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TORONTO.

[With beautiful framed Chromo.]



NOVEMBER.						
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MAKING EYES.

So many things a girl can make,
I cannot fathom why
So few can turn us out a cake,
Or make an apple pie;
Excuses they can make, galore,
Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties;
But they delight in something more,
And that is "making eyes."

A girl can make a man a fool—
See history for that—
Can make a dress by Fashion's rule,
Or trim a dainty hat;
But oft—from gaping crowds apart—
I've pondered with surprise
On this: her rarest, dearest art,
You know, is "making eyes."

A woman makes the moments fly—
She makes the cash fly, too;
For husbands say she makes them buy
Whatever comes in view;
But this I know, O Modern Belle—
It is no vain surmise—
The art in which you most excel
Is that of "making eyes."

A new importation from the Celestial Empire sat down in an ice-cream saloon the other day, and said to the waiter: "Me want drink ice cream—same like Melican man." An iceberg of the coveted article was placed before him, and with the recklessness he had seen exhibited by everybody else around him, he dived into it. As he gulped down a mouthful of the frozen mass, a terrible expression of dismay and suspicion crept across his face. He looked again at the plate, and tried it again. His teeth began to chatter. He buttoned up his jacket, and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped up from the table, and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming: "Whoopee! Too much plenty cold club! No cookee 'nuff! Fleeza belly all same like ice-wagon."

Passing by one of the city schools yesterday, we listened to the scholars singing: "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" There was one boy, with a voice like a tornado, who was so enthusiastic that he emphasized every word, and roared "Oh, how I love my teacher dear!" with a vim that left no possible doubt of his affection. Ten minutes later, that boy had been compelled to stand on the floor for putting shoemaker's wax on his teacher's chair, got three demerit marks for drawing a picture of her with red chalk on the back of an atlas, been well shaken for putting a bent pin in another boy's chair, scolded for whistling out loud, sentenced to stay after school for drawing ink moustaches on his face, and blacking the end of another boy's nose, and soundly whipped for slapping three hundred and thirty-nine spit-balls against the ceiling, and throwing one big one in a girl's ear. You can't believe more than half a boy says when he sings.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated him intensely, but, woman-like, she strove to capture him. *He was a flea!*

There's a South End brother who goes to church three times a day on Sunday, and who always sings "I'm so glad Salvation's free" so loud that the deacon, whose ears are very sensitive, can't get within four pews of him with the contribution box.

"A good action is never thrown away," says somebody. The reason why so few of them are found, we suppose.

Standing on the post-office steps yesterday, and looking down on a group of smaller boys who wanted to know why he had a plaster on his face and his arm in a sling, he said:

"I don't care whether you are Republicans or Democrats, nor how much you holler on the street, but don't put two ounces of powder in an old dinner-horn, and think you've got the biggest cannon in town."

"Did You?" inquired a small newsboy.
"Did I? Go up to our house and see the dint in the ground where I came down—see mother's left leg—see my old goat in a corner of the yard, waiting for a New York surgeon to pick the powder out of his nose! Move on, small boy!"

A five year old youngster was playing "railroad" with his little sister, some years younger. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out, "New York," and, in a moment after, "Patterson," and then "Philadelphia." He could recall no more stopping-places, and at the next one called out, "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top, I dees I'll det out here."

Considerate father: "You should eat Graham bread, my son—it makes bone." Responsive youth: "H'm, I'm about all bones now."

A lady says it is no worse to encircle a lady's waist with your arm in a ball room, than to kiss your friend's sister on the back stairs. No worse! Why it's not half so good!

A merchant went home the other night and said very cheerfully to his wife: "Well, my dear, I've failed at last." "Oh, that's good!" exclaimed the wife with a radiant face, "now we can go to the Centennial, sure!"

"I guess dad wishes we'd all die and go to heaven," said a miser's son to his maternal relative. "Why?" she exclaimed, after she had recovered from her astonishment. "Oh, 'cause heaven's such a cheap place to live in."

"I make it a point, madame, to study my own mind," said a pompous individual to a lady who had exhibited some surprise at an opinion he had expressed. "Ah," she responded, "I did not suppose you understood the use of the microscope."

Nov. 1876

VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The grass grows green and the years grow brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward goes the breeze,
And what is all, when all is done?
A tide, with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

[Sd.]

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A MORNING IN THE CENTENNIAL.

CLOSE to the Woman's Pavilion is a small building bearing a modest placard saying:

"THE FROEBEL KINDERGARTEN.

