

The Impresario.

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

VOL. I.

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NO. 10.

Poetry.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The artist played on his well-loved lute,
Till all around were hush'd and mute;
For he breathed forth notes so sweet and clear,
That men and women wept to hear;
And sang of life and of human lot,
Till song and singer were both forgot.
And each one thought within his breast,
Of the thing on earth he loved the best.
The painter thought of his growing fame,
And the work that should bring him an endless name.
The poet was trembling with heaven-born might,
And he prayed for strength to use it right.
The scholar was dreaming of heights to climb,
And knowledge snatch'd from the gulf of time.
The priest, like a saint, sat calm and gray,
And pray'd for the soul that was passing away.
The maiden was thinking of books and friends,
And of fair green paths with unknown ends.
The lover, he walk'd in paradise,
By a sweet young face, with its clear blue eyes.
The father groan'd, for he saw once more
A soldier's grave on a foreign shore;
But the mother look'd to heav'n and smiled
As she thought of her infant, angel child.

—Brooklyn Programme.

BEETHOVEN.

CONCLUDED.

WE shall now endeavor to present a brief review of Beethoven's works, the great number and importance of which prevent us from entering into a detailed account of them.

What first strikes us, when perusing his compositions, is the perfection of the instrumental music, which he advanced to its culminating point. This undertaking, begun by the Vienna School of Music, he followed up and completed. It seems to have been his very mission to perfect instrumental music as the language of feeling and of the sentiments. Under Bach, Haydn and Mozart the sonata and the symphony had attained their complete development in form. Under Beethoven a new soul, in harmony with the mighty and bold flights of his thoughts, was infused into them. His earliest works shows a tendency to follow in the traces of Haydn and Mozart, but they still contain much that gives us proof of his consequent and complete emancipation from all models. Haydn, in quartet and symphony, was in the habit of imagining some story, the situations of which, in their corresponding emotions, he endeavored to depict. Beethoven went further. He not only painted

but made his music the medium of communicating the feelings which swelled his own breast. We feel it continually in his piano-forte sonatas, nor is the explanation of the fact difficult. The unremitting practice to which he was forced by his father during his childhood, together with the course of instruction then in vogue, which aimed rather at making sound musicians than masters of finger-gymnastics, gave him that power over the piano-forte and the organ, without which no one can be said to have a mastery over those instruments. We speak of the mastery of style in an orator, when his thoughts, as they rise, clothe themselves at once in language forcible, appropriate and elegant. So a complete mastery of the piano-forte and the organ implies that the musical thought, as it rises in the composer's mind, suggests immediately the combinations and the successions of notes which will express it, and the instantaneous dropping of the fingers on the corresponding keys of the instrument. This mastery, Beethoven, in common with all really great masters, had, and it was tempered even in his youth by such a knowledge of the principles of harmony, that his extemporaneous performances were as free from false harmonies as the speaking of an accomplished orator from errors in the use of articulate speech.

As he advanced in years, his improvisations attracted more and more notice, and upon his arrival in Vienna, men who had known Mozart and fully appreciated his marvellous powers, confessed their astonishment at the force, vigor and fire of the young Rhinelander, when, giving his fancy the rein, his flying fingers interpreted the current of his musical thoughts. In his earliest published works will be found much of that pensive feeling which distinguished his extemporaneous efforts, and this quality became more marked in his sonatas as he advanced in years. Hence the marvellous fascination of his sonatas for every appreciative performer or hearer. They appeal to our hearts as the language of his own. They point to us his moments of joy and of sorrow; of hope, and of longings for that which is loftier and nobler—longings which can be uttered only in music. When writing for the orchestra, the grandeur of his thoughts rose with the increase of means at his command, and he reached heights beyond all composers before him, or since, have obtained. This tendency of making known his feelings through his music became most marked when, still in the prime of life, he found the sense most necessary to the musician forsaking him, and he was thus forced to withdraw from the outer world to commune in quiet with himself and his sorrows. It was then that the rich stores of musical knowledge acquired in his youth were lavished upon works

of whose designs, so far surpassed the appreciation of many of his contemporaries as to be condemned as the vagaries of a madman. His last compositions are the expressions of a great but suffering soul, little understood by men; the sad outpourings of one severely tried by adversity; and but seldom do the cheerful, joyous strains of his youthful fancy strike the ear. But these cannot reach the universal popularity of the sonatas of the earlier and middle period of his life, his eight symphonies, quartettes, trios, overtures, etc. The thought expressed in them is too severe, the combinations too grand, too mystical, and hence much less can they be set up as models for young composers. The romantic musical minds of our day make themselves ridiculous when saying that we must continue to build and improve on these last works of Beethoven. As well might we tell the poets of our time to continue onward in the track of Shakespeare's Hamlet, or Dante's Divine Comedy. Works like these stand forth alone, they are the productions and representations of most peculiar and extraordinary genius, and claim for themselves an exceptional place in the field of art. But, taking these last compositions in connection with his previous efforts, we may say that as Gothic architecture is the artistic record of the aspirations of the ages during which it grew to perfection, so the orchestral works of Beethoven are the musical records of the great ideas of his time in the form and likeness which they assumed in his mind. Haydn and Mozart perfected instrumental music in its form—Beethoven touched it, and it became a living soul.

