

# The Impresario.

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Music, Literature, and Art.

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## CARAFÀ.

LATELY we find chronicled the death of a composer renowned in his day, but one whose name and fame had almost glided from the remembrance of men. Never perhaps since 1828 was Michel Henri Carafa so much in the mouths of his contemporaries as during last week, in Paris—the week of his death. That event brought back memories of one of the most prolific composers of his time—the musician who wrote “Semiramis” and “Masaniello” before Rossini and Auber had thought of those themes—the Academician of thirty-five years’ standing—the man who served under Murat. Carafa’s history was emphatically a history of the first quarter of the century. He survived his popularity—survived even the mention of his works, and was only known during the last forty years through the friendship which Rossini in his lifetime bore him, and by the occasional mention of him in the musical section of the Institute.

Carafa—or, to give him the benefit of his full name, Michel Henri Francois Alois Vincent Paul Carafa de Colobrano—was born on the 17th November, 1787 (some say 1785), in Naples. In his infancy he showed a decided predilection for music, and his parents placed him under Fenaroli and other masters of eminence, the effect of whose teaching is manifested in the purity of Carafa’s style. His early compositions are said to have been very successful and facile. The musical career of the young student was interrupted by war; he was drawn and enrolled in a Neapolitan regiment, and, before he had come of age, fell into the hands of the French at the battle of Campo Tense, in Calabria. This was in 1806. As a prisoner he attracted the notice of Murat, who attached him to himself, and, as Lieutenant of Hussars, Carafa de Colobrano served the new king and gained his captaincy during the Sicilian expedition. He followed Murat to Russia in 1812, and there received the Cross of the Legion, and the rank of *chef d’escadron*. This closed his military career; 1814 restored him to civil life, and he resumed his musical studies. A slight drawing room opera called “Il Fantasma” attained sufficient success in that year to induce him to try the stage. The “Vascello d’Occidente” was his first public production, brought out with considerable success at the Teatro del Fondo in his native town. Three others followed in the same year, thus attesting the composer’s fecundity. These were “La Gelosia Corretta,” “Gabiella di Vergi,” and “I due Figaro.” From Naples he went to Milan, Venice, and Vienna, scattering his works with the prodigality of a sower. In 1821 he arrived in Paris, and

made his debut there at the Feydeau with a three-act opera, “Jeanne d’Arc,” which only obtained a moderate success. Next year “La Solitaire,” had a much better fate, and from that time Carafa settled down in Paris, and went industriously to work, writing for the Italian theaters of that Capital and abroad, and for the Opera Comique. Between 1823 and 1828 he produced “Le Valet de Chambre,” “L’Auberge supposee,” “Sangarido,” “La Violette,” “La Belle au bois dormant,” “Il Sonnambulo,” “Il Paris”; in 1828, “Masaniello,” “Jenny”; in 1830, “Le Nozze di Lanermeer”; in 1830, “Le Livre de l’Ermite,” “L’Auberge d’Auray” (in collaboration with Herold); in 1831, “L’Orgie” (ballet at the Opera); in 1833, “La Prison d’Edimbourg,” “Une Journee de la Fronde”; in 1834, “La Grand Duchesse,” which closed the list. In 1834 his popularity went out. Two years subsequently an attempt was made to revive “Le Solitaire,” his initial success; but the Paris public had ceased to care for Carafa. In 1837 he took the place of Le Sueur in the Institute, and having officiated as director at the Gynmnase Musical Militaire he became, on its suppression, Professor of Ideal Composition at the Conservatoire and Officer of the Legion in 1847. From this time to his death the world forgot Carafa.

The friendship of Rossini for the maestro *en retraite* was loyal and firm. Carafa’s poverty touched Rossini, who sought how to alleviate it without wounding the composer. Thus when a French translation of “Semiramide” was first talked about, and Mery was suggested to do it, Rossini recommended M. Perrin to entrust Carafa with the manipulation of the recitatives and ballet music. This being accorded, off went Rossini to M. Fould, who was at that time Minister of the Fine Arts, and asked him to raise the author’s fee on “Semiramis” from 300 to 500 francs, although it was only a translation. The Minister could refuse nothing to the composer of “Guillaume Tell.” Rossini thanked him for the concession, adding that Carafa and Mery were not millionaires, and they would appreciate the increase.

“Carafa?” repeated M. Fould. “Why, I thought you wrote the music of ‘Semiramis,’ M. Rossini?” “Of ‘Semiramide’ in 1823 at Naples, yes; but the Parisian ‘Semiramis’ of 1866 is to be my friend Carafa’s, who will divide the fees with my other friend, Mery.

The warmth of Rossini’s regard remained Carafa’s chief consolation in his obscurity. Down to extreme old age Carafa retained his love of horsemanship acquired in the Hussars, and the frequenters of the Champs Elysees often remarked an old gentleman mounted on a nearly

equally old horse jogging toward the Villa Rossini in the Bois de Boulogne. Sometimes the step of the animal faltered, whereupon the old gentleman would dismount and walk beside his faithful servant. This horse had its history as well as its master, and that history has been enshrined in the *Musee des Familles* (December, 1865), by M. Oscar Comettant. When Rossini died, Carafa gave up his out-door exercise, and scarcely stirred from the house. He had for some time been subject to rheumatism, which became more painful as he grew older, and during the siege of Paris paralysis supervened, and left him without the liberty of motion. At this period his wife fell ill of a malady which carried her off. The story of her devotion to her husband, and the pious fraud by which she kept her own approaching death from him, is all but incredible; yet we are assured it is true. Feeling that her illness was incurable, yet knowing the blow would hasten her husband’s end, she kept all knowledge of her danger from him. In conspiracy with her doctors and relatives she got up the pretence of leaving Paris. Carafa was led to believe that his wife had avoided the blockade, and letters prepared before her death, and dated from a friendly retreat in the provinces, were delivered him from time to time, even after the devoted woman had expired. *L’Evenement* maintains, though we have grave difficulty in believing it, that Carafa remained ignorant that his wife had preceded him to the tomb. On the 27th of July, at five o’clock in the morning, the oldest of French composers, and one of the most prolific writers of the century, passed away, also.

