

The Impresario.

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NO. 6.

PAGANINI.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI, the most extraordinary violinist that ever lived, was born at Genoa, on the 18th of February, 1784. His father, named Antonio, a commission merchant, was a great amateur of music, and played with no little skill both guitar and mandoline. It was he that became Nicolo's first instructor, and proved to be the severest and most exacting task master of the child. His singular talents showed themselves at a very early age, for he was scarcely six years old when he executed violin solos in the various churches of his native city, and already in his ninth year made his first appearance at the theatre. Two things contributed especially to work upon his imagination and excite his ambition, as well as strengthen his confidence in his powers.

These were the impressions made on him by Mozart's early triumphs in his art, and the communication of his mother's vision in his regard. "Dear child," said she to him one morning, "you will turn out a great artist, for last night an angel appeared to me and bade me make any request I desired and he would fulfill it; I begged him to make you the greatest violinist the world ever saw." To many this may seem incredible; however, whether true or invented, Paganini certainly became the celebrity of his day. Additional instruction given him by Alessandro Rolla, of Parma, in the handling of the instrument, and in composition by Ghibretti, fitted him for his first artistic tour. But in his sixteenth year he visited *Lucca*, where a musical festival, given on St. Martin's day annually, attracted immense crowds of strangers. This proved the beginning of his fame in Italy. Unhappily, he contracted at this time an invincible passion for the play at hazards, and his independence of fortune was of short duration. From *Lucca* he went to *Pisa*, but everywhere he indulged this destructive passion, and often in a single night he would gamble away the proceeds of many concerts, sometimes even he would pawn his violin, so as to be obliged to go to the lovers of his art and borrow an instrument. Placed in a similar predicament, a merchant of Livorno had lent him an excellent violin, and when Paganini came to return it on the next morning, the owner refused to accept it, saying, "I'll take good care not to desecrate the strings which your fingers have touched; the violin is yours." This was the instrument on which he loved best to play, and it became likewise the happy means of his abandoning the gambling table.

In later years he often narrated the fact him-

self in the following terms: "I shall never forget how I was placed in that position, which became the turning-point of my life. The Prince of L.—cherished the hope of purchasing my excellent violin, the only one which I then had, and which I still possess. He asked me, on one occasion, to determine the price. I had no desire to part with the instrument, and demanded two hundred and fifty Napoleons d'or. Shortly after, the Prince called on me and said, 'You certainly jested about the price of your most valued violin, for I will give you 2,000 francs for it.' I was just then in very embarrassed circumstances, as I had sustained heavy losses the previous night, and I was half determined to give up my violin, when a friend called me away to another game at hazards. All my capital did not exceed thirty francs. My watch, rings and jewelry were already gone. I resolved at once to stake my last cash, and if fortune proved adverse, to exchange my violin for the generous and princely offer and depart instantly, without instrument or baggage, for St. Petersburg. My thirty pieces of silver were soon reduced to only three, and I imagined myself already on the way to the Russian capital, when suddenly my good star returned. I won 150 francs, saw the danger I had recklessly exposed myself to, and from that hour I never played at the gambling table again."

In the midst of the success that richly attended him, he suddenly conceived an aversion for the violin, he left it untouched for four years, and cultivated the insipid guitar. But finally, at the end of this period, he resumed the violin practice, and began anew his travels. In the opening of the year 1805 he created great enthusiasm at *Lucca*, and soon obtained the position of solo-violinist at court. During his residence in this city he showed a decided preference for the G string, and worked perseveringly to discover its many advantages and powers.

About this time, too, he wrote a duo for tenor and soprano, which he executed on the *G* and *E* strings, and which he entitled *Scena Amorisca*. When he played this composition in presence of the Princess Elisa Bacciochi, she remarked to him, "Since you perform so beautifully on two strings, perhaps even one string would suffice for your talent." He actually wrote several sonatas, called *Napoleon*, for the *G* string alone. However, it must be observed that, even when a boy, he worked to produce new effects, and labored industriously at the solution of passage-problems seemingly incapable of rendition. By constant application and most persevering self-devotion he acquired the technical skill which since his day has never been attained.

In the summer of 1808 he left *Lucca*, and for

nineteen years he traveled through Italy, suddenly appearing in a city and creating a sensation, and as suddenly disappearing to idle away his time in some obscure nook. In this manner he lived in Bologna, Rome, Milan, Venice and Naples, now rising to the surface by the brilliant triumphs he achieved over every competitor, now sinking listlessly back into an inglorious obscurity. The year 1827 was spent in Rome, where the Pope created him a Knight of the Order of Golden Spurs. He left Italy the ensuing year, and electrified Vienna, traveled through Germany, and in 1831 he arrived in Paris, where he gave his first concert at the Grand Opera House. The people grew wild with enthusiasm at all his concerts. The same univocal success attended him in England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as in the French Provinces and the Netherlands. He returned to Italy in 1834 a man of fortune, bought the "Villa Gajona," and lived either in this charming retreat or in the cities of Genoa or Milan.

But the shattered state of his health allowed him only a short time for the wearing of his laurels. The irregularities and excesses of his youth, and the use of patent medicines which he applied to cure the most opposite evils, had completely ruined his constitution. Besides this, consumption was fast undermining his remaining strength, until in the month of May, 1840, he became the victim of a complication of diseases.