The fact that Beethoven was less successful in the line of vocal music, cannot be so readily accounted for. Was it because he was not so versed in the music of language as in that of thought? or were the flights of his fancy restrained when he was forced to limit himself to words? or, as seems more probable, may he not have failed, in the hermetical system of his education and in his seclusion, to experience and sufficiently appreciate the effects of a rich, melodious human voice? By the side of his instrumental works, his vocal compositions take but a second place. And though we cannot deny that in many of his songs, as, for instance, in the *canzonnet Adelaide*, there are most charming melodies, still, in higher compositions of this kind, in the choros of the ninth symphony, in his *Mass in D*, and even in the immortal *Fidelio*, we cannot but observe the extravagant introduction of the orchestra and a treatment of the voice like an instrument. The mention of *Fidelio* awakens in us the sincerest regret that Beethoven, on account of circumstances known to God alone,

should have rested his dramatic fame on this one only production. Were we even unacquainted with this opera, his charming music for Goethe's *Egmont* would furnish us with the most convincing proof that he understood how to clothe a dramatic situation in a musical dress, and do justice to the most sublime conception of the poet.

We shall now close our but too brief notice of this hero of the modern musical art. In fact, there is scarcely any need of dilating much upon this exalted genius, whose high standard is acknowledged by all, and which, as was before stated, can not be depicted in words so as to do him full justice. We have passed over many items, but, it must be remembered, we reviewed his works as a whole, without descending into details concerning his various compositions, the vast extent of which would have forced us to pass beyond the limits proposed to ourselves.

PAPER REPUTATION.

WE have heard it remarked by a person thoroughly competent to pronounce an opinion on the subject, that if you can afford to pay for calling yourself a clever fellow in print every day for a twelvemonth, at the end of that time the public will believe you. This assertion, although true in the main, needs, perhaps, some qualification; for it requires talent as well as capital to advertise with success. The wording of this kind of self-laudation, for instance, must be well studied; for any attempt to express your estimate of yourself with timidity will inevitably fail. Many persons, desirous of pursuing this system, will perhaps refer to those who know them, in testimony of their talent, or indirectly "solicit a trial" of their powers. This is well enough; for any admission of a possibility of a doubt in the matter weakens your cause. The statement must be given boldly and confidently, as a fact which it would be a crime to hide; and although absolutely intended to benefit yourself, it must appear as though it was intended to benefit the public. Thus a doctor, who has for many years cured everybody, apparently for his own amusement, feels that he can no longer deprive the world of the benefit of his talent, and generously, therefore, enters the profession and advertises for patients. A gentleman, having for many years deeply studied the subject, offers to invest money to any amount in such a manner as to realize a fortune. It never occurs to those who reply to these advertisements that a guarantee of the doctor's qualifications would be desirable; nor does it appear strange to them that a person who can so easily realize a fortune for other people, should not have made one for himself. Provided the names are sufficiently kept before the public eye, a belief in the honesty of the advertisers gradually strengthens, and patients and speculators drop in by the hundred.

All who peruse the advertising pages of newspapers and journals devoted to music, are aware how numerous are the professors who periodically announce themselves as not only equal, but far superior to those unassuming individuals who prefer to build up their fame by gradually winning the estimation of the public. No undue modesty prevents them from elevating themselves to so exalted a position on paper; for, considering that they pay for their place, there is no reason why they should not have a good one. They offer no test of their efficiency; for, as they grant themselves their

own diploma, they rely only upon the patronage of that portion of the public which will accept them at their own valuation. They desire not to compete with their brother professors, for there is so much favoritism shown that they never receive fair play, and "paper reputation" is gained without the necessity of undergoing the inconvenient ceremonies of examinations and other inventions of the enemy. It is true, that out of the newspapers they hold no rank, but in it they are great men; and it is better, they think, to be great in a small world than to be in a great one. The number of those who place implicit faith in what they see in print is tolerably numerous, and the manufacturers of "paper reputation" can always, therefore, calculate upon a good return for the capital they invest.

Has not every musical reader constantly met with the advertisement of the anonymous "singer," who leads his announcement "to vocalists and pianists," and guarantees to "finish above, if competent to assist at his soires and concerts"? How many aspirants for fame, we wonder, has he "finished" since his "paper reputation" was established; and do any of those who are pronounced sufficiently competent to receive his valuable instruction ever inquire whether he is "competent" to teach them? Then, have we not often read the startling intimation that a professor, whose name is strange to us, has thoroughly proved that the system of teaching singing is radically wrong? That he has discovered some extraordinary facts connected with the "glottis" and the "larynx," as will enable him to produce such singers as have never yet been known. Why is it that vocalists who place themselves under his care are not heard of any more, we cannot say; but certain it is he makes it answer, of his advertisement would not be continued. But, of all the extraordinary announcements ever issued to the public, we cannot remember one to match the following, which we reprint, merely suppressing the name of the advertiser:

Go offered to any one who will prove, which is better than to resort as of old, to crochety twaddles, from vulgar prejudices, and to as ridiculous excuses for not accepting improvements, viz., that in any one single case the most gifted child has, or can, realize, either as much, so well, or approaching to it, on the antiquated publish of the present instruction books for the piano, what Mr. —'s Improved Art learners, even under the average of talent have, as may be witnessed this afternoon, as on the last Friday of every month, at his Academy. Full particulars for one stamp from the Author. Casual readers of this advertisement, who have succeeded in putting this curious jumble of words into some kind of shape, might still be puzzled by the punctuation, and wonder, for instance, what the writer could mean by his "Improved Art learners;" but we have patiently solved the mystery, and find that this professor has not only steadily adhered to the advice we have given as to styling himself unreservedly a "clever fellow," but that he has actually gone beyond it, and called everybody else a fool. Whether this is judicious, we can scarcely, perhaps, determine; but cannot help it that it would be well to be somewhat more lenient toward those who have not been gifted by nature with the exceptional intellect of the advertiser. It is good, of course, to be blessed with such a power, but it is the duty, as it should be the pleasure, of the possessor of it, to be tolerant and gentle toward those whom the world has been hitherto accustomed to regard as great artists, and who have all been trained upon the very "antiquated rubbish," which is, in the advertisement we have quoted, so sweepingly condemned.

