

The Impresario.

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Poetry.

MUSIC.

Speak to me in music,
The language of the soul;
Sweet, sad, plaintive music,
Trust me to feel the whole.

I can hear thy laughter
In the gay runs and trills,
In the soft cadence after,
Tears, dew-drops on the hills.

Strike the full chords in turn
Of some sad minor key,
Oh! how my heart does yearn
For human sympathy.

Always, thro' thy music,
There's the echo of a thought,
Talk to me in music
When my brain is overwrought.

MOZART.

CONCLUDED.

MOZART remained in Salzburg up to 1777; but the circumstances in which he lived there corresponded neither to his position in society, nor did they at all reward his distinguished talents. As soon as he saw he could be self-dependent, he found neither happiness nor contentment in his native city. His only attachment to Salzburg was the regular family life, to which he had been accustomed from early childhood, and the comforts and joys of which he knew he must forego if he trusted himself again to a cold and selfish world. He solicited his discharge from the Archbishop, obtained it, and, in company with his mother, started on a tour. It was his mother's intention to secure in this way a lucrative and honorable position for her son; but, though honors attended him wherever he went, the means to live honorably were not so abundantly supplied. Neither Munich nor Mannheim, where he delayed for a considerable time, gave him hopes of an appointment worthy of his acquirements; but he eked out a scanty subsistence on the receipts of lectures and compositions. According to a previous plan, he extended his tour to the French capital, and arrived in Paris in March, 1778. But here, too, he was doomed to disappointment, for he did not succeed in securing a position as organist, and much less did he obtain the order to compose an opera, the object of his highest wishes, as leading most speedily and securely to honor and fortune. In addition to these reverses, happened the death of his affectionate mother, who, attacked by the short illness, succumbed to the same, in July, 1778.

When he returned to Salzburg he was pro-

moted to concert master, and filled the office of organist in Court and Cathedral, Salzburg, however, had few attractions for Mozart. He loved it, it is true, as the place of his birth, but seeing himself but little understood, and his talents but indifferently appreciated, he often yearned to plunge himself into the world where, up to this period, no brilliant success had followed him. His love of home and devotion to his art alone retained his eminent services for Salzburg. Practicing his art after his wonted manner, he produced a variety of church and instrumental pieces, to which belongs the music of the drama *Thamos*, King of Egypt, and that of an operetta in two acts, entitled *Zaide*.

He was most anxious for a change in his situation, and looked upon it as exceedingly good luck when the offer to write a carnival opera for Munich was tendered him. With permission of his Grace the Archbishop, he traveled to Munich, and within three months he completed *Idomeneo, Re di Creta*, text by Giambattista Varesco. This successful opera marks a turning point in his active life, as by its means he began to mount the ladder of fame. He lived in easy and happy circumstances for some months, but had soon to depend again on lectures and concerts for his daily bread. No doubt Wolfgang Mozart was no practical business man, and passed by many golden opportunities to better his condition. An instance in point is his slighting of the offer of King Frederick William II, who desired to make him chapel master, with a fixed salary of \$3,000. Mozart, deeply moved, reflected for awhile, and then replied, in a half audible tone: "Shall I leave my beloved Emperor?" The King of Prussia bade him take the case under consideration, and promised to be satisfied though he should only enter his service at the expiration of an entire year. He soon returned to Vienna, but it never even occurred to him to speak of what passed between himself and the Prussian King, until compelled by the earnest entreaties of his friends, he laid the case before the Emperor Joseph. The Emperor, unpleasantly surprised, simply asked: "How is this? Are you about to leave me, Mozart?" whereupon he immediately answered: "With your royal permission I shall stay." When later he recounted this interview to a friend, and was asked whether he had seized the occasion to request an increase of salary, he made answer, that in such circumstances it was impossible even to think of the thing.

Emperor Joseph was unmistakably a great admirer of Mozart's talents, but he prized his thought far more than his compositions, which, though imposing in their novelty and richness, did not, in his idea, equal the works of his Ital-

ian favorites, Salieri, Hasse and Piccini. The Viennese public stood toward him in the same attitude, as respects his later and more important works; very few could reconcile themselves to his productions, or enjoy them entirely. Thus *Figaro*, in the opinion of many, was inferior to *Così fan tutti*, by Martin, and *Don Giovanni* at first met no favor; even the *Magic Flute* is supposed to have been but little relished, and attained only a questionable success.

But no sooner did Mozart appear before the public as pianist than all heralded his praises. If sometimes he lost the favor of the Emperor, it was due to the envy and jealousies of his enemies, who, if they did not succeed by intrigue in the depreciation of his works, had recourse to calumnies and suspicions against his person to work out their ends.

After this hurried review of the last ten years of his life, let a few data and facts concerning his principal works suffice. The year which witnessed his well received *Abduction from the Seraglio* is also memorable for his marriage with Constantia Weber. Two years later, or in 1784, he was created imperial chamber composer, and in 1785 he brought out the Oratorio, *David de Prudente*, also, his unsurpassed *Figaro*, and many finished quartettes. Among other compositions, the following year beheld his operetta, the *Stage Manager*, and the city of Prague, where he exhibited his successful *Figaro*, engaged his labors for a new opera. In 1787 his masterly *Don Giovanni* was ready, and gained a series of triumphs for its author. Three years later he furnished *Coeli Ius Tutte*, and in 1791, the year of his death, he wrote, besides instrumental pieces and several cantatas, the *Magic Flute*, *Titus*, and his well known *Requiem*. Before he set out for Prague, where his *Titus* was produced, a distinguished gentleman had commissioned him to compose the *Requiem*, in a manner so mysterious as to work on the imagination and feelings of Mozart. On his return, the same person reminded him of his task, and Mozart, who had been periodically indisposed for more than a year, undertook to labor at it with great ardor and perseverance, but with a presentiment, at the same time, that it would serve for his own obsequies. His condition grew worse from day to day, and, in compliance with his physician's order, the music score was taken away, but returned to the dying composer whenever he found himself somewhat recreated and strengthened. Finally his powers failed him, and whatever remained to be done, either in the completion of the instrumentation or the development of sketched ideas, he left his pupil, Stuessmayer, to finish. Even on his dying day he had the score carried to his bedside, perused the whole once more, and, with

moistened eyes, exclaimed: "Did I not predict that I was writing my own *Requiem*?" Thus did he bid farewell to his cherished art, and on the 5th of December, 1791, he breathed forth the spirit that continues to live in his works, which he bequeathed as an undying memorial of his name to the just appreciation and decision of impartial posterity.