There is no doubt that he was a wonderful artist and an original character at the same time. Everything about him, his talents, frame, face, movements and mode of life, savored of mysteriousness, and often inspired dread and terror. On this account it is not to be wondered at that most sketches of his life fell little short of fiction, interwoven, as they were, with so many incredible stories, into which the spirit world largely entered. True, his haggard countenance and sallow cheeks set in a frame of flowing black hair, his sharp features and dimmed eyes, his ghastly smile and uncertain, staggering gait, all conspired to excite sympathy, mixed with an unearthly fear, at his approach; but no sooner did his bow sweep the strings than his attitude and mien underwent an entire change. He was no longer an object of pity, but, on the contrary, of the highest admiration. He seemed a man again in the prime of life. His cheeks glowed, and indicated that his soul spoke only in the exercise of his art. With a nervous grasp he clutched the finger-board, while his bow, like a flash, sped over the strings.

His biographers relate that from an extravagant and reckless young man, from one wholly ignorant of the uses and value of money, he

became a wretched miser in his latter days, with an insatiable hankering after gold.

His works are little studied by musicians in general, and even violinists but seldom interest themselves in his productions. It is easy to estimate what he might have done for his own times and succeeding ages if moderation had kept him in just limits, and, if guided by wise counsel, he had fully developed the talent which had been so gratuitously and richly bestowed.

ON PLANO INSTRUCTION.

NO. IV.

ON FINGERING.

IN the last number I promised to show an easy method of fingering. To do full justice to the subject would take up a great many pages; the reader will, therefore, not feel disappointed to find only an extract in this number, sufficient to serve as a guide in all cases.

As we speak of high and low notes, so do I classify the fingers as high and low, the right hand side of each hand embracing high fingers, the left hand side low.

Let us place both hands in the well known position for five finger exercises, say on g, a, b, c and d. Here every finger covers a key in regular succession, the g being the lowest, the d the highest note; we find that *the lowest note is taken with the lowest finger, the highest note with the highest finger*, from which we derive our first rule, which I call "natural fingering."

I. *Low notes, low fingers; high notes, high fingers.*—I do not wonder if the reader here feels tempted to raise objections. If, as mentioned before, I were not afraid of occupying too many columns of the IMPRESSARIO, I should have made the necessary remarks to meet such objections; but I trust that the reader will find an answer to all his objections by waiting patiently until I have said all I intend to say.

Illustrations: Dolly Varden Schottische, 4 measures introduction. The lowest notes in the right hand, thumb; the highest, either fourth or third finger (little finger and stiff finger). Schottische itself, 1st measure, lowest a flat, bass, little finger; highest c, bass, thumb; lowest e flat, treble, thumb; highest e flat, little finger.

The following rules, although modifications of the first rule, will, on close examination, not be found contradicting it, but merely explaining its exact meaning.

As the main object of fingering is to enable us to unite sound with sound in a legato group, it is obvious that we need not finger further than until we reach a stop—either a rest or a slow note. Nay, in some cases we may be even justified in starting with a new set of fingers (if I may use that expression) in the middle of a rapid passage, not waiting for a slow note. (A slow note we call a note of comparatively greater value than the preceding.) The composer generally closes his section or phrase with such a stop. Thus, in the Schottische, the second f in the second measure, and the first e flat in the

fourth, serve as stops for sections and for *fingering*. In the second part, however, 2d measure, the section stop is delayed until the last e flat; in the fourth, the first b flat closes the phrase (the second b flat the beginning of the next phrase, the so-called up beat).

But when the melody rises or falls considerably, and when the heads of the notes resemble a chain of hills, of which some may be higher, some lower, but which, notwithstanding some exceptions, has a decided character of either rising or falling, we apply our—

II. *Going up, finger the lowest notes according to first rule; going down, finger the highest.*

Illustrations: First section (two measures) of the Schottische are falling, the prominent highest notes being e flat and c, they are fingered with high fingers; e flat, with either little or stiff; c, with little finger. The first two measures of second part are rising; d in first measure and g in second, being the lowest notes, receive the lowest finger.

If, however, the lowest or highest note is a black key followed by a white, the player will, for convenience sake, so as not to throw the hand out of its position, effect an exchange. The first, or "pointer," will take the place of the thumb, and the thumb the place of the pointer. Also, if more than one black key precedes the white, the white will receive the thumb. Similarly, the "stiff" finger may be used instead of the little, both being "high" fingers. In some cases the stiff finger on black may be followed up by the little on white with great advantage.

III. *When going down with the right hand in mixed groups (black and white intermingled) place the thumb on the white key next preceding the black.*

Illustrations: See the printed fingering of all the major scales and the minor scales, with the exception of g, d, e and b. This same rule reversed applies for the left hand, viz: when going up, place the thumb.

Illustrations for Left Hand: All the major scales, with the exception of G, D, A and F; all the minor scales, except c, g and d.

All those scales which I designated as exceptions are, for greater convenience sake, fingered according to the fourth rule, the fingering by periods. Whenever the same notes in the same order return, either in the same or in another octave, it is most advisable to finger them in such a manner as to be able to finger each returning note with the same finger, viz: to construct the fingering also periodically. Every scale and every chord is an illustration of this rule, which we therefore call

IV. *Period Fingering.*—The period itself we finger according to the preceding rules, but also with a view of closing it up in such a manner as to return with the same finger on the first note of the next period.

