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MUSIC KUNKEL'S REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

Vol. X.

JANUARY, 1887.

No. 1.

Rhymes (not "editorial") by the Editor.

THE NEW YEAR.

"The King is dead, long live the King!"
'Twas thus the ancient courtier cried,
And made the palace walls to ring,
Soon as he knew his lord had died.

The year is dead, long live the year!
True courtiers all, we join to say.
Since from the dead we've naught to fear
And naught to hope, we'd all be gay.

Then hail the Prince who doth appear,
Young, crown'd with hope and girt with pow'r;
Him now we love, him now we fear;
Acclaim him King in this glad hour!

Some say the old year did not die,
But, like a bankrupt, took to flight,
Leaving his creditors to sigh,
And sneaking off at dead of night.

They say he came and promised smiles,
But, in their stead, brought many a tear;
And stole from some, with wicked wiles,
All that to them could life endear.

Who cares for plaints from others' lips?
Each soul knows what its burdens are—
And sighs blow not the stranded ships,
Hope-laden, o'er the harbor bar.

The year is dead, long live the year!
True courtiers all, we join to say.
Since from the dead we've naught to fear
And naught to hope, we all are gay.

MORE.

I love thee well, yes, passing well,
More than words or deeds can tell,
More than e'er man has loved before;
Yet, if I could, I'd love thee more—
Yea, more and more, and more and more;
I'd love thee more forevermore.

I prize thee more than aught on earth,
For what were life without thee worth?
Vain wealth and pow'r, vain fame and lore,
Yet, if I could, I'd prize thee more—
Yea, more and more, and more and more;
I'd prize thee more forevermore.

My life, my all, I've giv'n to thee;
Thine, thine alone, they'll ever be.
Alas, those gifts are all too poor!
Love, if I could, I'd give thee more—
Yea, more and more, and more and more;
I'd give thee more forevermore.

To heav'n and earth I'd sing thy praise
In strains of fire and deathless lays,
But all too weak my accents soar.
Sweet, if I could, I'd praise thee more—
Yea, more and more, and more and more;
I'd praise thee more forevermore.

LOVE AND THE BEE.

(Imitated from Ronsard.)

Love, the willful, wayward child
Plucked fair flowers, growing wild
Near a hive, whose fragrant combs
Bees were building for their homes.

Plucking blossoms on he kept
Till a bee which, drunken, slept
On a rose's golden heart,
Stung his hand and made it smart.

Soon as stung, he quickly fled;
"I shall surely die," he said,
Ran till he his mother found,
Showed her then his painful wound.

"Mother," cried the weeping boy,
(All forgot his fav'rite toy,
Th' archer's bow) "Oh, see how sore
Is my hand, and swelling more!"

Venus clasped her darling son,
Kissed him oft and blew upon
His sore hand (as mothers will,
Hurts to soothe and cries to still.)

Then she put him on her knee:
"Child, who was it wounded thee?
Was't the Graces of my court
With a rose-thorn, in their sport?"

"'Twas a little, winged snake,
Such as spring-time's sun-rays wake,
Such as seek each fragrant bow'r,
Buzzing loud from flow'r to flow'r."

"Ah, I know the culprit, then,"
Venus said; "the husbandmen,
Whom in yonder vale you see,
Call the rascal honey-bee.

If a puny insect's sting
So much pain and woe can bring
Unto any luckless wight
Who disdains its little might,

How much greater yet must be,
Child, the suff'ring caused by thee,
In the hearts, both near and far,
Which thy arrows' targets are!"

A FRAGMENT.

Yes, thou art gone, and yet thou still art here,
For in my heart thou dwellest evermore,
And from that home thou whisp'rest: "Do not fear,
My love is thine; I'm faithful to the core!"

Like as the dew that cheers the with'ring flow'r,
Like balmy sleep that cures the wounded soul,
Like smiling dawn, when past night's darkest hour,
Those words of love uphold, refresh, console!

THE STOLEN KISS.

Be not angry, my dear, for it can't be amiss,
From your lips, where in clusters they're growing,
To have plucked on the sly, only one little kiss,
That so ripe 'mid its fellows was showing!

But if angry you be, 'tis not me you must blame,
But that playful young rogue they call Cupid,
For he whispered to me, as he stopped in his game,
"All those kisses are mine; take one, stupid!"

He had gone from my side, when I turned to reply,
Wond'ring much if the truth he were telling,
When I saw the young elf looking out of your eye,
As 'twere out of the door of his dwelling.

As uncertain I stood, with a wink and a nod,
To your lips, cherry-ripe and so pouting,
Quick he pointed again, did the wily young god,
And 'twas thus that he conquered my doubting;

For so truthful he looked, and the kiss seemed so
good,
That his gift I could surely not spurn it;
But if falsely he spoke, I will do as I should,
And to you, if 'tis yours, I'll return it.

But you've kisses to spare, and I know they are nice,
And you too are so sweet and so clever,
That for three or four more I'd consent, in a trice,
To be chained as your bondsman forever.

WICKED?

Thou call'st me "wicked," just because,
Transgressing Mrs. Grundy's laws,
I sipped, from those dear lips of thine,
One red, red drop of love's new wine.
But list! The saying's old (and new,
Since truth, of course, is ever true)
That "Like seeks like." Now, search thy heart;
Yes, search and probe its ev'ry part!
What find'st thou there?—A tear, a smile,
Much good, some ill, but nowhere guile.
If I be "wicked" (e'en as thou
Did'st use the word) I ask thee now
If thou canst any reason see
Why thus my heart is drawn to thee?
Call me not wicked, then, because
I've sinned against old Grundy's laws,
But let me, from those lips of thine,
Sip once again of love's new wine!

NOTE.—"The Stolen Kiss" has been set to appropriate music by M. J. Epstein. Price 35 cts. "More" has been set to excellent music by Charles Kunkel. Price 50 cts. Both songs have a German translation of the words as well as the English original here published. They may be had of all music dealers. Published by Kunkel Brothers.

Kunkel's Musical Review

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NOW is the time when most of the State Legislatures begin their sessions. Now is the time, therefore, for the friends of music to press upon them the claims of music as a part of the regular course of study in the public schools. A change in the school laws demanding of all candidates for teachers' certificates a knowledge of the elements of music and the regular teaching thereof to the attendants upon the public schools would very soon work a great revolution in our national musical standing. What are the State Music Teachers' Associations doing about this? Success can hardly be expected at first but it will come eventually, and if a beginning is made now, it will come the sooner.

CHILDREN'S SONGS.

THE man who shall write or compile a truly first-class book of children's songs will deserve a statue at the hands of his grateful countrymen. From five to twelve years of age is certainly the time when music (and more particularly song) has the greatest power in forming the taste and influencing the manners; but in the vast mass of so-called children's songs, how many are there that are just what is needed? The task of producing such a work is not an easy one, as the repeated failures of those who have attempted it prove but too conclusively. First, as to the words, it is not an easy matter to combine substantial, didactic thought and poetical beauty of expression with that simplicity of language which is indispensable in poems of this character—to steer in safety between the Scylla of commonplace and namby-pambyism on the one hand and the Charybdis of pomposity and pedantry upon the other. Nor is the task of composing suitable music less difficult, for it means the creation of melodies that, within the compass of the ordinary child's voice, shall be fresh and pleasing to the children without being trivial, and the adoption of such harmonies as shall be varied and beautiful enough to awaken and cultivate the sense of harmonic excellence, and yet not so intricate in their modulations as to become puzzling or unintelligible to the youthful ears to which they are addressed. Even this is not all. The words separately may be excellent and the music may meet the requirements made above, and yet the two together may make a very unsatisfactory song. The adaptation of the music

to the text is a paramount consideration and one which demands great taste and skill.

The restrictions placed around the child's song by the limitations of the child's mental scope and physical powers leave the song writer so diminutive a canvass upon which to paint his word and tone pictures, and yet he must crowd so many things within that narrow space (and that with an appearance of still having space to spare) that it is no wonder that it is but seldom that even moderate success crowns his efforts. There is but one Meissonnier among painters, but one who knows how to be really great on a small scale. The Meissonnier of song has not yet appeared. If ever he comes, he will be a greater man than his prototype in the art of painting for, as we have indicated, he will have to possess all the qualities of the former and many others besides.

There are hundreds of composers in the world to-day who can write a correct symphony, but where are those who can compose the ideal child's song? Reinecke and one or two others have done creditable work in that direction but the field is practically unoccupied. Who will enter and possess it? Fame awaits somebody right here—fame and the blessings of coming generations as well as the reward of the consciousness of having accomplished a great and necessary work for education and philanthropy. Will not our rising American composers give this matter a thought and try their hand? If they do, they will undoubtedly consign more than one manuscript to the flames, but they may find some of them worthy of a better fate. Even if they do not come up to their ideal or our own, their endeavors may result in worthy additions to the very scanty stock of good songs for children. And who knows but that the Meissonnier of music may thus discover his true powers?

THE USE OF A METRONOME.

NOW and then we hear of piano teachers who make their pupils practice by the metronome. We do not know how they ever began the foolish custom, since there is not a respectable authority that indorses it, but we do know they ought to stop it immediately, for the results of such practice can only be evil. The sentiment of rhythm is not one that needs development, as any one who has heard a small boy recite "Casabianca" or "Mary had a little lamb"—nay, the reading of metrical lines by many a man or woman of culture—with perfect, mechanical, metronomic swing, can testify. What would you think of an elocutionist whose first care was to develop the sing-song style of reading? Yet, that is precisely what practice by a metronome tends to produce in music. No true musician will attempt to play half a dozen bars without indulging in slight variations of tempo required by the character, the musical meaning of each phrase, any more than a skilled elocutionist will try to scan in strict time the poem he is reciting. But just as in elocution certain compositions or passages demand a greater or lesser speed of utterance as a whole, that is to say, independently of the variations in rapidity which may be indulged in for elocutionary effect within the composition or passage itself, so, in musical compositions, different movements demand a certain general speed, independent of the variations from that speed which proper accentuation, phrasing, etc., may demand within the movement itself. This general speed composers generally indicate first at the head of the piece, and afterwards whenever a change of tempo is desired. If, for instance, the composer marks his composition $\text{♩} = 120$, it is understood that he desires that one hundred and twenty quarter notes shall be played in a minute. The note shows what kind of note is treated as the unit—the num-

ber following, the number of those units to be played in a minute. *The sole legitimate purpose of a metronome is to get the true intention of the composer as to the general tempo of the piece or movement being studied.* That having been obtained, the rate of speed should be kept in the mind and the composition should be practiced with due regard to its proper expression, which, we repeat it, cannot be done by the mechanical swing of any metronome.

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THERE is one paragraph of the President's message which will interest American composers, and publishers of music. It is that which refers to the question of international copyright in the following words:

"The drift of sentiment in civilized communities toward full recognition of the rights of property in the creations of the human intellect has brought about the adoption, by many important nations, of an international copyright convention, which was signed at Berne on the 18th of September, 1885. Inasmuch as the constitution gives to Congress the power to "promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries," this Government did not feel warranted in becoming a signatory, pending the action of Congress upon measures of international copyright now before it; but the right of adhesion to the Berne convention, has been reserved."

Authors and publishers perhaps had a right to expect, they certainly could have wished, a more definite recommendation from the Chief Executive to the national legislature than is contained in the paragraph quoted. But while, for political reasons probably, the President leaves it uncertain whether his views are in full accord with "the drift of sentiment in civilized communities," which eventuated in the Berne convention of September 1885, his reference thereto is sufficient to call the attention of Congress to the fact that international copyright is one of the matters upon which it should take action. Now, therefore, is the time when all parties interested should urge upon their representatives at the national capital the necessity and the justice of the passage of such legislation as may be necessary to make the laws of this nation consonant with its views upon the subject and to place it before the world, as it is in fact, as in full accord with the sentiment of other great nations upon this subject.

VERY once in a while we hear of a conflict between the pastor of this or that church and his choir or its leader. There can be no doubt that as the place of music in the church is solely that of a part of the church service, for which the pastor is alone responsible, the choir leader or organist should yield to his authority. On the other hand, pastors totally ignorant of music often demand of their organists and choir leaders absurdities which are enough to try the patience of persons of much meeker disposition than the average musician. The remedy for this evil must be found in the systematic teaching and the enforced study of music, and especially of church music in all theological schools. It seems strange that where years are spent upon the study of exegetics and homiletics, so little time (indeed, in most theological schools, no time at all) should be devoted to the acquiring of even an elementary, practical knowledge of an art which from the earliest ages has been closely identified with the religious ceremonies of all nations and the expression of the religious feelings of all races and creeds.

THE CONDITIONS OF MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

 N a letter to *The Musical World* (London) Mr. Frederic Harrison happily expresses some plain and wholesome truths, which we take pleasure in reproducing. We leave out all those portions of his communication which refer exclusively to London and its present musical status as being of but little interest and of no practical value to American readers.

