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JOE LESLIE.

BY ERASTUS OSGOOD.

"I am sorry boys, but you will have to excuse me from appearing in your minstrel entertainment, I will do anything I can to help you, but years ago when I discarded burnt cork it was to be forever."

The speaker was our banjo teacher Mr. Devine, to whom every member of our club had become warmly attached, during the weeks he had been guiding our clumsy fingers through the evolutions and mysteries of the "Normandie March," and sundry Polkas and "Walk-Arounds." After a pause he continued:

"From a boy I have been very fond of my banjo. It has been like a companion to me for many years; often when depressed and discouraged, its bright cheerful voice has dispelled my gloomy thoughts. At an early age I became quite an adept on the instrument, stage performances delighted me, and when I was forced to earn my own living, the offer of a fair salary from a minstrel company, was just the incentive I needed to enter the profession."

"I think you will appreciate why I cannot take part in your entertainment, if I relate a little incident in the life of an old minstrel, and give you a glimpse of the world behind the scenes.

"For a number of years as a banjoist, I had no equal, then I met my rival—and a life long friend in the person of Joe Leslie. We were pitted against each other by our respective managers for a trial of skill. I had never seen Leslie till we met on the evening of the contest. We were at once mutually drawn towards each other, and though I fully realized that by this man's superior playing, I might have my honors wrested from me, I grasped his hand with a right good will. Leslie played first, and I

had never heard such delicate execution on a banjo before. His selection was a fantasia or popular negro melodies, and as I listened, I knew my only hope of winning, was to play something decidedly *brillante*.

"Leslie's performance was received with tremendous applause, but I seemed to feel that the audience was mainly composed of a class—not uncommon, who prefer listening to volume, rather than expression in music. I found my estimate had been correct. I dashed off a brilliant march, full of runs and other musical gymnastics. The audience went wild with delight and I was declared the victor.

"Almost the first one to congratulate me was the noble hearted Joe Leslie. His magnanimity touched me deeply, and besides I had an inward consciousness that my rival was in reality my superior, and had justice been done him, the judges would have awarded him the prize.

"Amid vociferous cheering I made an appeal, to the effect that the palm truly belonged to Leslie, which Leslie at once refuted in a cleverly turned speech.

"Then a song was literally demanded. Audiences years ago were not so refined as the people to be found in our Opera Houses of to-day, and it was almost obligatory for a performer to satisfy their demands, so I complied by singing a comic ditty that was popular at that time. Then Leslie followed; struck a few chords by way of prelude, and sang the universal favorite of the minstrel stage "Old Folks at Home." Ah that was singing! I had heard Foster's master-piece sung many times, but never before as Leslie sang it that night; as the tones of his sweet-tenor voice fell on my ear, I seem to catch a glimpse of "Of de Old Plantation," and my heart yearned too, for the "Little Hut among the Bushes," and longed for the "Old Folks at Home."

"As soon as we could arrange matters, Leslie and I were members of the same troupe. Strange to say, there never existed any jealousy between us, and the friendship that began under such peculiar circumstances, was destined to last till we should be separated for ever in this world.

"Although we became very intimate, he never spoke to me about his early life. Had the curtain that shut out his past career been drawn aside, I feel sure it would have disclosed scenes in which my friend had been

sinned against, more than sinning, for anything like deceit, vice or cowardice were distasteful to Leslie, and back of all his sparkling wit and gayety, he possessed a quiet dignity that under all circumstances bespoke the true gentleman. Why he had chosen to follow the life of a minstrel will always remain a mystery to me.

"We had been companions for nearly five years, and were approaching the close of a very successful season. Leslie and I had planned for a delightful vacation, we were going to spend together in my native village. We had arrived at the terminus of our route, and then for rest—and *home*.

"The company were all in excellent spirits, and I doubt if we ever gave a more satisfactory entertainment than on the opening night of our last engagement. Leslie was in fine voice, and was encored again and again. On our way home from the theatre I alluded to the success he had made, when he interrupted me by saying: "Yes, but did you see that little girl in the right-hand box? That golden haired little fairy? Devine that last song I sang for *her*. I wish I knew her." May be it was fancy, but I thought Leslie's voice trembled as he spoke the last words very softly.

"The next day while we were walking in one of the city parks, Leslie exclaimed, "There she is! I must speak to her!" It was the little girl with the golden hair, and Leslie's gallantry was almost ludicrous, as he seated himself on one of the benches beside her. The colored nurse stood by smiling as the handsome stranger talked with her sweet young mistress.

"So your name is Flory," said Leslie "and you liked the minstrels last night?"

"Yes, they were so funny; but I liked the singing best. Was that you who sang the songs that pleased everybody so much?"

"I guess it was, I am glad you liked it Flory."