The fifth and sixth rule we defer to the next number.

The exhibition of fine arts is to be inaugurated at Milan on the 25th of August, and will last to the 7th of October.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

ONE lovely woman flashes past, leaning gracefully back upon the cushions of a landau of peculiar and quiet elegance. All eyes stare at her as she passes. As many deeply and reverently salute her, it is these to whom her smile is a gracious recognition.

This lady is the illustrious Madame La Comtesse de Virgier, the erst famous queen alto of all Europe, Sophie Cruvelli; now none the less famous as a lady of high rank and fashion, an ardent wife and mother, devoted to the nobleman whose name she bears, and honors personally in the bearing. But alas for madame's myriad public admirers! Her superb voice is now kept solely for home delectation and for the private rhapsody of her ladyship's social circle, composed of hundreds of admiring friends. This latter in interpretation, however, happily admits of somewhat elastic construction, and among its unusually large number are proud to be classed all names foremost both of the foreign and resident of the elite of Nice. Twice a year, also, and strictly for charitable purposes, this amiable lady rescinds her determination and sings again in public. As may be supposed, the mere hint of the famous song bird's condescension puts the whole town and vicinity in a perfect furor, and such an excited competition at once begins, even months beforehand, for the boxes, that, upon the night of the performance, even our own American phrase, "standing room only," would be a misnomer, since suffocation room even is not procurable upon the central floor at any price.

Only upon these grand exceptions does the world again (or probably will it ever) hear one of the most acknowledged fine voices and startling dramatic accents—even with a present Lucca, Patti and Nilsson still granted it—it has ever known.

HER RESIDENCE.

The residence of this accomplished lady is one of the most superbly laid out and noticeable about Nice. Its beauty is of a peculiarly varied character; its gardens allegedly possessing "specimen bricks," as they say in America, of most of the modern foreign styles of landscape gardening. The most noticeable of any—at all events to English eyes—is a magnificent velvet-turned lawn, several acres in extent, rolling down in velvet slope to the Mediterranean's edge, and sprinkled thick with genuine English daisies.—*Letter from Nice.*

The following news of Lucca, the celebrated singer, is of interest. Lucca has closed on the 3d of this month a most brilliant season at Her Majesty's opera house in London. She will now go back to Berlin, from whence she will go to the baths of Ischal. As to the future plans of Madame Lucca, she will sing in Moscow during the months of November and December, and from January until April of next year she has accepted a most superb offer from the Khedive of Egypt, and will perform at Cairo. She will then fulfill an engagement for the London season next summer. It is after this, in the autumn of 1873, that she will sail for America, and open at the Academy of Music in New York in a season of Italian opera. The contract she has signed for her engagement in America is magnificent. She is assured the sum of one thousand dollars in gold for every performance, and she expects to realize the sum of \$350,000 for her season in America.

A Man's a Man for a' That.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man's a man," said Robert Burns,
 "For a' that and a' that."
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that;
 The best who'd shun his daily work,
 Yet claim his wage and a' that,
 Or beg, when he is tight, for his bread,
 Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare,
 Were true and brave, and a' that,
 And none whose garb is "hoddie gray,"
 Was fool and knave, and a' that,
 The vice and crime that stain our time
 Would fade and fall, and a' that,
 And plowmen be as good as kings,
 And clarks as call' for a' that.

You see you lawry, blustering set,
 Who swagger, swear, and a' that,
 And think because his strong right arm
 Might lift an ox and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke and lord, and a' that;
 He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park, and all a' that,
 And not for birth, but honest worth,
 Be thrice a man for a' that;
 And Donald, herding on the moor,
 Who beats his wife and a' that,
 Be nothing but a rascal boor,
 Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Brother Burns—
 The truth is odd, and a' that,
 "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gold for a' that."
 And though you'd put the word mark
 On copper, brass, and a' that,
 The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
 And 'twill not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 The oak, and laurel, and a' that,
 That makes the king a gentleman,
 And not his crown and a' that;
 And man with man, in the poor,
 The best is he, for a' that,
 Who stands erect, in self respect,
 And acts the man for a' that.

LADY LOVELACE.

AMONG the victims of their own temerity, during the recent eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius, was a descendant of Lord Byron by a so-called Morganatic Venetian marriage. The fact is worthy of notice only because it is in accord with the singular fatality that has beset the Byron race for more than a century, and as it revives memories of the distinguished daughter of the great poet. Few persons, probably, have ever read the commencing and the concluding stanza of the third canto of *Childe Harold* without a deep interest in the "Ada" so touchingly apostrophized. The story of her life, intimately enough known in those repertoires of unwritten biographies of the English aristocracy—the Pall Mall Club—though as full of weird romance as of sad reality, has not often been told abroad. The lady has been many years dead. Another wife has long since taken her place. Friends, neighbors, acquaintances, social equals, and even strangers, have been familiar with the history of Augusta Ada Byron for more than two decades. We reveal no secret and break no promise by briefly narrating it here. It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke was just five weeks old when the mother and wife, for reasons never satisfactorily explained, returned to her father's house. Here the infant grew into girlhood under the

care of her mother; and here, after Lady Byron's accession to her property, were the foundations of Augusta Ada's education laid. Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, wholly diverse from her father's, she was brought up with the most tender care, and educated by the most thorough training. Her personal beauty developed with her mind. She is described by a person who frequently saw her, when at the age of twenty years she was living with her mother at Clifton Springs, as of the most queenly presence and graceful carriage, her complexion fresh, her features of perfect contour, her eyes large and brilliant, her head set upon her shoulders like her father's, her hair chestnut, abundant and wavy, and her person slightly *embonpoint*, but perfect in proportions. To these charms there were added a voice of great sweetness, and a vivacity in conversation that held in thrall all who approached her.