Those persons unacquainted with the prevalent system of building up a reputation on paper might reasonably imagine that they could know but little of the musical world, when they felt vocalists, whose names never appear at the concerts which they attend, advertised as "celebrated" and "eminent;" but the real fact is that, as advertisements are paid for by the advertiser at the cost of such a prefix to the name is but small, and the result, as soon as the public begins to believe in the truth of it, is often very large; for as a young doctor, with but few patients, takes a holiday in a fashionable neighborhood, keeps his carriage, and is obliged to be very busy, in order to gain business, so a young singer, with but few engagements, writes himself down as "celebrated," with a latent hope that by constantly asserting the fact he may eventually become so.

The physical peculiarities of lady advertisers are sometimes as carefully paraded as the statements of their mental powers; but this may, perhaps, scarcely be wondered at when we find that advertisements from those by whom they are employed require that a *carte* shall be enclosed by every applicant. Thus, a lady of "prepossessing appearance" and a "brilliant pianist" (the personal attractions being placed first), is desirous of an engagement as superintendent in a fashionable music warehouse; and we have lately seen an advertisement from one, who, in stating her qualifications for a similar situation, mentions that she is "tall" and can "play at sight." The "prepossessing" lady may, of course, heighten the effect of the music which she interprets to her customers by the fascination of her manner; but how the fact of being "tall" can be any recommendation, we are at a loss to understand, and, being thus enabled to play, not only "at sight," but at a "very long sight," she would be invariably independent of the height of the music desk.

Before the rise of "paper reputation," an "Academy of Music" was understood to be a national institution, presided over by a professor selected from the most eminent artists of the day, and filled in every department by those whose competence to teach had been tested by years of experience. Now, of course, the case is different; for, as the public will generally accept any man as a musician of the first-class who sufficiently advertises that he is so, "Academies" arise in every part of the metropolis and its suburbs, and with such high-sounding titles as to deceive most persons into the belief that they are something very different from mere individual speculations. Mr. A., who lives, we will say, in the district of Tyburnia, receives pupils at his residence, and is known but little of; let him, however, transform his house into the "Tyburnian Academy of Music, Principal, Mr. A., Lady Superintendent, Mrs. A.," and students flock to him in large numbers, under the supposition that they are entering an "institution" of some kind, and he is, in consequence, so firmly in the public conviction of this that we have often heard great surprise expressed when we have confessed our ignorance of the acquisitions of one of these "principals," whose name, we are assured, is "so constantly in the paper."

It is unnecessary to multiply instances, for we have said enough to prove our position that "paper reputation"—being manufactured by systematically taking advantage of the fact that nine-tenths of the public will not take the trouble to assure themselves of the truth of an advertiser's assertions—being so successful, and so likely to continue so. Must it not, then, be a comforting reflection to many that newspapers should be ever ready, for a consideration, to confer a degree upon a professor without the slightest inquiry as to his fitness for it; and on

the other hand, ought not the confiding readers to feel grateful for the information thus conveyed; for, were it not for such medium of communication, how could they ever become acquainted with the large amount of talent existing around them?—*Henry C. Lunn, in Musical Times of November.*

Music in the Sandwich Islands.

THE fact that music is taking a strong hold upon the people of these distant islands, but lately converted to Christianity, is a sure proof of the genuineness of their progress. Henceforth the missionary will find a willing handmaid in music, a true helper, as she has ever been in the service of the Church. One might, with still greater interest, study the musical development of these people had they been left, in art-matters, more to themselves. As it is, their progress is directly due to those foreigners who have made the Hawaiian Islands their homes, and brought with them the fond recollection of good music, and a desire to practice it whenever possible.

The Meles, or poems containing the ancient mythology and legends, are still in existence, and it would be a praiseworthy undertaking if the authorities of Oahu College, or some lovers of music, were to give us those portions at least which refer to the art of music. These Meles were sung by priests in a sort of a sing-song style, but have long since given place to the music of the Christian Church. It would also be a matter of historic interest if some of the readers of the *World* were to note down the original airs, as nearly as they can be expressed in our notation. They are being gradually forgotten and pressed back into the mountain regions, and before many more years have passed they will be no more heard as sung by the natives. The song called "Obioli," which may well be termed "a happy noise," is still sung, but only by the older natives, and will soon be unknown. The ancient Hawaiian, with many other national legends, believed that the pretty landshells, found in the rich forests, sing—a legend which was common to all nations, and which is still kept alive by the poets. Purely savage nature loves to dwell upon the simple sound, a fact which is true in the musical history of the Chinese and East Indians. They use sound as a means of expressing passion, be it love or hatred. Those who have lived in the Sandwich Islands say that introducing into one of those savage communities the softening and refining influences of civilization, the most successful harmonizer is found to be music. Instinctively the nature, that seems incapable of being impressed by lessons of abstract truth, or susceptible to the importance of moral obligations, will soften and expand under the influence of melody.