Open from 10 to 12, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays." Sometime before the hour for opening, I entered the Visitors' Alcove, for I found it was already becoming filled; presently all of both the sitting and standing room was occupied. We were upon a raised platform, separated by a balustrade from the Kindergarten room. This room is well lighted and ventilated, and is given a bright, cheery aspect by the light-colored wood of the panels composing the walls and ceiling; the colored glass of some of the windows filled with pictures of pretty children, birds, and flowers; a fanciful mantel piece; flower-stands and hanging pots of flowers and ferns, and a canary in its gold-wired cage. Against the middle of one wall is a small organ, and across the room from it is a cabinet. The room is perhaps thirty by fifty feet. Towards one end, three long, low tables are arranged in a hollow square, and around them are twenty pretty little camp chairs. The top of each table is marked off in inch squares by lines formed by a light wood or ivory, inlaid in the black walnut.

While we fifty people sit expectant, let me tell something about the children whose entrance we are awaiting. These twenty were selected by the Kindergarten from perhaps sixty children, between the ages of three and seven, belonging to one of the Asylums of Philadelphia. There, as in most Asylums, the little ones lead a dreary life. For a large part of the day they are gathered together in a nursery without playthings, where the aim of the nurse in charge is only to keep them quiet.

You, in whose ears are ringing the glee-prattle and joyous shouts of little voices, and the tender patter of tiny feet, and who grow warmer at heart from such memories; who have felt the loving wreathing of soft arms about your neck, the "love-pats" of chubby hands upon your cheeks; who have played "tag" and "pic-a-back" and "hide and seek" with a frolicsome crew till you felt as they did, that you were a child with them—all of you, picture, if you can, these same active little sprites seated daily many hours together, kept quiet through fear. No unrestrained laughter! No dancing of those restless feet! No occupation for the would-be-busy fingers! No caresses, no tenderness, no *Ame!* Food and clothes and shelter for the little body, it is true, but with all its natural activities repressed—its soul starved! Now you are prepared to appreciate the so evident bliss of the little ones who belong to this Kindergarten.

The door opens. Into the open space which occupies two-thirds of the room, come, hand in hand, a troop of happy boys and girls, led by the

Kindergartner, singing a little song, of which "Follow, follow," is an ever-recurring refrain. They form a ring, and just then a rift of sunlight breaking in, crowns a curly head with glory, then lies down in sweet content upon the bare floor at her feet. Several eager voices say, "May we sing the Sunshine Song?" A smile and a nod is their answer. Up go the arms in a ring above the head, the fingertips touching, and down and up, down and up, in graceful wreathings, go the hands as they sing:

"This is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly falling:
So it chaseth the clouds away,
So it waketh the lordly day;
This is the way sunshine comes down,
Sweetly, sweetly falling."

Then, earnestly, they sing:

"Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling;
All their various voices raise,
Speaking forth their Maker's praise:
Wonderful, Lord, are all thy works,
Wheresoever falling."

Then a suggestive glance from the Kindergartner sent the little hands up to shut out for a moment from our sight the beaming of those bright eyes, while the childish voices spoke reverently to the Father who gives them all that makes them happy, closing with:

"Help us, Lord, to love Thee more
Than we ever loved before;
In our work, and in our play,
Be Thou with us through the day."

After another song, chosen by the children, one said, "Please, let us play Chilly little Chickadees!" The sparkling eyes of the rest showed the Kindergartner that they were all of one accord in the matter; she named four children for the chickadees, and one to scatter crumbs. The four went into the middle of the ring and sat down on their heels and quivered as if very, very cold. The rest, dancing round them, sang:

"Chilly little chickadees,
Sitting in a row,
Chilly little chickadees,
Buried in the snow!
Don't you find it very cold
For your little feet?
Don't you find it hard to get
Anything to eat?"

They stopped, and the other chosen ones sang:

"Hungry little chickadees,
Would you like some bread?
I will give you all you want,
Or some seeds instead;
Anything you like to eat
You shall have it free—
Every morning, every night—
If you come to me."

The chickadees hopped up to the child, who seemed to scatter the crumbs, and made the motions of picking them up to eat; while the children in the ring danced round them, singing:

"Jolly little chickadees,
Have you had enough?
Don't forget to come again,
When the weather's rough."

Then they let go hands, and made the motion of good-bye, singing:

"Bye, bye, happy little birds!
Of the wee things warm,
Flying through the driving snow,
Singing in the storm."

And the little chickadees jumped up and ran outside, flapping their arms for wings.