Her tastes, however, were for pure mathematics. Whether owing to her education, for she read no poetry, and never saw a work of Lord Byron till past her puberty, or to inheritance from her mother, her understanding of the exact sciences was excelled by no woman of her time, except Mrs. Sommeville, and, indeed, by few of the other sex. In proof of her extraordinary attainment in this respect, it is mentioned by the late Charles Babbage, in his "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," that she informed him she had translated for her amusement "Mencière's Memoir of the Analytical Engine," from the "Bibliothèque Universelle." He proposed that she should add notes of her own. This she did, extending them to three times the length of the original memoir. Babbage says that to all persons capable of understanding the reasoning, it furnishes "a demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." This translation, with the notes, may be found in volume 31 of the "Transactions of the Royal Society."

Ada Byron was married to the Earl of Lovelace in March, 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. Her husband, respectable in talents and domestic in habits, Lord Lieutenant of his country, and high in social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration. Unwilling that she should be known publicly as an authoress, he nevertheless more than once gave permission that certain of her articles, on various branches of science, about which thinking men made inquiry, might be acknowledged as hers. Children were born to them; their tastes were no more dissimilar than was consistent with common life; no profusion of unusual harmony; and their home was often spoken of by those old enough to remember the two, as furnishing a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned twenty years before.

But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life nor country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen, the care of her children, nor the pleasures of society, her rank among the aristocracy, nor the admiration her beauty and gifts received everywhere she appeared, were sufficient. She speculated in the funds, but at horse races, and bought and sold in the stock market, and finally, during the railway mania that under the lead of Hudson was second only in its universality among the rich and great of the South Sea bubble of the early days of the last century, partook largely in the ventures. All this could well enough be without the knowledge, as it was, of her husband. Besides the ample "pin money" allowed her in the marriage settlement, large returns came to her from trust funds held for her in her own right.

But she went too deep. Her risks were unfortunate; and though she might have recovered from all this, most inopportunistly her attorney became a bankrupt, and her operations were exposed, in his assets before the courts, to the world. Terribly mortified, she appealed to her husband, who, to save the scandal of any legal process, canceled her liabilities by very considerable pecuniary sacrifices. The shock, however, was too great for her excitable nature, and it has always been believed by those who best knew what followed, that the shame she felt at the exposure was the remote, if not the proximate, cause of her death.

It is not best, perhaps, to trace too accurately a family history. But "blood is thicker than water," and a lesson in stirpiculture may be learned from a word more about a race that has for more than a century, in some one of its representatives, been before the world. Of the family we have nothing to say, but Lord Okham, the eldest son of Lady Lovelace, inherited the vices of the Byrons without their genius. In his erratic life as a boy, without no discipline could tame, a midshipman in the royal navy disgraced for petty thieving, a common sailor, soldier only when out at sea before the mast, a pimp for the paltriest gains in the parlious of Calcutta, and a "navvy" in Scott Russell's ship yard near the London docks, he exhibited all the magnitudes of the Byrons of the last century, without a redeeming trait of their nobleness. He died September 1, 1862, at the age of twenty-six.

Thomas Carlyle says that every man's life contains materials for an epic poem. That the lives of the Byrons could do this, every one of them since the middle of the 17th century, as a reader of English biography will doubt. Gifted above its peers, proud, rash, endowed with extraordinary physical strength and beauty, at war with conventionalities, and sometimes depressed, sometimes exalted by fortune, the Byron race has furnished to sociologists from time out of mind a physical phenomena that are as positive in principles as they are invaluable as facts. From beginning to end they are the same. And as the negro, the Chinaman, the five-fingered, the scrofulous, the hair-lipped, the left-handed, the bow-legged, the dwarfed, and gigantic, perpetuate their kind, despite the intervals that may elapse, so in the Byron family the ruling traits of the distant ancestor reappeared in the most remote descendant.

The Exhibition of Ancient Musical Instruments at the London South Kensington Museum will be opened in June. It will include instruments noted for their decorative, archaeological, ethnological, or intrinsic technical merits, and is being arranged under the direction of the Duke of Edinburgh. The young Duke of Edinburgh is as hard working a subject as England owns. He went through all the rough work of a midshipman in the royal navy; performed his duties admirably as a commander, and on his arrival in England, after a two years' life at sea, he directed his attention to arranging and completing the art collections in the museum at South Kensington, now one of the most valuable and interesting collections in the world.

Mr. Thomson, who went on a photographic expedition to the gorges of the Yangtze, in Szechuen, has returned to Shanghai, having succeeded in taking a large number of views of the gorges and other picturesque sights.

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ST. LOUIS, AUGUST, 1872.