MUSIC vs. MADNESS.

IN 1848, after the terrible insurrection which made of Paris a slaughter-house, to conceal my sadness and disgust I went to the house of my friend, who was superintendent of the immense insane asylum in Clermont, Sur-Oise. He had a small organ, and was a tolerably good singer. I composed a mass, to the performance of which we invited a few artists from Paris and several of the most docile of the inmates of the asylum. I was struck with the bearing of the latter, and asked my friend to repeat the experiment, and extended the number of invitations. The result was so favorable that we were soon able to form a choir from among the patients of both sexes, who rehearsed on Saturday the hymns and chants they were to sing on Sunday at mass.

A raving lunatic (a priest), who was getting more and more intractable every day, and who often had to be put into a straight jacket, noticed the periodical absence of some of the inmates, and exhibited curiosity to know what they were doing. The following Saturday, seeing some of his companions preparing to go to rehearsal, he expressed a desire to go with them. The doctor told him he might go, on condition that he would allow himself to be shaved and decently dressed. This was a thorny point; for he never would attend to his person, and became furious when required to dress; but to our astonishment he consented at once. This day he not only listened to the music quietly, but was detected several times joining his voice with that of the choir. When I left Clermont my poor old priest was one of the most constant attendants at the rehearsals. He still has his violent periods, but they were less frequent; and when Saturday arrived he always dressed himself with care and waited impatiently for the hour to go to chapel. — *Gottschalk.*

MUSICAL SOUND.

THE only condition necessary to the production of a musical sound is, that the air pulses succeed each other in the same interval of time. No matter what its origin may be, if this condition be fulfilled, the sound becomes musical. If a watch, for example, could be caused to tick sufficiently rapid—say one hundred times a second—the ticks would lose their individuality and blend to a musical tone. And if the strokes of a pigeon's wing could be accomplished at the same rate, the progress of the bird through the air would be accompanied with music. In the humming-bird the necessary rapidity is attained; and, when we pass on from birds to insects, where the vibrations are more rapid, we have a musical sound as the ordinary accomplishment of the insect's flight. The puffs of a locomotive, at starting, follow each other slowly at first, but they soon increase so rapidly as to be almost incapable of being counted. If this increase could continue until the puffs numbered fifty or sixty a second, the approach of the engine would be heralded by an organ peal of tremendous power.— *Tyndall on Sound.*

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

AS we go to press the great Boston Jubilee is in progress, and from all accounts, that irrepressible Irishman, Mr. P. S. Gilmore, must have due reason to be satisfied with the success of his gigantic undertaking. We present the following sketches of the event, written from different points of view, which, while they contain a succinct account of the affair, prove that the critics are not unanimous in their verdicts. The correspondent of the *Missouri Republican*, among other things, says:

THE PRIME DONNE.

Madame Leutner has sustained wonderfully her first impressions. It is a good deal to say of Boston, that it is led captive by a total stranger. But there is no gainsaying the fact. Peschka Leutner has turned out to be a perfect revelation of music. She has raised a new standard of genius. Her audience sit and listen, and listen in amazement, while the carping critic is either struck dumb or stunned into an approving sentence. Even the *New York World*, that ill-artist, who has grown absolutely ridiculous in its spite against the jubilee, has been forced to admit that Leutner can not be overrated, "so superb is her training, and so gifted is she with a voice of almost unprecedented flexibility and power."

Fortunate are we in having realized such a rare prize, our solo soprano, for it was feared that the absence of Parepa, Nilsson, Kellogg, and in fact all the musical queens who had become familiar to us, would be seriously felt on this great occasion. We have not ceased to regret them yet, but Peschka Leutner, happily, has been fully equal to the emergency. Aside from all her expenses she receives fifteen hundred dollars for every single appearance.

Madame Rudersdorff and Arabella Goddard are scarcely as happy in their concert roles. In the first place, Rudersdorff is not equal to the occasion. Janascheck, in speaking of her, says: "Her virtual retirement from the stage took place fully fifteen years ago, and although an artist, who in her day ranked very high, she is no longer able to sustain her former reputation."

There was undoubtedly a painful conviction of this fact in the lady's own mind on the trying day of her first appearance, and her agonized struggles to creditably enact her difficult part were pitiable to behold. Of course, the result was disappointment to the audience and chagrin to the artist. Since that time Madame Rudersdorff has succeeded in kindling a little more enthusiasm, but when brought in too close proximity to Leutner, Madame Rudersdorff's position is far from enviable.

With Madame Goddard the case is different. The lady is a genius in her line, but no amount of genius surmounts the difficulties which here exist. A piano solo is hardly the thing for so vast an audience room, and that the celebrated Masters Wehli and Bendel failed to make themselves appreciated with the advantage of all their masculine force is proof sufficient that Madame Goddard's artistic performances are much better adapted to the ordinary chambers room. After Thursday there came a slight reaction in public enthusiasm, perceptible in the size of the audiences and the demonstrations of applause, but on Sunday the attending multitude evidenced an agreeable return to the standard of the opening days.