Henceforth, however, as a writer says, the fabled mermaids have to leave the shores of the Sandwich Islands, driven away by a practical civilization, and forced to search for unexplored regions. The European from the West, and the American from the East, are taking possession, and not only is their influence making itself felt in matters of religion, in the establishment of good schools and government, in the expansion of trade, but also in the cultivation of the arts. Together with their former mode of living, their idolatry, their plain melodies are gradually yielding to the seductive and more artistic strains of the haole, or white man, and soon the ancient form of song will be a thing of the past. From the *Hawaiian* we quote as follows:

"Our still shining nights are full of song. In strolling around and about the moonlit town,

from almost every lighted cottage comes the sound of melody, of instruments and voices, and of all the varied forms of pleasure we indulge in, the most popular are concerts. From the group of twinkling-eyed celestials gathered around the soloist upon a one-stringed fiddle, from which he draws a single squealing note that beggars all description, to the sparkling, fluttering, well-bered throng that fills the boxes on an opera night (?), all thoroughly appreciate the music they listen to, and manifest their satisfaction or their disappointment with a judgment that is often unsuspected by the performers, though seldom mis-applied."

Onward, westward, is the way of musical empire. Soon will the time come when our great singers will have to gather their laurels at Honolulu as well as at San Francisco and New York. When the first named city shall once have her national opera house, although there may not for some time, and perhaps never will be known such a thing as a national Hawaiian opera, yet will Honolulu also be a city worthy of the consideration of our greatest artists.

From what we can learn, however, through private sources, there is a deep love for music in the breasts of the natives, and the foreigners are active, and cherish every spark of talent that shows itself among them. It is but natural that they should do so, being isolated from the rest of the world. This happy state of activity is yearly making itself more felt among the natives. Choirs in the various churches, even in the native churches, are kept up, and music books in the English and native languages are published.

The history of these islands, so recently wrested from barbarism, has yet to be written; may the coming historian not lose sight of music, and may everything of interest to the musical student be preserved.—*Musical World.*

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Mario is 64. He looks 40.

M. Felicien David's latest composition, "Liberty," words by Victor Sejour, is shortly to be produced at Paris.

Gounod's "Gallia," and Rossini's "Messe Solennelle," have been performed in Bombay.

A niece of Johann Strauss lulls herself into contentment with the rattling music of a sewing-machine in a shoe factory at North Easton, Mass.

In Switzerland, a milkmaid who is a good singer gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music cows give more milk.

The Italians are going wild over the American *debutante*, Miss Violetta Colville, who made her debut at Savona, Italy, on the 24th of August.

Up to the year 1871, 640,000 copies of Franz Abt's song, "When the swallows homeward fly," had been sold in Germany. The composer received only twenty dollars for it.

Dan Godfrey leads the band of the Grenadiers, Fred Godfrey leads the band of the Coldstream Guards, and Charles Godfrey leads that of the Horse Guards.

The sole survivor of the artists who formed the cast of Weber's *Der Freischutz* when that

work was produced in Berlin, Madame Caroline Seidler, a celebrated singer, died in that capital on the fourth of October, in her seventy-eighth year.

The oldest music publisher in America is Mr. Geo. E. Blake, now ninety-five years old, who commenced the music business in Philadelphia in 1802. For many years he engraved with his own hands all the plates of the music he published.

A young lady who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons, who stop under her window at night to sing "If Ever I Cease to Love," wishes us to say if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk "business," they will confer a favor.

The following extract from an old play-bill still in existence, is interesting as being the first notice we have of a public performance on the pianoforte: "For the benefit of Miss Brickler, 16th of May, 1767. At the end of the first act Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dabdin on a new instrument called the pianoforte."

Lucca, among her trophies, has a photograph of Bismarck, with his autograph and Lucca's name written with the same pen that signed the treaty of Paris. Another valuable curiosity is the pen presented to her by Auber, with which he wrote "Fra Diavolo." Here are laurel crowns in gold and silver, diamond jewels in profusion, and numerous gifts from emperors and princes, but above all Lucca prizes the pen of Auber, which traced the characters of one of her favorite parts.

When Handel once undertook in a crowded church to play the dismissal on a very fine organ, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual stirred. At length the usual organist came impatiently forward, took his seat, saying in a tone of superiority: "You cannot dismiss a congregation—see how quick I can disperse them."

Rossini and Carafa, the great composers, although friends, never lost an opportunity of running each other down at home. Carafa used to say, "What a lucky fellow, this Rossini! He hardly knows anything, and it is one continued success with him!" On the other hand, you might hear Rossini say, on the mornings after the *premieres* of Carafa's operas, "No luck for our friend Carafa; a prodigious talent, and all failures!"

A pensive young man in Wisconsin, while singing "Come, love, come," beneath his Dulcinea's window the other night, had love, music, wind, and everything else knocked out of him by a something in a long, white garment that fell out of a chamber window. It proved to be nobody but his girl, who, in her anxiety to know who it was serenading her, leaned too far over the window-sill, hence the result. He says when he sings "Come, love, come," again he will keep away from under the window, as his system cannot stand many such shocks.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER, 1872.

We desire sound communications, either for the Correspondents' Column, or upon matters of a Musical, Art, or Literary nature.