OPERA AT THE APOLLO.

THE operas of "Trovatore," "Martha," "Lucretia Borgia" and other productions have recently been given at the Apollo Theatre, in this city, and will be succeeded by the performance of Opera Bouffe. Though given in German, they have been attended by Americans as well as by Germans, and on each occasion a large audience has been present.

Without individualizing, we may say that the music has been moderately well sung, the voices being of fair timbre and the training careful. The greatest merit, however, has been the acting, which was as good as is ordinarily seen on the operatic stage. We note the artistic and financial success of this enterprise with pleasure, and hope it will be continued.

FATHER TOM BURKE ON MUSIC.

ABOUT the beginning of next month the renowned orator Very Rev. Thomas Burke, O. P., will deliver a lecture in the Saengerfest Hall, under the auspices of the Knights of St. Patrick. As a grand and gifted orator it would be reasonable to expect that Father Burke would feel a keen appreciation of the divine art of music, and such expectation we have found realized.

The eloquent Dominican recently delivered a lecture in the Academy of Music, New York, before a brilliant audience, and took for his subject, "Irish National Music." During the course of his discourse, he said:

England recognized in the Irish bards not only the enemies of her dominion, which would fan extinguish the nationality of Ireland, but still more, the enemies of her reformed Protestant religion, which would rob Ireland of her ancient faith which she received from her Apostle. The bards lived on, however. In spite of Henry VIII, in spite of Elizabeth, and in spite of my Lord Ballymore, who took the contract as hangman, to dispose of them, they lived on down to the time of Carolan; and we have in a history of Scotland the testimony of a man who says that the Scotch, Welsh and English, in the memory of living men, in his time, went over to Ireland to study music. Handell, a great composer, one of the greatest giants of modern song, went over to London; he was coldly received. He went from England to stay in Dublin, where he was warmly received, and found every note of his music so thoroughly appreciated that he immediately set to work and wrote that immortal work—the Oratorio of the Messiah, under the inspiration of an Irish welcome. This grandest of all modern pieces was first brought out in Dublin before an Irish audience.

Carolan, the last of the bards, died but a few years before Moore was born. It seemed as if the last star in the firmament of Ireland's bards had set. It seemed indeed as if

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on a wall
As if that soul were fled."

But that star of Ireland's song, Tom Moore, greater of Ireland's modern poets, immortalized himself as well as the songs of his country, in his famous Irish Melodies. Where have you ever heard such simple yet entrancing melodies? To the greatest men among the modern composers, though they hold the supremacy, yet this music has a melody of its own which can not be equalled. Some of these melodies are as ancient as the earliest Christianity—as the air of "Eileen Aroon." So fair and so beautiful is the melody of this that the immortal Mozart declared that he would rather be the author of that simple melody than of all the works that ever came from his pen or from his mind. They are simple in every land. They are admired wherever the influence of music extends. They have softened—even in our own modern times they have softened and prepared the English mind to grant us Catholic Emancipation. Of course the most powerful motive, as experience has proved, was fear. That is the principal motive for any concession we receive from England. But certain it is that the Irish songs and melodies of the old Irish bards popularized the Irish character in England, and enabled us the more easily to gain what was wrung from England's king, and England, through the sympathy that was created by Moore's melodies. Hence it is that he himself expresses the anguish, yet the hope of the bard—

"But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his song,
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy songs."
"The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains;
The singer of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall add to the song of their captive, and weep."

Music is the most spiritual of all human enjoyments. The pleasures of the taste are heavenly; the pleasures of the eye are dangerous; the pleasures of the ear, the delight of listening to strains of sweet song, is at once the most entrancing and least dangerous of all the pleasures of sense. You may enjoy more of the pleasure of music without sensuality—it is scarcely capable of exciting any undue emotion of the heart or temptation of the mind. Nay, more—we know from the Scriptures that music, that song, is the native language of Heaven as it is the National language of man upon earth. We know that as music recalls the most vivid recollections of earth, so that the dead start from their graves, and throng once more the halls of memory at the sound of the well known song, so also we know the joy of even the blessed angels of God is expressed in the language of Divine and celestial song. It was a theory of old that the very spheres moved to a grand harmony of their own, whereupon our national bard sang—

"Sing—sing—music was given"
"Let heaven the gay and kindle the loving;
Souls here—like planets in heaven—
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving."

For that which is a simple theory of the spheres of the created firmament is to be received as a reality when we regard the harmony of the Divine sphere of Heaven. There the angels sing the praise of God—there the air of Heaven is resonant with cries of joy—with the sweet concord of many sounds mingling with the angelic harpers upon their harps. Oh, let us hope that as we as a nation have the privilege amongst the nations to hold in our national melody the sweetest and tenderest of human song, so may we, as children of that nation and land of song, carry our taste with us into the field of the purest of melodies, and that those who sang best upon earth may sing best in the courts of God.

Bellini was born in 1802 at Catania.

MUSICAL PERSONALS.

Cherubini was born in 1760 at Florence.

Ludwig Erk, the composer, was born in 1807 at Wetzlar.

Liszt, the greatest pianist, was born October 22, 1811, at Raiding, in Hungary.

Attwood Thomas, one of the greatest English composers, was a scholar of Mozart. Attwood died, 1838, at London.