Music is the most social, the most affecting, the purest of the arts; the one most deeply connected with the moral side of civilization. It stands alone in the arts as hardly capable of being distorted to minister to luxury, evil, or ostentation. One can hardly imagine vicious music, or purse-proud music, or selfish music. It is by its very nature social, emotional and humanizing. Hence, I hold music to be the art which specially concerns all social reformers and popular teachers. And, as we have pointed out to Mr. Ruskin and the æsthetic pessimists, these latter ages cannot be called deficient in art, since they have immensely magnified the most human of all the arts of sense.

I am no musician, and do not pretend to say a word about music as an art. But, as one who delights in music, and who has long sought to bring out its social and civilizing mission, I have been very much struck with the fact that music is dependent in a curious degree on the material conditions of our civic life. Pictures, statues, poems, can be sent about and multiplied in various forms *ad infinitum*. The poorest home can contain a Shakespeare, a cast or an engraving. A great cathedral may impress the spirit of millions, even as they walk to their business under its shadow. But music of a high kind, though it knows no limitations of country, age, or material—though it is free of time, space and matter—does need trained powers of execution, the combination of suitable hearers and performers, and above all, a place exactly corresponding to the kind of art performed.

Music is peculiarly dependent, both for its artistic and social value, on the material conditions of social organization. It needs three things: (1) highly trained executants; (2) a permanent and duly-trained audience; (3) a place of performance, convenient to the audience, and suitable to the artistic conditions.

I have watched scores of times how all serious music and all serious artists have to educate their audiences gradually by a long and conscientious work of cultivation. A great musician has, I hold, more to do to train his audience, than to train his orchestra. No audience can become worthy to listen to great music fitly performed, unless it is a permanent and painstaking audience; unless it labors honestly to understand the master and his interpreters. And it is just this permanence and this self-educating spirit the mob chokes. Just as the audience is pulling itself together and becoming fit to be played to, the series of concerts becomes fashionable, or the season begins; the mob breaks in, and all goes wrong.

A permanent self-respecting, art-respecting audience must consist of quiet people, living within a moderate distance of each other, and of the concert hall. Musical art, more than any other art, needs an organized social life, within permanent and moderate limits.

The ideal concert hall should hold 500 persons comfortably; it should be within an easy walk of their homes; it should have ample passages, exits, cloak-rooms, artists' and committee rooms; it should have pure air, cool temperature, no gas, no noise, and no suggestions either of Mohawk Minstrels or fried fish. Lastly, it should be beautiful; architecture, decorations and fittings should be of an art worthy to invite us to the high art we meet to cultivate.

I will no longer go to hear the finest violin on earth, with more than six or seven hundred of my fellow beings; and I should greatly prefer three hundred. To give what is facetiously called "a concert" in a colosseum which holds fifteen thousand people, is an impertinence. Time was when I never missed an oratorio. But I have never heard one yet, in an arena which seems designed for a ball-fight or a hippodrome.

"Oconowoc!" yelled the brakeman. "O'Connor may walk, may he?" exclaimed an Irishman at the other end of the car. "An' faith, if yez mane me, you'll have a foine time makin' O'Connor walk whin he's paid \$5 for this bit o' paste-board."

A YOUNG lady singing a sentimental romanza displayed not only extraordinary talent, but a set of enormous teeth. "Ah," said a lady auditor to her husband, "what a grand organ!" "Perfect," rejoined the husband, "even to the keyboard in her mouth."

GHOSTLY MUSIC.

 PIRITISM, which is represented by those who believe in it to be vastly superior to Christianity, differs, of course, from the latter in its revelations as to the state of music in the other world. The Church has always held that the angelic host sings and plays on the harp and trumpet in a way altogether beyond the reach of criticism. Though a good deal can be done with harps and trumpets, we are not shut up to the conclusion that these are the only instruments used by the blessed ghosts in Paradise. Probably the term *trumpet* is a general one, and includes trombones, sax-horns, and other instruments on which the chromatic scale can be played. However this may be, the Church has always taught that the angels are accomplished musicians, and has never thought it worth while to repel the blasphemous suggestion that accordions, banjos, and such like debasing reservoirs of vulgar noise are known beyond the bounds of this miserable earth.

But Spiritism, on the other hand, shows us that the state of musical culture among ghosts is no better than that which characterizes an Indiana country town. The average ghost plays on only the most execrable instruments, and sings only the most empty and aggravating songs. As for producing a decent tone with the trumpet, or playing the simplest melody with a harp, the ghosts of Spiritism have never even ventured to make the attempt. When a "materializing séance" is held the medium always requests the circle of believers to sing, alleging that under the influence of music ghosts materialize with comparative ease. But what are the songs that are sung in spiritist circles? The "Sweet By-and-By" is a fair sample of them. They are invariably the illiterate sentimental songs popular among people who know absolutely nothing about music. They are sung through the nose with the mechanical sameness of the barrel-organ, and with a dragging of the time that is simply maddening. One would think that if the singing of the "Sweet By-and-By" could induce any ghost to materialize, it would be a large ghost with a heavy club and a wild desire to brain the singers. Unfortunately, this is not what ordinarily happens. The singing is followed by the appearance of ghosts, who are in the best of tempers, and apparently perfectly satisfied with the "music" which has lured them from the other world. Of course this is fatal to our respect for ghosts. If a ghost will deliberately come to earth to hear people whose voices are as cracked as their brains sing the "Sweet By-and-By," they are wholly unfit to be noticed by persons of any sort of musical culture.

This being the kind of musical taste which prevails in the other world, we need not be surprised to find that not a single ghost has yet materialized who can play on a decent instrument. What is even worse is the fact that the entire ghostly world seems to be given over to the accordion. Occasionally a ghost will strike the strings of a guitar so as to produce a discordant noise; but the accordion is positively the only instrument which ghosts will play in public. If Spiritism is true, it is evident that the first thing a disembodied spirit does is to learn to play on the accordion. Men who in this world would have smitten to the earth the wretch who should have tried to place an accordion in their hands, will, in their ghostly estate, take up the instrument from the medium's table, and proceed to encourage its asthmatic wheezing.

It is certainly very strange that we should thus deteriorate after death. The late Daniel Webster was confessedly one of the greatest men of any age. He never played on any instrument, and, in fact, had no liking whatever for music; but his views of the accordion were such as become a statesman, a Christian, and a gentleman. Yet, now that he is dead, he has devoted himself with much assiduity to the accordion, and when he condescends to materialize for the benefit of a roomful of Spiritists—as he frequently does—he is pretty sure to say: "Gimme that there accordion and I'll play a little suthin';" whereupon he plays the "Sweet By-and-By," "Mollie Darling," or "Beautiful Spring." George Washington is equally bad, and even Shakespeare has repeatedly shown that he shares the ghostly fondness for accordions.

Inevitably, this casts a gloom over the future world. If, when we are dead, we sink to the accordion, and find pleasure in the "Sweet By-and-By," we are decidedly better off here than we will be hereafter. So far as we can learn from materialized ghosts, there is not a harp nor a brass instrument in the other world, and, if there were, there is not a ghost who could play on them. Were we to adopt the hypothesis that only the ghosts of bad

men had the power to return to earth, and that their familiarity with the accordion is acquired while undergoing punishment, we might feel a little encouraged; but, in point of fact, the ghosts of the very best and noblest men play the accordion, so that the hypothesis suggested is clearly untenable.

Our best plan is to decide that Spiritism can not be true. It is far more probable that mediums lie, and that Spiritists are deceived, than it is that Daniel Webster and Danté play the accordion. Let us cherish our old belief in celestial harps and angelic trumpets, and hope that in the future life we shall be free from the sight and sound of the accordion. Perhaps the fallen angels, having dropped and broken their harps, torment miserable sinners by singing "The Sweet By-and-By," and accompanying themselves on the accordion; but surely, in any other part of the universe of ghosts, that wretched instrument and song must be unknown.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST CONDUCTING.

 T was in the autumn of 1822, that Beethoven's *Fidelio* was reproduced on the boards of the Kärnthnertheater. As soon as it had been decided that opera should be put on, the question was discussed as to whether Beethoven should be asked for his co-operation by conducting it. Beethoven's cruel infirmity, which continued to grow worse, should have caused the rejection of this idea, but the desire of seeing him once more at the head of an orchestra rendered the persons concerned incapable of due reserve. The unfortunate composer was, therefore, asked to direct the study of his work, and, unconscious of his misfortune, unhesitatingly accepted. It was resolved, however, to give him as a coadjutor *Capellmeister* Umlauf, who was to stand behind his chair and restore order among the instrumental host, if, by chance, the composer's deafness should throw them into disorder. Unluckily, this precaution proved insufficient, as we shall see. On the day of rehearsal, Beethoven, accompanied by Schindler, went to the theatre and took his seat at the conductor's desk. The overture went off without any hitch, but at the very first vocal number—the duet between Jacquin and Marcelina—there was confusion among the artistic phalanx. Alas! it was only too certain that the master did not hear a note of the vocal parts, and could not, therefore, be relied on to mark the proper moment for each artist to join in. Amid the general confusion Umlauf restored silence, parleyed for an instant with the two singers, and gave the signal: *da capo*. Again it was impossible to go through with the number to the end; the instrumentalists followed faithfully the beat of their conductor, but the singers, getting perplexed and troubled, were unable to keep time. This state of things could not continue, and it was imperative, at whatever price, to inform Beethoven of the impossibility. But no one would undertake the ungrateful task. Duport dared not venture; for Umlauf there was something particularly delicate in making such a communication, and it was only natural that he should endeavor to escape the task. While the point was being discussed, Beethoven moved about uneasily in his chair, turning his head right and left so as to read in the physiognomies around him what was going on; but on every side he beheld only mute impassibility. "Suddenly," says Schindler, "he called me in an imperious voice, and, holding out his tablets, ordered me to give him the solution of the enigma. Trembling all over, I traced the words: 'Let me entreat you not to proceed. I will explain more fully when you are at home.' He gave one leap from his chair, and, getting over the pit-railing, exclaimed: 'Let us go quickly!' He then ran at one breath to his lodgings, then in the Pfargasse, Leimgrube suburb. When he got indoors his strength failed him. He fell inertly on the sofa, and, covering his face up with his hands, remained motionless till dinner-time. After he sat down to table, too, it was impossible to extort a word from him."—"That fatal November day," adds Schindler, "was the most sorrowful one in the career of the poor composer, who was so terribly tried. However great his anguish may have been on previous occasions, never before had he received so fearful a blow. Only too frequently I had an opportunity of seeing him exposed to vexation, and more than once I beheld him bent down under the weight of his misfortunes, but I had always known him, after a moment's prostration, raise his head and triumph over adversity; on this occasion, however, he was stung to the quick, and to the day of his death lived under the impression of the terrible scene."

THE LAST CLOAK.

HE last cloak known to my Parisian contemporaries was the property of a charming young man of twenty-six years of age, Viscount de Cheverny, who had got it from his uncle, a witty, elegant, prodigal old gentleman, a great lover of all the arts and a fervent admirer of beauty—amiable qualities which had quietly led him to ruin himself; for, when he died, he left his nephew nothing but the furniture of the little apartment which they inhabited in the Rue Grammont, a yearly income of twelve hundred francs—just enough to keep him from starving—and his cloak, the faithful companion of more than one duel and of many gallant adventures.

All this constituted but a small equipment for him who was about to continue alone the great struggle of life; for the price of the furniture had nearly been absorbed by the expenses of the funeral, which Raoul would have worthy of the name of his old relative; the cloak was of but little use to him, otherwise than in enabling him to oblige friends who came to borrow it whenever the garment, proscribed by fashion, seemed useful to them in some rather doubtful enterprise in which they did not desire to be recognized. But our Viscount was twenty-six years old, and, being an artist, was endowed with a large fund of philosophy. He was a composer and had faith in his future, because he knew he was young, and felt that he possessed talent. And yet Fate was not friendly to him. Like the majority of those who work well, Raoul worked rapidly and had already offered two operas to the *Theatre Lyrique*, a grand opera in the *Rue Rossini*, and over a hundred songs, waltzes and other productions to the different music publishers of Paris. But at the *Lyrique*, as well as at the *Opera* he had been put off from day to day, and the publishers, with an unanimity and accord such as is found in but few orchestras, had given many commendations, but not one had consented to take the risk of publishing the works of an unknown author. But he had an abiding faith in himself, and, far from despairing, he kept all his cheerfulness and that freedom of thought which is so necessary and so dear to all true artists.