THE SUNDAY CONCERT.

When the Sunday concert was first proposed the idea met with a good deal of opposition. Some objected to it on puritanical grounds, and others thought with justice that some mercy should be shown the overworked choruses. But the prevailing excitement carried the day over doubters and bigots, and the concert was announced. It proved a most solemn and beautiful occasion. It seems strange, indeed, that any one should object to the performance of noble music on the ground that it is unsuited to a day set apart for religious observances, for the most eloquent preacher living can not carry the soul aloft as music does, or inspire it with the same exalted and sublime enthusiasm.

As we listened to Keller's exquisite "Angel of Peace," to Mendelssohn's sublime, "He Watched over Israel," and to the "Gloria" from the twelfth mass of Mozart, chanted by the chorus, with accompaniment by the grand orchestra, the whole audience was swayed by solemn emotion; and when the vast multitude, chorus and audience together, joined in the beautiful hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee," I, for one, felt that music gives wings to the spirit, or so sets free its wings, that it is able to soar aloft, and strike at the very gate of heaven.

The colored singers from Nashville took part in this concert, and were received with great favor, although they scarcely filled the immense auditorium, and are heard to much better effect in a smaller hall.

Interesting as the Sunday concert was, the Executive Committee certainly made a mistake in not devoting this day to the "Israel in Egypt" performed on Monday. The lovers of sacred music would have thronged to hear it with a perfectly easy conscience, which they had not, perhaps, in listening to a miscellaneous concert; while the less susceptible portion of the Coliseum for entertainment on Monday, and who evidently found the solemn choruses of the grand oratorio rather slow, would, in their turn, have been better satisfied. It requires a cultivated taste to appreciate this kind of music, and the public, for the most part, prefer a lighter, more brilliant style, and greater variety.

A NEW FEATURE.

In the jubilee programme are the evening concerts, which are to consist principally of light or military music, accompanied or interspersed with the promenade. Last evening witnessed their inauguration, and the illumination of the building for the first time. The scene was certainly a brilliant one, and afforded some idea of the picture that will be presented to-morrow night, when the decorations are completed for the ball. Imagine, if possible, four or five acres of space spontaneously hung with drapery, pictures, evergreens, and flowers, and the illumination suffused with a warm, dazzling light streaming from nearly three thousand gas jets, which sparkle and twinkle in mid-air like a shower of falling stars, and you have a faint conception of the scene that will greet the assembled multitude to-morrow night. Then remember that the orchestra will be led by Strauss, and you may be able to understand why Boston is on the *qui vive* of blissful anticipation.

Last evening the concert was excellent. The principal feature was the French band, whose playing was, of course, superb, while their selections were very choice. This evening the concert will be led by Strauss, and you may be able to understand why Boston is on the *qui vive* of blissful anticipation.

"THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL DAY."

Distinguished by the first appearance of President Grant, and to his credit be it said, he has

proven the biggest item in the whole bill of attractions. In spite of the rain, in spite of the croakers, who have screamed themselves almost hoarse over the "Jubilee" building, the immense building was packed to its utmost capacity by the thronging multitude. Moreover, the programme was grand. The four representative bands took part in the performance, and the French were *encored* five times before they were suffered to withdraw from the platform.

In the performance of the "Chief," all the bands, with the organ and orchestra, united to swell the tribute. Verily, the effect was grand. Any one who could have witnessed it unmoved, must have been a stoic indeed. It thrilled through the audience like an electric shock, and many were moved to tears.

Not even Ulysses of old could have been the recipient of a greater distinction than this. Calypso's devotion was nothing compared with it. And yet, I regret to say, our "conquering hero" sat through it all with as calm an exterior as though he were sitting under one of Dr. Newman's sermons. Surely, our President can not be devoid of feeling; or should I allow the depth of his profundity?

"He, of the 'World,' the above bad-natured critic referred to, remarks, Johan Strauss,

THE WALTZ KING,

personally, is evidently a good fellow. He talks only German, but he smiles in all languages. Perhaps it is hardly fair to him to say that he only talks German, for he avers that he has been for eleven years trying to speak French. Still, however, he admits that he speaks it badly. Languages are not his forte. He is small, wiry, and intensely nervous. One, ignorant of both French and German, would imagine from the rapidity of his speech and the superabundance of gestures that he was talking the former—indeed, that he was a Frenchman. He is full of courtesy, and a brief acquaintance with him will quite satisfy any one that his extravagance of gesture when conducting the performance is quite natural and inseparable from his personality. Last night he attracted the superabundant reception given to himself, Bendel and Abt at the rooms of the Orpheus Club. During the evening he presided at the piano, while the club joined in chorus in singing his "Blue Danube" waltz. They sang superbly, and no one present, where all were enthusiastic, was seemingly more enthusiastic than he himself. His complexion is quite dark. His eyes and hair are as black as possible. It is related of him that when he was in St. Petersburg, the fair Russian belles made a frightful demand upon him for locks of his hair. Strauss viewed the prospect with alarm. All these souvenirs would leave him bald. Then he had a brilliant idea.

HIS DOG

was a huge black Newfoundland. Its shaggy coat was of precisely the texture of his hair, and to-day many a Russian abductee is enriched by the possession of a cherished lock of hair from Strauss' dog. When he was coming to this country he could with difficulty be restrained, it is said, from bringing along the dog as a precautionary measure for a similar emergency. In conversation Strauss is constantly smiling, showing his pearly teeth, pantomiming with his hands, head and body, and is altogether as full of action as when upon the stage. When speaking upon the subject of his impressions of American energy, and the Jubilee as an exemplification of it, he becomes almost

WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

They would not believe it in Germany, he says; they could not deem it possible that so enormous a chorus and orchestra of intelligent

musicians could be gathered together, and held for so long a time to perform such great works as are rendered at this Jubilee. In Germany, he explained to the writer, the people are more economical and infinitely less venturesome than the Americans. There a thousand dollars is a great sum, and the mere idea of a musical festival which would cost three-quarters of a million would take away the breath of Deutschland.