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

The widow of Rossini lives now at a villa in the environs of Palermo.

Mr. Renard, the greatest tenor in France, died recently in Paris in alject poverty.

Castelar, the Spanish orator, was formerly a type-setter.

Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" contains a brilliant part—the "Adagio."

It is said that the oldest daughter of Theophile Gautier is the best musical writer and teacher of the Chinese language in France.

Auber was a scholar of Cherubini and Boieldieu. Auber's most celebrated works are "Fra Diavolo" and "La Muelle de Portici."

A Berlin paper says that Mademoiselle Marie Krebs made twenty-five thousand dollars by her concert tour in the United States.

Friedrich Spielhagen, the German novelist, has declined an offer to become editor-in-chief of a German newspaper published in St. Louis.

The German *nightingale*, Pauline Lucca, Mad. Artot, Miss Schroeder and Mad. Voggenhuber spend the summer in one watering place, at Ischal.

Franz Lachner, one of the greatest composers, was born April 21, 1804, at Rain, Bavaria. His father instructed him first on the piano and organ; also composition.

Victor Hugo denies that he sent a challenge to the Hon. George Bancroft. He says that he was opposed to duelling ever since he was able to think.

Pauline Lucca earned, in the last seven years, two hundred thousand dollars, which her husband, Baron Von Rhaden, lost in a few weeks at the gaming-table.

It will undoubtedly interest our young lady readers to learn that Messrs. Castle and Campbell, the English opera singers, are improving the shining hours in Milan.

Gluck, one of the greatest and most celebrated composers, was born July 2, 1713, at Wiedenwang, in the Oberpftalz. He was a son of a forester, and died November 15, 1787, at Vienna.

Mrs. W. J. Florence has entered a convent in the suburbs of Paris for the purpose of completing her knowledge of the French, German and Italian languages and studying music. She has

the reputation already of being one of the most accomplished women on the American stage. Her seclusion will be of only eighteen months' duration.

It is strange that the wives of all eminent composers of our times have little or no taste for music. Mme. Offenbach says she detests music. Mme. Verdi never goes to the opera. Mme. Gounod is a devout member of the Church, and thinks her husband did very wrong to compose anything for the stage. Mme. Strauss is an excellent contralto, but has steadily refused to sing in public since she was married.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Marshall Vaillant, deceased, has left £400 to the Conservatoire of his native town, Dijon.

A collection of old Flemish songs, edited by M. Gevaert, is in course of publication at Brussels.

The *Delasements Comiques*, which was burnt down by the Communists, will not be rebuilt as a playhouse.

The opera "Diana von Salange," composed by Duke Ernst, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has been produced with considerable success at Leipzig.

Offenbach has signed a contract for the production of a new opera in Paris for the winter of 1873. Labiche and Gille are to write the Libretto.

The leader of an orchestra at Richmond, Va., claims to be a descendant of Oliver Cromwell.

While but three female reporters attended the performance of the Jubilee of 1869, fourteen represented prominent papers at the recent hullabaloo.

The western idea of happiness is to be able to sit on the edge of one's grave and whistle the "Arkansas Traveler."

Strauss is said to be worth nearly a million dollars.

Marie Sasse is the reigning star of opera in Paris this season.

The Nestor of the violoncellists, M. Van Gelder, is in Brussels, and was heard recently at a private concert. He is now 82 years old.

The first opera written by a Turk for Turks had lately been finished by Hassim Pascha, and was called "Mohammed and his Creditors."

M. Chouquet is preparing for publication a catalogue of the Museum of Musical Instruments belonging to the Paris Conservatoire.

Gilmore's friends are going to give him a gold baton.

Schnieder is in London again at the St. James Theatre.

Vieuxtemps, the violinist, has been appointed professor at the Ecole Royal of Music at Brussels.

Miss Lina Edwin is the manageress of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin.

Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Alice Fairman and Miss Teresa Liebe visit America in the fall.

Miss Matilda Phillips, a younger sister of the favorite American contralto, lately "debuted" at Milan in "Cenerentola."

The Lucca season of Italian opera, under Maretzki's management, will begin in New York in the latter part of September.

The proposed concert tour of Madame Arabella Goddard in the United States this season will probably be postponed for a year.

This month will bring back to the Eastern States the favorite pianist, Anna Mehlig, who has been having a most successful concert season in California and Oregon.

Matilda Phillips the younger sister of Adelaide, was to make her debut in opera at Milan, Italy, on the 22d of June. Brignoli has been singing in concert with Miss Nilsson and Mr. Santley.

Cherubini's opera, "Les Deux Journées," a work which has not been seen on the stage for a long while, has very recently been brought out at Her Majesty's, in London. It had only a partial success.

A German paper states that Joachim, the greatest violinist, and Anton Rubenstein will visit the United States together. Grau made the engagement.

Until a few years ago nearly all composers ruled their music paper with a small ruler, which was filled with ink. Too much trouble in our times.

Strauss calls Boston "puritanical, stupid and dull."

Arabella Goddard has apprenticed her son to the dry goods business in Boston.

The *Music Zeitung*, of Leipzig, reports that up to July 1 forty-five Americans had reserved seats for the Wagner opera performance at Bayreuth. The price is three hundred thalers for the season.

