Beloved," "Mignon," "Six Songs by Gellert," and many others, he attains the very highest art of song; others are greatly inferior, and some worthless. On this peculiar field Schubert ranks undoubtedly highest, and, moreover, completes Beethoven.

It is by his sonatas that Beethoven is, and deserves to be, chiefly known by all lovers of music. Arranged for an instrument now to be found in the possession of almost every family of easy circumstances, these magnificent compositions reveal the profoundest musical conceptions. Grandeur though his orchestral compositions may be, they derive their highest excellence from their external construction more than from any profound internal significance. In sublime aspiration, solemn religiousness, majesty, passion and tender melancholy—these sonatas are unrivalled. It is impossible to tire of them, impossible to cease discerning new and wondrous beauties in every page. They take hold of the listener by force and carry his soul on eagle's wings upwards, to immerse it in that all-entrancing life of the Beyond,—the Ideal, in which, to revel alone is to live. To that same bosom of the Eternal, from which he drew—listening in inspired moods—those wonderful tones of everlasting life, his melodies carry back our weary soul, so that when it returns to earth it may be with new vigor, new holiness and returning sensations of original and never-ending union with God.

Beethoven at one time conceived the notion of attaching to every sonata a sort of motto, expressive of its contents, but wisely gave it up. One of his sonatas is thus marked, "*Les Adieux teom le Revoir*;" and the two sonatas of *Opus* 14, he, in conversation, stated to be representative of dialogues between the imploring and the resisting principles. "When you hear *Opus* 29," said he, "read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." It will be noticed that these are very vague suggestions, as, indeed, they could not be otherwise. Nothing is more destructive of true musical effect than the habit of a modern school of music—to interpret music by words. Music is opposed to reflection,

and must utterly overwhelm it, if it is to be truly felt. All reflection, all thinking, is a mere shadow of life—a picturing of actual life—life diluted and seized in a vague form. But the great object of music is to destroy this shadowing, this unreal, and to plunge the soul into the fountain of true, real life. No man truly lives except in action, which is the powerful life of the soul, and the succeeding thinking is merely a reproduction of this life in unreal, shadowy form, for the sake of not only living, but also comprehending life. Can any one feel pleasure acutely, and at the same time exercise his reflecting powers? And why not? Because the real and the unreal mix together, and the energy of the first is drowned in the shadowiness of the latter. No one knew this better than Beethoven. Hence he abandoned an attempt, which could not be successful, and which was altogether unnecessary. His music speaks its own language, which every one can understand, who has yet a heart to pulsate to the tones of a higher life than this mere shadow life of the earth.

A. E. KROEGER.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

The St. Louis Sketch Club is the possessor of a harp with a thousand strings. Those who do not believe this statement, can go to the rooms of the Sketch Club and count them.

Clara Louise Kellogg will appear at Mercantile Library Hall on the 16th and 17th of December.

Mr. Phil Branson is again seen on the streets. He occupies his usual place in the Church of the Messiah.

Very few changes have thus far been made in the Church choirs, and there will hardly be any of note, as the close of the present year is near at hand.

The Grand Concert for the benefit of St. John's Hospital and Dispensary, given by the Sisters of Mercy, Morgan and Twenty-Third streets, Wednesday evening, November 22 was a grand success as well as a grand concert. It was conducted by the able director, Mr. J. C. Wilson.

Miss Belle Foster, who was a pupil of S. B. Mills, the eminent pianist and composer of New York, has returned from that place, and has opened delightful rooms on the corner of Sixteenth and Pine streets, now known as Foster's School, where she expects to meet her friends and any music-loving people.

D. F. Colville is one of our most persevering gentlemen in *Art—Music and Painting!*

Kellogg—our own Clara Louise, says she will retire and go to housekeeping!—so said Sontag, but—circumstances alter cases!