They might get up a crude gathering of musical societies from many different places to give a festival, but even then it would not approximate this one. Another thing which astonishes Strauss even more than the enterprise which has originated and rendered so successful this Peace Jubilee, and the liberality of the public in sustaining it, is the fact that in America, where he has been led to believe there was little taste for or knowledge of music, so great a chorus should have been found of people capable of reading and correctly executing such compositions as have made up the vocal portion of the programme. Thus far he is also full of compliment to the orchestra. In Germany, he says, before he would use a single orchestra, he would have nine or ten rehearsals; but here, even for a piece which must be stranged to most if not all the performers, a single rehearsal is made to suffice, and then it is brought out, and not only merely done, but done well. Without such rehearsal, and without such a great degree of delicacy of execution, and approach more closely to absolute perfection. But in so vast a volume of sound as is here evoked, minor defects are lost sight of, and the general effect seems all which can be desired. Before he left Germany, even when he had made his contract to come over, Strauss was more than half inclined, he admits, to believe the jubilee

A YANKEE SWINDLE.

This was the general belief in that country, and he says that it will need all the credit he can get. The other German artists now here possess in fatherland, and all the power of language at their command, to give any conception to their countrymen of what they have seen in this country. He will not wait until his return to make his representation, but will write from here a letter over his own name to the *Neue Freie Presse*, the leading paper of Vienna, variously setting forth, so far as he can, the impression which America has made upon him.

HERR FRANZ BENDEL,

the pianist, is a splendid looking fellow. He is large, has a fine open face, clear blue eye, and kind expression of countenance, which wins not merely the liking, but the affection of all whom he meets in social intercourse. His hair is long, wavy, very loose, and like his beard, of a dirty tawny and yellowish tinge. Looked at when he smiles, he is the very model of a frank, free-hearted Deutscher. When his features are in repose he looks like a humanized lion; but how this lion does know and love music, and how he plays! The strange cross between an empty set of trousers and a hard organ, familiarly known as Wehli, has a grand terror of this superb creature, who, both as man and artist, overawes him.

MOST MISERABLE MAN IN BOSTON.

The Jubilee is all very well for a chorus of 20,000, with a siege gun accompaniment, even to "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," but it is no place to hear a pianist. Bendel is not doing justice to himself in appearing here, if by here only the American people are to judge him. You can hear nothing here of a piano, except an occasional great crash. All the real

beauties of Boston instruments and performers are lost in the vastness of this. Bendel is really a magnificent performer, and it is to be hoped that he will appear in New York before recrossing the ocean. Boston is, by the way, desperately anxious to prevent the stars going to New York, and want to send them back from here direct, without even seeing the metropolis, skulking around it by way of Hoboken, as they were brought here. Strauss does not view the arrangement in his favor, and he has already absurdly rich, and can do with his time as he pleases, he will very probably go back to New York, to that city, and it may be extend his travels as far as Niagara Falls, and possibly even further West. He will not, however, go to concertize on any terms. This will very likely involve his having to pay return passage himself. But that consideration will not be apt to deter him.

To return to Bendel. He plays from memory alone no less than

THREE HUNDRED CONCERT PICES

accurately, so as to win the hearty praise of the great master, Liszt, of whom he was the favorite pupil. He joins with Strauss in every expression of wonder and admiration concerning the jubilee and all the little that he has been able to see of this country. Germany, he emphatically affirms, could never hope to compete with such a musical enterprise as the jubilee any more than it can hope to rival the dash and spirit pervading our people. He loves America, he says, and has not sufficient words at his command to express his feelings of gratitude for the warmth of the reception given to him and his compatriots on this their first visit to our soil.

Some one has paraphrased the song, "Dear Father, Come Home," as follows: Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my dressmaker's bill is unpaid—she said she would send it right home from the shop as soon as the drouces were made. My new dress from — is down in the hall, the boy will not leave without pay—I've nothing to sport with—can't go to the ball, so please send the shop-boy away! Come down! come down! Please, father, dear father, come down! Oh, hear the sweet voice of thy child, who cries in her room all alone; oh, who could resist her most pitiful tears? So, father, dear father, come down. Oh, father, dear father, come down with the stamps, my curls are not fit to be seen—the hairdresser said he'd not do them up unless I could pay him five— he only asked twenty to give a new set, and take the old hair in exchange—besides, pa, my waterfall's awfully rough, and so my back hair will look strange. Come down! come down! Please, father, come down!

An Ohio journalist read in another paper a statement to the effect that "Miss Kellogg has a larger repertoire than any other living prima donna" and he considered it his duty as a champion of truth to sit down and write an article on the subject, in which he said: "We do not, of course, know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here, we are perfectly certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend so far as either Nilsson or Favaroni. It may have been that her overskirts were cut too narrow to permit it being gathered into such a large lump behind, or it may have been that it was crushed down accidentally; but the fact remains that Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—much to their discredit, we think."

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, JULY, 1872.

THE LATE SAENGERFEST.

THE long looked for musical event, the great Saengerfest, is over, and so rapidly do we move and think in this nineteenth century, that though it took place but a few weeks ago, it has long since ceased to be the current topic of conversation. But while it lasted it absorbed everything. Business paled before it and grew dull in the extreme, till it seemed that all else was forgotten but the immense gathering of singers.