An exchange groups the following literarians: Bulwer’s first story was printed when he was only fifteen years old. Beckford’s “Vathek,” the finest of Oriental romances, was published before the author had reached his twentieth year, and is said to have been composed at a single sitting—three days and two nights—followed by a serious illness. It was originally written in French. Byron told Moore that he wrote the “Bride of Abydos” in four days, and “The Corsair” in ten. On the other hand, Boileau spent eleven months in writing “Equivoque,” a poem of 356 lines. Miss Mitford, according to her own confession, was “the slowest writer in England.” Samuel Rogers devoted seven years to “The Pleasures of Memory,” fourteen to “Columbus,” and fourteen to “Italy.” Waller made the correction of a ten-line poem a summer’s labor. Sheridan once remarked, *apropos* of rapid writers, that easy writing is sometimes very hard reading.

## CREMONA FIDDLES.

THE ROMANCE OF A DEALER—TARISIO AND HIS DISCOVERY.

Mr. Charles Reade, in an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the above head, writes with the sub-caption, "The Romance of Fiddle-dealing."

"Nearly forty years ago a gaunt Italian, called Luigi Tarisio, arrived in Paris one fine day with a lot of old Italian instruments by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers, whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. Georges Chenot, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and, yearly increasing his funds, he flew at the highest game; and in the course of thirty years imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradiuarius and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the violins of Francesco Stradiuarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giotfredo Cappa, Golobetti, Morgiata Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santor Magini and Matteo Benti, of Brescia, Michael Angelo Bergonzi, Montagnana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius, of Venice, and full fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit he fought against this mania, and his motto was, "*A but seigneur, tu m'ennuie.*" The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had given by him no money would buy from him. No, no, was one of them, but for his death you would never have cast eyes on him. He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it, for I should tempt him.

Well, one day George Chanot, Sr., who is, perhaps, the best judge of violins left, now Tarisio is gone, made an excursion to Spain, to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But coming to the shop of a fiddle-maker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chanot rubbed his eyes and asked himself he was dreaming. The belly of a Stradiuarius bass resting in a shop window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chanot carried this precious fragment home and hung it up in his study, but not in the window, for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the color out of that maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye rested instantly on the Stradiuarius belly. He pestered Chanot till the latter sold it to him for 1,000 francs, and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. "Sir," says the lady, "it is at your disposition." That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it she coquetted with him, and it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind, and, in short, she put on the screw, as she thought, and sold it to him for about 4,000 francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade, or he was so exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never

left it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke to me of it with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since:

"Ah, my poor Mr. Reade, the bass of Spain was all but lost."

Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? There was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass, but that made no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus.*

He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries, called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called the glue-pot, soon reddened the back and sides to the belly, and the being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 francs.

I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty-two months ago, and you can see it any day this month you like, for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case.—"*Post tunc naufragii tutus.*"

## Does Music Pay in America?

IN Europe Americans are held to be the most lavish people in the world, and when the foreign artists who came over to the Jubilee return home to tell the story of their compensation, our national fame in this regard will not be lessened. Strauss received \$17,500 for the season, besides a guaranteed \$2,500 (gold) benefit, together with transportation of himself, wife and two servants. In addition to this he received \$3,300 (gold) for his three New York concerts, and sold his jubilee waltz for \$550; so that he went back to Europe, after his three weeks' visit, with about \$25,000 in his pocket. Madame Peschka-Leutner received for her season of thirteen concerts \$16,000. Franz Abt, who conducted one of his own compositions at four concerts, received \$1,200—\$300 for each. Arabella Goddard received \$5,000 literally for doing nothing. Franz Bendel, \$2,000, and Wehli, \$1,250 for two appearances. The sums paid to the bands and orchestra were also enormous. The great orchestra drew \$72,000 out of the treasury for the first week's salary. The musicians from other cities than Boston drew \$10 a day per man and transportation, and the Boston players \$8 per day. The home brass bands received on an average \$25 per man for the week. The foreign bands cost about \$5 per man a day, exclusive of expenses and transportation, board alone averaging about \$3 per day. The Irish band cost, relatively, more than the rest—although they were the poorest of all—inasmuch as they did not appear until the last week of the festival, although they were under pay for the whole time. The total expense of the four foreign bands was about \$100,000.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt has been very much indisposed of late.

