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—DEVOTED TO—

MUSIC, ART AND LITERATURE.

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J. MARTINE KERSHAW, M. D.

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VOL. II.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL, 1873.

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For the Impresario.
CLOUDS.

BY MAGGIE K. WALES.

Linger, oh linger a moment,
Rose-hued clouds of the west;
Let the soft light of thy glory
Over us lovingly rest.

All this dark world thou art cheering,
With soft waves of beautiful light;
Linger, oh linger a moment,
Bid us not yet thy good night.

Slowly the winter days glided,
Sunbeams were timid and shy;
How all thy exquisite beauty
Glowed in the bright sunset sky.

Snow on the hillside is blushing,
Sweetly reflecting thy light;
Snatch not so quickly the rose-tint,
Pass not so swiftly from sight.

Fickle as fair art thou cloudlets;
'E'en while we speak ye depart,
While a deep feeling of sadness
Steals through the depths of the heart.

So all our pleasures will vanish,
Joy turns only the day;
Soon will the shadows of death come,
Chasing the sunshine away.

Come, with thy rose-hued splendor,
Back to us often again,
Sometimes when visions, all cheerless,
Hold in our hearts their dark reign.

Sadly, when watching the day close,
Dreading the cold, gloomy gray,
Come with thy light and thy beauty,
Drive all our sorrow away.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

It was in 1836, in the literary and musical *salon* of the charming Countess d'Agout, that he met the celebrated woman whose influence over his character and destiny was probably greater than that of any other person; who fathomed the closely-kept secret of his inner life, and gathered to herself all that was deepest and most sacred in his heart. George Sand occupied at that time much the same position toward the leading spirits of the age that her gifted sister had occupied during the troubled days that followed the first Revolution. With less profound philosophy, less calm insight, less faith than Madame de Staël, the author of *Lelia* was keener, more penetrating, and more essentially an artist. Both entered into the great social and political questions of the day; both wielded an immense power; both were enthusiastic, sympathetic and spontaneous. But the experience of Madame Dudevant had been less fortunate.

Having, at an early age, contracted a *marriage de convenance*, and finding the yoke grow too galling as the years passed, she had boldly shaken it off, and in so doing had freed herself from all forms that were purely conventional. In spite of the prejudice raised by her liberal opinions and independent life, she became the centre of the most brilliant circle of Paris. Into this circle Chopin drifted. Notwithstanding his dislike of literary women, he was forced to recognize the fascination of a spirit so strong and self-reliant, so brilliant and so gifted, but withal so tender and so genial. In the autumn of 1837 Madame Dudevant went to the Isle of Majorca for the health of her son Maurice. Chopin was suffering severely from a disease of the lungs, to which he was a victim for so many years. Hoping to find relief from the mild air of the Mediterranean, he accompanied her. They found lodgings in a ruined Cartusian convent, in a lovely and secluded part of the island. The picture is a poetic one: a man, lonely, and an artist; a woman, who is an artist, too, and in whose tender eye he reads the secrets of his own soul; a quiet spot of rarest beauty, from which the glare and din of the great world is forever shut out; soft breezes, heavy with the perfume of orange groves, the far-off, dreamy music of the sea, the simple life with its pleasure details, the mornings of busy work, the evening rambles among the ivy-hung cloisters—such is the elysium of many a poet's dream. Some of his most beautiful compositions were written here; but we can scarcely imagine them the inspirations of love and happiness; nor do they suggest the cool freshness of nature, the "hours of sunshine and health, the laughter of children under the window, the far-off tinkling of guitars, the song of birds under the dewy leaves, the pale roses blossoming upon the snow." They are sad pictures, all of them—small, but exquisitely finished. The outlines are delicate and graceful, the tints rare and fine, the background soft and dreamy, as if veiled forever by a "mist of tears." The nature that we find revealed in Chopin's music was a nature full of caprices and inconsistencies, proud, tender, fitful, melancholy, passionate, and pure. Everything he has written bears more or less the stamp of his own individuality. His gayest strains imprison some secret sorrow, his saddest thrill with a grief too deep for tears; but it is always veiled from a too curious gaze—suggested, never quite disclosed. Beethoven had more strength, Mozart more simplicity, Schumann more passion, Mendelssohn more calmness, but Chopin was infinitely finer and more spiritual than any of these. The one absolute sentiment of his life was undoubtedly his attach-

ment to Madame Dudevant. For eight years she watched over him in illness with unwearied care, comprehended his genius, understood his caprices, sympathized with his sorrows, and sustained him with a strength foreign to his own. He had no immediate ties, and every fibre of his nature twined itself about this brilliant but tender-hearted woman. He died in the fall of 1849, and was buried, at his own request, in the churchyard of Pere la Chaise, between Bellini and Cherubini, both of whom he had known and loved.—*Amanda R. Gere in Atlantic Monthly.*

MUSICAL gossip is rife in New York. Mme. Luca, it is now understood, remains in the country another season, having signed a contract with Maretzck to that effect, and will probably be associated with Ilma di Mursku in the prospective season. Signor Mario has already departed for Europe. The musical promise of next season is also fully set forth, most of the contracts having been signed. The lease of the Academy of Music for a period of ten weeks has been conceded to Max Strakosch, who will commence operations some time in September. The visit of Mlle. Adelaide Patti to the United States has been deferred for a twelve month, and Mlle. Christine Nilsson will be Mr. Strakosch's bright, particular star. He has engaged Mlle. Torriani, a prima donna soprano, who is about to make her debut at Drury Lane Theatre, in London. Miss Annie Louise Cary, a contralto, who needs no introduction to the American public, has also been re-engaged. He will have three tenors: Signor Enrico Campanini, whose triumphs in London last year are no doubt remembered; Signor Victor Capouli, whose value in the most popular operas of the Nilsson repertory cannot be overestimated; and Signor Bonifratelli, a young singer, whose performances throughout Italy have been exceedingly successful. He will have two baritones, Signor Maurel, who is about to appear at Covent Garden, in London, and Signor Del Puente, who has been heard in Italy, and who is soon to sing at Drury Lane Theatre. For the *tenors*, Signor Nanetti has been engaged. Then Mr. Strakosch has been fortunate enough to induce Signor Luigi Arlitti, composer and conductor, to take charge of the orchestra. Prominent on the list of new operas to be recited during the season are Verdi's "Aida," and Wagner's "Lohengrin," which will be brought out with great magnificence.

MADAM S. SCHUMANN, widow of the great composer, was one of the noblest of wives, sustaining him through adversity, stimulating his genius, and sounding his praises wherever she could find a willing ear open to hear the story. Since his death she has played his sublime musical compositions everywhere. Her first public appearance this season was at a recent "Monday Popular Concert" in London. She is, in many respects, a great artist, but she is said to play the piano with too much display of physical execution.