The doings of musical associations will be carefully noted, if they simply keep us informed of their character.

Communications will appear at the earliest possible convenience. In all cases append the real name; write plainly on one side of the paper.

We can not be responsible for numbers of *The Impressario* lost through change of residence of subscribers. Notify us immediately, enclosing new address.

Subscribers finding a cross drawn through this notice will understand that their paper ceases with this number. In no case will the paper be continued after the expiration of the time paid for.

MUSIC WITH THIS NUMBER.

SUSHINA'S GONE AWAY—Song.....Price, 35 cts.
PEGASUS GALOP....." 35 cts.

The Patti-Mario Concerts.

THE two concerts, given on the 9th and 10th inst., were well attended, notwithstanding that nearly everybody was compelled to walk. Mlle. Carlotta Patti displayed the same wonderful powers of execution, and pure, bird-like quality of tone so characteristic of former efforts. Brilliant arpeggios, trills, staccato singing and fioritura of every description, thrown off with ease and certainty of intonation and execution, are but rarely heard. The young and talented pianist, Mlle. Teresa Carreno, played with great skill and delicacy as well as vigor and certainty of touch. There is nothing of trickery about her method; beneath her fairy fingers the piano whispered its tender longings and spoke its deep and thrilling passions, as if animated by a human soul. Miss Annie Louise Cary sang in her pure and lovely style. Her voice is steadily improving, and the pieces she sings are well selected. She is a great favorite here, and deservedly so. Aside from her fine, artistic qualities, she is a true, kind-hearted, noble woman. Signor Mario created the most lively interest—more, perhaps, for what he has been than from a desire to hear what he is still able to do. His singing had, at times, much of the old charm of expression and fire, and it was never objectionable except when he tried to do too much. At all events, he is still a great artist, and such he will always remain. Mons. Emile Sauret, although young, has acquired a wonderful mastery over his most difficult instrument. In our opinion, he will soon become the peer of Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull. In purity of bowing, tender and subtle expression, he possesses an amount of ability as rare as it is wonderful, while his harmonic playing was simply superb. His technical ability and execution are better than any we have had here for years. All that he needs is that breath of style that maturity alone can give him, and these must inevitably be acquired by so earnest and enthusiastic an artist.

Taken as a whole, this troupe is a strong one—one of the best that has ever visited St. Louis.

ENGLISH AUDIENCES.

MADAME Rudersdorf, who sang so finely at the Jubilee and the Handel and Haydn Triennial Festival last year, tells to a correspondent of the *Boston Post* a fact worth mentioning. She says that the American public is much more appreciative than the English people.

Of course she does not mean the cultivated people, but the mass of the people that go to make audiences in country towns. She says she would not venture to sing to an ordinary English audience, outside of the cities, what she would to Americans. She once went to a town in Scotland to sing, and made up her programme of very simple ballads, putting in only one at all florid selection, and that very mildly so. When she began to sing a smile spread over the face of the listeners, and at the first run there was a loud ha! ha! all over the house, at a trill the laughter increased, and at the close the audience was in an uproarious laughter, "in which I joined," said Madame, in telling about it, "for it was irresistibly absurd; those people evidently considered that song a burlesque of something and thought it a duty to laugh." Louisa Pyne was singing in the same place a little before, and they laughed at her so that she left the stage in tears, and could not be induced to finish the concert. There is not an average American audience who would not know better than that, and could appreciate florid music, although they might prefer ballads.

THANKSGIVING CONCERT.

THE Church Music Association of the Second Presbyterian Church, Lucas Place and Seventeenth Street, gave a Thanksgiving Concert on Thursday evening, November 28th, to a large and fashionable audience, Mr. A. J. Creswell as organist and director. The following was the programme:

PART I.

1. Quartette—"Cast Thy Burden;" chorus, "Sleepers Awake," Mendelssohn.—By the Association.
2. Aria—"Honor and Arms," (from the Oratorio "Samson"—Mr. Bernard Dierkes.
3. Aria—"On Mighty Pens," (Creation), Haydn—Miss Elsie J. Huntington.
4. Grand Offertoire (in C minor), Wely—Mr. A. J. Creswell.

PART II.

5. Aria—"Call Forth Thy Powers (from the Oratorio "Judas Maccabeus") Handel—Mr. Robert B. Smith.
6. Aria—"I Dreamt I was in Heaven," (from the Oratorio "Naaman," Costa—Miss Mattie Ingraham.
7. Solo and Chorus—"Inflammatus," Rossini—Miss Huntington and the Association.
8. Solo—"Peter the Hermit," Gounod—Mr. D. F. Colville.
9. Overture—"Poet and Peasant," Suppe—Mr. A. J. Creswell.
4. Song—"Thou Art So Near," Richardt—Mr. R. B. Smith.
5. Quartette—"O Hush Thee, My Baby," Sullivan.

"What's that?" said a teacher, pointing to the letter X, to a little, ragged urchin. "Daddy's name." "No, no, my boy!" "Yes it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

The Celebrated Flutist, Terschak.

M. R. H. Van Luyden gives a very interesting description of the first performance to which he had listened of the celebrated flute player, Terschak. It was in Rotterdam, and as Van Luyden had a natural antipathy to the flute, it was only through the urgent request of a friend—a musical enthusiast—that he was prevailed upon to attend. He writes:

The first piece chosen was his opus 5, a Concerto. On looking up I perceived he occupied the stage, and my friend, who, until now, had remained silent, touched my arm and exclaimed: "Tis he! You will now become a proselyte. Your prejudice against the flute will vanish."