Our last issue contained a description of the building, the programme, and other interesting details, which it is needless now to recapitulate. The Fest was inaugurated by what may justly be termed the largest procession ever witnessed in this city—one which was not German alone, but really national, for it was participated in by representatives of every country. It may likewise be said that the city was never so handsomely or so generally decorated. The houses were covered with evergreens and banners, and these ornaments, particularly along the route of the procession, were as beautiful as they were profuse. All along the line of march the houses were filled with spectators, while many thousands thronged the streets.

It is safe to say that nearly every grown person in St. Louis attended one or more of the concerts. Hundreds came also from Alton, and other adjoining cities and villages. The enthusiasm reached its height on Friday night. On this night not only every seat, but every inch of standing room in the mammoth hall was occupied, and a more brilliant or animated scene can scarcely be imagined. The immense audience was liberal also in its praise, and when Mrs. Edmund Dexter, of Cincinnati, the chief soprano, was led forward, she was greeted with a perfect thunder of applause.

This gifted lady is a beautiful brunette, of fine height and majestic appearance. Her voice is rich, clear and ample, and she exercises over it a complete mastery and control. She was faultlessly dressed, and while her manner had a trifle of the charming timidity of an amateur, it lacked none of the ease and confidence of the professional singer. She made a host of friends in St. Louis, and returned home bearing their best wishes.

Not the least among the attractions of the Saengerfest was the fact that Prof. Franz Alt, the renowned song writer, was present. This well-known composer was received in a manner so enthusiastic and cordial as to be visibly affected. His world-known song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," was grandly sung by Mrs. Dexter, the composer himself accompanying her on the piano. This was, perhaps, one of the best remembered and most delightful episodes of the week.

The festivities closed with a grand picnic at

the Fair Grounds on Sunday, which was attended by upward of twenty thousand people. A truly sociable time was spent, one club calling in a body, upon another, or receiving a visit, the air, meanwhile, being resonant with the music of a dozen brass bands. The following day many of the societies returned to their various homes, though many prolonged their stay until the following Friday.

In glancing over the entire affair, we must first feel grateful for the beautiful weather which prevailed. The heat was not unseasonably great, and the streets were in excellent condition. Another subject of congratulation was the admirable order which prevailed. There was no fighting or disturbance, and but little excess in drinking, and it may be questioned if the festivities led to over a dozen more arrests than would ordinarily have been made.

Withal there were some drawbacks. These did not arise from any neglect of duty upon the part of the managers, for to them and their endeavors every meed of praise is due. The fault lay in one of the chief under-currents of the celebration. We speak from a musical point of view, and from that position there were blemishes to be seen. The hall is too large, or if not too large, is not built according to correct acoustic principles. Individuals interested, or even the critics of the daily papers, may assert that every note could be distinctly heard; but such was really not the case. Mrs. Dexter's grand voice, when heard midway down the hall, produced no greater or more pleasurable effect than a school girl with a fair voice could create in the Temple. To those near her it was a voice far superior to any other in St. Louis, but about half way down the hall it was in a great degree lost. It would have been much better, at least for hearing, had the stage been in the centre of the building, though this might also have its inconveniences. Another palpable fault was the insufficiency of the rehearsals. To any musical critic this was sadly apparent, while to any less informed it must have been, to a great extent, perceptible. Still, as we have said, it was a success, though we sincerely question if it came up to the expectations of those who, from the first, had determined to be present.

Peculiarly, we hope that in time the Directors will be paid. They are, however, remunerated at this moment, though in the future the possession of so large a hall must become the source of a comfortable revenue, despite the great expenditures.

Since the Fest some little misunderstanding has arisen between the Directors and the contractors for the erection of the building. However, as the Directors are all solvent, and as there is no scarcity of money among them, the matter is sure to be settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned or interested. The next Saengerfest will be held in Ohio two years hence.

Rubenstein leaves shortly for America, to receive £4,000 to play at a given number of concerts. The same sum was offered to Thalberg, at the exhibition of 1862, to play on the pianofortes of a London maker.

The St. Louis Choral Union.

THIS society, we learn, has effected a permanent organization by the election of officers. Mr. Gen. N. Lynch is President; Mr. Roelsien, Vice-President; Mr. Branson, Treasurer, and D. J. Hayden, Secretary. A committee was appointed to confer with the different organizers of the city, preparatory to the election of Music Director, to ascertain their willingness to serve it elected. A Music Committee is also to be elected at the next meeting. At the last meeting a Constitution and Code of By-Laws were adopted for the government of the Union. Large subscriptions have already been promised by several public-spirited, music-loving citizens outside of the Union to defray necessary expenses. We believe it is the intention, if we are correctly informed, after electing a Music Director, to suspend meetings until the heated term shall have passed.

VALUABLE VOICE.

THIRTY years ago there was among the chorus-singers of the theatre at Bergamo, Italy, a poor, but very modest man, beloved by his colleagues, and who, to sustain his mother in a more effectual manner, was at the same time tailor and chorister. One day came the celebrated singer, Nozari, to the tailor to order a pair of pantaloons. The tailor's face seemed familiar to him. He asked, and was informed that he belonged to the chorus of the opera. "Have you a good voice?" asked Nozari. "Not particularly," answered the tailor; "I can hardly reach A." "Let me hear," said Nozari, stepping to the piano. "Commence." The tailor commenced, and with difficulty reached G. "Now the A," "I can not, sir," "Sing the A, unfortunate fellow." Again a great effort, and A was reached. "Now the B flat," cried Nozari. "I am not able." "I say the B flat, or by my soul, I—" "Don't be angry; I will try." A, B flat. "Do you see that it is possible?" exclaimed Nozari, triumphantly; "and I tell you, my son, if you practice assiduously, you will be the first tenor in Italy." Nozari was not mistaken. The poor chorister, who, in order to meet his daily wants, was obliged to mend old clothes, became the celebrated Snor Rubini.