UNATTAINED.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

If I could only know—
I, sitting here, this weary, winter morning,
And watching aimlessly the flakes of snow,
That wander through the air in vague forewarning,

If I were only sure
That you would weep with any real sorrow,
If in their gathered whiteness, cold and pure,
These flakes would lie upon my grave to-morrow—

I would not count it sad
To loose my little hold upon you living,
And win in dying what I never had,
And what, alas! you have not for the giving.

For the Impressario.

MUSIC AS AN ART.

“THERE is no soul in artistic music.” Such is the prevailing sentiment of our practical, money-loving people. “Music,” they say, “is the language of the emotions, and designed to touch the heart as well as elevate and refine the taste. Art destroys its natural effect, while it awakens no deeper feeling than admiration for the skill of an artist.” With the same propriety it may be said that the true design of language is the expression of thought, but that is perverted and meaningless when it gives form to the sublime conceptions of a Shakespeare or Milton. The popular taste is, perhaps, higher in literature than in music, because better cultivated; but the principle is the same. We judge everything by comparison with the standard that exists in our own mind; and if that standard has never been elevated, either by direct cultivation or association, we are no more capable of pronouncing judgment upon a work of art than a child would be of criticising the metaphysical abstractions of Locke or Bacon.

It is impossible, with our present constitution, to base a decision upon abstract taste, which does not exist save in the mind of the Eternal. Our ideas are necessarily relative. The simple melodies that we love would not be half so pleasing to the untutored Indian as the wild war-song echoing through his native forests. And thus it must be in every stage of progress. The rude tastes of early times excite only pity and disgust in a higher state of civilization; while the objects of a refined taste to the uninitiated seem perversions of nature. Our only criterion, then, must be the decision of those whom nature has most highly gifted aesthetically; and the progressive development of this faculty proves that art is not nature perverted, but nature idealized and perfected.

Music in its character is essentially complex, and in its various departments calls into exercise almost every human faculty. It is an avenue for the expression of every changing emotion. As an element of devotion, it appeals strongly to the moral nature, and inspires the soul with grand and ennobling thoughts of Deity. As a science, it develops all the severer faculties of the mind. As an art, it calls forth in the

highest degree the imagination, on which all art is based.

Painting and sculpture are representations of the outer world. We recognize Nature, and admire the truthfulness of the imitation; but unless imagination calls up the ideal as it exists in the soul of the artist, and the design as traced in external forms, the magnificent conceptions of Raphael are to us as meaningless as the mystic characters inscribed on the Egyptian obelisks, and the genius of Canova cold as the lifeless marble on which he has stamped his immortality.

Poetry is an arrangement of words by which images are presented to the mind. Painting and sculpture only portray with accuracy the outer world. Poetry calls forth its treasures from the inner world of intellect and feeling. The heart of man and external nature are alike its domain. Each word is an embodied thought, the first link in an endless chain of associated ideas; but unless imagination follows the spirit in its aerial flight, the glorious creations of Dante are unintelligible as the genius of Michael Angelo to the wild man of the forest.

In music the images are far less definite, and the range of the imagination almost unbounded. Considered simply as a mechanical art, its power is comparatively limited. Harmonies may be most elaborately arranged on scientific principles, yet please us only as an ingenious piece of mechanism. There is no soul in such art, if that may be called art which is more properly science, yet very often mistaken for art. But the same combinations, through which breathes the genius of a Mozart or Beethoven, seem glowing with the fires of inspiration, and bear us away through the enchanted scenes to which imagination alone gives life and coloring. We wander through the quiet dells and sunny glades of fairy-land, or tread the regions of eternal snow, where sunbeams dance on the icy peaks, and flowers smile from the verge of avalanches. We follow the wild rush of the mountain torrent until it dissolves in a shower of pearls, quivering and flashing in the sunlight as madly it dashes onward to its fathomless home. Then we seem to float on a sea of melody, borne away on the bosom of the swelling tide, until we rest again in the vine-clad bowers of the land of song, or tread the tessellated halls of palaces, rich in treasures of classic art. The scene changes, and the sunny, laughing spirit of childhood gushes forth in lively tones, but to die away in the long, lingering wail of a broken heart. Then away to the airy clouds we follow the spirit's flight, and listen to the glorious strains that rise from the thousand strings of heaven's eternal lyre, until the universe seems to dissolve in liquid harmony, that slowly dies away like the twilight fading of a gorgeous dream. But, clearly and distinctly, through all this sounds the passionate voice of the soul, as now it restlessly murmurs in its narrow confines; now makes it prison-halls echo with the song of careless mirth, or the low, agonizing cry of misery and despair. Thus the spirit responds to the living chords, and the throbbing heart, the tearful eye, the deep emo-

tions that thrill the entire being, as each string is touched by a master spirit, all prove that there is soul in art to one who can interpret. Outward symbols are forgotten in the conceptions of genius. Let them visibly intrude, and the spell is broken, while imagination flutters earthward.

“But this is idle,” says the utilitarian; “life is too practical, too earnest, to be wasted in wild dreamings.” It is true that we must deal with reality, but, at the same time, he who has never felt his heart swell with emotion at the grand and beautiful in nature or art, has lost moments of hapiness, which in depth and purity can scarcely be compensated by years of ordinary life. In such moments we catch shadowy revealings of the great Ideal, which, lingering in the soul like stars, sheds light upon every object around us. But there is true beauty only in harmony. To be irresistibly led by the imagination is weak. To yield the entire force of a strong nature to moments of pure æsthetic enjoyment, with power to recall them at will to active duties, is ennobling. Artists may suffer from exclusive devotion to objects of taste, but their influence on the world is refining, and far more enduring than the sculptured marble, for they leave an impress on the mind stamped for eternity.

Music has its great archetype in nature. We listen to the gushing fountains, the warbling birds, the soft sighing of the forest trees, the ceaseless murmur of the ever-restless sea, and a responsive chord vibrates in our own hearts. Such is the simple melody, shedding quiet, passive happiness, like the gentle gleam of a star on the untroubled wave. But imagination blends all the wild music of nature in her thousand moods with the ever-varying songs of the human heart. Such is artistic music, stirring the depths of the soul, and inspiring it with loftier thoughts, nobler aims. To the true artist each tone is the representative of a living soul; and thus must it be to all, when the earthly shall fade before the dawning light of spiritual life.