## MUSIC AND POLITICS.

WITH jealous eye we observe our brethren of the *genre quill*, reveling in the pond of politics, shouting *Grant or Greeley!* What a broad field to exercise in. What topics to call forth feelings of tenderness, pathos, love, wit and sarcasm. What means to rouse passion and to awaken the *demon* which generally infests (not musical) editors, "*Greeley or Grant!*" "*La bourse ou la vie!*" Alas, these political fields are fenced in, and we are fenced out. We dare not talk politics, a thing which would be so much easier than to write musical editorials. Is there no way to bring these great men before our readers? Can they not be connected with music? Dare we not meddle, just a little, with musical politics, when our ministers mix politics with theology, or *vice versa*. Let us see what manner of musicians our candidates are, and then decide accordingly.

Horace Greeley, they say, knows two tunes. One is "Old Hundred" and the other isn't. From all we learn, he knows the second tune best, and practices it most. It is said, on the other hand, that Grant does not even know Greeley's second tune, and one day, while "St. Patrick's Day" was being played by the Marine Band, he was overheard to remark to a lady that he thought "Home, Sweet Home," was really the finest tune he ever heard, inviting her to listen to it, as played by the band. So Greeley would seem to be more of a musician than Grant.

But then Grant stood by Gilmore, and by the Jubilee. He gave a letter that opened the door to Gilmore, that softened the hearts of Emperors, that brought the bands of Europe, that caused the city of Boston to smile. He has placed us musicians under lasting gratitude, for he has officially spoken of music, and has visited the *Paetz* Jubilee—be, a man of war. We came near saying we would vote for him, but then he can't sing *Old Hundred*, nor that other tune, and we must leave it to you, dear reader, to decide whether the ability to sing "Old Hundred" and that other tune ought to outweigh what Grant did for the Jubilee. There is plenty time for consideration.

Then let us look at it from another standpoint. Grant says he can make bullets whistle and cannons roar. Pretty noisy work, 'tis true, but still music of a certain kind. On the other hand, Greeley says he can sing the "Odeology to Old Hundred," which is a peaceful old tune. We need not add that neither Grant nor Greeley would be good at teaching singing schools, nor do they enjoy a daily scratch on a violin, the one in the garret of the White House and the other in the press-room of the *Tribune*. We have seen heard of Greeley's organ, but he lately came out saying that the *Tribune* is no longer an organ, which would imply that he had been an organist.

We have seriously contemplated the state of affairs, and have arrived at the solemn conclusion that the time has come for us to rally as musicians, and to declare that hereafter no person shall be nominated as candidate for President who has not visited a singing school. We demand, and we only need to demand, that every village, city and town from Maine to Texas, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, shall have a marine band. Let us solemnly resolve that we will henceforth not vote until a musician is nominated for the Presidency.—*Exchange.*

Alruquedo, tenor; Sparapani, baritone; Lyall, tenor; and Senorita Sanz, contralto, members of the Italian Opera Company of Marseztek, have arrived in New York per steamship City of London.

## THE AMERICAN VOICE.

WE hear a great deal about it, as well as a great deal from it. Foreigners who come here have a great deal to say about its peculiarity. We ourselves, when we go into other countries, find that no people speak as we speak. When we come home, we are shocked at our instinctive dislike of our countrymen's tones. We feel as if universal catarrh had seized the nation; everybody sounds as if he were haunted by an uncanny demon of a steam engine, and were trying to out-scream it; and we, too, begin to bemoan ourselves over the "American voice." But there is no such thing as the American voice. People may talk as much, and as learnedly as they please and can, about the thinness of our air, its stimulating quality, the prevalence of disorders of the mucous membrane of American heads and noses, and so on. This is all nonsense. It is only the American habit of speaking which is at fault. It is our national misuse of organs which are just as good as any other organs of speech.

Three facts, open to every one's observation, prove this. First, all little children, first beginning to speak, speak in low, sweet voices. No observant person familiar with children can fail to find this out. Secondly, a large proportion of the Americans who spend a year or two in Europe return with the fixed habit of speaking on a much lower key than they used before. Thirdly, there are some of our countrywomen, and a few of our countrymen, who, without ever having been abroad, and without any other training than that resulting of necessity from a fastidious, sensitive, impressionable nature, born to culture and breeding, do habitually speak in a low and well-modulated voice, with articulations which are a pleasure, and not a perplexity, to hear.

But the fact still remains — glaring, indisputable, mortifying — that the average American has a voice and intonation which torture sensitive ears, which identify him instantly and unmistakably in any quarter of the globe, and which go very far — much farther than self-esteem lets him suspect — to stamp him as a barbarian in the eyes of refined and courteous people of all nations. "I heard American voices in this room, and came in to see if you were here," said a kindly English woman to us once, in a room of the Vatican, little dreaming of the stab concealed under her cordial words. In fact, it was probably so fixed a point of distinction and recognition in her mind that she had no consciousness of having said an unpleasant thing. There is no reason, not the least reason, why, in a single generation, this national fault should not be cured. If people would only take half the pains to teach their children to speak in proper and pleasing tones of voice that they do to teach them to speak in correct language, it would be accomplished. For all the forces of nature are arrayed on the side of the low and gentle tone. It is positively a wonder that so sweet an instrument as the human voice can

be in so many instances made harsh and dissonant. But nature does not recognize grammar. Screeching outrages her. Talking through the nose is an impudent violation of her plain intent, but double negatives do not offend her; and of nominative cases she takes small heed.