While America is prolific in good voices and *singers*, yet only *three*—Kellogg, Cary and M. W. Whitney have achieved the glory of being *artists!*

Prof. Sherwood the blind Pianist—one of Boston's favorite artists, will give one or more Concerts in our city, when we hope that he will receive the appreciation that he so richly deserves, by a full house.

Root's cantata, "Under the Palms," was rendered with delightful success to a very large audience at the Second Baptist Church, under the leadership of Prof. Bowman. Every one appeared well satisfied.

Mrs. Georgie Lee Cunningham, the favorite soprano of the Union M. E. Church choir, is rapidly recovering from her recent illness. As soon as she is able to travel her husband will take her south to New Orleans, for a change of climate.

The Parlor Concert at the residence of Mrs. Joseph Dickson, 3513 Morgan Street, for the benefit of the Ladies' Bethel Aid Society, was a delightful affair and a grand success in every feature. Mrs. Dickson was highly complimented by her many friends.

The Philharmonic Quintette Club, under the management of Messrs. Taussig, Colville and Bartlett, had a successful opening Concert, excepting the solo Pianist, who either forgot what author's composition he was playing, or lost his place, or something else! The Quintette Club is composed of good material, which however, can be greatly improved with proper attention to details and more judicious practice.

There will be a Musical Entertainment at the Parlors of the Pilgrim Church on the evenings of the 15th and 19th of December, when the Cantata of "Genevieve" will be presented by thirty young ladies under the able Director, A. J. Philips. Among the solo singers are Misses Laura Glore, Grace Green, Mary Drew, Pauline Schuler, Mary Day, Alice Forbes, Lizzie Schuler. Prof. C. P. Morrison and Mrs. J. B. Mosher, pianists.

One of the most delightful musicales of the season was given at the residence of Mr. H. M. Blossom on Pine Street, Saturday evening, November 26. Those taking part were Mrs. E. M. Laity in two delightful soprano solos, and Mrs. Hardy's beautiful alto voice was never heard to better advantage. The gentlemen taking part were Mr. R. J. T. White in a tenor solo, Messrs. Robyn and Herrich on the piano and violin.

The first Concert of the St. Louis Musical Union was a success! The orchestra did its work nobly, and altho' badly balanced, still it did better work than we have heard from the same material. And again why cannot that same orchestra do good work for one as well as the other? The accompaniment for Miss Anton was all that could be desired, but why was our so faithful tenor Mr. Th. C. Doan completely drowned by the noise of that same orchestra? Was the conductor or the orchestra at fault? The Musical Union has a future before it, which with *judicious* management will gain a host of friends—but otherwise it will go—like other Societies.

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead," should be the motto of every *artist*.

The first meeting of the Ladies' Musical Club, which has lately been organized, will be on December 16, 2 p. m., at the residence of Mrs. Emmons, Washington Avenue.

We feel under obligations to Messrs. Balmer & Weber for the many kindnesses they have rendered us in one shape or another. This is decidedly a home firm, from whom any information on musical topics can be obtained.

Prof. Max Ballman has composed some very exquisite Ballads, which will be issued in fine style by one of our enterprising publishers.

Rudolph Bial, one of the very few good musical conductors who deserve the *name*, died recently in New York. So they go—Bergman, Anschritz, Krussman, etc., went the same way. Such is life.

Miss Lina Anton made a very successful debut in New York as pianist of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The young lady played superbly at the late Musical Union Concert, and she deserves the success that her perseverance entitles her to.

The necessity of a *good* leader is felt—when high-priced singers are engaged that do not fill the bill in the long run. Disappointment is the result. Engage a *competent, trustworthy* person, and he will get work out of fancy singers that no committee can obtain.

The present indications are, that the St. Louis Choral Society has formed a basis for a permanent society for the rendition of oratorical music, and other music of similar character. Mr. Joseph Otton, Director, and Mr. Nat. Hazard, deserve great praise for their success.

The Amateur Musical Society, of which Edgar Buck is conductor, was inaugurated last spring, and now contains fifty members. They will in the near future give a concert under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association for the benefit of association Charities.