When Edwin Booth was playing recently in a New England town, many rustics in the audience so identified him with the Hamlet he represented that they could not tell “’t’other from which.” One woman censured him severely for going on at such an awful rate about his father. “Lord!” said she, “I am only a woman, and my father died when I was a girl, but I never made such a fuss about it as Edwin Booth does. He’s old enough to know better. The idea of a grown man like him taking on in that way, just because his father’s dead. And what if his mother did marry again? That isn’t so strange that he should keep abusing her all the time for it. Edwin Booth may be a very nice fellow, but he can’t expect everybody to look at things as he does. They say he’s a Dane. I don’t know what a Dane is; but it must be a new-fangled name for a fool that goes around crying all the time because his father’s dead, and swears he’ll kill his uncle, and is afraid to when he has a chance. Lord! I hope we shan’t have any more Danes coming over here, if they are all like Edwin Booth.”

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

BY RICHARD LENEXY STODDARD.

There are joys for all our losses,
 There are balsams for all our pains,
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
 Under manhood's sterner reign;
 Still we feel that something sweet
 Followed youth, with flying feet,
 And it will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
 And we sigh for it in vain;
 We behold it everywhere,
 On the earth, and in the air,
 But it never comes again.

For the Impressario.

MUSIC IN SCHOOL.

EDUCATION is one of the grand questions of the day. Not only must free schools be provided for all, but some even go so far as to argue that "compulsory education" is both right and necessary. School houses, and school books, and methods of instruction are being constantly improved, in order to keep pace with the ever-advancing standard of excellence. Many of the best minds in the country are engaged in solving this great problem, which is to shape the civilization and prosperity of the coming generation. Is it the object of all this teaching to please and interest the children while in school, or to fit them for usefulness after they leave it? Is it to teach them to say, parrot-like, certain words and phrases, or is it to develop that mental power which will serve as a sort of reservoir for future use? Why spend all those months in drilling in "phonetics"? Why read, read, read all those lessons in the primer, and five or six successive readers? Is it because these lessons are, of themselves, particularly pleasant and instructive? No, certainly it is not.—We expect these children, after they leave school, to read the newspaper and monthly, Dickens and Bulwer, Milton and Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller, and we know that all this drilling is necessary in order to reach the desired end. And in like manner are arithmetic, geography, spelling, and writing taught. Now, should not music be taught in the same way? Ought we not to expect the same results in this branch as in those referred to above? We wish our pupils, sooner or later, to learn the choruses from the great tone-masters, but can they intelligently do so, if they have failed to receive that elementary drill which alone can enable them to understand and overcome the difficulties that confront them on every page of such music? Does learning instrumental music require years of practice, much of which is dry and tedious, and vocal music none, or next to none? There is no "royal road" in any study. Singing, if successfully taught, must be presented in so simple a manner, that the youngest child can comprehend it,

and as his mental powers develop, so may the difficulties be increased until the whole subject has been thoroughly mastered. A class so taught feels equal to almost any emergency. They not only know what the musical characters mean, but they also feel that they have obtained control of their vocal organs, and like a skillful reader, can give a reasonably correct rendering of the author's meaning at the first trial.

The Cincinnati Musical Festival.

A LITTLE over three months ago, the announcement was made that the Cincinnati Musical Festival would take place the first week in May, 1873.

Already some of the legitimate fruits of the festival can be seen as the results of the preparations therefor. Societies have been organized with participation in the festival as the main incentive. Better and more punctual attendance is reported from old societies since the Festival music has been received for practice.

It is pleasant to see those who have been always heretofore accredited—and deservedly so—as solo singers, coming promptly forward to take part in the chorus. It proves that there can be such a thing as a fine singer who does not live altogether for self-glorification.

At the outset the management did not have to waste any time over building plans and specifications. The building was ready—the Exposition Buildings, owned by the city and furnished for the Festival free of rent. Of course all parts of this building will not be used. The central hall, capable of holding ten to fifteen thousand persons, and admirably adapted for the purpose, will be the place for giving the concerts. Then the contiguous buildings come nicely into play for various purposes, and give opportunity for the introduction of an entirely new feature.

Instead of the concerts beginning at eight o'clock in the evening, they will begin at perhaps half-past seven. Then, after a performance of an hour, or an hour and a half, a recess of half an hour, or an hour; at which time the doors will be thrown open to other parts of the building, where the eye will be charmed by a brilliant profusion of flowers tastefully and skillfully arranged; and when the eye wearies of this wilderness of beauty, a place may be found where the grosser taste will be appealed to. There, spread out, in sumptuous elegance, will be the most tempting viands, the most delicate ice creams, the most fragrant coffee, and whatever else might tempt the most dainty appetite. Then to those so inclined—and who will not be?—an opportunity for a delightful promenade. Not the slightest difficulty about the room for promenading. The little apartment devoted to that purpose covers about two acres of ground.

The most ardent lover of music will confess to a feeling of weariness after sitting a whole evening at a concert without leaving his seat; and this nicely arranged plan of an hour's *divertissement* comes in very gratefully to relieve the evening of the only feature to mar its enjoyment.

A room will be kept open at all times as headquarters for the chorus, where they will receive their tickets and obtain information relating to boarding-places on first arrival, and any information necessary at other times.

The organ—to be built especially for the Festival—will be for solid business and not for show, to furnish a volume of round tone as backing for the chorus, leaving the lighter shadings and more delicate effects to be produced by the orchestra.

This will consist of 108 pieces, 50 of whom being Theodore Thomas' regular orchestra, reinforced by 58 artists, selected by Mr. Thomas from the musicians from the various cities during his recent concert tours.

THE SOLOISTS.

Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, of Cincinnati, has been engaged as principal soprano. At home in oratorio, with power of voice equal to the emergency, no more popular singer could have been assigned on this part.

Miss Annie Louise Cary takes the alto. With a voice whose beauty is only equalled by the good sense of its possessor, she has steadily risen in favor with the public until she stands confessedly the best contralto in the country.

To Mr. Nelson Varley is assigned the tenor. Mr. Varley, although young, is considered in England a worthy successor of Sims Reeves; and his English reputation is fully sustained by his performances in the East, since his arrival in this country, during the winter. The critical president of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society pronounces him, without exception, the best tenor in the country.

Mr. M. W. Whitney is so well known that the mere mention of his name upon the bass is sufficient assurance that the solos of that part will be about as well done as human voice can do them.

Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, of Boston, is engaged as solo baritone. The most, and the least, that can be said for Mr. Rudolphsen is, that his being added to the quartette of soloists will simply change it to a quintette, without in the least lowering its high character. Something of the feeling among musicians of the East may be learned from the words of Mr. Rudolphsen, who says: "I shall be proud to sing at the Cincinnati Musical Festival."

SOCIETIES.

Within the last thirty-six societies have been enrolled, aggregating about 1250 singers.

Instead of any performance of societies competing for prizes, there will appear on one afternoon a chorus of 1000 children from the public schools. Even so fastidious a person as Theodore Thomas says: "The singing of the public schools I recommend by all means. A popular move like that is justifiable, if put in the proper place."