There are some things, many things, which we cannot have in America; not yet, at any rate. We have not leisure, and our roots have not struck deep enough; but low, gentle, pleasing tones we can have. We come of the stock which has the lowest tones and sweetest voices in the world. We breathe better air than we left behind. Let us put it to better use, and remove from us this unnecessary, but too well justified, reproach as to our speech.—*Hearth and Home.*

## MINOR CHORDS.

*Le Gaubis* announces that Madame Nilsson, now a Frenchwoman by marriage, declines to sing in Germany.

Mlle. Albani will sing at the Theater Italien, Paris, during the winter season, by special arrangement with Mr. Gye.

Madame Adelina Patti made her *reentree* at Homburg in "Lucia." She was associated with Signor Stagno, Signor Capponi, and M. Verger.

Ole Bull has been giving some performances in his native country in connection with the festivities in honor of the establishment of the Norwegian kingdom.

Madame Lucca's house, 17 East Fourth Street, New York, is magnificently furnished. Miss Kellogg has taken a house up-town.

The brother of the King of Portugal, a pupil of Rossini, has recently made an appearance as a tenor at one of M. Thiers' soirees.

Hortense Schneider, the fortune-favored artist concerning whom volumes have been written, who did so much to make Offenbach's successes, leads a very retired life, and is the owner of the finest diamonds from France to Golconda. She has abandoned the role of bacchante and reveler.

The regulation has gone forth that the soldiers of the French army are henceforth to be instructed in the rudiments of vocal music by the bandmasters of the various regiments. The order under which this most desirable work is to be proceeded with is an old circular of the minister of war, issued in 1853, which rendered the study obligatory. It was song that inspired the German arms in their late war. "Eine feste Burg" cheered the way to Konigsgratz; the "Wacht am Rhein" put heart into the march to Paris. The French have borrowed the hint from their enemies, and hereafter patriotism and song are to be conjoined to science in the army of the republic.

The Ninth (Queen's Own) Lancers have erected a large marquee in the rear of the Royal Marine barracks at Woolwich, and the other night gave a "grand circus" performance for the amusement of the garrison. They have a well-

trained stud of trick horses and ponies, and some of the non-commissioned officers and men displayed extraordinary skill in feats of horsemanship and gymnastic exercises. The Hon. E. Willoughby officiated as clown.

While Signor Campinni took London by storm at Her Majesty's Opera, a new tenor, M. Sylva, made a successful debut at the Paris Opera in "Robert le Diable." His voice is said to be of good quality, his style that of the school of Duprez, his singing in recitative clear and intelligent, and his dramatic powers of high order.

Miss Barton, of Salem, Mass., who has been studying in Florence for the Italian stage, has, we understand, just been engaged by the director of the Imperial theatre of Warsaw to fill the principal dramatic roles during the ensuing two seasons. Our young compatriot has a beautiful quality of voice, and has been studying under one of the best masters in Italy. She is at present in Paris.

The Austrian Imperial parliament allows an annual sum of 2,500 florins for stipends and presents to musicians at Pesth, Hungary. The money has been thus divided by the Hungarian minister of public instruction: Heinrich Gobbi, composer, 400 florins; Stephan Bartalus, musical critic, 300 florins; Eduard Bartay, composer, 300 florins; Nathalie Hauser, pianist, 400 florins; Gustav Nylisznyal, 200 florins; Josef Saphir and Justine Lazovskoy, 150 florins each; Karl Auber, pianist, Regina Baumgarten and Josef Hiray, violinists, 200 florins each.

A very interesting application of the musical flames has been made by Dr. K. Irvine and communicated to the Iron and Steel Institute at Glasgow. This application takes the form of a miner's safety-lamp, indicating by sound the presence of explosive mixtures of gas and air, based on a new form of the singing flames. When a mixture of the inflammable gas and air passes into the lamp, it is ignited on the surface of a disc of wire gauze, above which is placed a suitable chimney in which is produced the musical sound, varying in pitch with the size of the flame and the dimensions of the chimney.

When the distinguished composer, Franz Abt, came to this country, one of the first cities he visited was Newark, N. J., for in that city of tanning and beer-brewing lives one of his nearest and dearest friends. This gentleman has written the words to nearly all of Abt's music, under the signature of Paul Julius Immergnet, his real name being J. H. Meyer. He has quite a reputation in Germany as a verse-maker, though in Newark his name is not known outside of a small circle. He keeps a curious little shop on Market Street, where he sells music, books, papers, musical instruments, and tobacco and cigars. There are no counters in the shop, the goods being displayed on small round tables, at one of which the poet proprietor is generally seated reading. Gossips have it that Mrs. Meyer is the poet, she being the more intellectual of the two, and that her husband has the name without doing the work.

## The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER, 1879.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

THE readers of this paper will be pained to learn of the death of Dr. Mason, the eminent musician, teacher, and composer, which occurred at his residence in South Orange, N. J., on Sunday, August 17th, aged 80 years, 7 months and 3 days.

To the labors and zeal of Dr. Mason the people of America owe a debt that is not easily overestimated. He was one of the pioneers in the cause of music in this country; indeed, he was the first who reduced the desultory, fragmentary attempts at musical instruction into anything like a consistent, logical method, and to his influence and labors American music, and especially American Psalmody, owes nearly all its progress.