Again and again they played this until all had their turn among the chosen ones. Then they went to their seats at the tables, singing as they went, and marking the time with motions of the hand as well as by step. They sat with clasped hands, watching with interest the placing of some boxes—one before each child. One of the little ones had been called to do this, and the precision with which he did it, and the evident anxiety of the rest that it should be thus done, was a beautiful illustration of the old maxim, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." In the same spirit they all drew their boxes toward them, and, at a signal,

turned them upside down, drew out the lid, lifted the box from the two inch cube which it contained, and then placed box and cover in an appointed place on the table. Then they had some pointing and counting exercises in which they were all interested, and by which many an adult in the alcove learned for the first time that a cube has six sides, twelve edges, and eight corners. This two inch cube was made up of eight inch cubes, and presently the unity of the whole, that had been preserved only by the watchful care of each tiny possessor thereof, was broken by the direction: "place the two front upper cubes upon the two back upper cubes." It was done with the care a mason would use in his best work. Immediately they all cried out, "Grandpa's chair," and began to sing:

"Grandpa's hair is very white,
And grandpa walks but slow;
He likes to sit in his easy chair,
While the children come and go.
'Hush! play quietly!' says mamma;
'Let nobody trouble dear granpapa!'"

It was amusing to see how dramatic these children were, and how softly they said "Hush!" Then they were given permission to make what they liked, and light houses, engines, steamboats, churches, wells, bridges, etc., were immediately constructed with the same delight, and the same painstaking as before. When they had all made something, they sat quiet, listening to the explanation each had to give of the object he had made. How those little brains worked to conjure such complicated works of art from the eight simple cubes before them! When any of these inventions suggested one of their songs, it was sung with a heartiness that made us feel that much of the boisterousness in boys which so worries many a household because of the whistles and shrill screams and uncouth sounds by which, it finds expression, might find much happier vent in song, if older people only spent as much time and energy in teaching them songs they must like, as they now do in their fruitless attempts to keep the boys still.—A. Y.

"HOLD THE FORT!"—The man who held the fort, and furnished the foundation for Sankey's little song, which religious people sing, and irreligious people whistle, was General John M. Corse of Chicago. It was in the last year of the war, when Sherman was at Atlanta, preparing for the famous March to the Sea. Allatona pass was a gap in the mountain, of great strategic importance. Its possession was indispensable to Sherman, for to lose it would have involved not only the success of his campaign, but the safety of his army. Corse knew the responsibility which rested on him and his men, and the brave fellows knew it, too. He told them there must be no surrender, and it was left out of their calculations. The bloody work began with a desperate assault by General Hood, desperate but unsuccessful.

After hours of fighting, Corse began to communicate with Sherman through the signal station on Kenesaw Mountain. The smoke of battle delayed the progress of the conversation, but finally it lifted, and the signal officer slowly read to Corse the inspiring words: "Hold the fort: we are coming!" The contest went on. Hood, too, knew Sherman was coming, and he increased the energy of his attacks, but to no purpose. Of course, every body knows Corse held the fort till help came, and the pass was saved.—Boston Daily Herald.

OLIVE LOGAN writes from London: "Carl Rosa's English Opera season has opened most brilliantly. His strong feature is his band, of which he is conductor, and which is very large, and composed of first-rate artists through and through. His company is uniformly good, but comprises no great name, except that of Mr. Santley; but our own pretty young countrywoman, Miss Gaylord, is one of his leading lady artists, and is deservedly a great favorite. Carl Rosa's company in the Soldiers' Chorus in 'Faust,' with Godfrey's brass band of the Coldstream Guards to accompany the singers, is, to speak with military appropriateness, a killing performance, and it goes off with broadsides of applause. 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.'"

Malignity generally drinks the greatest part of its own poison.—Seneca.

AS THOU WILT, LORD.

In the still air, music lies unheard,
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen,
To wake the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be nought unfinished, broken,
marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

Mr. Joseph Downer, a cotton manufacturer of Cocketown, Fayette county, in the Quaker State, was the one to start the church organ business in the United States. He was a joker as well as a mechanic and musician, and Mr. James Harner of Pennsylvania, says of him in the *Cincinnati Times*:

"He is the person who made the first pipe-organ that the people of Pennsylvania have any knowledge of being made, at or about the time of the Revolution. He commenced to make his organ soon after he was married, and, when finished, it was a wonder to the people. They came from far and near to hear the organ played upon; and, just here, I will relate an anecdote.

"It is said that at one time some persons had come some fifteen or twenty miles to hear the organ played upon. Warning-pans appear to have been common in those days, and one was hanging by the wall; so the strangers inquired if that was the organ, and said:

"We have come a long way to hear it."

"Well," said Mr. Downer, "I am somewhat timid or bashful in playing before people, but I will take it into the next room, and there play it for you."