The following extract from one of Mr. Thomas' letters will show something of his plans: "I wish to rehearse the choruses alternately Friday and Saturday, May 2 and 3, all day. General rehearsals with the combined forces on Monday. On Tuesday, rest during the day, and in the evening first concert."

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings will be given concerts, and on two or three of these days matinees besides. The programmes for the evening concerts are to be "pure and clean, without being heavy, principally made up from standard works of our great masters. Those for the matinees as light as good taste will allow.

The Impressario.

ST. LOUIS, APRIL, 1873.

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.

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MUSIC WITH THIS NUMBER.

MY OWN DEAR HOME—Song and Chorus.....35 cts.
GAELLE WALTZ.....35 cts.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

WHEN, in 1860, a pale and frightened girl came before a New York audience at the Academy of Music, and sang for them the rôle of *Giulda* in Verdi's "Rigoletto," she was met by that most awful of formalities—respectful attention. Like so many opera audiences before and since, it had come to be astonished and thrilled; and, disappointed because it had not been, it was sternly critical. It wanted a phenomenon: it had been given a fact. The *Giulda*, like hundreds of other first attempts, was just far enough removed from a positive failure to be tiresome to the people who desired a sensation. The pale and frightened girl struggled with the passionate duties of the rôle with very little human aid, and when the curtain fell upon the last act she staggered to her dressing-room and fell fainting among her friends. Nature, at that moment, protested against the severity of the ordeal and was kinder than her audience. Indeed, the applause of her friends had a suspicious sympathy in it. Still some kind of victory had been gained, though the world did not know it. The girl knew it. That was something. In all such cases the artist's knowledge of herself is more essential than her knowledge of others. This girl, coldly received, and fainting at the threshold of the profession—with her own and others' natures to overcome—dropped her first tear there in the half-closed doorway of success, and announced her determination to succeed. It was the last tear she shed. With this ordeal entered Clara Louise Kellogg upon her artistic career. There was not a single prediction made of her ultimate eminence. But when we reflect how many aspirants have appeared in the same way, and after the same results have disappeared, never again to be heard of; when we consider that at this time Miss Kellogg is in possession of an assured and honorable position among the world's greatest singers, we can be sure of the ability and determination that were hidden from the wonder-seeking

spectators in the pale and frightened debutante in the rôle of *Giulda*. In 1864 Miss Kellogg again appeared at the Academy of Music, and a marked development was even then noticeable in her talents and her art. The opera was Gounod's "Faust," until then unheard by the Americans. It is interesting now to recall the circumstances of that creation—for creation it certainly was. It had been produced in London only the season before, with the ponderous Tiedjens in the rôle of *Marguerita*. Without a tradition or an example, destitute even of the professional advice and counsel which usually accompany the assumption of a new part, Miss Kellogg set herself to work. Goethe and the score of Gounod were the only sources of information—we will not say of inspiration—accessible, and there was but one person, and that person a ballet-girl, in the company when the first rehearsal took place, who had seen "Faust" performed upon the dramatic stage in Germany, and who could offer in the vaguest way recollections of the stage business. With these advantages the young prima donna came to the impersonation of Gretchen, depending absolutely upon her own intelligence and intuition, and winning a triumph at once emphatic and enduring. "I have seen," wrote Berlioz, a celebrated virtuoso, who was here at the time, "a young girl, who is little better than an amateur, enact the part of *Marguerita* in M. Gounod's "Faust," and I have been both surprised and charmed by the delicious skill with which she has apprehended and made obvious those subtler nuances of the poet which I believed were beyond the reach of lyric or mimetic art." *Marguerita* was Miss Kellogg's first public success, and paved the way for her after successes. There were not wanting critics who were willing to see in her now a representative singer. The plaudits of the multitude attract the attention of the critics. Various discoveries were made in rapid succession after this. The most important was, that Miss Kellogg possessed one of the purest soprano voices that America had yet given to the stage. Another truth leaked out presently. She had a marvellously correct ear. It was as infallible as the tuning-fork. Finally, it was agreed that she was inspired by a true love of her art, and was thoroughly and unwaveringly conscientious in all her endeavors. So, from admiring her they came to respect her, and before she knew it she was called distinctively "The American Prima Donna." Miss Kellogg's character as a prima donna is pleasantly identified with her reputation as a woman. Her professional life is not an extrinsic part of her experience. It has grown out of her nature, and is a part of it. As a singer, she has undoubtedly done more than any other that our country has produced to raise the standard of lyric excellence among our people. As a woman, she has shown that the artist can preserve all the attributes, the graces, and the sacredness that belong to the sex, and in doing so confers upon the stage, in return for its culture, the adornment which a pure life and a lofty womanliness can alone contribute.—*Scrivener's Monthly*.

THE HAYDN ORCHESTRA.

THIS body, as a musical society, is the pride of our city. It is composed of some of our best local talent, and with every concert marked improvement may be noted. On the last occasion of this society's public exhibition, the Mercantile Library Hall was crowded to excess by an intelligent and music-loving audience. The programme was rendered in a pleasing manner in every particular. Miss Jacobs sang, with much credit, "Ah non Nünge," from Somabula. Her effort was heartily appreciated, and in response to an encore she sang that beautiful little gem, Eckert's "Swiss Song." Miss Lina Anton executed in excellent manner Karilberner's concerto in D minor. She exhibits great power, and this is especially noticeable in the left hand. The lady received a well-deserved encore, and in acknowledgment played Anton Rubinstein's "Valse Allemande." Mr. Colville gave a pleasing interpretation of "Infelice," from Ernani. This gentleman possesses a fine, rich baritone voice, but should confine himself to notes below E; the *robusto* voice he is obliged to use above that noting marred the effect of his otherwise excellent singing.

READING MUSIC AT SIGHT.

MORLEY, in his dialogue entitled "Introduction to Practical Music," 1597, makes the pupil say: "Supper being ended, and music-books, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfeignedly that I could not, every one began to wonder; yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up, so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I go now to seek out mine old friend, Master Guorinus, to make myself his scholar." Peacham requires his "Complete Gentleman" (1622) to be able to sing his part *sure at first sight*, and wital to play the same on a viol or lute. "It was essential to a gentleman's education that she should play and read music at sight; and lute-strings were very commonly offered as gifts to ladies at the New Year's season.—*Atlantic Monthly*."

APOLLO THEATRE.

THE attractions at this theatre are still as great as ever, not only to the German element alone, but to a class—by no means small—of Americans. The care taken to present the various operas in good style, with the excellent voices of the performers, could hardly fail of drawing the audiences nightly seen at this place of amusement.