While Patti's Agent has engaged the Mercantile Library Hall for two concerts in the middle of February, still, under the present management—and considering the size of the Hall—very likely one of our Theaters will be secured for her appearance here. *Opera*, after all, seems to be the infatuation.

The St. Louis Choral Society consists of two hundred members at ten dollars each. Their first concert will be on the fifteenth of December, with a chorus of one hundred voices. Their selections are very fine; we enumerate a few: Grand March and Chorus from Tannhauser, by Wagner, Beethoven's Grand Mass in C. with full orchestra, and the Egmond overture.

There will be a Musical and Dramatic Entertainment tendered as a complimentary benefit at Mercantile Library Hall, December 20th, by the friends of Miss Clara Gillies, the favorite Elocutionist. In the programme appear the names of Prof. F. E. Cook and Miss Gillies in recitations; Miss Ada Branson, Mrs. Repaz, Dr. P. H. Cronin in music; "Sketches from India" a farce, with Mrs. Meara, Miss Fravel and Miss Gillies, Messrs. Baldwin, Young, Dauber and Cook in the cast.

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

(SERENADE.)

Words by SHELLEY.

Music by J. M. NORTH.

Adagio.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 3/8 time, marked *Adagio* and *piano* (*p*). It features a wavy melodic line in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

3. I long to hear thy voice..... I die, I faint, I
1. I a - rise from dreams of thee..... In the first sweet sleep of
2. The wan - der - ing airs they faint..... On the dark the si - lent

The first two lines of the song are set in 3/8 time. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "3. I long to hear thy voice..... I die, I faint, I / 1. I a - rise from dreams of thee..... In the first sweet sleep of / 2. The wan - der - ing airs they faint..... On the dark the si - lent". The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

fail..... Let thy love in kis - ses rain..... On my lips and
night..... When the winds are breath - ing low..... And the stars are
stream..... The cham - pak o - dors fail..... Like sweet thoughts

The second two lines of the song continue in 3/8 time. The lyrics are: "fail..... Let thy love in kis - ses rain..... On my lips and / night..... When the winds are breath - ing low..... And the stars are / stream..... The cham - pak o - dors fail..... Like sweet thoughts". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure.

eye - lids pale.....; My cheek is cold and white....., My
shin - ing bright....., I a - rise from dreams of thee....., And a
in a dream....., The night - in - gales com - plaint....., It

The final lines of the song are in 3/8 time. The lyrics are: "eye - lids pale.....; My cheek is cold and white....., My / shin - ing bright....., I a - rise from dreams of thee....., And a / in a dream....., The night - in - gales com - plaint....., It". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The piece concludes with a final chord.

heart beats loud and fast....., O press it close to
 spir - - it in my feet....., Has led me who knows
 dies up - on my heart....., As I must die on

thine..... Where it will break at last..... Oh
 how.....? To thy cham - - ber win - - dow sweet....., Has
 thine..... O be lov - - ed as thou art..... As

press it close to thine....., Where it will
 led me who knows how.....? To thy cham - ber
 I must die on thine....., O be - lov - ed

break at last.
 win - - dow sweet.
 as thou art.

mf

HOPE IS HAPPINESS.

Words by
LORD BYRON.

Music by
EMIL HAHN.

Andante.

VOICE. *They*

PIANO. *rall - en - tan - do.*

say that hope is happiness But genuine love must prize the past, And mem'ry wakes the thoughts that bless, They

rose the first they set the last. *And*

ritard. ppp f agitate

all that mem' - ry loves the most was once our on - ly hope to be, *And*

all that hope a - dored and lost hath mel - ted in - to mem - o - ry hath

mel - - - ted hath mel - - - ted in - - to mem - o - ry, And

all that hope a - dored and lost hath mel - ted in - to mem - o - ry A -

lass it is de - lu - sive all; The fu - ture cheats us from a - far, Nor can we be, what we re - call, Nor

dare we think on what we are, Nor dare we think on what we are.