The following sketch of his life we clip from the columns of the *New York Tribune*:

He was born in Medfield, Mass., Jan. 8, 1792, and from childhood manifested great fondness for music. In his twentieth year he removed to Savannah, Ga., where, in connection with other pursuits, he devoted much time to giving instruction in music, and leading chorals and musical associations. In 1821, the "Boston Handel and Haydn Collection," his first essay in the compilation of church music, was published, and was favorably received. He was induced in 1827 to leave Savannah for Boston, where he began the instruction of classes in vocal music, devoting special attention to the training of children to the performance of the alto part in choral music, and to the introduction of vocal music into the public schools. About 1828, William C. Woodbridge called his attention to the Pestalozzian method of teaching music, and especially to the various improvements upon it, and after due examination, Mr. Mason became a champion of the new method. Juvenile classes were now established and taught gratuitously by him, and he was soon compelled, by the extent of his labors, to take G. J. Webb as an associate. Under his influence vocal music received a new and extraordinary impulse in Boston and throughout New England. Eminent teachers were introduced into the schools; the Boston Academy of Music was established; music was prescribed as a regular branch of instruction in the public schools of Boston, and subsequently very generally throughout the entire country; permanent musical classes, lectures on music, concerts, schools for instrumental music, and teachers' institutes were also widely established.

In 1837 Mr. Mason visited Europe, and made himself acquainted with all the improvements in music-teaching in the Continental cities. The growing taste for music which he had inspired incited him to prepare about this time numerous text-books for juvenile classes, the glee-books, and collections of church music. The popularity of these and his latter works have been very great, an account given in 1858 making the sales to that date to be as follows of some of the forty or more separate publications prepared by him: "The *Carmina Sacra*" and "New *Carmina*," 500,000 copies; "The Choir or Union Collection," 1833, more than 50,000 copies; "The *Cantica Laudis*," more than 50,000 copies; and "The *Hallelujah*,"

1854, 150,000 copies. At least 50,000 copies had been also sold of each of four other publications, while the last great compilations, "The *Mammoth Musical Exercises*," 1857, and "The *Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Christian Worship*," issued under his sanction, have been used extensively, and are regarded as standard works. In 1855, Mr. Mason received from the New York University the degree of doctor in music, the first instance of the conferring of such a degree by an American College. Dr. Mason was accustomed during many years to teach and lecture at the institution in Massachusetts, and instructed music-teachers almost every Autumn. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Musical Review* and other periodicals.

Dr. Mason's sons have all occupied prominent positions before the musical public. The two elder, Daniel and Lowell, jr., were associated in business under the firm-name of Mason Brothers, and from their presses many thousands of musical volumes have issued. William Mason, the celebrated pianist and composer, is the third son of Dr. Mason, while his younger son, Henry, is well known for his connection with the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.

In his private social life, Dr. Mason was a man among a thousand. Genial, courteous and kind, he was ever ready to assist by word or deed those who were fighting the good fight for the elevation of music and the diffusion of musical truth.

He has left thousands of warm personal friends to mourn his loss, and not a single enemy.

The closing years of his life have been spent in retirement at his late residence in South Orange, N. J.

## SIGNOR MARIO.

THE building in Irving place occupied by the Lotus Club presented an attractive appearance last evening. The great tenor, Signor Mario, was tendered a complimentary reception. From an early hour in the evening the members and their invited guests commenced to assemble, and shortly before ten o'clock, the hour set apart for the commencement of the ceremonies, the rooms were completely filled. The President, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, hospitably welcomed all—artists, lawyers, merchants, and journalists intermingled. At precisely ten P. M. the distinguished guest, Signor Mario, made his appearance, and was received and immediately conducted to the room prepared for his reception. Judging from his appearance, it would be impossible for one to imagine that the past thirty years of his life had been devoted to the operatic stage. He bears his age well, and time has been less exacting to him than to many of us. In July, 1871, his last farewell to the stage and his profession was uttered, and one can scarcely believe that the old man with his silvery tones will again be listened to with wrapt attention on this side of the Atlantic. Of about medium height, his hair as yet untinged with the gray that many of his years so munificently experience; and his vivacity of manner is something unusual in a man of his age. Shortly after

his arrival at the house the guest was presented to Mr. Reid, the President of the Club, who responded with words of welcome, alluding to the past triumphant career of the man they had the pleasure to entertain. The health of the Signor was then drunk, and three hearty cheers were called for and given with a will. Individual presentations to Mario were then in order, and many were introduced. The old man's face was wreathed in smiles, and his tongue was ever ready to respond to the numerous words of welcome so cheerfully offered. Mr. Vilanni played on the piano a piece of his own composition. Conversation was then indulged in until a late hour, when the assemblage separated, well pleased with the hours so pleasantly spent.—*V. Y. World*

## The Maretzek-Jarrett Italian Opera Season.

THE forthcoming season of Italian opera promises to be more than ordinarily attractive. The season will open in New York, September 30th, with *L'Africaine*.

We append a list of the artists who make up the distinguished company:

Prime Donna Soprani, Mme. Pauline Lucca, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mlle. Rosina La-veille, the latter from the Grand Opera House, Paris.

Prima Donna Contralto, Mlle. Eleanor Sanz, from the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Secondo Donne, Mlle. Emma Ferretti, Mlle. Mina Cooney.

Tenori Prime, Signor Tizzani, tenore di grazia, from Her Majesty's opera, London. Alruoguedo, tenore di forza, from the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Tenori Secondo, Signor Mauresa, Mr. Arthur Lyall.

Baritone, Moriari.

Bassi Primi, Mons. Jamet, Mons. Coulon. Bassi Secondi, Mons. Cotto, Mons. Berthaki.