A LITTLE fellow, while eating bread and milk, turned to his mother and said: "O mother! I am full of glory. There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it."

CARLO PATTI.

CARLO PATTI is dead. He was born in the city of Madrid, in 1842. His mother was a prima donna of some note, while his three sisters—Adelina (Marchioness de Caux), Carlotta Patti, and Amelia Patti Strakosch, have all risen to eminence in the profession of music. Patti was so proficient in the use of his favorite instrument, the violin, that, at the age of twenty he led the orchestra of the Varieties Theatre at New Orleans. He won deserved laurels at the Grand Opera House in New York, also as leader of the famous Ninth Regiment of that city. Having had some trouble with the late Prince of Erie, James Fisk, and the Wakefield Opera House opening about that time, he accepted an offer as conductor of its orchestra, and proceeded here at once. The closing of that concern placed him in an embarrassing financial condition, and he was obliged to give concerts in our own and neighboring cities in order to meet the common necessities of life, and, we may say, with little success. Suffering with that terrible disease, consumption; wearied and disheartened by the struggle with his own erratic nature, and the many vexations to which one of his peculiar temperaments was subject, he laid him down, like many another genius before him, and died—the victim of adverse circumstances and the child of poverty.

Concert of the Church Music Association.

THIS concert was held at the Second Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, the 27th of last month. A remarkably fine audience was in attendance, every seat in the building being occupied. The opening chorus was rendered in a pleasant manner, also that later in the evening. The organ solos, "Die Zauberflöte" and "Marche Funèbre" were executed by Mr. Creswold in a very creditable manner; but the music is not of a character suited to the tastes of the people. We are aware of the difficulties in the way of a successful concert in a church building, but this does not do away with the fact that the public desire, and naturally expect, to be pleased. The plaintive or grand will generally entertain an audience, but seldom the minor or very intricate music. Miss Ingram's solo, "He shall feed His Flock," was sung as only this lady can sing it. Her voice is wonderfully pure and sympathetic, and the soul which speaks in all her renditions, marks her as an artist from nature's own hand.

Male quartettes are not usually well received, yet the Messrs. Doerr, Dewes, Dierkes and Arenides were notably successful in their singing of "The Lord's Own Day" and "Day Slowly Declining." Miss Huntington is clearly a favorite wherever she appears. Her voice is pathetic and sweet, and she sings with expression—the evidence of a proper conception of the words and music. For once Mr. Dierkes sang with credit to himself, and in a manner pleasing to the audience. He has been unfor-

tunate heretofore in the choice of his selections, usually singing "recitatives" and pieces with little melody. His success in "O Loving Heart" should be a hint for the future. Abt's beautiful duet, "When I know that Thou art near me," by Miss Ingram and Mr. Colville, was sung in a very creditable manner. Miss Van gave a pleasing interpretation of "I know that My Redeemer liveth." This lady recommended herself to the audience by her modest demeanor and earnest efforts to please. Mr. Creswold's "Storm at Sea" was a remarkable performance. It was awfully grand, sublime! Every feature of the piece was unmistakably marked and distinct. The execution of this piece, in all its details, was the work of a master, and justly entitles Mr. Creswold to rank as "the best organist in the West."

OPERA BOUFFE.

M'LEE AIMEE and her excellent company drew crowded houses during their engagement at the Olympic Theatre last month. Although opera of this character is not generally acceptable to musicians, yet it is pleasing to a very large class of the people. It makes them laugh, and that in itself is a good thing; mental cares are lightened, and the appetite for the ridiculous is satisfied. The music and acting were in every way excellent. M'lee Aimee and Mons. Juteau have fine voices, the latter being probably the best singer and comic actor on the stage.

PROF. BONDI'S REHEARSAL.

HARMONIE HALL was crowded on the evening of March 27th, the large attendance proving that the Conservatory exhibitions have not entirely absorbed public attention. The programme was well rendered, showing careful training on the part of the teacher. As each piece was heartily applauded, and many of the performers encored, it was evident the efforts of the pupils were fully appreciated. Unfortunately, the stage of Harmonie Hall is not well adapted for the exhibition of musical pupils, the scenery, being too low and compact, absorbs nearly all the sound before it reaches the audience. This defect was, however, partially covered by the magnificent piano used on the occasion—a Schomacker. On the whole, the rehearsal was quite a success, and reflects great credit on Prof. Bondi and his pupils.

MISS NELSON'S BIRD.

MISS NELSON lately said to a gentleman: "But that dear old city of St. Louis is what I love most in this country. They are so warm-hearted and chivalrous. I just think it is the nicest place. And there, while I was playing, the last night of my engagement, such a darling present was given me. A bower of roses and flowers, as high as I am, was brought on the stage, and in the centre was this little darling." Here Miss Nelson produced a beau-

tiful gilt bird cage, in which was a canary. Opening the door, the bird flew out, exhibiting little or no fear, and after flying around the apartment several times, finally rested on her hand. She is evidently very fond of her beautiful present. She calls it Louie, and talks to it, as she would to a companion, in the most endearing terms. She says of our city, "It was like leaving home when I left St. Louis, and I can never forget the kindness of my many friends in that city."

Mrs. Scott-Siddons' Readings.

THIS lady's readings at the Temple during the last month, drew an intellectual, if not a large, audience. Her selections from "Romeo and Juliet," "As you Like it," and Whittier and Tennyson, were rendered in a manner worthy the fame of this lady as an elocutionist. Mrs. Siddons' ability was thoroughly tested. Without the ordinary accessories in the way of scenery, she produces the dramatic effects of the different pieces in a delightful manner and very acceptable to her audience.

A ROYAL STREET MUSICIAN.

THE *Signale* of Leipzig is responsible for the following anecdote concerning the musical tastes of another royal personage, viz: Duke Max of Bavaria, the father of the Empress of Austria. This prince, whose popularity in Bavaria was very great, was such a splendid performer upon the lute, that he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most finished players in that kingdom. Like most great geniuses, he was often very eccentric in his ways, and loved above all things to earn the praise and applause of an audience solely upon the merits of the performance, without the fact of his being a prince being at all brought into consideration. In the summer of the year 1859 Duke Max was staying at Kissingen—a fashionable German Spa—with one of his chamberlains (all of whom must learn how to play the lute). Early one morning these two sallied out to enjoy the delightful coolness of the atmosphere, and, seating themselves on a bench in the centre avenue, commenced an enchanting duet. At first they were undisturbed in their solitude, but, as the time approached when the visitors took their morning *sja* at the wells, the avenue began to show signs of life, and it was not long before an Englishman and his wife were attracted to the spot by the charming strains of melody. The Britons—a lord and his lady, of course—were delighted, and little thought that it was a royal musician who thus ministered to their pleasure, for the duke was incognito. The audience gradually increased; but my lord and his lady were the first to pull out their purses and give the performers substantial proofs of their satisfaction, an example which the rest of the spectators followed in due course. The old duke was in ecstasies; melody more enchanting than ever issued from his instrument. One of the local authorities had by this time found his way to the scene of this impromptu concert, and lost no time in informing the audience of the rank of the *virtuosi*. The spell was broken, for, as soon as the duke saw that he was recognized, he ceased playing, and thanking the spectators for their contributions he added a well-filled purse to the collection, and, handing it over to the local dignitary for distribution among the poor, withdrew from the scene of his triumph.