He had genuine merit in thus rising above surrounding circumstances, for the illness of his purse caused him no little embarrassment, and the cloak I have spoken of brought him endless trouble. One day it was a gentleman, a perfect stranger, but quite combatively inclined, who came to demand satisfaction for the abduction of his wife, who had left his bed and board one week before. Raoul began by asserting his innocence, but the outraged husband would listen to nothing, and with numerous threats reiterated that he had been perfectly recognized by his cloak. The artist would then remember that one week before he had indeed lent his cloak to a friend, a nineteenth century Lovelace, and to satisfy his visitor, or to serve his friend, he fought the fellow, who came near killing him, for while Raoul shot into the air, his opponent's shot grazed his neck, leaving a scar which never disappeared. Upon another occasion (this was something more serious) he came near being sent to Lambessa, whither His Majesty Napoleon III. shipped any one who dared to think that under his reign "everything was not for the best in the very best of worlds." Upon this occasion, as I was saying, he was called upon by a gentleman dressed all in black, like the page of Lady Marlborough in the song, who stated to him that he was a *commissaire de police*, and, with the obstinacy peculiar to that class of people, undertook to prove to him that he was a member of a secret society, and conspired against the safety of the Empire.

"I conspire against nothing at all," answered Raoul, "and I belong to but one society, that of the nine sisters."

"What are their names?" asked the magistrate, in a tone of authority, as he took out his note-book to register them.

The artist smiled and began: "Euterpe, who presides over music; Polyhymnia over lyric poetry; Terpsichore over the dance—"

"Look here! What do you mean?" said the *commissaire*, who grew furious when he saw that Raoul was poking fun at him.

"Mean? Why I am giving you the names of the nine Muses; of those whom the poets are wont to call 'the nine sisters.'"

"To Prison!" vociferated the minion of the law, whose anger had become exasperation; and the unfortunate artist was taken to the Madelonnettes, where he spent two months before he was able to make the judge, who was to examine the charge brought against him, understand that if the accusation rested solely upon his having been recognized by his cloak, he was certainly not the culprit, since he could prove that he had lent it more than three months before to a friend who was now in Italy. His case was at last dismissed for want of evidence; but his name remained upon the records of the Police Department as that of a man who needed watching.

Therefore he returned to his humble rooms in the *Rue Vaugirard*, and had the satisfaction of finding there his cloak, which M. de Levy, the friend in whose stead he had just been imprisoned, had just sent back to him.

However, those who had borrowed the cloak had not all been guilty of misdemeanors. Good sometimes conceals itself with as much care as evil, and in that case it also needs a cloak. Thus, one morning, soon after his return to his apartment, which he continued to prefer to the Madelonnettes, he received the visit of a little old man, who thanked him effusively for the nursing and care he had procured for him while he was sick. It was in vain that Raoul protested; old Dodieze would not be undeceived, and, notwithstanding all the Viscount's denials, he persisted in seeing in him his anonymous protector, answering all his objections by saying that his cloak had told on him.

This old Dodieze, who was a music teacher, related to him that he had a ward, beautiful as an angel, chaste, and a musician like St. Cecilia, who had a voice like that of a seraph, a soprano such as had never been heard, he said proudly. "She would have surpassed Grisi and Malibran," continued he, with enthusiasm; "she was Philomel herself, a veritable nightingale! What skill, what power of expression! She was a prodigy. And now," added he, in a tremulous tone, as he quickly wiped away a tear which caused his little gray eyes to sparkle, "she is lost for me, which, after all, is but a small matter, but she is also lost to art, which is a real misfortune."

"What!" said Raoul, deeply interested, "is she dead?"

"No, thank God!" answered the old artist, "but she has become a great lady, immensely wealthy, and," he added, with some bitterness, "it seems that now her name forbids her to speak to men the language of the angels. But it was inevitable," he continued, with an air of melancholy resignation. And, after a short pause, he added: "We gave but one concert, three years ago, in the *salle Herz*, for the theatre

makes demands which alarmed her modesty, and she had resolved to sing only in concerts; but as soon as she had been seen and heard, she became the object of the love of all those who love our divine art. To be short, she married a young Russian Count, the owner of I know not how many villages and peasants in his own country. That caused me great sorrow, as you will understand, since you too are an artist; but I loved her as a father loves his child, for herself, and therefore I endeavored to hide from her my sorrow, which might have caused her to refuse what people call a great future, though in reality it is only a great fortune. I therefore seemed to be glad of her marriage; but, through a sentiment which you will understand, I would accept nothing that came from that Russian, whom I hated; besides, I needed nothing; I was left alone, and my lessons furnished me an ample support."

After another pause he continued: "The Count's health was bad, and that was why he had come to live in France. Soon his physician ordered a milder climate, and they left for Italy, then for Greece, then for Corfu. It was then that I became sick. You know," continued he, with a suggestive smile, "that artists do not usually save much. As soon as it became impossible for me to attend to my lessons I was pinched, and then became absolutely destitute. My sickness was long and severe, and but for your generosity—"

Raoul protested with a gesture.

"All right! All right!" replied the old musician, with an incredulous smile. "You wish to keep all the merit of your good deeds; but, I repeat it, your cloak betrayed you!" And as Raoul was again about to deny, he smiled again, took his hat, and withdrew, saying: "Now I have resumed my lessons, the evil days are past, and, Viscount, I shall have the honor of seeing you again." And thereupon he left, bowing low to him whom he obstinately called his benefactor and savior.

Several months went by without remarkable occurrences. The managers of the *Theatre Lyrique* and of the *Opera* continued to keep a dignified silence, and the publishers remained obdurate. The winter had come, and our poor Viscount was often compelled to seek in the fire of inspiration an auxiliary to that of his fire-place. The days were short and sad, and, notwithstanding his philosophic cheerfulness, our hero felt himself grow melancholy.

It was under these circumstances that, one morning, the janitor brought him a perfumed note, which he hastened to open. It was an invitation from the Marchioness d'Hauterive for that evening. M. de Cheverny went but little into society, but the Marchioness had been his deceased uncle's best friend, and she had always shown him much sympathy; besides, her letter politely insisted upon his coming, and asked the young composer to bring a few of his compositions, because the *soiree* was to be largely musical, since it was given by the Marchioness in honor of a foreign lady who had set Paris agog, less through her great beauty, gracefulness and wealth, than because of her voice and talent as a singer, which were really extraordinary.

Raoul, then, resolved to accept the invitation tendered by his old friend, but when he began to take an inventory of his apparel he came near changing his mind. His coat was three or four years old, his hat out of fashion, his shoes somewhat—tired. Still, "necessity is the mother of invention," he succeeded in making up a toilette which, if it was not the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, was at least quite respectable—his fine form and beautiful head assisting.

The *soiree* was what it should be in one of the finest mansions of Parisian aristocracy, but that which for Raoul gave it an especial charm was the beautiful foreign lady of whom the Marchioness had spoken. She was a Russian Countess by marriage, though French by birth. Her husband had been dead a year. She had been introduced into society by the ambassador of the Czar, whose receptions were all the fashion since the beginning of the season—thanks, it was said, to the presence of the Countess, who exercised a veritable charm over all those who approached her.

Raoul, as an artist, of course, fell head over heels in love with her; but though his heart was conquered, his reason was not. He had passed the age when the imagination greets with smiles the most senseless dreams. His lack of success as a composer had made him modest, and the perpetual pinch in which the smallness of his income had put him made him even timid. Therefore he had a proper appreciation of the absurdity of his love—poor as he was, and unknown to her whom the wealthiest and the most elegant members of the most elegant society in the world surrounded with their homage. Then he compared himself to a Chaldean shepherd enamored of a star and he contented himself with raising in his heart an altar to his idol. It was for her that he composed, but, in his wildest dreams, he was satisfied with hoping that some day perhaps she would sing some of his compositions.

But Fate has sometimes strange fancies! One night, while she was traveling in Italy with her sick husband, the carriage of the Countess had been stopped by brigands, and they had been rescued by M. de Levy, the friend to whom, as you will remember, Raoul had lent his cloak, and who had sent it back to him in a sorry condition. This new complication had results which I must now relate. It was in vain that Raoul tried to deny, when later she had a conversation with him about it; the young woman having heard from the Marchioness d'Hauterive that Raoul had been persecuted by the imperial police because of Italian affairs, she attributed all his denials to some solemn oath such as conspirators are everywhere accustomed to take, and hence refused to believe him.

Hopeless as his case seemed, the Viscount might have hoped, if he had known that the Countess had noticed the scar upon his neck and thought that she had recognized him as the man who had rescued her in the Pontine marshes. It is true that she had fainted during this terrible adventure, and that she had caught only a glimpse of her liberator, but the Count and the servants, who accompanied her had told her that their rescuer was a young French nobleman, captain of a troop of partisans of the King of Naples; that he had been wounded in the neck while defending them, and that, after the fight, his men had carried him off wrapped up in his cloak. Now, at the close of the *soiree* of the dowager, while the Countess, muffled up in her furs, was waiting for her carriage to drive up, Raoul, with his cloak folded about him, had passed by her, and, perhaps already won over by the manners and talents of the young artist, it had seemed to her that an inner voice had whispered, "It is he!"

At any rate, from that day, everything changed for the young artist, for, "What woman wills, God wills!"

One week later, Raoul received a call which filled him with astonishment and joy. Perrin, the illustrious Perrin, manager of the *Grand Opera*, came in person to inform him that his opera was accepted and would be immediately rehearsed. Two days later it was Carvalho, manager of the *Theatre Lyrique*, who brought him similar news, stating that

his delay in coming was due to a multiplicity of other engagements. Then the publishers followed each other, asking him to please honor them with some of his admirable productions, and each of them, as he went, left bank-notes by way of earnest money.

Our Viscount was stupefied; he wondered whether he were one of the exceptional geniuses who compel recognition, or the victim of a hallucination, a dream, from which he would some day awake to the obscurity and poverty of by-gone days. But after the first performance of his opera he must have believed in his genius, for its success was immense. On the eve people called him "Viscount de Cheverny;" on the morrow they said, Cheverny, as they said Boieldieu, Meyerbeer, or Rossini. But a greater joy awaited him, Raoul, who, since about a month, had received more than 20,000 francs, had descended from the top story to the second floor, where he furnished a charming suite of rooms. He was overseeing his upholsterers and setting his papers to rights when his servant brought him two cards, one of which was that of old Dodieze, the other that of Countess K—vitch, the idol of his heart, the good fairy of his life. In a voice full of emotion he ordered his visitors to be shown in, and himself opened the door to receive them. It was indeed the Countess and Dodieze; the old man dressed in a long *pelisse*, out of which his shrewd little face peeped out as if it were the head of a mouse coming out of a muff. He ran, rather than walked, into the apartment, saying to his companion, who exhibited less impetuosity: "Why, come in, I tell you; come in without so much ceremony—he's my friend, my savior! He denies it; but I tell you that but for him I should have died—died, my dear, without seeing you again!"

"Viscount, forgive us this invasion of your domicile!" interrupted the Countess, somewhat embarrassed by the familiarity and gush of her uncle—for my readers have already guessed that the Countess and Dodieze's ward were one and the same person. "But," continued she, "my good uncle finds an excuse for his conduct in the warmth of the feelings which your generosity—"

"Permit me to undeceive you, madame; your uncle's gratefulness is a mistaken one, as I have already told him. I should certainly have been very glad to have been able to render him the services he speaks of, but—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" interrupted Dodieze. "All that is bosh, you know." And as he spied the cloak upon a book, "Ask that cloak!" he said as he turned toward his niece.

However, the conversation soon took a less loud and broken course. Raoul, bowing respectfully, gave the Countess a chair, and taking his old friend Dodieze by the hand, he compelled him to be seated also. The old music teacher then related how he had again found his niece, who had lost sight of him when, during his sickness, he had been compelled to change his residence. Then he talked to Raoul of the success he had just obtained, of the praise which the press was unanimous in giving him, and of the bright future which awaited him. The Countess, who, by this time, had fully recovered her self-possession, added her congratulations to those of her uncle, and found means to mingle with them some of those delicate allusions which women alone know how to express.

"Yes," said Raoul, in answer to all those agreeable things, "I believe, or at least I hope, that my future is assured, if God does not take from me the gifts which it seems He has kindly granted me; but if I should reach fame, shall I attain happiness?"

"And why not?" cried Dodieze, impulsively, from out his wraps. "You are young, good-looking, good, and noble; you have genius—"

"That is not always enough to—." He stopped suddenly, as if he feared to say too much.

"To what?" asked the Countess, blushing.

"To inspire with love the woman whom I should choose among all," said Raoul, with some effort, and stammering like a lover.

"Why," replied the Countess, after a pause, during which she seemed to be selecting her words, "I think very much like my good uncle. You have genius, youth, probably a great fortune in the future, besides an honored name and high connections; what woman would not appreciate all those things? Be less modest, Viscount, and believe me, no woman is so high but that you may aspire to her love."

"Except one," said he.

"She is a Queen, then!" answered the young woman gaily.

"Yes, madame," replied Raoul, as, yielding to a spontaneous impulse, which he was unable to master, he fell upon his knees and grasped her hand, "she is a queen in beauty, in accomplishments, in heart."

Old Dodieze, who was at first rather surprised (for it was a declaration of love; the tone and the looks of the Viscount proved it beyond a doubt), looked at his niece, and what he read in her face seemed to be particularly agreeable to him, for he began to rub his hands for very joy, saying, "What fine music we three will make! What fine music!"

Dodieze was right; for it is to this day in the parlors of the Viscountess de Cheverny that the best music is heard.

COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

A METRONOME FOR EVERYBODY.

IT will be good news to not a few of our readers who have long wanted a reliable metronome to know that Kunkel Brothers have concluded to give one of their unrivalled pocket metronomes as a premium for one new (not renewal) yearly subscriber. There is not one of our subscribers but can obtain at least one other and there is therefore no reason why any one should be without this little gem of simplicity and accuracy. We will not attempt to describe the instrument here, but we will say that any one receiving it as a premium who is not satisfied with it will be allowed to return it after five days' trial and to select another premium instead. Now is a good time to solicit subscriptions and to secure this unusually fine premium. Only a limited number of these metronomes have been set aside for premiums and the offer will eventually be withdrawn.

THE POWER OF SONG.



NE time I had to take a train and ride in the caboose. It was full of Irish laborers, just drunk enough to be noisy when we started, and as the night wore on the whisky went in, and they soon had things all their own way. It was pandemonium let loose. The conductor and brakeman were helpless. I had pretended sleep in one corner, but it was of no use, for soon a big, burly fellow tumbled over me, and out I came just about as angry as a Christian ever should get. Things were coming to a crisis, when the conductor interfered, but that only made matters worse. He had drawn the attention of my Irishman, however, and I had time to think. There were at least twenty-five against the conductor, the brakeman and myself. I happened to think of Moore's "Exile of Erin," and of an old tune which my father used to sing it to. Father was of Scotch descent, but had learned Irish melodies from my mother's people.

So I walked up to one who was mellow enough to be tender-hearted, and too far gone to be dangerous, and, holding him till I could whisper in his ear, I said:

"I can sing the 'Exile of Erin.'"

You should have seen him then. He yelled at the top of his voice:

"Howly mother! here's a fellah as can sing Tom Moore's 'Exile of Erin.' Be still, ivery mother's son of ye." But he only succeeded with three or four, and getting down with their heads all around me (oh, the stench of whisky breath!) I sang to the old tune of the "Blackbird":

"There came to our beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sighed when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by some wind-beaten hill."

But before I could get at the rest of the verse, or the other part of the tune, I had the whole carload about me and on top of me and crawling about me, with such requests to go on, and such applause as would turn the head of a professional musician. I think it was about the worst singing I ever heard, but the audience was not critical, and each one screamed at the others at the top of his voice to keep still for the life of him, and let the poor man sing of "Ould Ireland."

"God bless the sowl of him! I'll go ye my month's wages that he's an Irishman himself away back."

After awhile they were as still as death, and then:

"But the day-star attracted his sad eye's devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh."

The French say that the man who can get a hearing has already secured half the business. I had all of it, and paused.

"Do you know any more of it?"

"Oh, yes, I know it all, and if you will only sit down I'll sing; but if you stand up and keep on interrupting me, why I cannot sing, of course."

That settled it. They were clamorous for more at whatever cost to themselves, three or four of them saying in the same breath:

"Me father used to sing it, and mother sang it, and we all sang it in ould Ireland."

Now my audience was plastic and thoroughly interested:

"Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to his covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me;
Never again in the green, sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh."

Some of you will smile when I tell you how these poor men sat mute and attentive, as their eyes filled with tears over old and sweet memories which floated off in the song of the Green Isle of the Ocean.

Call it a shallow sentiment, if you will, but the wise man said that by sorrow of the countenance the heart is made better. And so I sang the song through to the end—"Erin Mavoureen, Erin go bragh."

"Boys, may I tell you something?"

"Yes."

"You've heard Tom Moore's other song, haven't you?"

"What one?"

"Come, ye disconsolate."

"Och, bedad! and did he do that? Would ye moind tippin' that to us the night?"

So I sang that old, familiar hymn, as I never sang it before, and the silence and interest were unchanged.

Some had gone to sleep. I was so hoarse I could hardly speak, when two of them came, and, sitting down by me, said some tender and pleasant things I shall never forget.

Would I teach them just one verse of that last song, and let them sing it with me? Now, this may all seem very droll to you, as it did at first to the conductor, but when the time came to separate there was an audience somewhat mixed in its appearance, but quite well behaved, listening to an improvised quartet, which sang:

"Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all other dies, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

There! I meant to tell about the attitude of some people toward the current questions, and am switched off till another time.—R. W.

HOW TO SUCCEED AS A MUSICIAN.



IRST of all, success as a musician does not mean pecuniary success. There have been very rich musicians who were not really successful; and there have been very poor musicians who were. The musician having a proper estimate of his own ability, educates his talent to the utmost in order to reach the highest standpoint. He is not to care what others say. He may get high praise, and yet feel ashamed; he may be almost crushed with adverse criticism, and yet feel proud of what he has done. The first condition for success is a natural gift for music, and a willingness to sacrifice his life for his art. Without a genius or taste for music, no diligence, no amount of practice will be of any avail. This taste can be developed as soon as it is recognized in the child, but if music is to be made a profession, the child should be healthy, because the work of a musician is very wearing on the brain and nervous system. In the early education of the child every effort should be made to bring him in contact only with pure and healthy music. He should be encouraged to vocalize in the simplest form. If he has talent for instrumental music, let him be taught to play; though there have been great musicians who never played an instrument. Let him develop his gymnastic capabilities while the wrists and joints are most flexible. At the outset let him keep away from anything heavy and difficult; also avoid the frivolous. Music, however, is so far holier than any other art that there are really very few musical productions that may be called frivolous. All music is a descent from the highest; it can never lose its origin.

Many parents think that any teacher will do for a beginning, and if the child shows real talent they think that when he grows up he can then be brought to a great master. This is wrong, because the master has often to use much time to rectify the errors of the first teacher before he can begin to instruct according to his true principles. Therefore the best teacher, even if he is the most expensive, is the one that should be employed. Hundreds of children rather ought not to be taught instrumental music, because they have not the talent for it; many of them had much better spend half an hour daily in singing than two hours at the piano. Nature has given every one a voice, and nearly every one can be taught to sing, if the instruction is commenced early in life. The teacher must instruct each of his pupils individually. The mental disposition and physical peculiarities of the pupil will decide as to the kind of music he will select for him. If the pupil has too great a liking for sentimental music, the true teacher will endeavor to create in him a taste for the lively. He will fill up the gaps that nature has left; he will not only encourage the pupil's natural taste, but draw out the taste that nature has indicated but faintly. Another important thing: No matter how great a genius a child may have for music, his time should not be devoted to it exclusively. He should be educated not only in music, but in many branches of knowledge. The moral and religious inclinations of a child ought to be scientifically developed and educated. It is a wrong idea that a genius for art is sufficient to make a man a great artist. The model teacher of music will be a man not only experienced in one single branch, but a man of wide horizon, of general culture, of large experience, of a kind disposition, but earnest and severe in his requirements; a man who does not look upon teaching as a mere pecuniary business; a man who would rather teach ten poor pupils gifted with talent than one fashionable but untalented pupil for a large sum of money.

There ought to be more education in vocal music. The instrumentalist who cannot sing on his instrument as with a human voice is not a real musician. And singers who care nothing but for performing flourishing passages, who can not phrase their tones according to the words, may have the grandest execution, but they are mere birds, not singers. Then again, there is the listening to music, which is really an art by itself, and which ought to be taught at the beginning. It is because people do not know how to listen to music that the judgment of music is so very uncertain and often false. The listener ought to have a knowledge of musical forms and of other things appertaining to the art, and these must be taught; they are not given by nature. The man gifted with a good taste for music will not be able, by this alone, to have a sound judgment. He must be educated to it. And instead of having thousands and thousands of untalented children wasting hours, months, years, with the piano for the sake of producing some unmusical music, the time would be better employed in teaching them how to listen to and appreciate that which is really music, produced by competent musicians. To conclude, if "success" means recognition, the musician whose talents not only, but whose general intelligence and character are properly developed, may patiently wait until "success" comes. If his music flows from the heart, and is controlled and balanced by intelligence and experience, he will make his mark, whatever obstacles he may find in his way. And if he should see charlatanism triumphant for a time, he may rely upon the final victory of the good cause. No matter if he personally earns not the fruits of success—enough when at last the genuine power is victorious over the usurped might, the true cause conquers the false. The "success" of his Art is what a musician has to live and die for, and not his personal ambitions, however justified they may appear. L. D.

VON BÜLOW CRAVED "SOME DELIGHTFUL DISREPUTABLE MUSIC."



REMEMBER, says a writer in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, when von Bülow was here, I met that disciple of the ultra-classical in music frequently. On one occasion, it was at a Harvard concert, if I remember right. Our seats chanced to be side by side, and all through the performances he kept murmuring, "Beautiful! beautiful!" in ecstatic manner, but invariably accompanying these little breathings of delight with a discontented grunt.

I thought at first that, while admiring the music, he was displeased by the manner in which it was interpreted; but he invariably applauded at the end of each performance, and with every appearance of sincerity. This was perplexing; but the great man was eccentric, and I attributed his gruntings to some peculiarity that had fastened upon him.

At the end of the concert we went forth together, and were scarcely in the street when he touched my arm and said, without further preparation: "I am dying to be vulgar, commonplace; anything but respectable. Respectability is driving me crazy. I want to hear some common music. Take me where I can be drunk on musical beer. I am tired of musical Burgundy!"

I thought he was posing for effect; in fact, I think so now; but he assured me that he was in solemn earnest; that he was eager to hear what he called "some delightful disreputable music," in some place where he could lie back and listen to "exquisitely incorrect harmony and charmingly disgraceful tunes, only sixteen rythmical bars in length." He desired to obtain this luxury in some out-of-the-way place not likely to be visited by the tone elect, and forced, "as the son-in-law of Liszt and part owner, with Wagner, of Mrs. von Bülow," to blush for his degraded musical appetite.

I made an appointment with him to go to a musical show, when he grasped my hand heartily and greeted me as his "lieber Mephistopheles." Before night, however, I received a note from him, in which he said: "Paradise is not for me. I am a coward. I am chained to high art. I dare not go. Weep for me! I have bought a collection of negro melodies arranged for the accordion. Over these I will gloat in the privacy of my own chamber. Come to me to-morrow. We will enjoy them together. If you know an accordion virtuoso bring him with you. But remember! to him I am not von Bülow, but Mr. Schultze."

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

THE first concert of the present season of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which now consists of Messrs. Heerich, first violin, Schopp, second violin, Mayer, viola, Carl Froelich, cello, and Ehling, pianist, attracted a large audience to Memorial Hall on the 14th of December. The quintette was assisted by Mrs. O. H. Bollman, who sang her two numbers (and encores) in her usual good style. The programme offered was the following: 1. QUARTETTE—No. 5, Op. 18, Beethoven, *Allegro—Menuetto—Andante cantabile* (variations)—*Allegro*. 2. ALTO SOLO—"Three Singers," *Tours*, Mrs. Oscar H. Bollman; organ, Mr. E. M. Read. 3. PIANO SOLO—(a) *Elegy* (In Memoriam, *Frans Liszt*), *Kroeger*, (b) *Polonaise caracteristique*, *Nicodé*, Victor Ehling. 4. QUARTETTE—"Angelus," *F. Liszt*, (Prière aux Anges gardiens—*andante pletoso*). 5. ALTO SOLO—"Ah! my Child," *Meyerbeer*, (From "Le Prophete"), Mrs. Oscar H. Bollman. 6. QUINTETT—Op. 44, *Robert Schumann*. *Allegro brillante—In modo d'una marcia—Scherzo—Allegro ma non troppo*. The programme furnished a good variety of compositions and had the merit of holding the attention of the audience to the end. The Beethoven quartette was played in good style, but Schumann's famous quintette was not given with sufficient precision, the *scherso*, the richest number of all probably, suffering most. This quintette will bear repetition, and will not suffer from a little more rehearsal. As to Liszt's "Angelus," it is one of those compositions that make one suspect that Liszt sometimes tried to see how incoherent he could be and still be admired. As a curiosity, it was interesting; as music, it was nothing.

Mr. Ehling's numbers were given in his best style. The *elegy* made a fine contrast to the polonaise that followed. This last work was entirely new to us, and impressed us as showing more learning than inspiration. Possibly the piece might improve on acquaintance. *Nicodé* has written more genial works, however, and as he seems to be a favorite with Mr. Ehling, we hope he will present them to us in subsequent concerts.

The Messrs. Bollman (agents for the Knabe pianos) are managing this series of concerts, and have every reason to congratulate themselves upon their success, both peculiarly and artistically.

We must not close without proper commendation of Mr. Mayer's excellent work on the viola. It was the best we have heard these many years.

"THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE."

THE thousandth performance of "Les Cloches de Corneville" has recalled the story of the vicissitudes which attended its first appearance—April 19, 1877, at the *Folies Dramatiques*, Paris. It is the old story of the best judges being no judges at all, and of the public reversing the decision of experts.

The libretto, to which no small part of the success is due, was written for Hervé, who refused it. He thought the action too serious. Lecocq was suggested, but he was in the full flush of the success of "Madame Angot," and would not leave the *Renaissance*.