The chorus will number seventy voices, thirty-four from Covent Garden, London. The orchestra will number fifty members of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Max Maretzek, Carl Bergman and Mr. Karlberg.

THE REPERTOIRE.—Mireille, Gounod; *Contessa di Malfi*, Petrella; *L'Ombre*, Gounod; *L'Africaine*, Les Huguenots, Trovatore, Don Giovanni, *Fra Diavolo*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Mignon*, *Favorita*, *Faust*, *Der Freischutz*, *Traviata*, *Martha*, *Linda*, *Lucia*, *Rigoletto* and *Polito*.

GENOA was the birthplace and home of the great violinist, Paganini, and he died there about twenty years ago. His violin and bow are deposited in a niche, made for the purpose, in the banquet-room of the City Hall. It is under a glass case, and is also secured by a door, which is open to give visitors an opportunity to see the precious relic. When Admiral Farragut was entertained by the city of Genoa, about forty years ago, this violin was removed from its resting-place and played upon by Signor Mariani, a celebrated musician, since which time its strings have remained untuned.

## HAYDN ORCHESTRA.

This well-known musical society commenced its second season, Monday, Sept. 16, 1873, at the hall corner of Fourteenth and St. Charles Streets.

The intention of the society is to give a series of five subscription concerts during the season, with well-selected programmes and an orchestra of about fifty instruments, under the direction of Prof. S. R. Sauter. The first concert will take place Thursday, Oct. 31.

The names of the present subscribers can be seen, and further information furnished if desired, at the music stores of: Balmer & Weber, 206 N. 4th St.; Kunkel Bros., 18 S. 5th St.; J. L. Peters & Co., 212 N. 4th St.; Bollmann & Schatman, 111 N. 5th St.; Louis Boulanger, 1319 S. 5th St.; and at Hendricks, Chittenden & Co., 204 N. 5th St.

The above-named are authorized to receive subscriptions on the following terms: Certificates of subscription, \$5, payable at the time of subscribing, which will entitle the subscriber to two (2) tickets for each and every concert given by the society during the season of 1872-73, and also the privilege of attending the rehearsals. There are at present over four hundred subscribers, and every indication of a brilliant and successful season.

The object of the Haydn Orchestra is something that deserves the encouragement of the public, not alone for the pleasure the concerts give, but for the permanent effect they have upon musical culture in our city.

At the annual meeting, Sept. 9, 1873, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers of the society for the ensuing year, being entirely the same who so ably conducted the affairs of the society in the past season: John A. Kieselhorst, President; Almon B. Thomson, Vice-President; Gustavus Olshausen, Secretary; John G. Garnett, Treasurer.

## PRIZE MUSIC.

WE learn from the New York *Musical Gazette* that Mr. Malmene, of this city, Professor of Vocal Music at the Washington University and the Beethoven Conservatory, has obtained the prize for the best piano composition, offered by the American Conservatory of Music. The judges were Messrs. Charles Fradel and H. Maylath, two prominent pianists of European fame. Last year Mr. Malmene was the recipient of the prize for the second best anthem, which was performed on several occasions in Christ Church, under the direction of Mr. Balmer, with a very large choir. The judges of the latter were Henry C. Watson, editor of *Watson's Art Journal*, and Dr. Cutter, the eminent organist of Christ Church, New York. The honor is the greater, as, in both cases, all the judges are personal strangers to Mr. Malmene.

Miss Minnie Hauck is shortly to be married to an Italian nobleman.

## SIGNOR MARIO,

THE King of Tenors, has arrived in New York, and will shortly appear, in conjunction with Carlotta Patti, under the management of Max Strakosch. For more than thirty years he has been prominent before the public. In 1839 he made his *debut* in London as Genaro, in *Lacraia Borgia*, and from that day became famous as the possessor of one of the most wonderful of voices that the world has ever known. He was also an able and intelligent actor, having learned much from the eminent Julia Grisi, who subsequently became his wife.

His repertoire consists of forty-four operas, in all of which he has met with signal success.

## The Heavens are Telling.

We clip the following fine bit of descriptive writing from the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. It is the Jubilee chorus singing Haydn's greatest chorus:

A chord on the organ! Who's at the keyboard? People look round nervously. It's a vital question with us. No time for—Look out, there! The white baton sweeps us all up, and the music bursts out like a flame.

"The Heavens are telling the glory of God."

A trifle unsteady, the interlude gives us confidence. No time for looking about. Half an eye on the book and an eye and a half on Zerrahn:

"The wonders of his work  
Display the firmament."

Short and crisp the chords succeed each other. In singing, the orchestra is unheard. In the interludes it breaks out like a flash of light. The group of artists at the front of the stage take up the solo:

"The day that is coming  
Speaks to the day,  
The night that is gone  
To following night."

Steady there, gentlemen. A look and a sign from our master, and the men about us burst out with fiery energy:

"The Heavens are telling."

The sopranos blaze out with the repeated theme, and far away we hear the bass bringing up their heavy guns. Once more the solo artists wind through the lovely theme:

"In all these lands resounds the word."

An involved and beautiful bit of writing, and with a deafening crash the tenors about us shout the splendid theme. The time quickens. Swift allegro now leads the way. The pulse quickens in spite of one. Somehow the excitement and rush takes one out of himself. Sing—and sing you must. A short interlude, and over the valley comes the trumpet-call of the bass:

"The wonders of his work."