Madame Arabella Goddard.

A BRIEF sketch of her career may, perhaps, be interesting at the present time. Born in 1836, at St. Saens, near St. Malo, of English parents, she soon showed a talent for music, and at the age of six was placed under Karlbrenner at Paris. The master was famous for his system of fingering, and the child soon acquired a correct method of manipulation and steadiness of time never to be forgotten. After two years' study, Mme. Goddard appeared in public, playing one of Hummel's Concertos. In 1846 she was brought to London and placed under Mrs. Anderson; she shortly after played before the Queen and Prince Albert, who took the highest interest in her career. Thalberg was her next master, and the famous virtuoso boasted that his fair pupil was his only rival. Under the direction of Mr. J. W. Davison, the attention of Mme. Goddard was especially directed to classical music, and a tour in Germany developed and strengthened her inclination for the highest species of pianoforte music. She studied composition under Mr. G. A. Macfarren; and now the young artist was well-nigh perfect in the path she had chosen, and regular daily practice soon ripened the debutante into a performer of the very first ability. Not that Mme. Goddard ceased to improve; those accustomed to weigh minute differences noted year by year a more perfect finish in her playing, and a larger grasp and greater breadth in phrasing showing that self-culture was not neglected, and that "excellent" was still her motto. Her first important appearance in London was, we believe, at the old Promenade Concerts, in the Haymarket, in 1850. Three years after she played Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in C minor, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts given at Exeter Hall, under Lindpainter. Since that time she has been before the public constantly, and from the Crystal Palace the substantial concert room her career has been a series of triumphs—*Musical Standard*.

The Ocean Symphony—Rubin
stein as a Conductor.

THERE were few people who heard the production of Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony, last Saturday night, who were not impressed as much by the manner of the conductor as by the music itself. The music was new to all, except two of the movements, which were played here some time ago by Thomas Orchestra. The conductor was entirely unknown in that position. That he was the composer of the symphony, and a genius in his command of the piano, were facts that made the event more than ordinary interest.

Those who heard the orchestra play through the whole symphony, requiring an hour for its production, and remember the absolute faultlessness with which its elaborate shadings were given, will find in the facts above given the best praise that could be spoken of the artistic excellence to which Thomas Orchestra has been brought by that conductor.

There can be no doubt that Rubinstein himself fully appreciated this excellence, and we can readily imagine that as he heard his own favorite work repeated in such faultless style his heart was touched, and that the profound bow which he gave to the orchestra at the end of each movement, before turning to the audience, spoke infinitely heartier thanks than he could give for the applause of his hearers.

Rubinstein's manner of conducting an orchestra is unique; it is the manner of a genius,

which it would be unsafe to imitate. He began with his left hand resting in his side pocket. The music was simple, and his right hand, holding the baton, indicated, an instant in advance, the portion of the orchestra which was to play, and the nature of the music to be produced. He kept time, not with his baton (except at intervals), but with his feet, as if he were a dancer, and then the other. As the theme grew into stronger life, his left hand left its resting place, baton and hands and body united in expressing, as plainly as action could, the power and majesty that was coming in the music. It was as if the orchestra echoed audibly that which the conductor expressed without sound. The feature became a pleasing one, the more so as the audience observed it more. It was fine to see the united thunder of the loudest passages stilled into the merest murmurs of sound, with no greater effort than the extension of the conductor's hands over the straggling orchestra.

Rubinstein himself was a study. It is his peculiarity to become absorbed in the music he produces on the piano. It was natural that the production of this work in this splendid manner should move him. In some of the more exciting passages he seemed to rise with the theme, and his usually dull, expressionless face was lit up with the look of one inspired. He made that impression on many of the members of the orchestra, and their feeling for him was nearly akin to that of worship.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

WAGNER IN LONDON.

THE most temperate account that we have seen of the first Wagner concert is that of the *Full Mall Gazette*, from which we extract the following:

Meanwhile Wagner is being introduced or re-introduced to us in London; for it must not be forgotten that some twenty years ago he officiated one season as conductor at the Harmonic Concerts, when several of his orchestral pieces were performed under his direction. Whether through the fault of the public, or of the composer, certain it is that these works produced no favorable impression. Nor did the success of the first "Wagner Concert," which took place last week at the Hanover Square Rooms—the first concert devoted specially and exclusively, in this country, to Wagner's music—prove that music to be eminently acceptable, even to an audience composed largely of Germans, with many of whom the question of Wagner's music is viewed, not so much from a musical, as from a national and patriotic point of view. Much of the music performed was in accordance with the public taste, and much was in Wagner's latest style. But what was in accordance with the public taste was not in Wagner's latest style, and what was in Wagner's latest style was not in accordance with the public taste. We are merely stating facts without wishing to imply that Herr Wagner is to be judged by the likings or dislikings of his audience. It is worth noticing, all the same, that the pieces most applauded were those belonging to his earlier works, which have been often performed, and may often be performed again, without its being at all necessary to construct for that purpose a theatre at Bayreuth or elsewhere. For our part we like and admire the *Elektra*, *Die Walkure*, which, however, is never mentioned by professed Wagnerites, and which Wagner himself is said to regard as an error of his youth; we like and admire *Tannhauser*, and we like and admire the little of *Lohengrin* that we happen to have heard on the stage. We do not know more than most composers by being heard piece

meal in a concert-room; for the creator of the "art-work of the future" does not "lisp in numbers," and his whole system opposes the elaboration and perfection of particular scenes which, however highly finished, cannot, he maintains, joined together, form a musico-dramatic work possessing unity, but only a musical melody, or mosaic. In London he must be heard at concerts or not at all. But to judge of him as a stage composer one should witness a performance of *Tannhauser* at Berlin, or, better still, *Lohengrin* at Munich, or, best of all, the longest works of his last period, as they are to be given when a theatre fit for their reception and production has been provided at Bayreuth. For this last opportunity, however, it will be necessary to wait, desirable to attend Wagner concerts in aid of the Bayreuth fund, and commendable to join the guarantee committee which is to insure the organizers of these concerts against the possibility of loss.