Planquette was almost unknown. He had written a few songs for music halls, and a little one-act piece for a third-rate theatre. The director, however, had confidence in him and the commission was given. The composer, then but six and twenty, full of hope, set to work and composed the whole score in twelve days.

When the piece was read to the company they received it very coldly, and at the first rehearsal its reception was even less flattering. It was proposed to alter one act, and cut down another, and chop and change about to gratify the artists. One spectator at the rehearsal raised his voice in favor or playing the piece through just as written.

This was Bathlot, the publisher, who offered 30,000 francs for the copyright on the spot, an offer which was accepted with avidity. It was soon to bring him in more than a million. The piece was produced with a qualified success. It ran for sixty nights and then its run seemed over. During the summer it was produced as a novelty in the provinces.

At Bordeaux, especially, its success was great. The prudent manager accepted the provincial verdict, and when the Parisians returned to town they found the piece on the bills.

Thenceforward it had unqualified success; 200,000 copies of the music were sold, and Bathlot adopted for his publishing house the sign and title "Aux Cloches de Corneville."

MEYERBEER's opera, "The Crusaders," was about to be introduced to the public for the first time in 1825, and the composer was very anxious about the result. Rossini attended the last rehearsal, and congratulated the young *maestro* in anticipation. "I fear, I fear . . ." said Meyerbeer. "Oh! you should not give way to fear, *caro mio*; I bet you the *Crusaders* will take." "How much? The piece is sure to be a failure." "I'll stake 100 *louis d'or* that your opera will be an immense success." On the evening of the first performance, Rossini, who was known to everybody, occupied a front seat in the stalls, and applauded vigorously at the close of each passage. What could the audience do, but follow so good, so excellent an example? The house rang with loud applause and cheers, and the success of the piece was secured. Next morning, Rossini received a cheque for the amount of the wager, and a letter of warm thanks from the fortunate loser.



OUR MUSIC.

So far as its music is concerned, this might be called a "Royal Edition" issue, all the compositions we present, except the song, being drawn from that edition. This is intentional. Five thousand extra copies of this issue will be mailed to teachers who are not yet familiar with the "Royal," and the collection we give is sufficiently varied to enable them to judge of the edition's merits. While the "Royal" will continue to furnish its quota of music in the subsequent issues of this volume, it will not be suffered to crowd out other meritorious and entirely new works.

"TRUUMEREI AND ROMANZA".....Schumann.

We refer our readers to the notes accompanying the piece itself for all necessary remarks concerning this charming composition.

"CHANT SANS PAROLES".....Tschaiikowsky.

This is one of the most widely known of the compositions of this famous Russian composer. It is refined, elegant and full of sentiment.

"MELODY IN F".....Rubinstein.

It is not only upon the "Royal Edition" but upon the music of the realm of the Czar that we have drawn for this issue. The greatest of living pianists and one of the great composers of the age, our friend Rubinstein, in other words, is here taxed for a few pages of his most genial writing.

"SCHERZINO".....Moszkowski.

Moszkowski completes the trinity of Russian composers who contribute to the music of this issue. Elegant, genial and original, this little composition cannot fail to please.

"LA GAZELLE" (*Andante Elegante*).....Hoffmann.

Graceful as the animal whose name it bears, this composition deserves to be upon every piano. It is excellently written.

"SONATINA IN C".....Kuhlau.

One of the best teaching pieces extant. Extremely well adapted to the training and development of the fingers.

"THE SUNBEAMS ARE SLEEPING" (*Serenade*)..Kroeger.

Mr. Kroeger has here given proper musical expression to Miss Gilmore's charming serenade. If this song fails to become popular, it will be because it is too good.

The music in this issue costs, in sheet form:

"TRUUMEREI AND ROMANZA".....Schumann,	\$.25
"CHANT SANS PAROLES".....Tschaiikowsky,	.25
"MELODY IN F".....Rubinstein,	.40
"SCHERZINO".....Moszkowski,	.35
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THE MANDOLIN.

SEVERAL years ago, fashionable young ladies expressed a decided *penchant* for the banjo, and the feeling became a craze. The instrument belonged to the negro, but the belles soon rivalled that creature in their love for it, and strummed and picked with the greatest enthusiasm. Some of the girls became very expert, and with their gaudy, silver-plated instruments, brought out considerable sound.

But a new rival has appeared, and the enthusiasm with which it has been received, bids fair to place both guitar and banjo in the background. The new comer is the mandolin. This instrument is very similar to the lute, which was introduced into Naples and other parts of Europe, together with other evidences of aestheticism, by Arabian professors.

The mandolin is of two kinds—the Neapolitan, which has four double or eight strings, and the Milanese, which has five double or ten strings. The former is the superior instrument, and the first introduced in Boston to the *crème de la crème* of society as it was introduced in Naples to a similar class, centuries before.

Hector Berlioz, in his "Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration," places the mandolin among legitimate instruments, and does right in doing so; while Mozart, Beethoven, and other great composers acknowledged its importance by composing selections expressly for it.

The mandolin is a small and pretty instrument, shaped not unlike a pear. It is constructed of the same wood used for the violin, e.g. maple for the back and spruce for the top. It is made in Germany, Italy, France and Spain, but the best instruments are said to come to Naples.

A well known soloist and composer, who has given considerable attention to the mandolin, says,—"The mandolin is rapidly becoming very fashionable, especially among young ladies. Its popularity, outside of the beauty and delicacy of its music, lies in its small size and the durability of the strings, which, being of wire, will last a lifetime. It is tuned in fifths, the same as the violin, and hence is capable of producing any class of music. A violin score can be used, which is something unusual, as such a score can be adapted to no other instrument."

In playing the mandolin, a plectrum is used instead of the fingers. The plectrums used by the ancients were generally of pearl of ivory; but the tortoise-shell, owing to its elasticity, is said to produce a superior sound. It is held between the thumb and second finger, and run over the strings like a banjo thimble, the left hand holding the neck, and the fingers being used as stops.

"The mandolin," said the gentleman referred to above, "is a leading instrument, and can take the position held by a violin, while it is undoubtedly the easiest instrument to learn that is made. Like the violin, it improves with age, and in execution and harmony is greatly the superior of either the guitar or banjo."

"The young ladies take to it because of its romantic associations, as much as anything else; and they know nothing is so charming as a pretty young lady playing a mandolin. For accompaniments, it is not equal to the guitar; but the two instruments together make most exquisite music."

Lothian's orchestra has taken it up and used it with great success at Saratoga this season. This is the first time it has been introduced in an orchestra in this country. In the time of Handel, the lute, which is very similar, was used in the Italian opera in London, and there was a lutanist in the king's chapel down to the middle of the last century."

"Do you think it is an instrument that will hold popular favor?"

"I most certainly do. It has everything to recommend it, and is refined, cultivated, and easily learned, besides producing music that is very beautiful. The cost is small, being from ten dollars to fifty dollars, though I have seen very fine instruments inlaid and gorgeously finished, that were valued at two hundred dollars."—*Boston Traveller.*

A New Wonder

is not often recorded, but those who write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, will learn of a genuine one. You can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards a day. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are located. Full particulars will be sent you free. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. You are started in business free. Both sexes. All ages. Immense profits sure for those who start at once. Your first act should be to write for particulars.

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SONATINE.

I.

Fr. Kuhlau Op. 20. N^o 1.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 80$.

p

mf

f

dolce.

dimin.

2nd time.

5

f

5

5

5

f

5 1 3

f

5 1 2 4 1 2 5 1 2 5 1 2 5 4 2 1

5 1 2 4 1 2 5 1 2 5 4 2 1

cres.

5 1 2 4 1 2 5 1 2 5 4 2 1

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with complex fingerings and slurs.

Second system of musical notation, including dynamic markings *f*, *dimin.*, and *rallent.*

Third system of musical notation, ending with a repeat sign.

Repeat from the beginning to Φ then go to the Finale.

FINALE.

First system of the finale, marked *animato*.

Second system of the finale.

Third system of the finale, including dynamic markings *f* and *p dolce*.

Fourth system of the finale.

SCHERZINO.

Moritz Moszkowski.

Allegro $\text{♩} = 88$.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is marked *mp* and *staccato*. The second system is marked *f*. The third system is marked *p*. The fourth and fifth systems contain various dynamics and articulations. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. The score includes a variety of rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. There are also some performance markings like *Red.* and *** at the bottom of the fourth and fifth systems.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords with accents and slurs. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* and *marcato*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5. A double bar line with repeat dots is at the end of the system.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff features sixteenth-note runs with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* and *piu f*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff features eighth-note chords with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *dimin.* and *f*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff features sixteenth-note runs with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features eighth-note chords with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *stacc.* Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff features eighth-note chords with slurs and accents. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Dynamics include *f*. Fingerings are indicated with numbers 1-5.

Repeat from beginning to ♪ then finish with Coda.

LA GAZELLE.

ANDANTE ELEGANTE.

Richard Hoffmann.

Allegro ♩ - 144.

f l.h. l.h. l.h. f

Andante ♩ - 72. *pp*

rit. r.h. l.h. Red. Red. *

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

The 8^{va} does not affect the chords of the left hand.

1 2 1 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 1 1 1 1 4

cres.

And. *And.* *And.* *And.* *

8

Cadenza.

l.h. *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.*

And. *

8

1 2 1 4 3 4 2 1 2 5 4 1 2 1 4 3 1 2 4 3

And. *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.*

8

2 1 2 5 4 1 2 1 4 3 1 1 2 4 3 2 1 2 5 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 3 2

And. *And.* *And.* *And.* *cres.* *And.*

8

1 2 5 2 1 2 4 3 5 4 3 2 1 2 5 4 3 2 1 2 3 2 1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 3 2

ad lib. *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.* *And.*

l.h. *l.h.*

In order not to interrupt the melodic flow between the 64th notes and the first note of the next measure following, the grace notes in the bass should be struck with the first note of the group as marked. Anticipations of this kind frequently occur in the best piano works.

6 *Maestoso* ♩ = 100. 8

Martellato.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with two staves. The right-hand staff contains a complex melodic line with many sixteenth notes and rests, featuring numerous fingerings (e.g., 1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1) and slurs. The left-hand staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *ff* and *p*. There are asterisks and the word "Red." below the left staff. A dashed line with the number 8 spans across the system.

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first, it features a grand staff with a highly technical right-hand part and a supporting left-hand part. Dynamics range from *ff* to *pp*. Fingerings and slurs are prominent. The word "Red." appears below the left staff. A dashed line with the number 8 is present. The word "Volante." is written above the right-hand staff in the latter part of the system.

Third system of musical notation. Continues the technical and dynamic progression. The right-hand part shows intricate patterns with slurs and fingerings. Dynamics include *ff*, *sf*, and *p*. The left-hand part remains accompanimental. "Red." and asterisks are used below the left staff. A dashed line with the number 8 is present.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right-hand part continues with complex rhythmic and melodic figures. Dynamics include *ff*, *sf*, and *p*. The left-hand part includes some chords and single notes. "Red." and asterisks are used below the left staff. A dashed line with the number 8 is present. The word "or" is written above the right-hand staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The final system on the page, showing the continuation of the piece's technical demands. Dynamics include *ff*, *sf*, and *pp*. The right-hand part is highly detailed with slurs and fingerings. The left-hand part provides accompaniment. "Red." and asterisks are used below the left staff. A dashed line with the number 8 is present.

TRÄUMEREI.

R. Schumann Op.15. No.7.

Andante espressivo. ♩ - 100.

“Träumerei” (*Reverie*) and “Kleine Romanze” (*Little Romance*) are two separate pieces which were written by Schumann some fifteen years apart. After Schumann’s death, the two pieces as here given were played by the leading orchestras of the World under the single name of “Träumerei”, and thus became generally known under that title. Having been allied and accepted as one piece both would now seem incomplete if played separately. The idea of orchestrating Schumann’s little piano pieces and the adaptation of the “Kleine Romanze” as a Trio to the “Träumerei” proper was most ingenious.

KLEINE ROMANZE.

Op. 68. No. 19.

Nicht schnell.
Poco piu moto. ♩ - 120.

The musical score is presented in six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece begins with a tempo marking of 'Nicht schnell. Poco piu moto. ♩ - 120.' and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first system starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a forte (*sf*) marking. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking. The third system is marked 'Tempo I.' and begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The fifth system returns to 'a tempo' and includes another ritardando (*rit.*) marking. The sixth and final system concludes with a 'ritard. - an- - do.' marking, indicating a final deceleration and a fermata on the final note.

CHANT SANS PAROLES.

Allegretto grazioso e cantabile. ♩ - 80.

P. Tschäikowsky №2. Op.2.

A. The upper notes of the chords of the left hand assume here the importance of a second melody and should therefore be made somewhat prominent.

THE SUNBEAMS ARE SLEEPING.

Poem by Minnie Gilmore.

I

Music by E. R. Kroeger.

Piu moderato e tranquillo. ♩ - 84.