"So he took the warming instrument into the other room, and played a few tunes on the organ, and then brought the thing back and hung it up in its proper place. The strangers were highly delighted, but were filled with wonder and amazement that so small a thing could make so much and so beautiful a noise. But after the laugh was over, he took the strangers into the other room and showed them the real organ, and played and sang to their entire satisfaction."

SLOVENLY GRAMMAR.—It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar. No matter how pretty she may be, or how attractive in outside appearance, all that goes for naught if she says "Good mornin'" and "Good evenin'." Suppose she came, like the Queen of Sheba, "with a very great train," and fall to put objectives after her propositions, will it not mar the glory of her coming? Seriously, should a woman be called "graceful" who continually stumbles over her final consonants, and says "Lemme go," "a good 'eal," "han' me that blottin' paper?" It's a pleasant thing to hear from the lips of your sweetheart, your own especial beloved one, that she resolutely declined young Muggins' invitation to the theatre; but when the artless maid half closes her eyes and murmurs, "If he came in a golden chariot for me I wouldn't have went!" you don't feel so comfortable, so negligently at ease, as you were before that remark of your Araminta. Women should not deceive themselves. The most uncouth, illiterate man knows what elegant and correct English is, when he hears it. He may not be able to string three words correctly himself; but he sniffs the harmony of a rounded sentence from afar. It is instinctive. See how workmen hang upon the lips of an orator! Of his meaning they know little or nothing; but the "energy, number and cadence" they catch, and the harmonious sound pleases the ear.

WELCOME, Disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend; thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend. Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance! Something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success.

Longfellow.

THE RULING PASSION.—A few months since a lady who is very well known in the French fashionable world, happened to see in the streets of London a monkey begging pence from the public in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ grinder. The marquise took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made a pet of it. The other night the lady held a reception, and her pet was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a little drawing-room song. When she had finished, the monkey, who, though now partially civilized, had not forgotten his former duties, seeing something near him reminding him of his former occupation, seized it and transferred it into a temporary hat, and made a collection. His task ended, he jumped on the knee of the singer, and amid shouts of laughter placed the contents of the hat in the lady's lap.

GETTING MONEY.—The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is a better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling arises the many extravagant and visionary schemes indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his object; and if his plans are frustrated and he is foiled in his efforts, upon the very crest of the wave which he has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation to crime to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and ere he realises the fact, he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eyes of the community, and an inmate of the prison, waiting trial, all brought about by the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation in life where the penny earned would bring its sure reward. Let our young men spurn the idea of obtaining money without rendering an equivalent, let them be ready and willing to occupy positions in life which will give them the best possible opportunities to develop their natural talent, and do good to others while helping themselves. In this way we may have a nation of noble men and women, which will be a source of pleasure and happiness to us and an object of wonder and admiration to the world.

A GENTLEMAN in this city is the owner of a small Scotch terrier that shows a decided taste for music. A young lady, his daughter, is taking lessons on the piano, and many hours are given to practice. One day when the dog was in the room he showed great interest in the piano. He jumped upon the table and looked at the instrument, ran under and around it, and leaped upon it and peered into it, as if trying to find where the sound came from. One day, when the young lady was playing, the dog tried to imitate the notes. Afterwards, while she was practising, the dog almost daily would try to sing. He did not bark nor howl, as dogs will often do at the sound of bells. Although he could not pronounce *fa, sol, la, mi, do, etc.*, he succeeded in a good imitation of the sounds, and could cause his voice to rise and fall with the notes. All this was first in the presence of the young lady. When she told her mother, and invited her presence, the dog would not sing. By and by, however, his fondness for music overcame his bashfulness, and he would sing in the presence of the two ladies. Afterward, other members of the family came in, and now the dog, having conquered his modesty and gained confidence in his own powers, will exhibit his musical talents in the presence of any company.—*Troy White.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. A man, in this world, is a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.

When at last the sound of death shall be in our ears, may it be but the noise of the wheels of God Almighty's chariot come to take us home—our schooling over, and our long vacation begun in heaven!—*Becher's Life Thoughts.*

F. Nicholls Crouch, a popular English composer, is the author of that beautiful ballad, *Kathleen Mavourneen*. He was a violoncellist in London in 1817, and came to this country with an Italian opera troupe in 1848.