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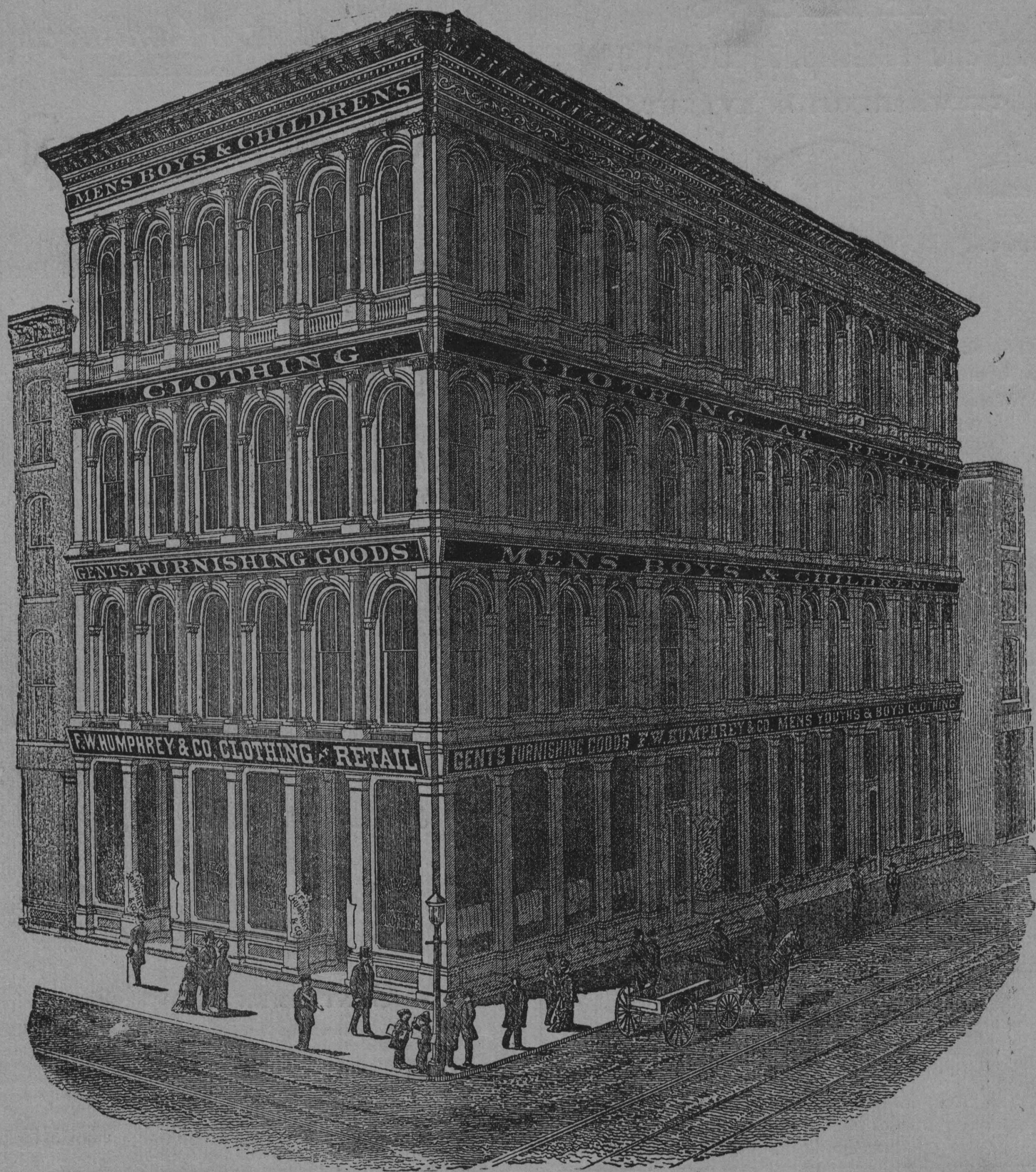
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