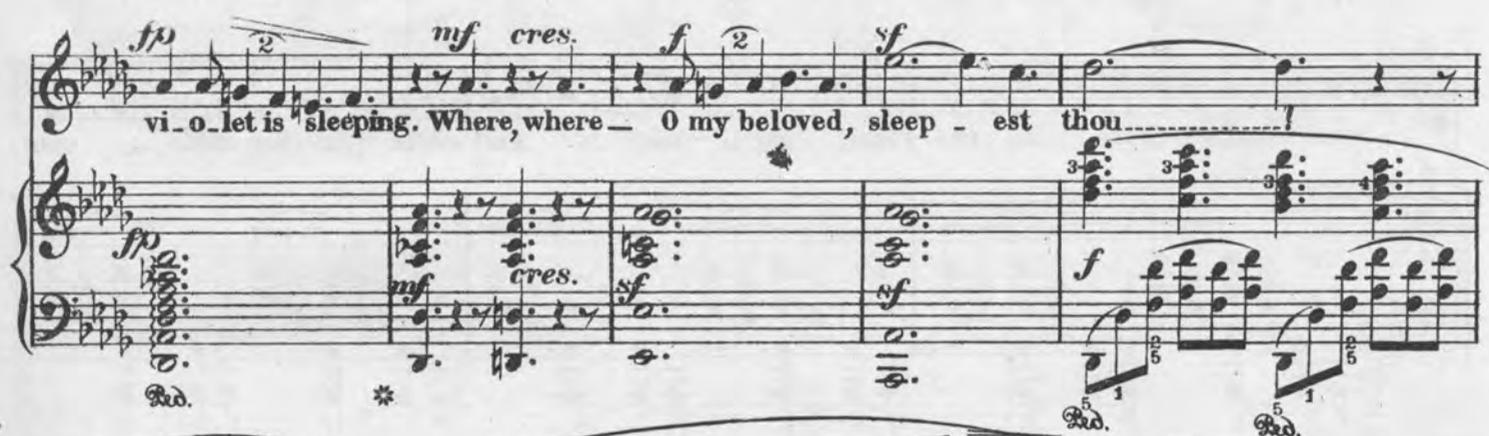
The sun - beams are sleep - ing Un - der the hill; ----
O - ver the gloam plains the whip - poor - will; ---- Pale dreams the li - ly on
rock - ing lake, ---- *mf* Slum - ber the ferns in their mai - den brake.
p Ten - der as pray'r Croons the lan - guid breeze, A lul - la - by for the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 12/8. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Piu moderato e tranquillo' with a quarter note equal to 84 beats per minute. The score includes lyrics and dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass line and chords in the treble line.

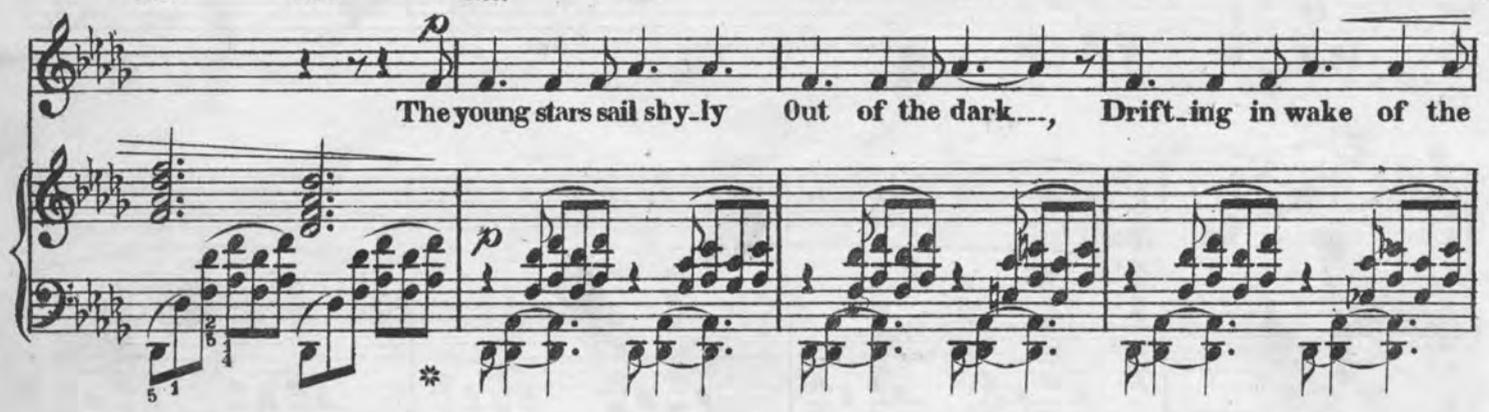
nod - ding... trees...; And un - der the sheen... of gras - ses green... The



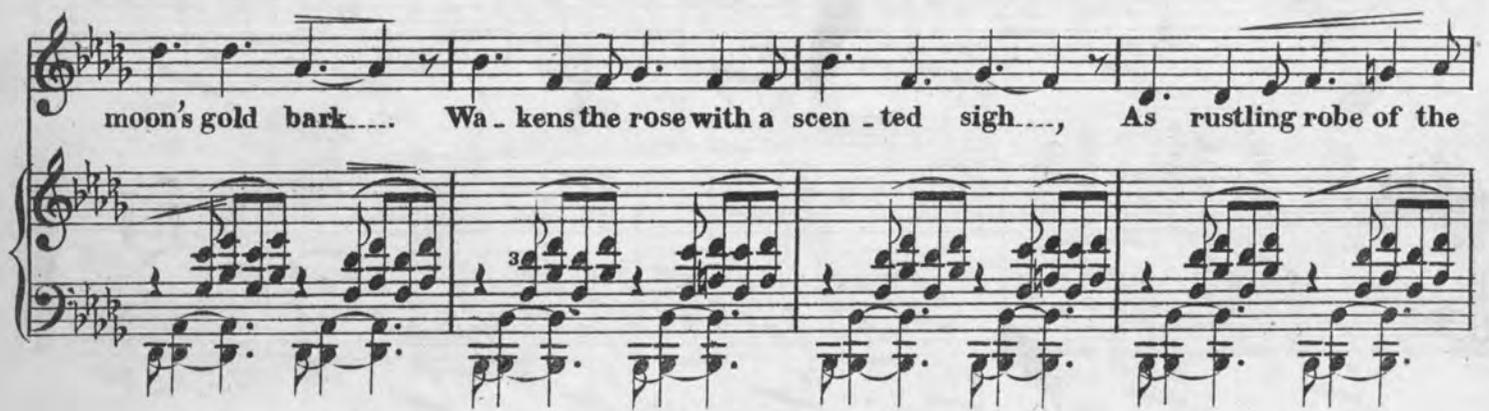
fp *mf* *cres.* *f* *f*
vi - o - let is sleeping. Where, where - O my beloved, sleep - est thou...!



The young stars sail shy - ly Out of the dark..., Drift - ing in wake of the



moon's gold bark... Wa - kens the rose with a scen - ted sigh..., As rustling robe of the



mf
wind sweeps by..... Bird in the fen Calls bird in the tree,---- As



wave calls wave on the flow - ing.... sea;---- And white to her mate,---- com -



fp pas - sion - ate,----- The dove is coming shy - ly. *mf cres.* When, when — O my be - lov - ed, *f*



com - est thou!



MELODY.

A. Rubinstein.

Moderato. ♩ - 100.

The musical score is presented in five systems, each with a piano (p) and bass (b) staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano staff.

Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red.

Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red.

Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red.

Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red.

Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red.

Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red.

Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. *cres.* Red. * Red. Red.

rit. *ard.* *stringendo.* Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * *p*

Tempo Primo. *riten.* Red. * Red. Red. * Red.

Red. * Red. Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red. Red. * Red.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present, followed by a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. Below the staff, there are several instances of the word "Red." with asterisks, likely indicating fingerings or specific performance instructions.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It maintains the same grand staff and complex rhythmic texture. The *dim.* marking continues across this system. The word "Red." with asterisks appears again below the staff.

Third system of musical notation. The music continues with intricate rhythmic patterns. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is visible towards the end of the system. The word "Red." with asterisks is repeated below the staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. This system includes dynamic markings of *rit.* (ritardando) and *ard.* (accelerando), with a dashed line connecting them. The word *stringendo.* is also present. The word "Red." with asterisks continues below the staff.

Fifth system of musical notation, the final system on the page. It shows the concluding part of the piece with various rhythmic figures. The word "Red." with asterisks is present at the beginning of the system.

Tempo Primo.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music features a complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes and rests. There are several dynamic markings, including *pp* and *mf*, and some notes are marked with asterisks. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar rhythmic complexity and dynamic markings as the first system. The notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes marked with asterisks. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation. This system includes the marking *cres.* (crescendo) in both the treble and bass staves. The music continues with intricate rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The notation is dense with many beamed notes and rests. It includes dynamic markings and some notes marked with asterisks. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fifth system of musical notation. This system continues the complex rhythmic and dynamic structure of the piece. It features many beamed notes and rests, with dynamic markings and asterisks. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Sixth system of musical notation. This system features a large, sweeping melodic line in the treble staff, marked with a *p* dynamic. The bass staff has a more rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line and some final notes in the bass staff.

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LISZT'S IDEA OF HIMSELF.

In a pamphlet entitled "The Pianist," written by Liszt ten years ago in the French language and just published, he says: "I am not an ordinary pianist, who merely renders artistically the artistic creations of Bach, Handel and Beethoven. I am proud, very proud, of being an artistic musician, but I cannot refrain from expressing how little I esteem purely imitative musicians. Between them and real, good artists there is a vast difference.

I consider higher music as a sort of connecting link between God and man, real artists being demigods, and myself one of them. Why should I not say so? Already as a child admired and venerated, I went in triumph from capital to capital, everywhere enthusiastically received and feted by princes and princesses, bishops and prelates, kings and emperors, and crowned with wreaths of glory by the most brilliant men and women, the flower of the best society.

Might I not have been deceived and blinded by these marks of honor and glory? And yet I have not indulged my vanity, and I declare frankly that I am a pianist merely in order to use the talent given me by God, whose glory my whole life shall praise in the profoundest humility."



CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, December 20, 1886.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Of course there is a lull in concerts at the Christmas time, but we have had such a complete dose of music during the past month that we are entirely ready to enjoy a breathing spell when it is vouchsafed us. The best concerts of the past month were those given by Patti and her company. Not that I generally like miscellaneous concerts, but these were so well-balanced and perfect that it was impossible to find any fault, without being hypercritical. Ardit's orchestra of some fifty men also added greatly to the effect. Nevertheless, I did not like the operatic finale "in costume" with which each concert wound up. It was, of course, only done to make the public imagine that they were seeing some of the wonderful acting for which Patti is supposed to be famous. It failed of its purpose, for one can never (even with the aid of scenery and costumes) give an operatic performance from the concert stage. But Patti's singing was as fine as ever, so thorough, in fact, that the public sometimes are a trifle disappointed (just as the traveler is when he first sees St. Peter's at Rome) for everything is so easy and natural that it seems impossible that so trivial a thing as trilling out "Bel Raglio" should be such a wonderful feat. But the singing teacher knows the difference, and recognizes the fact that it is only Patti who can do these things easily.

In the Patti company are some excellent artists; in fact, everything is kept on a very high level—even the prices. There is Scialchi, who is probably the greatest contralto, spite of the fact that her registers are uneven and not well united. But the richness of her lower tones makes amends for everything. Then, there is Glavasi, who is the greatest barytone since Pantaleoni, and Novara, a very solid basso, and Ardit, who is the prince of conductors when it comes to supporting the voice, and Signor Guille, who was never engaged because of his beauty, (he is the dumpiest of tenors,) but can take to the high Cs as easily as a pirate. Guille is a magnificent tenor *robusto*, but his *falsetto* is the falsest kind of a setto, and does not come anywhere near his natural voice. With all such excellences, the Patti Concerts, under Abbey's management, ought to be as successful everywhere as they have been in Boston and New York.

The Symphony Concerts go on with the regularity of clock-work, spite of the fact that Mr. Gericke was laid on his back by influenza this week. Mr. Carl Zerrahn came out from his retirement, and took the place of the sick conductor, and led the orchestra in a manner that proved that his right hand has not lost its cunning. The chief works given this month have been Beethoven's "Eroica," Mozart's G minor Symphony, and a new Symphony by an American composer—G. W. Chadwick. There are very few American symphonic composers. A man possessing half a dollar may ask them all out to drink without risking bankruptcy, and therefore it is a real pleasure to chronicle the enthusiasm with which the work and the composer were received. On a first hearing, however, I should say that the *allegro* episode, introduced in the *andante* movement was out of place in pure classical music, and that the *Finale* was not as logical in its working out as the first movement. But there is great ingenuity displayed in the evolving of themes from the first figure of the introduction. The *Scherzando* movement (which is not exactly a *scherzo*, but a "rondo") is the finest and most spontaneous of the Symphony, and will certainly become very popular. In it the young composer has exactly caught the style of the folksong. Another novelty of the concert was Floersheim's "Consolation," a very good piece of figure treatment, with a peculiarly tranquil orchestration. The horns being the only brasses.