Look at Mr. Zerrahn, gentlemen! His face is turned to us. The perspiration may start on your face, but sing you must. In a sort of rage the young men fling out the aspiring strain:

"The wonders of his work  
Display the firmament."

It ends with a curious snap, and we hear the soprano and alto breaking aloft the brilliant

theme. The bass climb up from the depths. The baton sweeps us after, and the choir is lost in one tremendous river of sound. Safe and sure, though full of whirlpools and rapids. Secure in itself, as may be seen at the end of the phrase, where every voice stops short at the exact instant. An interlude and the great mountainous climax comes. No time for comment now. Sink the world for once. The tenors have the melody and announce it with fiery zeal. The parts seem to start and roar about us. The sopranos climb to dizzy heights. The bass breaks out in tremendous peals on peals as their glorious part steps upward in chromatic thunder. We fling out flashes of high tenor regardless of anything save the master's hand. It is impossible to tell where we are. Keep on and trust your leader. The organ roars, and in the splendid din and rush the orchestra labors on all unheard. In one tremendous crash we reach the end, and march in solid phalanx through the last chords—united, safe, and in perfect time. The last energetic chords close with a heavy ring. Mr. Zerrahn's fine face is lighted up with a gratified smile, and we sit down rewarded.

At an auction sale of musical MSS. in London, recently, the following interesting autographs were disposed of: Cantata, containing nine pages of music with verses, entirely in the autograph of Handel, £35; a Wedding Service, consisting of various movements, in the handwriting of John Sebastian Bach, £24; an instrumental Quartet, 32 pages, in the autograph of Joseph Haydn, £12; a Sonata in B flat major, for violin and pianoforte, 14 pages, in autograph of Mozart, £10 10; Variations on "La Bergere," by the same, £9; Fuga for Clavier, two pages, by the same, £8 5; Adagio for pianoforte, in B minor, two pages, by the same, £8 10; Variations for pianoforte on "Unser Dummer," seven pages, by the same, £7 10; Theme, varied, for pianoforte and violin, in G minor, five pages, by the same, £7 10; Sonata for violin and pianoforte, in F minor, 13 pages, by the same, £10; the famous "Manheim" Sonata, for pianoforte, in C major, 10 pages, by the same, £29; Rondo for the pianoforte, by the same, in A minor, five pages, £12; Concerto for pianoforte, in B flat, in the autograph of Beethoven, £16; Drei Gesänge von Goethe, 16 pages, by the same, £12 10; "Im Wald," a four-part song by Mendelssohn, £5 10; Variations for das Violoncell, in the autograph of Weber, £5; Consort of Floure Parts, in the autograph of M. Locke, £6 10.

The Paris *Cour d'Appel* has confirmed the proprietary right of the heirs of Clementi to his pianoforte work, "Gradus ad Parnassum," on the ground that the author was a French subject when he married in 1811, and that the *Droits d'Auteur* remained vested in his heirs up to 1834, twenty years after the death of his widow. The civil tribunal had previously decided that musical works did not come under the same category as literary property, a principle set aside by the superior court, inasmuch as the *œuvres de l'esprit* were identical, whether they emanated from musical minds or literary hands.

## BETHOVEN AND MENDELSSOHN.

THE *Overland Monthly* has given us some of the characteristics of writers, well or partially known. Below there is an account of young Felix Mendelssohn playing for the great Goethe. The extract is from a translation of a late popular German work, and is given to illustrate Beethoven's peculiarities of composition:

"So far," said Goethe to Felix, "you have only played me what you knew before; now we will see if you can play something that you don't know." He went out and returned with a number of sheets of written music. "Here," said he, "are some things out of my collection of manuscripts. Now we will put you to the test; see if you can play that;" and he placed on the desk a sheet of music in clear but very small writing. It was an autograph of Mozart's. The boy solved the task as easily as if he had known the piece by heart for years. "That's nothing," said Goethe, as everybody was applauding loudly; "other people can read that, too; but now I am going to give you something in which you will break down. So take care!"

And with this joking threat he got out another manuscript and put it on the desk, which indeed looked strange. "It was difficult to say whether it was music at all, or merely a sheet of ruled paper bespattered with ink and smudged all over. Felix burst out laughing and exclaimed, "What writing? how is it possible to read that?" But suddenly he became serious; for when Goethe asked, "Now guess who wrote that?" Zelter, looking over the boy's shoulders as he sat at the piano, called out: "Why, it's Beethoven's writing; one can see that a mile off. He always writes as if he used a broomstick, and then wipes his sleeve over the wet ink. I have several manuscripts of his; they are soon recognized."

Felix kept his eyes reverently fixed on the paper, and his whole face glowed with excitement, as out of the chaos of words and notes, scratched out, smudged, interlined and written over one another, he brought to light some lofty thought of beauty, or some deep noble sentiment. But Goethe, anxious to make the test a really severe one left him no time to consider, but urging him on: "You see, didn't I tell you that you would break down? Now try, and show what you can do." Felix began to play at once. It was a simple song, but to distinguish the right notes among those that had been scratched out and smeared out, required a rare quickness and sharp perception. At the first reading Felix had often to point laughingly with his finger to the right note, which was to be found in quite another place; and many a mistake had to be corrected with a hurried "No, that's it." But at the end he said: "Now I will play it to you," and the second time there was not a single wrong note. "That's Beethoven," he exclaimed once, as he came upon a phrase which seemed to him to bear the stamp of the composer's individuality; "that is quite Beethoven; I should have known him by that."