JEFFERSON'S FIDDLE.

THE wife of Thomas Jefferson was Mrs. Martha Skelton, a rich widow, twenty-three at her second nuptials. She was of good family, beautiful, accomplished and greatly admired. The story went that two among the many suitors for her hand, going severally to her house on the same errand, to learn their fate from her decision, met in the hall, where they heard her playing on the harpsichord and singing a love-song, accompanied by Jefferson's voice and violin. Something in the song or the manner of the singing satisfied both wooers of the folly of their hopes, and they withdrew. The statesman was fond of his violin. When his paternal home was burned, he asked: "Are all the books destroyed?" "Yes, massa," was the reply, "dey is; but we saved de fiddle."—*Queens of American Society.*

Sir Edward Landseer is crazy as a bed-bug.

Jubilees and Saengerfests.

AS the great Boston Jubilee was inaugurated by an Irishman, and the late Saengerfest of German origin, we think that we can, with impartial minds, approach the consideration of such wholesale musical demonstrations. Our ideas on the subject may be considered apocryphal, or we may be denounced as destitute of musical taste; but these charges will not prevent us from plainly expressing our opinions in the matter. In a word, then, we decidedly think that such displays—musical monstrosities we would call them—are, in an artistic view, utter, absolute and hopeless failures. Remember that we qualify what we say with the words "in an artistic view." As bringing about great social or national gatherings Saengerfests may be pronounced a success. Anything which serves to draw together tens of thousands of a nationality is not, socially considered, to be despised. It may add fire to enthusiasm, and evoke zeal in national sluggards to see a procession of miles in length, with bands playing, banners and streamers flying, the processionists clad in gay uniforms, and the line of route gayly decked with triumphal arches, flags and evergreens. With this aspect of the matter we have no desire to deal just now; but rather with what passes in the building erected to the service of Apollo.

Here we have gathered together as a number of singers and a certain number of instrumentalists. This, we believe, was about the number at the last Saengerfest celebration in St. Louis. Many times that number are present at the Boston Jubilee; but, to illustrate what we are about to say, a thousand singers are enough, for the evil becomes greater as the number are increased. Now, we venture to say that so many voices singing at once may produce a great noise, but certainly not refined music. A babel of discord is the result; harmony is excluded, and the display is neither pleasing nor edifying. The spectators, or rather the audience, as a matter of course, applaud the wild performance out of compliment to the amateurs who take part in it, but this is no criterion of excellence. On the other hand, when a solo, a duet, a trio, a quartet, or a quintet is sung how much everybody is delighted! This is listened to with pleasure and encored with a will. The idea of bringing together thousands of singers was first put in practice at the Crystal Palace concerts in London, but only one opinion prevailed of the inartistic nature of the display. It is utterly impossible for a large number of persons to sing in unison, and hence discord, not harmony, is the result. Any person acquainted with the lyric stage knows the difficulty which an operatic leader experiences in drilling a chorus. If such difficulty exist with regard to twenty voices, regularly trained stage voices, too, how must it be with respect to a thousand voices? For the reason stated, the management of the chorus of an opera is usually the most difficult portion of a leader's work, and the chorus usually come in for the sharpest notices of the critics. For the members of the chorus to be perfect, and to sing as one person, requires incessant and careful practice. But at a jubilee or a saengerfest a thousand persons, coming from every part of the Union, and with scarcely any practice together, attempt to sing in unison. Is it a wonder that a Babel of noise, "confusion worse confounded" is the upshot? It would, indeed, be strange if it were otherwise. These days of art culture, quality, not quantity, is sought. Hence a quartet of good singers can produce more pleasure for the cultured ear than ten thousand glee clubs bawling together at the top of their voices. We would not be understood

as opposed to the holding of "singing feasts," but we certainly entertain an antipathy to witnessing music run mad. Let the gatherings take place by all means; but let only the exceptionally good singers of the various clubs and societies perform in public. The audiences should be spared the "ear-splitting sounds" that usually resound at jubilees and saengerfests, and thus would musical art be advanced rather than retarded by such demonstrations.—*Western Celt.*

MUSICAL MELANGE.

IMPROVE every opportunity of practicing upon the organ; there is no instrument that takes such speedily revenge on the impure and the slovenly in composition or in playing as the organ.

Verdi was the son of a tinsmith.

Richard Wagner's father was a farmer.

Offenbach's parents were poor trading Jews.

Struss is absurdly rich.

Gilmore's next uproar will be held in Chicago.

Ambrose Thomas was born in a peasant's cabin.

Arabella Goddard will give concerts at Newport in August.

A Detroit negro sings the "Watch on the Rhine" in the original German.

Nigger minstrelsy has been naturalized in Japan under native management.

It is in learning music that many youthful hearts learn love.

Herr Hamm, the German musician, and esteemed friend of Beethoven, is dead.

Miss Nilsson is engaged to sing at St. Petersburg and Moscow, from November next to February, 1873. She will receive the sum of \$3,000 for this period.

Somebody who has evidently heard the absurd statement that great singers are given to jealousy of each other, says that the exodus of Kellogg, Parpea and Nilsson from this country was caused by the engagement of Leutner to sing at the Jubilee.

At a musical festival which took place at Westminster Abbey in 1831, the orchestra consisted of 222 instruments, 124 cantos, 68 altos, 64 tenors and 100 basses—total, 578. At one of the festivals—that of 1791—above 1,000 persons took part.