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The Club Concerts of this month do not call for especial
 notice, although they were excellent, since both the Apollo and
 Boylston clubs gave miscellaneous programmes with piano
 accompaniment. To-night, however, the Apollo is to celebrate
 its 100th concert with Mendelssohn's "Antigone," with orches-
 tra and reader.

There was a very important concert at the New England
 Conservatory of Music recently. The occasion was the open-
 ing of a new pipe organ, built expressly for Mr. George E.
 Whiting. In appearance, it is decidedly unique and tasteful.

This organ has three manuals, with a compass of sixty-one
 notes, or five full octaves each, and a pedal of thirty notes
 which is the fullest compass ever used in any organ, either in
 this country or in Europe.

Every quality of organ tone is represented fully in this in-
 strument. The specification was drawn up by Mr. Whiting.
 The mechanical work and the tone of this organ are highly
 satisfactory. It is supplied with wind from the pump, which
 blows the fourteen organs now in use in the Conservatory in
 the most satisfactory manner.

The general excellences of this organ may be summed up
 as follows: the complete scale and compass of the whole, the
 easy, quiet working of its mechanical parts, its excellent
 quality of tone in every compass, and the uncommonly fine
 effect of the swell organ,—all of which must be seen and heard
 to be appreciated.

This organ consists of three manuals: CC to C (five full oc-
 taves). Pedals CCC to F, thirty notes. Twenty = four regis-
 ters, as follows:—

GREAT MANUAL.		SWELL MANUAL.	
Open Diapason	61 Pipes.	Open Diapason	61 Pipes.
Flute	61 "	Flute (4 ft.)	61 "
Gamba (4 ft.)	61 "	Bourdon (to Tenor C), 49 "	
15th	61 "	Cornopean (Reed)	61 "
12th	61 "	Oboe (Reed tone)	61 "
Mixture (includes the last two Registers).		Total No. of Pipes in Swell Manual	293
Total No. of Pipes in Great Manual	305	Swell Tremulant operates either with the hand or foot.	
CHOIR MANUAL.		MECHANICAL REGISTERS.	
Open Diapason	61 Pipes.	Swell to Gt. Gt. to Pedal.	
Dulciana	61 "	Swell to Choir. Ch. to Pedal.	
Clarinet (Reed)	49 "	Swell to Ped.	
Flute 8 (Metal)	61 "	COMBINATION PEDALS.	
Flute 4 (Metal)	61 "	No. 1, Full Great.	
Total No. of Pipes in Choir Manual	293	No. 2, Great Diapason.	
PEDAL.		No. 3, Great 8 and 4 Ft.	
Bourdon (Wood)	30 Pipes.	No. 4, Great Gamba and Flute.	
Violoncello (Metal)	30 "	No. 5, Full Swell	
Total	60 "	No. 6, Swell Diapason.	
Total No. of Pipes	951	No. 7, Reversible "Gt to Ped."	
		No. 8, Swell Tremulant.	
		Balanced Swell Pedal.	
		Pipes all of metal except a few lower notes.	

It will be seen from this that the Conservatory is doing much
 to counteract the cool indifference to organ music, which seems
 ingrained in the Boston concertgoer. There will some day
 arise a goodly harvest of thorough organists because of such
 teachers and instruments. COMES.

"ADAM AND EVE."

HIS is an operetta in four acts, by Ernest
 Blum and Raoul Toché, music by Gaston
 Serpette. The play deals with the history
 of our first parents in their earthly para-
 dise. In the first tableau, Adam and Eve
 are seen peacefully living under the watch-
 ful care of the good genius Adramalic with-
 out thinking of evil. All goes well until
 the serpent enters and then *crac!* Eve tastes the
 apple and is driven from paradise. The devil bites
 the apple in two and throws the pieces away. Until
 these two pieces are found the devil will rule the
 world. The next scene is laid in Rome, where the
 patrician, Adamus, is about to wed Cynthia, when
 he perceives the lovely blonde slave, Cora, and
 wishes to marry her instead of his fiancée. Augusto,
 the Roman emperor; however, opposes this dispro-
 portionate marriage and the apple is not com-
 pleted.

Next we are taken to Spain. The old Labanos,
 the bad genie, wishes to marry his pupil, Eveline.
 The good angel Salamalec, disguised as a torrero,
 endeavors to bring about a marriage between
 Eveline and the youth Adamos, but again the ruse
 is discovered and the apple remains in two. Finally
 we find ourselves at Caudebec, in Normandy, in the
 nineteenth century, where Sataniel is feasting with
 Eve and some oarsmen. St. Adam, a painter and
 friend of Sataniel, succeeds in obtaining from him
 the two pieces of the apple and Satan is forced to
 confess himself defeated. The piece has met with
 much success and will doubtless have a long run.
 The music, mounting and cast are excellent. One
 artist who was most charming, both as singer and
 comedian, is well known to American audiences.
 This was Theo, who looked so lovely that it was
 easy to explain to one's self Adam's impatience to
 join the divided apple.—*Dramatic Review*, N. Y.

DR. ARNE was once placed in an awkward dilemma by the
 vanity of two would-be vocalists, who had gone so far as to
 record a wager upon the score of their respective merits (!).
 The doctor was, however, quite equal to the occasion, for,
 after hearing the first, he said: "You are the worst singer I
 ever heard in my life." Whereupon the second exultingly ex-
 claimed, "Then I win." His surprise may be better imagined
 than described, when he heard Dr. Arne's uncompromising
 verdict: "No, indeed, you don't, for you cannot sing at all!"



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HUMMEL AND FIELD.

IN the year 1823, Hummel visited St. Petersburg, whither his reputation had already preceded him, and gave several concerts there, which were very numerous attended. In the course of these entertainments, he composed extemporary variations upon themes suggested to him by the audience, in which he displayed such talent and readiness of invention as to wake up a perfect enthusiasm among his hearers. From St. Petersburg he proceeded to Moscow, where Field was at that time residing. These two great artists had never seen each other, and were only known to one another by their works and reputation.

On the morning after his arrival, Hummel, whose appearance was rather heavy and somewhat slovenly, paid Field a visit, at the hotel *garni* which that artist then inhabited. He found him in his dressing-gown, smoking and giving instruction to a pupil.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Field," said Hummel.
"I am he," said Field, "what is your pleasure?"
"I am anxious to make your acquaintance; I am a great lover of music; but I see you are engaged, so don't let me disturb you. I can wait."

Field begged him to sit down, without any ceremony, merely asking him whether the smell of tobacco was offensive to him.

"Not at all," said Hummel, "I smoke too."

The presence of a stranger so disconcerted Field's pupil that he very speedily took his departure. During this time, Field had been scrutinizing his visitor, whose general bearing struck him as being somewhat remarkable. At length he asked him, "What is your business in Moscow?" Hummel said he had visited Moscow in a mercantile capacity; and that, being a devoted lover of music, and having long heard of Field's extraordinary talents, he could not think of leaving the city without having heard him.

Field was civil enough to gratify the wish of his visitor. And, although he perhaps considered him as little better than a Midas, he sat down to the piano, and played one of his *Capricci* in his own surprising manner. Hummel thanked him repeatedly for his kindness, and assured him that he had never heard the piano played with so much lightness and precision.

Field answered, in a sportive tone, "Since you are so very fond of music, you certainly must play something yourself."

Hummel made some excuses, saying that, when at home, it was true he played the organ occasionally, but it was impossible to touch the piano after Field.

"That is all very well," said Field, "but such an amateur as you are, always knows something to play," and he smiled in anticipation of the performance he was doomed to listen to.

Without further parley, Hummel now sat down at the piano, and, taking the very theme which Field had just played, he began to vary it extemporaneously, in a manner worthy of his genius and as if inspired by the occasion, and, indeed, altogether in a style so powerful and overwhelming that Field stood transfixed with astonishment. Dropping his pipe from his mouth, and drying his tears, he seized Hummel, exclaiming, "You are Hummel! you are Hummel! there is nobody but Hummel in the whole world who is capable of such inspiration!" and it was with no little difficulty that Hummel released himself from the powerful grasp of his admirer.

MR. GEORGE STECK called at the REVIEW office recently. His sight has so far failed him that he has ceased from active business in connection with the manufacture and sale of the well-known pianos that bear his name. All his friends (and all are his friends who know him) will join us in the sincere wish that he may recover the complete use of his eyes.

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GRÉTRY, the prolific composer of opera for the French stage of the last century, was a witty and brilliant conversationist, and never lost an opportunity to enter upon a discussion. On one occasion, he was traveling in the company of a German baron, and immediately upon starting he commenced with, "Ah, sir! how enchanted I am with—." "Sir," replied the baron, "I never talk in a carriage." "Very well," replied Grétry. When the day's journey was over, the baron and the composer stopped at an inn, where the baron ordered a fire, and having made himself quite comfortable, approached Grétry with the words, "Ah, my dear friend, now we can—." When Grétry drily replied, "Sir, I never speak in an inn!"

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BASS VS. TENOR.

THIS EDITOR: A saying which has grown to be accepted as proverbial is, that "variety is the spice of life," and it has become an aim amongst us moderns to discover a new sensation. Operatic composers have fallen into a certain groove and have stuck in it *usque ad nauseam*, thereby continuing the perpetration of a horrible injustice to an estimable class of men. Why should the possessors of barytone voices be doomed to the representation of roles the mainspring of whose action is always villainy of the deepest dye? And why should the tenors be cast for the parts which portray everything that is heroic and lovely? This narrow view of things on the part of composers is eminently against nature and is calculated to give a very incorrect and unhealthy tone to the minds of the female portion of the musical world who attend operatic performances. It can scarcely be denied that, if the laws of nature were not modified by fashion, the strong, hearty, full-flavored man would be the favorite of the fair sex. It follows, therefore, that the barytone voice, which answers to these conditions in the man, should be cast for the successful lovers, and that the tenors should be relegated to the parts of scheming, fickle, half-hearted rascals that, if the truth were told, they frequently are in real life. Here, sir, is a new point of view for musical composers and, as we are a progressive people, is it not for our native musicians to seize the opportunity of advancing towards operatic realism? Even that great musical iconoclast, Wagner, has not perceived the falsity of the relative positions which tenors and basses assume.—**INDIGNANT BASS.**

"The Eye," of Roodhouse, Ill., says: "Prof. Charles Curtis Rhoads, who has located in our city, is an enthusiastic musician. He is in love with the art, and he is anxious to do something to elevate the standard of musical culture in our city. To this end he proposes, and his proposition is being heartily seconded by others, to organize a musical society, for mutual improvement and advancement in musical matters. The latest music journals will be subscribed for and be held for the benefit of the members, and other methods will be adopted for mutual improvement. It is also proposed to give a private musicale at stated intervals.

The new organization will be called the Kroezer Society, in honor of Ernest Kroezer, the celebrated composer of St. Louis.

The Eye believes that such a society could do much good in our city, and we shall gladly learn of its successful organization and continued prosperity."

We have not the pleasure of Prof. Rhoads' acquaintance, but the fact that he knows how to recognize merit, independently of consecrated labels, shows that he is a gentleman of good judgment and critical acumen.



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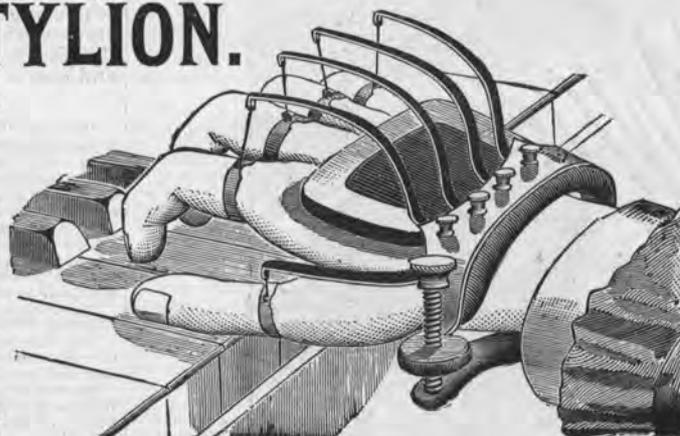
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MAJOR AND MINOR.

"We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station."

—JEAN INGELOW.

M. SAINT-SAENS is engaged in composing an opera, that is to be called "Proserpine," for the Paris Opera Comique. The period will be that of the Italian Renaissance.

A LAUREL wreath, handsomely wrought in massive silver, has been placed upon the grave of Franz Liszt, at Bayreuth, the gift of the members of the Imperial orchestra of St. Petersburg.

It is announced that the draft of a symphony in E major, by Wagner, has been found in the Wahnfried archives at Bayreuth. It was composed in 1834, when he was musical director at Madgeburg.

VERDI'S "Iago" is said to mark a return to his earlier manner, as exhibited in "La Traviata." The whole interest of the dramatic story centres in the three principal personages, Othello, Desdemona and Iago.