NEW MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

NAME.	AUTHOR.	PRICE.
Rest Beyond the Stars. (Vocal.)	Thomas.	30 cts
Thy Name. (Vocal.)	Millard.	50 "
Annie Bell. " "	Montell.	35 "
Surf. " "	Walsh.	30 "
My Childhood's Home. (Vocal.)	Pearson.	30 "
Kissing thro' the Railing. " "	Peck.	30 "
A Health to those who love us.	Larue.	30 "
Love and Sorrow. (Vocal.)	Lucenti.	30 "
Blossoms. New Song. " "	Hutton.	50 "
I must leave you, my Darling.	Phillips.	40 "
A Knot of Blue and Gray. (Vocal.)	Bishop.	35 "
Drifting Apart. " "	Kens.	30 "
The Woman who Stole my Heart.	Parer.	30 "
There is a Land of Pure Delight.	Johnson.	40 "
Trisagion. Sacred Quartet, Op. 13.	Haven.	30 "
My opening eyes with Rapture see.	Ward.	40 "
Heart and Arm Mazurka. (Ins.)	Ward.	40 "
Chimney Corner Reverie. " "	Winner.	30 "
Wood Shade Waltz. " "	Winer.	30 "
Good Bye, Sweetheart Galop.	Knight.	30 "
Hail Drops, Galop Brillante.	Chorney.	35 "
Amateur Dramatic Lancers.	Peck.	40 "
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Baltimore City College March.	Grau.	35 "
Grand Festival March.	Sudds.	50 "
Elfwood Grand March.	Johnson.	60 "
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Dancing Feet Waltz.	Lyle.	30 "
Polo Galop.	Cattin.	30 "
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Bye and Bye Mazurka.	Cattin.	35 "
Our Candidates' Grand March.	Maylath.	35 "
Suvaran Polka.	Bergendahl.	30 "

J. L. Peters, N. Y.

Little Barefoot March.	Kinkel.	35 "
La Chasse Galop.	Osborne.	30 "
Heather Flowers. (Idyl.)	Wagner.	30 "
Medley of National Airs.	Raphaelsen.	60 "
Gone above, where Angels dwell.	Leighton.	30 "
Yes, I miss you, Sadly miss you.	Danks.	30 "
I would Die for my Darling.	Stearns.	30 "
I wish I had a home.	Hays.	35 "
Columbia's flag is waving.	S. & E. de Barry.	35 "
Good Bye, but Come Again.	Thomas.	25 "

G. D. Russell & Co., Boston.

Les Feuilles D'Automne Waltzes. Nos. 1 & 2.	Farnsworth.	50 "
Happy Hottentots Schottische.	Mundroger.	40 "
Il Penseroso. (Ins.)	Paine.	40 "
Minuet Caprice.	Marston.	35 "
Revede Joie.	Farnsworth.	80 "
When the Kye cam Hame. (Vocal.)	Donc.	40 "
Mollie, the Rose of Glendae.	Challoner.	40 "
Mine.	Dana.	40 "
Mary's Dream.	Marston.	35 "
Can I Forget my Father's Hearth!	"	25 "
Sing, Robin, Sing.	Knight.	30 "
Marguerite.	Dana.	30 "

S. Brainard's, Sons, Cleveland.

Her face is a Garden of Flowers.	Prior.	35 "
In the Far Off Long Ago.	Thatcher.	35 "

John Church & Co., Cincinnati.

Lovers' Adieu. (Ins.)	Gordeler.	40 "
The Rising Belle Schottische.	Bradshaw.	30 "
Sliding Down Hill. (Ins.)	Root.	25 "
Not Alone.	Munger.	30 "
Forever.	Hanson.	30 "
La Carolina.	Gottrau.	30 "

L. P. Goullaud, Boston.

Golden Chain. Duet from Evangeline.	Rice.	75 "
Go not, Happy day. From Evangeline.	Rice.	75 "
Kissing Song. From Evangeline.	Rice.	40 "
Always Keep Cool. (Comic Song.)	Russell.	35 "
Played Out.	Russell.	35 "
Fare Thee Well.	Att.	40 "
Little Rosebud.	Att.	35 "
German Fifth.	Gus Williams.	35 "
Oscolla March.	Gilbert.	50 "

Any of the above named pieces may be obtained of the publishers of this Journal, by sending the marked price.

NEW YORK FASHIONS,

Furnished by the Domestic Sewing Machine Company.

The fashionable costumes of the month commend themselves for extreme grace and elegance, not only as to form, but the quiet, subdued effect of the harmonizing tints of the materials for dress, and of the colors introduced into the trimmings.

The polonaise, which is decidedly the leading favorite among garments this season, is extremely long, and is draped across the skirt-front as closely as possible. All draperies of overskirts as well as polonaises, etc., are placed lower than formerly, owing to the use of crinoline, which has superseded the bustle, and is seen to distend the dress below the line of the hips.