The death of Senora Bonita Moreno, in a village in Estramadura, at the age of eighty, is announced. She and her sister were the prime donne who introduced the Italian opera into Spain.

Up to the year 1871, six hundred and forty thousand copies of Franz Abt's song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," had been sold in Germany. The composer received only \$20 for that popular production.

A Paris journal announces that Offenbach has declined an offer from an American manager of \$100,000 to give one hundred performances of his best operas in America. That's news, surely! Who was the fool to make him the offer?

Several New York managers are after Mmes. Leutner and Goddard, in Boston, for a short concert season, to be given in that city. Mme.

Leutner's leave of absence is only for six weeks and it is not likely she will prolong her stay beyond the appointed time. Overtures have also been made to Strauss, but he wants \$1,200 a night merely to conduct. It is hardly necessary to say that he will not find any one willing to give him such terms.

Mme. Parpea Rosa has been delighting the Londoners at Covent Garden in Italian opera. Mme. Adeline Patti had preceded her, and no less interest was manifested to see Parpea Rosa in the same opera. The critics say the latter is equally excellent as a singer and an actress, which combination of excellences are not often found in the opera. They give Parpea Rosa high praise, and say that she has vastly improved and ripened for operatic work since they first saw and heard her, six years ago.

At a conference at Beyruth of those who are managers of the great Wagner musical festival, it was concluded to postpone the opening of this grand enterprise until the year 1874. This is an announcement of considerable importance, because it has been widely advertised to be opened in the spring of 1873, and many musical people, both German and American, have made arrangements to attend. They do not get up musical festivals in Germany as rapidly as our Boston Gilmore. But then they are not precisely of the same character.

The jubilee correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "The drinking qualities of the men of the English Guard have raised a cry of horror among that large class of Habites who don't give scandal by getting drunk in public. With a sense of the correctness of things most laudable, these people do all the hard drinking on the 'sly.' It was, therefore, with no little indignation that they observed a body of men who not only were not afraid to drink their champagne boldly in public, but to take it in such quantities that the effect was decidedly visible on the company. Such is the Guarded way in which the local Tartuffes say what in plain English means that the Grenadiers and their friends were gloriously drunk, and not a bit ashamed of it."

There is a talk of erecting in the central part of the city of Milan a theater capable of accommodating 6,000 spectators. The estimated expense is 600,000 lire, of which a wealthy citizen, Ercole Penelli, offers to contribute 200,000 lire. The remainder of the money will, it is expected, be raised without difficulty by shares, and there will, of course, be a committee selected from the body of shareholders to represent their interests.

It is related of Mile. Pauline Lucca, who detests Wagner's music, that on one occasion, while fulfilling an engagement at Pesth, she said she would not sing any of it for a million of money. The newspapers hearing of this observation, insinuated that she could not. This touched the prima donna's pride, and in three days she studied *Eliza*, which was performed by her with startling success. However, as soon as the performance was over, she sent the part back to the manager, and since then she expressly stipulates in all her German engagements that she is not to sing any of the hated composer's music.

Rubinstein, the celebrated pianist and composer, who comes to this country next season under the management of Mr. J. Grau, has been playing lately with great success in Vienna. As a pianist, Rubinstein has no equal in his own particular line in the world, and as a composer he has won the highest laurels. On January 3d he gave a concert (clavier concert) in the large Musik Verden Hall, and long before the event took place every seat in the hall (it seats 2,400 people) was taken. Rubinstein has accepted

the direction of the Great Pentecost festival at Duseldorf, on which occasion will be produced his last work, "The Tower of Babel." His stay in Vienna has been a succession of ovations and triumphs.

A new American prima donna, Miss Busb, by name, has just made a successful debut at Ver-celli, Italy. The opera was Bellini's "Beatrice de Tenda," and Miss Busb delighted the audience by the beauty of her voice, and the ease and elegance of her manner. A brilliant career is predicted for her.

Mlle. Patti is about to sing at Vienna, with M. Morelli's company, from St. Petersburg, consisting, besides herself, of MM. Nicolini, Graziani, Mariani and Zucchini, with Arlotti as conductor. She is to receive 5,000 francs each night.

The Paris *Revue et Gazette Musicale* supplies the following list of salaries to be paid to singers and dancers: Madame Patti, at St. Petersburg, will receive £1,600 per month; Mlle. Nilsson, £1,400; Madame Volpini, £900; Signor Graziana, £800; Mlle. Fioretti, the danseuse, wife of M. Verger, the baritone, will receive at the Milan Scala, for a short season, £1,000; Madame Pauline Lucca, at the New York Academy of Music, next winter, £1,400 per month and a benefit. "To this we may add that Miss Nilsson is at present receiving £200 a night at Drury Lane Theater, and Madame Adeline Patti £120 every night at Covent Garden. No wonder that it is hard to make opera pay."

One of the curious circumstances attending the performance of Wagner's "Niebelungen," in 1873, is the getting up of lotteries all over Germany by which lucky numbers will draw a ticket of admission for the four days performance. The modest price for this single ticket is one hundred thalers. (A thaler is about seventy-five cents of our money.) In order to augment this lottery fund, concerts are to be given at Mannheim, Berlin, Dresden, Weimar, Vienna, Munich and other places. Wagner is to conduct in person the concert at Mannheim, and Chevalier De Leon, Superintendent-General of the Court Theater, at Weimar, has this concert business in charge, and to him any enthusiastic Wagnerite in this country can apply for further information.