Madame Paschka-Leutner is said to have been the daughter of a poor cigar-maker, and appeared first in public singing in the streets of Vienna with an itinerant hand-organ player.

At St. Petersburg M'le Patti receives 40,000 francs, M'le Nilsson 35,000 francs, to sing for one month next winter.

Messrs. Jarrett and Maretzki have engaged the greatest baritone living—Faure—for the season of 1873-74, for America.

Mozart's complete *sonatas* are sold at about twenty-five cents gold in Germany. Ten years ago they were sold at \$15.

The audience of the San Carlo, at Naples, having opposed strongly the performance of a work which they disliked, called upon the *Impressario* to withdraw it, and, on his refusal, began an opposition of a kind peculiar to the Neapolitan audiences. The King of Italy was present, and ordered the police to stop the representation. Peace reigns again at the San Carlo.

Notable among the notabilities of all sorts that have been collected together at Geneva this year is Ralph Keeler, the prince of American Bohemians—the man who, in America, has been in turn canal-bote driver, negro minstrel and writer of high repute in the *Atlantic Monthly*; who has tramped all over Europe, paying his way by playing on his banjo, as Goldsmith long before paid his way by the notes of his flute, and who crowned all this rich experience by taking a degree at the Heidelberg University. Keeler is now in the service of the Harpers of New York, and is "doing up" for their monthly with pen and pencil the Swiss and German watering-places.

THE SOUTH ST. LOUIS.

MRS. Laura S. Webb, an accomplished lady and popular poetess, sends us the *South St. Louis*, a paper edited and published by her in what was till recently known as Carondelet. Its motto is a good one: "No South, no North—but one St. Louis." The reading matter is fresh and spicy, while a fair showing of advertisements speaks well for the pecuniary success of the paper. We wish it all prosperity.

An English Husband Entertains his Sick Wife with the "Dead March in Saul."

A MUSICIAN at Huddersfield has just been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for various little domestic offenses, including the performance of the "Dead March in Saul" over his wife during a severe illness. This gentleman was remarkable not only for his love of music, but also for his peculiarly playful disposition, for when any of the neighbors interfered to protect his family from ill treatment, he was in the habit of stoning them and bidding them "stand their mark." He seems to have undergone no little suffering, owing to the populace being unable to understand his temperament, and a few days before he was taken into captivity he was with difficulty rescued by the police from a mob who desired to lynch him. Yet, although at first sight it seems a mistake for a husband when requested by his wife to run for a doctor to play the "Dead March in Saul" by her bedside instead of seeking medical assistance, it must not be forgotten that some of our best English writers have lent their sanction to this course of proceeding. For instance, Keats says, "Let me have music dying, and I seek no more delight." Again, Milton remarks, "I was all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death." And Carlyle speaks of music as "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a moment gaze into that."—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

The prizes intended for distribution among the subscribers of the Art Union of Great Britain, were drawn for in the large gallery of the Exhibition of Works of British Artists, Oxford street, Manchester, on Saturday, June 29. Fifty-five thousand two hundred and fifty-seven tickets were reported sold, at one shilling each, and one thousand prizes were allotted to the subscribers.

ART ITEMS.

A FINE art exhibition is to be opened in Winchester early.

A statue of Dr. Thomas Dunham was recently unveiled in Glasgow.

Chicopee, Massachusetts, is molding a bronze bust of Fisk.

An international exhibition of oil paintings will take place next year at Berlin, under the auspices of the Crown Princess Victoria.

A bust of the late Prof. Maurice, to be executed by Mr. Woolner, is to be placed in the university at Cambridge.

The collection of drawings by Raphael, owned by the duke of Devonshire, are in course of publication by the Arundel society, by the autotype process.

At the annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, subscriptions were announced amounting to over £600, of which £100 was given by the Royal Academy.

Mr. Vivian Webber, an eminent patron of art at Ryde, and president of the School of Fine Arts in that city, has begun the delivery of a course of lectures on "The Unity of Art."

The collection of water-color drawings owned by Mr. S. Mendel, of Manchester, has been purchased by the Messrs. Agnew, dealers, of London, for £50,000. Mr. Mendel yet holds his collection of oil paintings.

A colossal statue of Richard Baxter, the famous semi-nonconformist preacher during the years of the Commonwealth and of Charles II, is proposed for the town of Kidderminster, where he lived for many years, and where most of his great religious books were written.

A loan exhibition of porcelain is now on view in connection with the Salisbury and South Wilts museum. The collection comprises two hundred pieces, and is composed of statuettes and representations of animal life. At an exhibition last year the collection was limited to the production of Sevres.

The Hastings people are in a difficulty as to the disposal of a picture, presented to them some years ago by Lady Webster, and representing the battle of Hastings. It is so large that they have no place to hang it in, and the offer of it to the Kensington museum has been declined.

A bronze statue by M. Nolle of Mr. Ramsden, mayor of Barrow-in-Furness, was recently unveiled in that town by the duke of Devonshire. Mr. Ramsden has been a liberal benefactor of the town, and a portrait of him by J. P. Knight, R. A., is to be placed in the town hall.

Troyan, the great French landscape painter, left to his mother on his death a fortune of £48,000. The lady has now settled the sum of 12,000 francs in the establishment of a prize to be allotted at intervals in favor of such artist in

humble circumstances as may have distinguished himself in that line of art wherein her son attained so high a reputation.