As our seat was favorable, my view of the player was unobstructed. A most handsome and elegant looking man stood before us. His features were aristocratic, his eyes dark and penetrating, but his face wore an expression of sadness.

Two measures of orchestral introduction, and then commenced the flutist. Never before had I heard the flute so charmingly played. I listened as one entranced. *Mon ami* glanced at me, and evidently enjoyed my surprise and delight. Here was combined in this man's playing the *technique* of the elder Fuseratanu, the largeness of tone and boldness of Boehm, and the exquisite *enbouchure* of Briccioldi, with more. Such expression I had not heard in Joachim's happiest moments.

Somehow the composition reminded me of Chopin, so melancholy and so plaintive was it. Now the player would elicit the most impassioned tones, now gliding into silvery cadences, diminishing to the faintest whisper, as soft as the gentle zephyr, and then swelling the tone into a gradual *crescendo*, to almost the power of the *cornu*. Such tone, such execution, such expression, I had never conceived of before. The audience was not only startled by the player's manner of tones, amounting to sighs, but his sympathy was enlisted, as if an isolated chain had bound the performer to his auditory, and when he had ceased, for a minute, a profound silence prevailed, as if unwilling to break the spell of this enchantment; then a hearty expression was given of the satisfaction felt by this great audience with the performance.

During the intermission, nothing was talked of but the flute-playing of Herr Terschak. He had created a furor, evidently. His appearance in part second was impatiently looked for. Three pieces must intervene. Slowly the time passed. I myself now wished the pianist and cellist either to abridge or hasten their performance.

At last, amid a storm of applause, reappeared the magician, and the allegro of op. 23 was commenced. Without the difficulties of op. 51, it is characterized by more melody, and yet "Le Baillard" is not a composition to be played with facility, my friend assured me. Its chromatic runs and passages requiring frequent use of the lower C key, render it of difficult execution, but these technical difficulties were as trifles to him. Every note, whether highest or lowest of the register, was pure, ringing, silver, and even those lowest notes, to which amateurs have an aversion, were educed from his instrument as mellow and sonorous as those of the clarinet. I was interested both in the unique playing and the sad face of the player. Could it be that, like Schumann and Chopin, he had been taught by personal experience to know that "sorrow is the shadow of genius?"

In response to the encore he played a delicious morceau, by Frank Zierer, so exquisitely,

that if any prejudice had until now lingered in my mind, it must have been dissipated.

It is eight years since that night, but the impression produced upon my mind by that master spirit is indelible. Since then I have heard other and famous players on the continent—Demersseman, Siede, W. and Ch. Heinemeyer—brilliant and effective players all, but I have yet to hear the artist comparable to him who demonstrated so satisfactorily that, in the hands of Terschak, the flute is in no respect inferior to the violin.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in Chillicothe, Mo., on Tuesday afternoon, November 26th, 1872, of hemorrhage, Dr. A. F. Little.

It can not be said that Dr. Little's death was unexpected by his many friends in this community, but his sudden, almost instantaneous taking off was a shock to all.

Dr. Little was born and raised in Virginia, and received a liberal education from parents who, up to the commencement of the late civil war, were in opulent circumstances. Reaching manhood's estate, he chose the profession of medicine as his avocation for life, graduating at one of the Eastern colleges. About this time hostilities between the North and South broke out, and being an ardent sympathizer with his section, he at once enlisted, receiving an appointment as surgeon in one of the regiments that formed a portion of the command of Stonewall Jackson. He followed the fortunes of the Southern flag until it went down forever at Appomattox, and was honorably discharged after that event with the remnant of Lee's old and tried veterans.

Having a decided talent for music, Dr. Little always devoted a great deal of his time to the study of that beautiful and fascinating science, and, after having practically tested medicine and surgery, decided to abandon it for his greater preference. Five years ago he came to this city, locating here with a view to making Chillicothe his permanent home. He brought with him the very best recommendations, and at once obtained a large class of pupils, being patronized by our best citizens, who were well pleased with the thorough and rapid manner in which he advanced the musical education of those given into his charge. In 1869 he wedded the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the late Col. Thomas K. Conn, who, with an infant daughter, survive their irreparable loss.

More than a year ago Dr. Little was attacked by a hemorrhage of the lungs, and since that time his health has been feeble and precarious. A large portion of the summer just past he spent at the old homestead in the Old Dominion, in the hope that relaxation from business and the more genial breezes of that favored climate would restore his impaired system. Apparently he was much improved, and believing that he was on the way to good health again, he returned to Chillicothe on the first of October, and resumed his teaching, taking charge, with his wife, of the musical department of Prof. J. M. Long's High School.

One week ago he was affected by another hemorrhage, which, though not serious, confined him to his room. He seemed to rally from the attack, and believed himself to be improving, and on Tuesday last—the day of his death—expressed himself as feeling much better than he had for a long time. In the afternoon, while performing some little office for his child, a fit of coughing seized him, and after ejecting the obstruction in his throat, remarked to Mrs. Conn, his wife's mother, that "there was blood in that!" An instant afterward he called to her to open the window, and, sinking down, died in five minutes—even before his wife could be called from the Seminary, where she was engaged with her duties of teaching.—*Chillicothe Constitution.*

ONE WAY TO LOVE.