Another instance of the way other countries regulate our esteem and admiration of people and things is visible in operatic matters. We were told by Europe that Nilsson was the queen of song. We bowed to the fiat, and enthroned her and worshipped her and all that. Pauline Lucca comes with the fall to make the same triumphal tour. Nilsson goes back, and has made in London a failure, opening to a big house, playing next night to empty benches, and pulled all to pieces by the critics next day. The *Times* says in her proudest hour Nilsson never equalled Lucca. Minor papers take up the cue, and Nilsson's star is paling, though, as one journal says, "she's shortly to be married, and it can't make much difference if she can sing or not." But what are we going to do with Kellogg? She was never esteemed very highly till going to Europe she made a success. Then she was "our native American artist," with lots of flag and eagle and hunting flying about her. She stayed too long among the rich New Yorks. She sung to poor business. Finally, the second time she is making a grand success in London, and will be entitled to a new lease of American appreciation. She'd better get here a little ahead of Lucca, and reap the edge of the harvest awaiting the lyrical Pauline.

There are only seventeen landscape painters in the Yosemite.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It may be interesting to the little folks to know that Mother Goose is neither a sham nor a myth. She was a veritable woman, and sold her first melodies in Boston at two coppers a copy.

It is a matter of some surprise that much of the most beautiful music written for the piano is not often produced in the concert room, and "because," it is said, "the great composers are not popular." The sonatas of Beethoven are an example of the truth of this remark, for we rarely ever hear them played in public, and their absence is excused for the reason stated above. The real cause is likely to be found in the other fact, that those higher inspirations of the composers are within the grasp only of great artists, and that the public loses in all ways, and do not often find the opportunity of hearing the best masters. If we had less of Wehli and Gottschalk, and more of Chopin and Beethoven, there would be a higher standard among us.

An unsuccessful candidate for the honor of the degree of "Mus. Bac.," at a University about fifty miles from London, has just called at our office, in a state of bewilderment, and given us the following remarkable particulars of the examination—as well as he can recollect. These were some of the questions put to him:

1. Can you give an instance of a Root from which a Tonic is extracted?
2. Explain the term "oblique," in reference to reading at sight.
3. When was Music first printed in Manuscript?
4. Did Mendelssohn ever write a fugue for the bagpipes?
5. Did Handel ever use the triangle in his organ concertos?
6. What animal's skin covered the first drum on record?
7. Are brass instruments tuned with a hammer?
8. How many first violins are generally used in an orchestra?
9. Can trombones play "pizzicato" passages?
10. Describe the nature of an octave by algebra.
11. Give the quadratic equations of a major third.
12. If Handel had not written *Messiah*, who would have written it?
13. What kind of chord is used for "suspension"?
14. Give me the names of all the compositions known which terminate with the common chord.
15. Describe minutely all the musical instruments ever known.
16. Under whom did Orpheus study when he learned the lute?
17. How many stops are there in an organ?

It is said that Joe Jefferson went into a New York bank for the purpose of getting the money on a check drawn on his order, and was informed by the cashier that the check could not be cashed without identification of the gentleman presenting it. At last Jefferson turned to the teller, and said in the tones of Rip Van Winkle, "If my little dog Schneider was here he would know me." The effect was electrical, and the check was immediately honored.

Apròpos of this story, the suggestion has been made that if the following persons find themselves in similar predicament, Nilsson is content to let her check in payment for her concert need only to warble forth, "Way down upon the Swanee River," in order to secure immediate attention; Brookhouse Bowler might give a line or so of "Meet me in th' gawdon, Mawed,"

a few blasts of the "Whirlwind" from Levy's cornet would cause the cash to be produced at once; Mr. Owens need only to lay down his check and say, "Yes so, Judge" Lucille Western might cry, "Me che-ild, me che-ildren;" Pauline Markham might put her foot upon the counter, and Edwin Foer-ster need only to rush into the bank, seize the teller by the throat, and yell, "Liar and slave!" No doubt the money would be forthcoming.—*Folio.*

DEMI-SEMI-QUAVERS.

A GOTHAM musician finding that beer mellowed him, tried it on his violin.

You can not catch fish with a clari net, nor get any narrow out of a trom-bone.

A "tinpania" is the instrument which the Racine boys use to titillate the tympana of newly married couples.

Somebody would like to sing "way down on the Old Tar River," if he could only get the pitch.

Probably the hymn, "I would not live away," was never before so inappropriately sung as at a hanging that recently took place in Tennessee.

Some of the New York critics write up their criticisms a week before the said criticised performance takes place. This is a handy way to do.

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for a "candidate for organist, music teacher, &c.," a vacancy having occurred by the resignation of the organist in office, was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

When you begin to compose, you should be quite composed; and when you have completed a piece, try it on the piano; if it should prove too small, make a larger piece.

Wagner has written a march in honor of the German victories. A contemporary says it is in the style of the music of the future, and resembles a concert of 4,000 cats, and predicts that it will be immensely popular.

Learn if possible to play on the organ, before doing that it will be necessary to become thorough in the art of punctuation, so that you will find no difficulty in learning the stops.

Mrs. Edmund Dexter, who created the furore at the St. Louis Seagerfest, is a Cincinnati brunette, of self-possession, embonpoint and pleasant presence—a lighter edition of Parepa.

The Indianapolis *News* says: A Lafayette lover seated himself on a barrel turned on its side, while serenading his heart's mistress. In his ecstasy he rolled the barrel over, slammed his guitar against a shutter in his efforts to regain his balance, and disappeared in the eastern. The bubbling cry of the strong swimmer in his agony brought out the entire family, including the bull dog, in various brief and picturesque costumes, ranging all the way from an elaborate robe de nuit and curl papers worn by the innocent cause of it all, to a simple yet serviceable collar, ornamented with quills, worn by the bull dog. P. S.—He was fished out.

Kellogg's repertoire is said to be larger than that of any living prima donna, but composed of twenty-five operas, in none of which she has been as low as mediocrity, and in nearly all of which she has been superior to the average of first lady.

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