The most popular basque designs are those which divide the material into narrow sections at the back, while for the fronts both single and double-breasted and diagonal styles are seen. Vests also remain a desirable feature in connection with basques, affording opportunity for the most showy combination of fabric.

For overskirts, the plainest models are the standard; for in one case the design is satisfactory as it is, and in another, ornamentation renders it in every way desirable.

A few recently imported shapes in the long, cloak designs, exhibit the back divided in three seams—the side-bodies extending to the shoulders, and the centre-seam thrown out shapely below the waist. Dolmans of elegant shapes and fabrics are once more advised for intermediate wear. Large buttons are seen on outdoor wraps of every kind.



Figure No. 1.

The latest fancy or fashion in coiffures is called *Masaniello*, from the net which encloses the hair. This net is made of wide silk braid, either black, blue, cardinal red, or the same color as the hair. A ribbon, matching the net in color, is arranged in an Alsatian bow, or knot, upon the top of the head, and the ends are brought round to the back, where they form a square bow with ends of any length that may please the fancy of the wearer.

Figure No. 1. Fashion No. 1085, price twenty-five cents, supplies the very stylish basque here shown; the deep points of the jacket sloping over the vest from a single point upon the bust, while one dart at each side of the jacket supplies the needful adjustment to the figure.

The English back presents a square-shaped postilion, the broad extension on the front passing underneath, and closing with centre-back seam. A suitable cuff design completes the sleeves, while a graceful collarette is seen upon the neck.

Figure No. 2. Fashion No. 1092. The exceedingly graceful over-skirt design, here illustrated, will be found acceptable for any of the

seasonable fabrics. The drapery of the skirt is simple, and easily arranged; upturned pleats being formed at the sides, while invisible tapes provide the looping for the centre-back.

The first seam at the left side is allowed to fall open; the

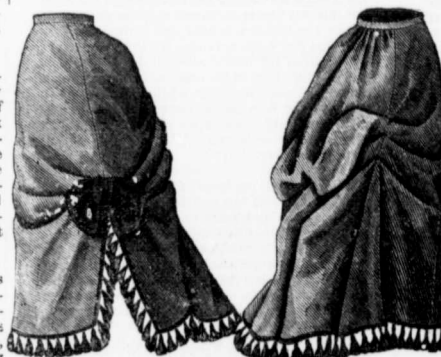


Figure No. 2.

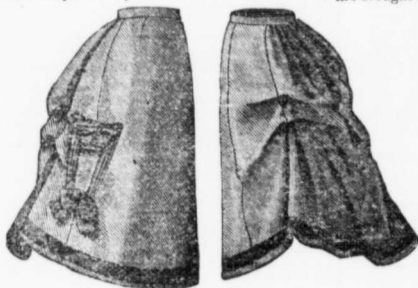


Figure No. 3.

Side-pleating, box-pleating, and bias bands of silk continue to be used as garnitures for overdresses of all kinds, while cashmere, as well as silk embroidered hands supply handsome trimmings for dresses of silk and cashmere. Hercules braids, both in mohair, fine wool, and silk, are also classed among handsome trimmings this season, while the great variety, seen in the different styles of fringes, are deep and heavy.

All the newly imported gloves show great perfection of shape and quality, and are extremely plain; there is no embroidery upon the back of the hand, as the seams are overcast with silk matching the color of the glove; the wrist exhibiting a welt or cording of the same, or, in some cases, of white kid. These are given in all the rich, dark shades, and though they have been advised in preference to the light tints which served to enliven street toilettes a year ago, the acceptance is not so sure, as, so far, sales of the light shades are by no means diminished.

A favorite kind of shoe, in use at present, is made with the uppers either of glove or the ordinary French kid, and strong facings of French morocco. Though artists illustrate handsome shoes with high heels, it is well understood, however, that low, square heels with full toes are leading styles, which accompany the finest manufacture.

garniture of fringe extending to the handsome bow of silk which decorates the garment at this point.

Fashion No. 1092, price twenty five cents, is the original model of this graceful garment.

Figure No. 3. The handsome little over-skirt, represented in this number, is copied from Fashion No. 1114, price twenty cents.

A single gore at each side, and the broad front and back breadth constitute the parts of this garment; a showily box-pleated pocket, ornamented with bow of gros-grain ribbon being placed at the right side, as illustrated. A narrow bias band, of a contrasting material, furnishes the simple garniture given, the general style of the design, however, admitting any mode of trimming that may be selected.