NO MUSIC.—A recent traveler says: "What always impressed me more than anything else in Egypt and Palestine has been the entire absence of cheerful or exhilarating music, especially from children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of sorrow and sadness rests upon that forsaken land. The daughters of music have been brought low. 'The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.'"

THE picture of Mr. James Hart's Midday in Midsummer" has occupied him two seasons, and is spoken of very highly as an admirable one. It represents a pastoral landscape, with a crystal brook babbling beneath a wide-arched canopy of green, in whose limpid waters the parched cattle lave their sleek sides. There is a powerful contrast between moonlight and shade in the right foreground, where a flock of sheep are reclining beneath the shadow of the trees.

MEISSONNIER, the favorite artist of the empire, recently completed a picture for the Vienna Exposition, but sold it as soon as it was finished to a London dealer for \$20,000, who instantly resold it, at a considerable advance, to a member of Parliament. It is one of the artist's largest works, being twenty by twenty four inches. It represents a village sign-painter, who has just given the finishing touches to an ale-house Bacchus, showing his handiwork to nine host.

ANOTHER American singer has made her debut. Miss Rosa Cooke, daughter of the late John P. Cooke, a noted orchestral leader, made a successful debut at Crema, near Milan, as the queen in "Ruy Blas." She afterward sang *Guilda* in "Rigoletto," and after the *aria* "Cara Nomi," was recalled five times. Her voice is said to be a soprano of remarkable sweetness and purity of tone, and reaches high, with apparent ease, producing a full, clear tone.

MISS HOSMER's monument to Miss Falconer, a young English lady who died in Rome, has been placed in the Church of St. Andrea della Fratte, in that city, and is the only sculpture by an American artist to be found in any of the Italian churches.

JOSEPH BILLINGS says that opera music don't have any more effect upon him than castor oil has upon a graven image.

TEACHERS' CARDS.

Not exceeding three lines, will be inserted at \$3.00 per annum each additional line \$1.50.

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† Represents a song especially suited for school use. No love words are introduced.