Gustave Dore's great painting, "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," is now on exhibition at the Dore gallery, No. 35 New Bond street. The *Art Journal*, in a favorable notice of the work, says in conclusion, "We can not doubt that this picture will prove a remarkable attraction. No one who is able to pay a visit to the gallery should fail to do so.

The *Art Journal*, of London, in a review of the publications of Messrs. L. Prang & Co., admits their superiority over any works in the art of chromo-lithography produced in England.

It alludes to four works as showing evidence of extraordinary merit. They are: "Sunset on the Coast," after DeHaas; "Launching the Lifeboat," after Ed. Moran; "The Joy of Autumn," after William Hart, and "Prairie Flowers," after Jerome Thompson. Of these works it says: "It would be difficult to find in the whole range of modern art four prints so entirely satisfactory as these. Messrs. Prang have a right to claim frequent attention at our hands, and they shall have it from time to time, as occasion offers.

GOETHE'S FREDERIKE.

IT IS said that this fair girl, who for one brief summer called Wolfgang Goethe her own, was also beloved by another great and glorious spirit, and that the sweetest song she ever written was given her by him! but that, girl-like, she sang it oftener to Goethe, whom she loved, than to the composer, who loved her. The writer of the pretty refrain was no other than the afterward famous Andre Gretry, whose name and operas were destined to ring throughout all Europe, and whose name—

Qu'ont-on dit, sire mignon,
Qu'au sein de sa famille?"

the old French grand chanted on the great Napoleon's retreat before the Russians. Light-hearted and gay, the young composer had undertaken a journey, and after the fashion of those days, on foot. His destination was Strassburg, but his way led through Switzerland, and, together with a companion student, he journeyed pleasantly and merrily along. But on reaching the fair village of Sesenheim, he became so intoxicated with the perfect scenery and lovely air that he decided to remain for some days at least in its charming vicinity; and here, amidst the beauties of nature's own begetting, Gretry met the gentle maiden whose memory was destined to dwell with him throughout his life. They sat together on the scented grass of early spring. She, too innocent and childlike to know her own heart; he, drinking in with the light of her eyes the one great love of his life. With her fresh young voice Frederike was singing one of his own songs. He had taught it to her, and as she finished the last note looked inquiringly into his eyes. "My skylark," he murmured, "you are perfect. But I would be paid for the song I have given you. With your own dear hand write me your name and the day of the month," and he gave her his tablets. She complied, and added a gift of the violets she wore on her breast. "I shall always keep them," he said, and tears, he knew not why, filled his eyes, and a darting pain shot across his heart. They part-

ed, Gretry going on to meet his great fame, and the maiden to her quiet home and her sad fate. Years after, when the silent clay of the once merry Gretry was laid in its lasting resting place, the tablets with Frederike's name in shadowy lines and a bunch of faded violets were laid on the quiet breast. And Goethe, who gazed on, loved and left the charming songstress of Gretry's melodies, gave her a place that was nearest his own soul—a leaf among his poems. Her heart history, with its griefs and pinings, are not traced in the music of its verses, but the song—

"U'm Bergli
Bin i gessau"—

holds the history of three persons, Gretry, Goethe, and the fair maiden of Sesenheim.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Maguire, M. P. for Cork, is, we hear, preparing a work on the Jesuits.

Dean Stanley contributes a paper on the late Dr. Norman Macleod to *Good Words* for July.

Mrs. Elliot, "The Idle Woman in Italy," is engaged on a new work, shortly to appear, called "The Court Life of France."

Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the author of "The Lays of Marie de France," will shortly produce a new volume of poems and songs.

It is thought that Rev. Charles Kingsley will be the successor of the late Dr. Norman Macleod to the editorial chair of *Good Words*.

Mr. Alfred Tenynson has given the library edition of his works to the Strassburg Municipal Library.

Bret Harte has, it is reported, an engagement with the *Atlantic Monthly* to write an article a month, and he gets for this \$10,000 a year.

The first two volumes of the "Œuvres de Beryer," which have been some time expected, have just been brought out by M. Didier, in Paris.

A periodical called the "Economista di Roma," is now published in Rome, and contains papers upon finance, agriculture, commerce, trades, public works and statistics.

M. Rochefort has been authorized, says the *Constitutionnel*, to collect all the materials necessary for writing an anecdotal history of the second empire.

The first number of a medical journal in Turkish has just been published at Constantinople. Several medical works have also been published there in the Turkish language.

Sala has published a volume of sketches entitled "Under the Sun," in which he advances the theory that the most powerful nations of the earth are developed, not in the frozen north, but under the torrid sun.

When Frederick Gerstacker, the eminent German author, lived in New York, he offered to act as carrier of a small German paper, which was then published in that city, if he were allowed to sleep on a lounge in the office. The offer was rejected.

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Fly beyond that gloomy sea;
There you'll find a truant lover,
Who has plied'd his life to me, &c.

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

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SONG AND CHORUS.

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

CHORUS.

There trembled a voice at the window:
"I have not a home where to go;"
And still the dark night went on, freezing
Two bare little feet in the snow.

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SONG AND CHORUS.

Happy was our little Mary—
Happy with the smiles of love;
But she heard the angels calling,
And her spirit rests above, &c.

CHORUS.

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

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