Figure No. 4. This illustration presents a showy costume for street or home service. The front, which is closed with a double row of buttons, exhibits a graceful box-pleat at each side, while the back with its jaunty postilion, is both suitable and stylish. Pleated skirt-breadths are added to a belt passing underneath the basque back, which also exhibits pleats, small revers of a contrasting color adding a showy effect to the sides.

Fashion No. 1063, price twenty-five cents, provides the design here shown.



Figure No. 4.

Fashion Notes.

Ermine will be used for children's saques and hats, now that it is less expensive than formerly.

Handsome fur rugs are made of coon tails. Cheap imitations of popular furs are always provided each season, and they are made with great taste.

The imitation astrachan will still be used for children's garments, but there will be less of the real article worn by their elders.

Red will be the most prominent color in ladies' winter attire. We have accustomed our eyes so long to dead, insipid colors that a dash of red acts like a tonic following a debilitating regimen; but it is a hue that should be used with taste and judgment, and not abused.

Ladies wishing to procure any of those stylish patterns will please remit the price to the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, Corner of Broadway and 14th Street, New York, stating number and size desired. Patterns will be sent on receipt of order, accompanied by cash, by return mail, and may be relied upon as being the styles in vogue at time of receiving the order.

LET ME HIDE IN THEE.

Mrs. M. J. PHILLIPS.

H. S. PERKINS.

Cheerful.

1. When Ga-briel sends his trumpet sound O'er all the earth and sea; And trembling sin - ners stand a-round, Lord, may I hide in thee. When
2. I would not cry for rocks to fall, Nor earth to crum - ble in, - To hide my guilt - y self from all, Since thou canst cov - er sin. When
3. When God is judging all the world, And from his throne we see His precious love to us unfa-ried, Oh, let me hide in thee. And

lightnings flash and thun - ders roll, And graves are o - pen wide, Oh, Lord, re - ceive my wait - ing sor!, And in thee let me hide.
time and all its scenes are o'er, And God speaks from the sky, And Chris - tians hear his voice and go, Oh, Christ, to thee I fly.
when that glo - rious day shall come, Then near thy bleed - ing side, Give this poor wait - ing soul a home, And let me safe - ly hide.

Oh, let me hide in thee, Oh, let me hide in thee, Still keep me near thy lov - ing side, Oh, let me hide in thee.

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STAND FIRM FOR TEMPERANCE.

Words by R. R. WADE.

Music by N. HAMLIN.

1. Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand, " Firm as a rock on ocean's strand," Beat back this ti - dal wave of woe, Whose surging bil-lows o'er us flow.
2. Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand, Send forth the pledge throughout the land, Till eve-ry tongue with praise shall sing The wondrous triumph of our King.
3. Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand, Our cause is just, - In God we trust; Come sign the pledge, and join our band, And drive the foe from out our land.

CHORUS.

Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand, " Firm as a rock on ocean's strand," Gird on your armor for the right, And join your comrades in the fight.
Stand firm for temp'rance, nobly stand, " Firm as a rock on ocean's strand," Gird on your armor for the right, And join your comrades in the fight.

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He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

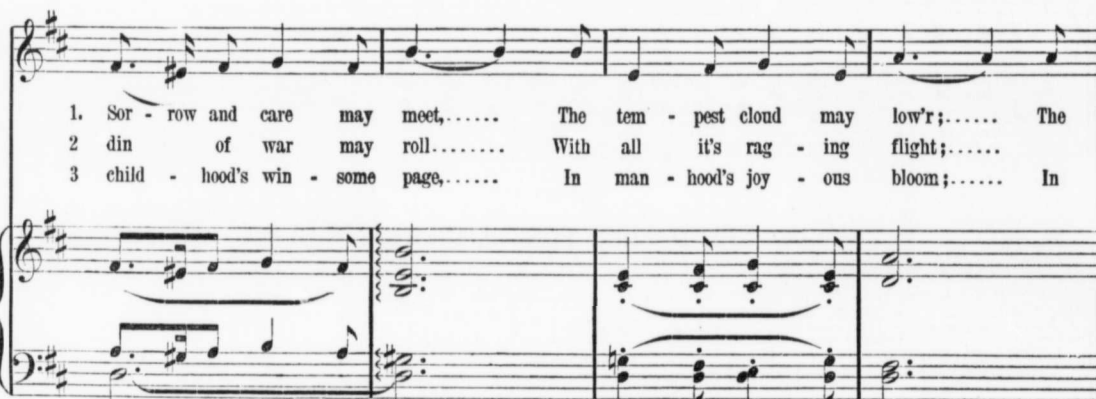
WORDS BY J. F. TILDESLEY.

MUSIC BY FRANZ ABT.