He says he loves me well, and I
Believe it; in my hands to make
Or mar, his life lies utterly,
Now can I the strong plea deny
Which claims my love for his love's sake.

He says there is no face so fair
As mine; when I draw near, his eyes
Light up; each ripple of his hair
He loves; the very cloak I wear
He touches gently where it lies.

And roses, roses all the way
Upon my path fall, strewn by him;
His tenderness by night, by day,
Keeps constant watch, and heaps along
My cup of pleasure to the brim.

The other women in their spite
Confound the happiest woman born,
To be so worshipped; I delight
To flout the homage in the sight
Of all, and pay them scorn for scorn.

I love him—or I think I do;
Sure one must love what is so sweet,
He is so tender and so true,
So eloquent to please and sue,
So strong, though kneeling at my feet.

Yet I had visions once of yore,
Gothic imaginations of zest,
A possible thrill—but why run o'er
These fancies? Idle dreams, no more,
I will forget them; this is best.

So let him take—the past is past;
The future with its golden key
Into his outstretched hands I cast;
I shall love him—perhaps—at last,
As now I love his love for me.

Madame Adeline Patti (La Marquise de Caux) has consented to sing in Paris, at the request of Madame Thiers, once in the *Huguenots*, for the benefit of the sufferers from the war. She will sing at Hamburg for a few nights prior to her engagement at St. Petersburg, and thence will go to Vienna, to play during the first two months of the Exhibition, arriving in London in May, 1873, for Covent Garden, where she has renewed her engagement for two years, at £200 per night, reserving her own repertoire. At the end of the season, 1873, Madame Patti will make a tour of the United States, under the direction of her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch.—*Athenaeum.*

Rossini boasted that his habits of procastination in the matter of having music scores ready, caused all the managers in Italy to become bald before they were thirty years old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Madame Clara Brinkerhoff is numbered among the musical celebrities who have recently met with favor in New York city. A novelty with this lady's performances are her vocal recitations or spoken preludes, delivered with dramatic effect, and which serve to prepare the mind of the audience for the music to follow. Madame Brinkerhoff, with her recitals and musical games, can give a very pleasing entertainment indeed.

"Why," demands the *Musical World*, "must a young woman who goes to Europe to study singing necessarily become a snob and give up the name her parents have made respectable? We see that Miss Jennie Armstrong, of Wiscasset, Me., is singing in Italy under the name of Giovanna Aviglian."

Herr Wagner, the musical composer, threatens several German newspapers with libel suits for their strictures upon his music. Why does the trasonic maestro trouble himself about contemporary opinion when he writes for the future?

Only a few days since the head of a prominent lecture bureau in Gotham received a letter from a small Western village, inquiring for how much the lecture committee of the place could engage "that German singer, Lucky, with a good support, for a couple of concerts?" To this the gentleman addressed replied:

"MY DEAR SIR—To engage that German singer, Lucky, with a good support, for a couple of concerts, I fear you would be compelled to mortgage your entire town, to say nothing of the outlying farms. If you decide to conclude the arrangement, I shall be pleased to serve you. Very truly,
— — —"

The lecture agent has not yet been heard from.

A novelty in gentlemen's dress is promised. The bosom of the shirt is to have a few bars of music printed upon it, in some cases with words. Gentlemen wearing these will stand behind pianos to be sung and played from.

We suggest, as one of the most appropriate pieces, that good old song, "Come rest in this bosom."

"Pa," said a son to his father, "what is meant by 'chip of the old block?'" "Why, my son, do you ask the question?" "Because I was in England this morning, and told the gentlemen that while hunting I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see but forty-nine, and because I wouldn't say so, they said I was a 'chip of the old block!'" "Hem! well, my son, they meant that you were smart and honest like your pa. You can go to play now."

The melancholy days are come—the saddest of the year—when piercing winds and drifting snows tempt loving wives to remark, "Oh, what a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l set of furs Mrs. Jones has got. Only \$250—dirt cheap. I really must have a set just like it."

A lady in Marseilles has sued a hair-dresser

for two thousand francs damages. He had offered to dye her brown hair red, and in consequence of his operations, it turned violet. She was obliged to have her head shaved.

Rita Sangalli is said by French critics to be at present Europe's queen of ballerinas or danseuses. According to them she "pirotettes to perfection," and "her points have not been equalled since the days of Carlotti Grisi."

The first exclamation of an American belle on entering the cathedral at Milan was, "Oh, what a church to get married in!"

A Parisian landlady requested a Christmas party on the third floor to cease dancing as a man below was dying. The guests acquiesced. Returning an hour later, "My dear children," she exclaimed, with the most benevolent smile, "you may begin again—he's dead."

Mr. Eisenbeck, late of the Fabbri Opera troupe, has been appointed reader in a synagogue at San Francisco at a salary of \$3,000 a year.

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save the negroes, he ought to go South where they were and do it. "That's worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save sinners from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," rejoined Phillips.

This story is told of a father who was one evening teaching his little boy to recite his Sunday-school lesson. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of a malicious individual who went about sowing tares.

"What is a tare? Tell me, my son, what a tare is," asked the anxious parent.

"You had 'em!"

"Johnny, what do you mean?" asked the father, opening his eyes rather wide.

"Why, last week, when you didn't come home for three days," said Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you were on a tare."

Johnny was immediately sent to bed.