Adeline the Forest Flower. F, 2, C to E. With chorus - - - T. Bealer. 40	†God Bless the Friends we Love. A, 3, D to E. - - - Blamphin. 30	Only at Home. A, 2, E to F. - Gabriel. 30
Adieu. Last Greeting. E flat, 4, D to F. Belongs to the highest class of parlor music - - - Schubert. 35	Halo Round the Moon. B flat, 3, D to F. Meininger. 40	Our Beautiful Mountain Home. Duet. A, 3, C to F. - Glover. 50
Adieu to the Woodlands. Duet. C, 3, C to G. Ger. and Eng. - F. Abt. 35	He Doesn't Love Me. G, 3, D to E. L. Gray. 30	One Sweet Kiss, and then Good Night. B flat, 3, F to F. Ger. and Eng. Meininger. 35
Ah! Could I Teach the Nightingale. Duet. E flat, 4, C to F. Ger. and Eng. Keller. 35	Herdsmen's Mountain Home. B flat 3, E to F. German and English. F. Abt. 35	Pride of the Garden. G, 2, D to E. With chorus. - - - F. Adonnis. 35
Ah! Gentle Eye. D, 3, C to F. Ger. and Eng. - - - Heiser. 30	Holy Mother, Guide His Footsteps. E, 5, D to G. A splendid duet. Wallace. 40	Placing a Daughter at School. G, 2, D to G. - - - Meininger. 40
Alpine Horn. E flat, 4, D to G. Ger. and Eng. - - - Proch. 35	Hunter's Daughter. F, 2, F to F. Meininger. 40	Paulina. G, 2, D to G. With chorus. H. Bollman. 40
A Widow for Me--Comic. B flat, 2, E to E. J. Batiste. 35	Hunters. Duet. D, 3, B to F. German and English. - - - Kucken. 35	Remember Me. C, 3, G to G. Meininger. 40
Beautiful Iona. G, 3, D to E. With chorus. Lange. 40	How Fair Art Thou. G, 3, E to G. German and English. - - - Weidt, 35	Red Sarafan. G, 2, B to E. - Russian. 30
Bright as the Stars that Beam Above. C, 3, E to F. - - - Meininger. 35	I'll Leave my Friends no More. E flat, 2, E to E. With chorus. H. Bollman. 35	Rosy Morning. H Balen, F, 4, A to F Italian and English. From Trovatore. Verdi 35
Bright Star of Eve, Arise! B flat, 3, C to F. - - - Wrighton. 30	Image of the Rose. E, 3, B to E. German and English. - - - Riechardt. 35	Serenade. D min., 5, D to G. German. Italian, French and English. Schubert. 35
Brightest Eyes. F, 4, E to G. Ger. and Eng. - - - Stigelli. 35	In the Eye there Lies the Heart. G, 3, C to E. German and English. F. Abt. 30	Serenade to Ida. F, 3, C to F. German and English. - - - Weingand. 35
Bonnie Jeannie Gray. C, 3, C to E. Scotch. A. F. Little. 35	It is Better to Laugh than to Sighing. C, 4, C to G. Italian and English. From Lucrezia Borgia. - - - Donizetti. 40	Sister, Don't get Married. D, 2, D to F. With chorus. - - - V Kholer. 40
Birdie Darling. A flat, 3, E to F. With chorus. H. Bollman. 40	I've no Mother, Now I'm Weeping. C, 2, C to F. With chorus. - T. Smith. 30	Since I have known her Love was Mine. E, 3, E to G. - - - Malmene 35
Beautiful Bells. G, 2, D to E. F. Mayer. 35	I Would Not Have Thee Weep. E flat, 3, E to F. - - - Meininger. 40	Sleep Well, thou Sweet Angel. D, 3, D to G. German and English. - F. Abt. 35
Brook. D, 4, D to F. - - - Dolores. 30	I Would That My Love. Duet. E, 3, D to F. Ger. and Eng. - Mendelssohn. 40	See the Pale Moon. Duet. D flat, 3, C to G. Italian and English. Campana. 40
Call Me Thine Own. C, 4, B to G. From L'Eclair. French and English. Halevy. 35	Kathleen's Answer. E flat, 3, C to F. Claribel. 30	Springtime. G, 3, D to G. German and English. - - - F. Abt. 30
Come, Lovely May. F, 3, F to F. German and English. - - - Mozart. 30	Kiss Me Before You Go. G, 2, D to D. A. F. Little. 35	Sweet Summer Days Have Come Once More. C, 2, B to E. - Meininger. 40
Close Veiled. A flat, 3, E to F. Sacred song with chorus. - - - S. C. S. 35	Language of Love. Flower song. C, 4, D to G. Ger., Ital., Fr. and Eng. From Faust. - - - Gounod. 40	Sweet Mother, Weep no More. C, 3, E to G. - - - A. C. Elmer. 35
†Child in the Snow. E flat, 3, E to E. With chorus. - - - H. Bollman. 40	Lily and the Rose. Duet. C, 3, C to F. Glover. 50	Through Meadows Green. C, 3, D to G. German, French and English; - Haas. 35
Crushed is My Heart with Sorrow. E, 3, D to F. - - - Meininger. 40	Life has no Power. Trio. D flat, 4. Sop., Ten. and Bass. From Belisario. Donizetti. 40	'Tis the Quiet Evening Hour. G, 3, D to F. Wilkinson. 40
Dark-Eyed Flora. C, 3, D to E. With chorus. - - - Ch. Connor. 40	†Little Angel Mary. B flat, 2, E to F. With chorus. - - - H. Bollman. 40	Tyrolese and his Child. D, 2, C to D. German and English. - Styrian Air. 35
*Dawn of Love. B flat, 3, D to F. With chorus. - - - Meininger. 40	Little Maggie May. G, 2, D to D. With chorus. - - - Blamphin. 35	Twins. Comic. F, 2, F to G. - Eimer. 35
Delora. G, 2, D to - - - F. Adonnis. 35	Listen, Charming Lady Love. G, 3, D to G. German and English. - Schnell. 35	Take Back the Heart. F, 2, C to F. Claribel. 30
Drift My Bark. Duet. C, 4, B to G. German and English. - - - Kucken. 50	Maggie's Secret. F, 2, C to G. Claribel. 30	There's no more Night than Day. G, 2, D to E. - - - Mrs T. J. Cook. 40
Ecstasy. F, 6, F to C. Beautiful Waltz--Song. Italian and English. - Arditi. 75	Marion Day. F, 2, C to D. - Atkinson. 35	Thou Dost not Think of Me. A flat, 2, E to F. - - - Th. Bealer. 40
Ever There. A flat, 3, E to F. German and English. - - - F. Abt. 35	Mary, Queen of the Sacred Heart. B flat, 4, C to F. Duet and chorus--Sacred. Ravold. 35	Wake Those Notes no More. A flat, 2, E to F. - - - Meininger. 40
†Farewell. E flat, 3, D to G. Duet, with chorus. A good piece for exhibition. H. Bollman. 50	Manola, La. E flat, 3, E to G. French and English. - - - Henrion. 40	Wanderer's Dream. F, 3, B to E. German and English. - - - F. Abt. 30
*Fly Away, Sweet Bird. E flat, 3, E to E. Sung by Maggie Mitchell, in the play of "Little Barefoot." - - - Meininger. 50	Mary, My Butterfly. C, 2, D to E. With chorus. - - - Ch. Brunner. 40	We may Meet Again, my Dear. A flat, 2, E to F. With chorus. - Th. Bealer. 40
Fondly, Mother, I am Dreaming. B flat, 2, D to D. - - - F. Adonnis. 35	My Dear Missouri Belle. F, 2, C to E. With chorus. - - - Th. Bealer. 40	We Parted, with Hopes to Meet Again. F, 3, C to F. With chorus. G. Anderson. 35
Fidgety Wife. Comic. G, 2, D to D. Alf. Rochou. 40	My Own Dear Home. F, 3, C to G. Meininger. 35	†Weep not for the Loved Ones. G, 2, D to D. With chorus. - Th. Bealer. 40
Good Bye. F, 3, E to G. - Meininger. 40	My Heart is Thine. B flat, 2, D to E. A. F. Little. 35	†What are the Wild Waves Saying. Duet. E flat, 3, B to G. - Glover. 40
Grave of Willey. E flat, 3, E to E. With chorus. - - - E. Freeman. 35	Nooks of the Heart. F, 2, D to E. Mrs. T. J. Cook. 35	When the Corn is Waving. B flat, 2, F to E. With chorus. - Blamphin. 30
Greeting. Duet. E flat, 3, B to F. German and English. - Mendelssohn. 35	Native Home. F, 3, A to D. German and English. - - - F. Abt. 30	†What is Home Without a Sister. G, 2, D to F. With chorus. - Th. Bealer. 40
Good Morning Sweet to Thee. C, 3, E to F. - - - Hatton. 30	Oh, Erin, Thou Land of the Generous and Brave. G, 3, G to G. Oldmother. 35	When the Swallows Homeward Fly. B flat, 2, D to F. Ger. and Eng. F. Abt. 35
	Oh! Quickly String the Harp. A flat, 2, E to E. - - - A. F. Little. 35	†When shall I See My Native Land. A, 2, E to E. - - - Th. Bealer. 40
	Oh! Why do you Say that our Friendship must Sever. D, 3, F to F. J. W. Shryock. 40	Whisper of one that is Dear to Me. A flat, 3, C to F. - - - Botefuhr. 35
	Oh, would I were a Bird! E flat, 2, E to E. Blamphin. 30	Withered Bouquet. B flat, 3, F to E. Meininger. 35
		†Willie's Good Night. B flat, 2, D to D. With chorus. - - - H. Bollman. 40
		Woodland Stream. E flat, 3, E to F. German and English. - - - Wrighton. 35
		Youth by the Brook. A, 3, E to F. German and English. - - - H. Proch. 40
		You and I. B flat, 3, F to G. - Claribel. 30

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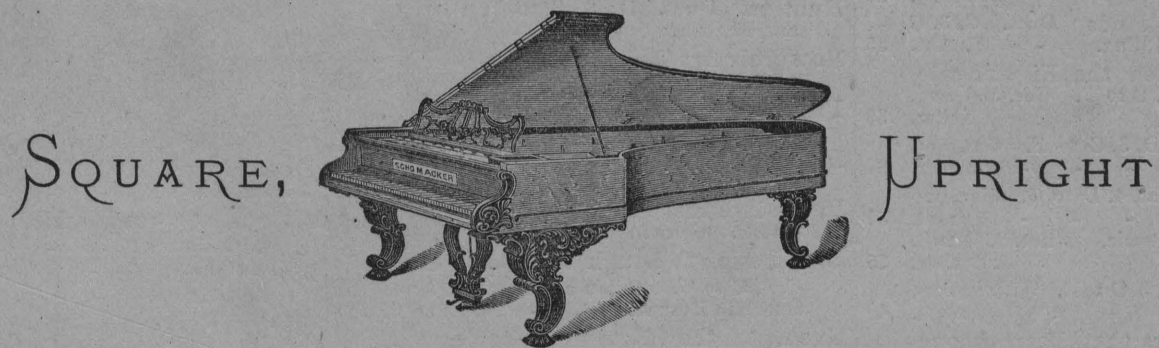
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