It is said that Johann Strauss has a piano specially arranged so that he can improvise, and try his compositions almost inaudibly. He does this to prevent pratical neighbors from appropriating his new themes for waltzes and operettas.

THERE were no less than 220 female candidates for admission to the pianoforte classes of the Paris Conservatoire this year, out of which number thirteen only were admitted to the advanced sections, and seventeen to the elementary classes.

AN Italian paper says: "Maestro Paolo Manica, a negro by birth, and a man of athletic proportions, is not only a most admirable leader and writes excellent vocal and instrumental compositions, but has also a beautiful voice, which enables him to sing tenor as well as bass parts."

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist, When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard, The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

COUNT HOCHBERG, the new Director General of the Royal Theatres of Berlin, has issued an order to the artists of the opera, enjoining them not to interrupt the action on the stage by advancing to the footlights to acknowledge the plaudits of the audience, and to accept recalls only at the conclusion of an act or of a tableau.

A FRENCH journal gives the curious details of the marriage contract between Mme. Patti and M. Nicolini, registered at the French vice-consulate at Swansea in Wales. Mme. Patti brings a dot of 4,390,518 frs. 33c. M. Nicolini registered his fortune at 1,106,446 frs. 66c. to set up housekeeping with. They had to pay a tax of 14,000 frs., but do not mention any centimes.

ACCORDING to La Riforma, of Rome, the Maestro Verdi has given strict injunctions to his publishers to withhold the right of performance of his new opera "Otello" from any operatic stage where the French pitch has not been adopted in the orchestra. Meanwhile, the long-looked-for production, on any stage, of the veteran Maestro's work, appears to be still a matter of uncertainty.

MONSIEUR JULLIEN, in spite of his "success" as a conductor who depended as largely upon his personal adornments as he did upon his musical attainments, evidently believed himself to be a great composer, for, upon hearing at a rehearsal of the death of Mendelssohn, he turned to the orchestra and exclaimed: "This is what happens to all people of genius. I will never compose any more."

THE Telephone Company of Lisbon has offered to fix wires between the houses of music-lovers and the San Carlos Opera House; and it is said that L. C. Elson, the Boston musical critic, intends to have his residence connected by telephone with all the halls and theatres of that music-ridden city, so as to be able to report fifteen concerts at once, and yet enjoy the luxury of slippers and a smoking-jacket.

CARL REINECKE says to all pianists: "Play your solos by heart as much as you choose, for in them you can possibly help yourselves if memory fails you. But when you perform with orchestral accompaniment, do as Clara Schumann does, who is surely no less than you are, who knows her concertos by heart as well as you do, and yet places her notes before her to avoid any possibility of stumbling."

DR. VON BULOW contemplates making a tournée of the principal German cities for the purpose of giving in each a series of four Beethoven evenings, in which this master's development as a composer for the pianoforte will be illustrated by sonatas, variations and rondos. The illustrations will commence with the Sonata, op. 2, No. 2, (1795) and end with the last pianoforte composition, op. 120, 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli; (1823).

LISZT has left seven piano pieces which are intended as musical character sketches of the following of his friends and countrymen: Count Ludwig Batthyany, Franz Deak, Baron Joseph Cotvos, Alexander Peton, Count Stephan Szechenyi, Michael Vorosmarthy and Michael Mosonyi. It is said that Liszt worked on these sketches during the last part of his life, and it is stated that they are complete and now in the hands of his Hungarian publishers, Taborsky & Parsch.

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C. T. Sisson, the ever genial, made us a short call recently. He dined with us at Koetter's, and took a pocketful of cards (Koetter's, not playing cards) to remember the place by.

D. STERN & SONS is the name of a new firm of music dealers who have just opened in Milwaukee. They erected their own building, which is said to be the finest used as a music store in the Northwest. The members of the firm have had experience in the business, and have plenty of enterprise and capital. The younger Mr. Stern is a good pianist and a first-class salesman. They make the Steck their leading piano.

O. P. Sisson, manager and proprietor of "The Little Nugget Comedy Company," is a younger brother of our old friend C. T. Sisson, so well and favorably known to the music trade. The press, wherever the "Nugget" company appears, tells of crowded houses and pleased audiences, and speaks of Mr. Sisson as one of the greatest comedians alive. Mr. Sisson plays at popular prices, and gives a first-class comedy entertainment. His wife, who is a member of the company, is said to be a very taking singer.

HERR NICOLAUS OESTERLEIN, a wealthy Viennese amateur, is about to establish in the Austrian capital a permanent Wagner Museum, which will comprise his own enormous collection of Wagneriana (books, pamphlets, manuscripts, portraits, prints, &c.), and to which, he hopes, other collectors will contribute their quota. The institution, which is to be open to all, is likely to furnish much valuable and interesting material to the student of what may be termed the Wagner epoch in the present century.

THE plaster cast of Liszt's head, taken after death, is now on view at Giesse's establishment, in Bayreuth. The cast has been most successful. The head rests upon a cushion wreathed with laurel. The features of the honored dead are reproduced with startling accuracy; those who have seen Liszt in sleep know the gentle expression of peace which shone in his face, and which is also noticeable in this cast. The work was executed by Herren Weissbrod and Schnappauf, of Bayreuth. The photographs of Liszt lying in state are also excellent.

THE G. A. R. is to have its next annual encampment in St. Louis, in September next. The Wisconsin Posts have taken time by the forelock and sent a delegation down to secure the best place possible for department headquarters. They wisely chose Koetter's hotel, 4th and Elm streets. Col. Henry P. Fischer, Commander of the Department of Wisconsin (Robert Chivas Post, No. 2), whom we had the pleasure of meeting, informed us that his post has already engaged Bach's excellent band, of Milwaukee, to accompany the post on its visit—another excellent idea.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN'S new Symphony (in A minor) was performed for the first time in public at one of the recent *Gewandhaus* Concerts of Leipzig, under the direction of the composer, and was most enthusiastically received. The eminent pianist-composer has, it is stated, accepted an invitation to give a series of seven Concerts in Madrid and Barcelona in the early part of next year. As on recent similar occasions, the great artist will repeat each performance for the special benefit of brother musicians in the above towns who will be present at his invitation. Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon" completed its hundred representations last month, at Moscow.

In 1876 there was formed in England the Purcell Society, for the purpose of publishing the complete works of Henry Purcell, most of which exist only in manuscript. It was intended to issue two volumes annually; but, owing to the difficulty of finding editors, only two volumes have been published in ten years—the "Yorkshire Feast" in 1878, and "Timon of Athens" in 1882. It is now announced that Mr. W. H. Cummings has undertaken the arduous post of editor of the whole series, and the publication will be continued, it is hoped, with regularity, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers' names has been received.

A new organ, built by Morettini, of Perugia, has been installed in St. John Lateran, Rome. It has three keyboards, with 56 keys each: the first containing 16 stops, the second and third, 10 each. The pedal-board has 30 keys and 10 stops, so that the instrument has in all 46 stops, 2,764 pipes, three pneumatic machines, Barker system, and bellows on the English system. The two trials, private and public, which took place during the last week of October, gave perfect satisfaction; on each occasion Professor Filippo Capocci played a selection of music from the works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Gullmant, Salome, Lemmens and Capocci.

It appears that Gounod will visit Rome this winter, by command of Leo XIII., in order to set to music some hymns written by the Pope. The distinguished poet hopes to gain by a musical setting a wider circle of readers, than his works have hitherto enjoyed, though they are much appreciated by connoisseurs. The Pope is a great admirer of Gounod's music, and it has even been said that he tried to write religious words to the cathedral air in *Faust*, but had to relinquish the attempt owing to the too theatrical spirit of this music! Should the new plan be successful, and the music of the hymns be found appropriate to the words, the pontiff will probably undertake his long-cherished idea of writing a hymn to Queen Christina, to music by Gounod.

THE musical critic of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* is "no slouch," in the estimation of the rolling-mill hands of that iron mart, but he is not unfrequently much funnier than he means to be. For instance in his account of Mme. Rivé-King's recital, after having spoken disparagingly of her "*Polonaise Heroique*," he gallantly adds "Mme. King has done some really creditable writing on a less pretentious scale—as witness, for example, her very pretty 'Bubbling Spring' waltz, which she played charmingly as an encore piece." Here is a wiseacre who hears "Bubbling Spring" and thinks it a waltz, who evidently does not know the difference between the rondo and the waltz forms, sitting in owlish judgment upon the works and performances of an artist of Mme. Rivé-King's standing. We do have some pretty bad musical criticism in the St. Louis dailies, but we think even the worst reporter of them all would know a waltz when he heard it.

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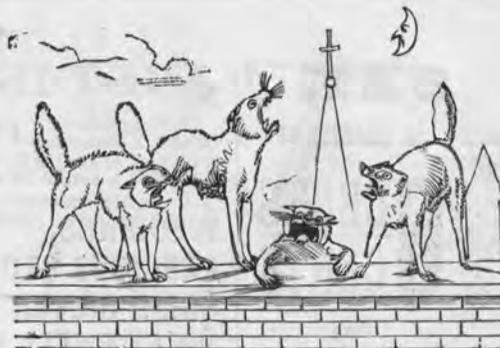
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WHEN a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the b'ar.

SAID Mr. Coupon to a critic at a concert where a chorus had just been sung, "you can tell me what this is out of?" "Yes; out of time!" growled the critic.

A—"Have you heard Stelling's new waltz?"
 B—"Oh, yes; I heard it two years ago. But it wasn't his at that time."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"WHAT does surplus mean, mamma?" Mamma—"Surplus means over—too many." "Then does surplised choirs mean choirs that are not needed?" "Sometimes, dear."

"ARE you a Christian, young man?" asked a melancholy missionary of a bystander whom he thought might prove a hopeful case.
 "Oh, dear, no," was the cheery reply; "I'm a choir singer."

A BETTING man sat and watched with interest and excitement the perpetration of a violin and piano duet. "A dead heat, by Jove," he exclaimed, as both instruments wound up at the same time.

THE Procession. Drum Major—"Vot you readin' for, you feller mit der glarionet? don' you know—" (Trips over a loose cobble stone). Clarionet—"I vos yust goin' to tell you about dot shtone."—*Puck.*

"LAURA," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to play that 'Sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of mine and your father's too."

BOSTON GIRL—"What do you think of Emerson, Mr. Wayoff?"

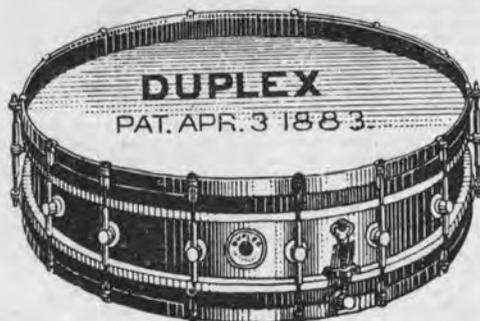
Mr. W. (from Chicago)—"Well, Billy used to sing pretty well, but he never was as funny to me as Billy Rice or Charley Backus."

MRS. MONTAGUE—"Do you sing, Mr. DeLyle?"
 Mr. DeLyle (with a superior smile)—"I belong to the college glee club."

Mrs. Montague (disappointed)—"Oh, I'm so sorry. I hoped that you sang."

"MARY, suppose you sing something." "Oh, it's so late, Charlie; I'm afraid it'll wake every one." "That's too bad," exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress. "But why do you want me to sing, dear?" she tenderly inquired.
 "Why, you see," he replied, "a fellow I owe five dollars to has been waiting outside all evening for me, and I thought maybe if you'd sing a little he'd go away."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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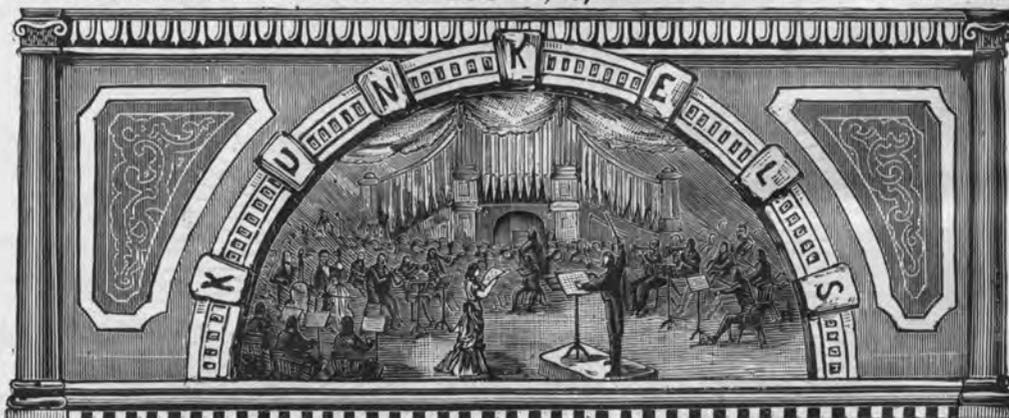
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