With this trial Goethe let him off. He concealed his praise under pleasant banter—"Here you broke down, you know, and here you were not safe;" but it was easy to see what a keen artistic pleasure he took in the boy's triumph.

The author of the "Wide, Wide World" still lives on Constitution Island, in the Hudson river, between West Point and Cold Spring. The lady owns the island, and performs her literary work at that charming locality.

## NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A VIOLIN AND A FIDDLE.

HALF a century ago, or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out-of-the-way village of A—, The doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the doctor's and requested to see him. When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual "How 'dye do?" she addressed—

"I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, than to buy Enoch a fiddle; all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle! Oh, dear, what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?"

"Anno told you I had a fiddle?" inquired the doctor.

"Who told me? Why everybody says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, doctor?"

"I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London."

"I think, Dr. Pond, what's that?"

"Did you never see one?"

"Never."

"Enoch!" said the doctor, stepping to the door, "bring your violin here."

Enoch obeyed the command; but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed—

"La! now; there, why it is a fiddle!"

"Do not judge rashly," said the doctor, giving his son a wink; "wait till you hear it."

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mystified; it looked like a fiddle; but who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, "I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La, ne! just think how people will lie!"

## LITERATURE AND ART.

French critics mourn that at present France has no poet of the first rank.

George Sand has made more money by writing than any woman ever did before.

A statue of the late Chief Justice Taney is now being built in front of the Annapolis State House.

Works on theology grow fewer and fewer every year; works on science increase in geometrical ratio.

Plumet Blotter, of the *Galaxy*, is the nom de plume of Charles H. Döe, editor of the Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette*.

The publishers of "Napoleon's Life of Caesar" have brought suit against the ex-Emperor for violation of the contract.

M. Thiers is said by the French papers to be at work on a history of philosophy, which has already made considerable progress.

M. Lejeune's picture, "Great Expectations,"

and "The Bath's Attendant," have been purchased by Mr. Graves for engraving.

Julius Janin's new book about books, "Le Livre," is said by writers to be more interesting than Disraeli's "Cynosures of Literature."

Professor Sayous has lately put forth, in Paris, a short and interesting "History of the Hurgarians and their Political Literature from 1790 to 1815."

Major Francis Doyne Doyer is engaged upon a "Life of Charles Lever," including extracts from his correspondence. Lever was a charming letter-writer.

A London *avant* has published a book on "Naturalistic Poetry," being four essays on the progress of nature-study in sacred song during the last three centuries.

Miss Jane Stuart, daughter of Gilbert Stewart, the painter, is in Worcester, Mass., making copies of some of her father's portraits. It is said that she copies his works with exactness and skill.

The new Hartford directory contains the name of Samuel L. Clemens, as it should, and also of Mark Twain, author, "F. Bret Harte, poet, author," is put down as a boarder at the house of Mr. Clemens.

M. Victor Hugo's publishers, Messrs. Lacroix & Co., have been declared bankrupt. The exorbitant prices he asked for his works, and which they paid, and the decline in the sale of his books, are the cause of their ruin.

"The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Related by Themselves," is a new English work, edited from hitherto unpublished manuscripts by John Morris, priest of the Society of Jesus. One chapter is devoted to "The Tichborne of Tichborne House."

Mr. Charles F. Blauvelt, M. A. has been appointed professor of drawing at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, in place of A. W. Warren, who resigned on account of ill-health. Mr. Warren has filled the position during several years, and now, for the purpose of rest and recreation, is making arrangements for an extended visit to the Mediterranean.

We learn from Mr. Crocker's Literary World that the "Recollections of an Old Stager," in Harpers', and "Desultory Sketches" and the reminiscences of Tyler's administration, in the *Galaxy*, were written by Mr. T. N. Parmelee, of New Haven, who once edited a paper in Buffalo, New York, and was private secretary of President Tyler.

Farjeon's new story, "London's Heart," is now being published serially in three different countries, and it has been purchased by publishers in five distant parts of the world, to be brought out by them in book form simultaneously, viz.: In London (Tinsley), New York (Harper and Brother); in Sydney, New South Wales; in the city of Adelaide, South Australia, and also in Germany.

The leading journal of Scotland, the *Scotman*, of Edinburgh, favorably notices a late American work, "Melnie's Mary Queen of Scots," and says: "In almost every one of the instances in which an accusation is brought (against Mr. Froude) of playing fast and loose with his authorities, with the view of blackening the Queen of Scots, we are constrained to admit that Mr. Melnie has made out his case." A review of the same work by Professor Goldwin Smith opens thus: "It is the duty of those who have surrendered their judgments to Mr. Froude, and who have formed their opinions of historical characters under the influence of his seductive rhetoric, to read this book."

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Love's Victory. Mazurka.....	A flat (3).....	40 cts.
Minnie Polka.....	E flat (3).....	35 cts.
"Mountain Spring. Caprice.....	E flat (5).....	40 cts.
"Mountain Spring. Polka.....	B flat (3).....	40 cts.
Midnight Serenade. Reverie.....	F (4).....	50 cts.
Orpheus. Grande Valse.....	B flat (4).....	50 cts.
Souvenir d'Amite. Morceau de Salon.....	D flat (5).....	50 cts.
Souvenir Mazurka.....	G (3).....	65 cts.
Souvenir Schottisch.....	E flat (3).....	40 cts.
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