THE St. Petersburg Italian opera season, which commenced in October, promises to be exciting, owing to the rivalry between Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Nilsson-Rouzeaud. The fair Swede is to have the part of Valentine in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," and Madame Patti is not likely to allow her the monopoly of it. Whilst Madame Nilsson is at St. Petersburg Madame Patti will be in Moscow; and when she has completed her engagement she will go to St. Petersburg, and Madame Nilsson will go to Moscow. The contending stars will not, therefore, be in immediate collision. In the meanwhile national opera is not neglected in St. Petersburg, for Mlle. Krassowski has successfully sung in the "Roussalka" of Dargomyzski, and a new opera by Scenits, "Jernak, the Brigand of Siberia," will be produced.

DER SHDRIKE.

UND VAT GOOM OV IT.

Doo vellers goom on vrom New York,
Schmooth Heinrich und Schlibbery Mike;
Und day say ve go towards und vools,
Un vee us all choim in deir shdrike.

We not like do pe called by dem names,
So live do as der New Yorkers said;
Ve lay down der dools in der schlop,
Und ve dake do barading inshated.

Our goomitte den say do der boss:
"You musht give us doo hours in der day,
Shoot for shindy und peeks." Dough ve knew
Dat dey only meant loafin und blay,
Vell, der godnachts was made, und of course
Dey had do agree do der hours;
Put der tuytel pegan do pe blayed
Ven der oder trades all vuller ours.

Der schneiders dey vent on der shdrike,
Which put up der brice of der clo's;
Der poots und der shoes vuller suit;
D'was surprising how efery ding rose.
Der grocers was vorced do affiance,
Pegause deir exbense was so high;
Der loaves dey vent shmallar as nix,
Und der meats dey vent up do der sky.

Der doctors dey raise on deir bills,
Pegause oder dings was so dear;
But der vorst ov it goom on dat day,
Ven der put up der brice ov der beer.
Ov course dey affiance on der rents,
As der houses affiance on der cost;
Und der money I had in der bank,
I fery soon find he vas lost.

Fy loafin apout dem doo hours,
Mein oldest pyt Hans dook do trink;
Und der oders dey lie round der shtove,
Dill dey hazy as peggars I dink.
Mein vages pe shoot as day vas
Vay I listen to Heinrich und Mike;
Mein exbenses pe pigger as dwice,
Und dat is vat goom ov der shdrike.

—Providence Journal.

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris, would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached. The question coming by surprise, the Archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the King, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four feet below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

A New York letter says that the finest dresses made are now worn by actresses. No woman of only private means can possibly compete with them, as managers now put part of their capital into the wardrobe of the "leading ladies" of their theaters, and instead of cotton laces and brass jewelry, the richest silks and laces are employed in the profession that would frighten an ordinary purse, and reduce the ordinary handsome costume to insignificance.

The Conservatoire of Paris.

THE male and female pupils of the piano-forte class, *classe de l'étude du clavier*, especially for execution, compete with each other, which is not the case in most of the classes of the Conservatoire. This is one of the most important and largest of the classes, and this year the female pupils have carried away the whole of the prizes. There were 29 competitors in all, and 11 medals. The occurrence of the annual examinations has brought out the following history: Last year M. Delie Sedie resigned his professorship in the Conservatoire, and a singing-class, composed of six or seven female pupils, was offered to Madame Pauline Viardot, and accepted without hesitation, at the desire of M. Ambroise Thomas. At the last quarterly examination, six weeks or so before the public competitions, Madame Viardot sat down to accompany her pupils, who, after going through their exercises to show the mechanical proficiency attained, attacked some of the finest morceaux of Gluck and Handel, but principally the latter. The committee were enthusiastic at the success of Madame Viardot's teaching, but the lady professor asked a special favor that her pupils should not compete this year, as she did not wish to see them leave the Conservatoire until both their execution and style were perfected. There have heretofore been many complaints of the insufficient teaching in these and other classes, especially as regarded the selection of the pieces placed before the pupils; and it is evident that Madame Viardot is quite determined that such things, if said in future of her class, shall not be true. The examining jury perfectly concurred in the views of Madame Viardot.—*Journal of the Society of Arts.*

MAX Adeler discusses the power of music: "We have seen in one of the papers an article upon 'The Power of Music,' in which the writer describes, how, when he would play his flute at his parlor window, a toad would come out from under the front step and appear to drink in the delicious melody with an air of rapturous exultation. This must be the man who lived across the street from us. We have noticed several times that a toad came out and sat on the step when the man began to play the flute; but we always thought that it was for the purpose of ascertaining what sort of an idiot it was making such a horrible racket in a peaceful neighborhood. Sure enough, day before yesterday, when the playing began, out came the toad, unable to stand it any longer. He had another toad with him, and they went and got the lid of an old blacking-box, and fixed a string to it, and packed into it their little store of dead flies and insects, and three or four small toads, and all their domestic comforts, and hitched on to that a string and began to move down the street in search of a new residence. Yes, animals have an appreciation of music, and, knowing that fact, we have often wondered how this toad stood it so close to that man with the flute."

There is certainly a curious coincidence in a musical marriage at Ghent, according to the *Independence Belge*, for M. Charles Gevaert, music publisher, who was united to Mlle. Emilie Gevaert, sister of the composer and Principal of the Brussels Conservatoire, had four witnesses bearing the name of Gevaert; the bridesmaid was a Gevaert, and the priest who married the couple was also a Gevaert.

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"I have not a home where to go,"
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And her spirit rests above, &c.

CHORUS.

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

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