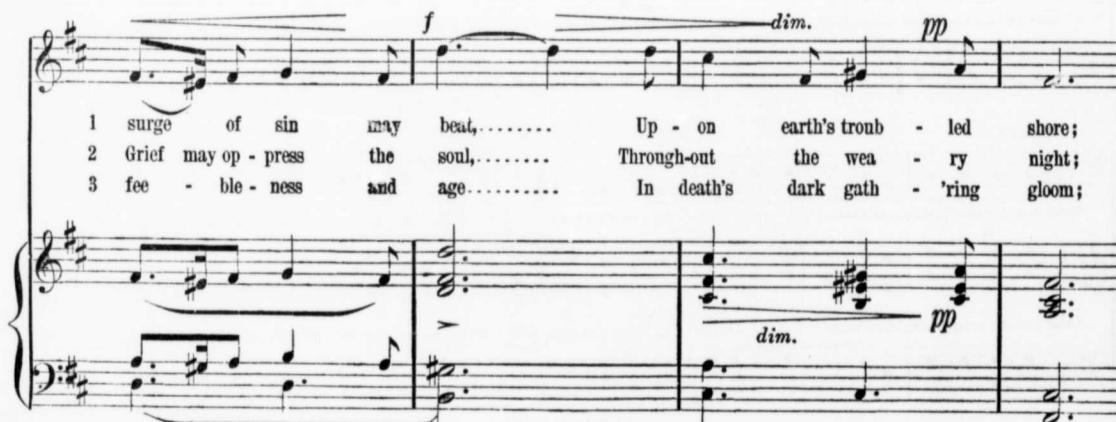
MODERATO MOLTO.



p
molto legato.
p
ppp



1. Sor - row and care may meet,..... The tem - pest cloud may low'r;..... The
2. din of war may roll..... With all it's rag - ing flight;.....
3. child - hood's win - some page,..... In man - hood's joy - ous bloom;..... In



1. surge of sin may beat,..... Up - on earth's troub - led shore;
2. Grief may op - press the soul,..... Through-out the wea - ry night;
3. fee - ble - ness and age..... In death's dark gath - 'ring gloom;

f *dim.* *pp*
dim. *pp*

-dee. 2. Mo-ments sped, as

cres. *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (top staff) begins with a rest followed by a half note 'dee'. The piano accompaniment (bottom two staves) starts with a half note chord, followed by a series of chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *cres.* and *mf*.

moments will, Rap - id - ly e - nough; until af - ter, say, a month or two, Rob - in did as Robins

p

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

do— Fickle as the month of May, Jilt - ed her and ran a - way!

f

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves. The vocal line has a long note 'do—' followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is more active with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* is present.

Wretch - ed lit - tle maid - en she! Dole - ful maid of Ar - ca - dee! Dole - ful maid of Ar - ca - dee!

rall. e dim. *D.C.* $\frac{5}{8}$

rall. e dim.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line repeats the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Dynamics include *rall. e dim.* and *D.C.* with a time signature change to $\frac{5}{8}$.

AM WACHTFEUER.

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

POLKA.

H. HERRMANN. Op. 97.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various dynamic markings: *f*, *ff*, *dim.*, *p*, *mf*, and *p*. There are also first and second endings marked "1st." and "2d." in the second and fourth systems. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the fifth system.

3

TRIO.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system is marked *TRIO.* and begins with a *mf* dynamic. The second system includes a *fz* marking and a *p* marking. The third system features a *mf* marking and a *cres.* marking. The fourth system has a *fz* marking and a *f* marking. The fifth system includes a *p* marking and a *cres.* marking. The sixth system is marked *Polka D. U. al CODA.* and begins with a *f* marking. The score concludes with a double bar line.

SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

GONDELLIED.

ALBERT JUNGMANN. Op. 319.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with the tempo marking *ANDANTINO.* and a key signature of one flat (B-flat major). The time signature is 12/8. The score consists of five systems, each with a piano (treble) staff and a bass (bass) staff. The piano part features a melodic line with various dynamics: *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *f* (forte). The bass part provides a steady accompaniment. Pedaling instructions are marked as *Ped.* with asterisks indicating specific pedal points. A performance direction *poco piu lento.* appears in the final system. The score is framed by a decorative border with four corner ornaments.

in tempo.

Ped.

** Ped.*

f Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

mf

** Ped.*

f

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

pp

** Ped.*

mf

** Ped.*

f

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

Ped.

p

** Ped.*

mf

** Ped.*

Ped.

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

** Ped.*

pp

mf

** Ped.*

Sailor's Farewell. 2.

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