"But I like you better with a clean face. Don't you think it is nicer?"

"Yes I do," laughed Leslie, "You must come and hear the music again," and with a polite bow he bade Miss Flory good morning.

"We met the little girl several times after that, and sometimes as Leslie talked with her, his voice would become almost tremulous in its tenderness. I shall never forget the morning their conversation was interrupted by a richly dressed lady seizing Flory

by the hand and exclaiming, "What do you mean child, by talking to strangers."

"Mamma, this is the gentleman who sang so sweetly at the Minstrels."

"And is not a proper person then to talk to my daughter," broke in the woman scornfully.

For a moment Leslie's face was flushed with anger, but he recovered himself almost instantly, and said with quiet dignity:

"I regret madam my attention to your little daughter has displeased you; I trust you will pardon me," and lifting his hat walked rapidly away.

"Not a proper person," murmured Leslie as if speaking to himself, "A poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is seen no more," Poor Leslie, he little dreamed how prophetic those words were.

"That night just as the curtain was about to rise, Leslie came up to me and said: 'Devine, our little friend has come again to-night, I wonder her mother allowed it.'"

"Of whom are you speaking?" asked the stage manager who had overheard Leslie's remark. "The party in the right hand box? I saw you talking to the little girl this morning."

"Yes, do you know them?" inquired Leslie."

"O yes, the little girl is Flory Desmond, the lady is her step mother, Col. Desmond's second wife. Folks say the Colonel has married a tartar this time, but —"

The conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the warning bell, and I hurried to my dressing room to prepare for my specialties that followed the first part of the performance. As I look back over the events of that evening, they appear to be stamped on my memory as one might view a landscape. Some of the points in it are dim and shadowy, while others stand out in painfully bold relief. I can remember dressing myself in my absurd stage toggery, and I knew that I blacked my face, but my mind was preoccupied, I was following the scenes being enacted on the stage above. The opening overture was being played, I could hear the stirring music of the orchestra, and the rattle of the "end men's tambourine and bones," then the burst of laughter or applause at the comedian's sallies of premeditated wit. Now a soft prelude, and I strain my ear to listen, Leslie was going to sing

Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far far away.

Sweetly the words were borne to me by the voice I had learned to love so well.

Then there was a confused hum of voices. A hurried tramping of feet, and the sharp cry of Fire! rang through the house.

"Impelled by the thoughts of the threatened danger to Leslie I made a rush up the winding stairs. I shall never forget the scene that was presented to me as I reached the stage.

Women shrieking, men fighting their way through the panic stricken crowd. Wild supplications for help, but saddest of all, shrill cries of terror from little children.

"The glance I had was but a momentary one. The stage was in a blaze. The heat

and smoke was suffocating. Leslie, I called but faintly, for the smoke was choking me.

"By main force I was dragged away by my companions, and borne to the street. Leslie! I called again. Had any one seen him? The fire had broken out so suddenly, and gained headway so rapidly, that self-preservation had been the ruling thought in every mind; but one of the company when the fire started believed he had seen Leslie make his way towards one of the boxes, he could not think what for, there was no exit there. I could. Bless Leslie's unselfish heart, he had probably given his own life in attempting to save that of little Floy. Sick at heart I turned to look at the burning building. The flames, as it seemed, with fiendish glee, were roaring in delight as they lapped up with their fiery tongue, the doomed walls and rafters, that but a short time before had been ringing with the echo of laughing voices.

"Suddenly there arose a wild cry: 'Bring a ladder! Look there!' I wonder if any one in that vast crowd gazed with more agony in their eyes than I did, at the open window, where stood a tall dusky form, holding clasped in his arms a golden-haired little girl. I have only a vague recollection of what followed. I remember as I might the thread of some distracting dream, pushing my way through the crowd. Assisting brave and willing hands to place a ladder; climbing it in eager haste. Taking in my arms the unconscious form of little Floy, and hearing Leslie murmur faintly, 'Quick Devine, I can't hold out much longer, I am badly hurt.'"

"I think the scene the next morning was the most touching I shall ever know, as our company gathered at Leslie's bedside. When told he could live but a short time, he asked to see us that he might bid us good-bye. 'Boys,' he said, and a peaceful smile illuminated his pallid face, 'you have all been kind to me, and I want to hear your voices for the last time in this world. Devine will play my dear old banjo.' 'What will it be Joe,' I asked, my emotions almost choking my utterance. 'Sing of the kindly light,' he whispered faintly, 'that will lead me to those angel faces, that I have loved long since and lost awhile.' As the last notes died away almost in a sob of tenderness, Joe Leslie's spirit floated out on the dark river, and as we stole noiselessly from the room, we knew our late companion's sweet voice was already blending with the angelic chorus, in glad hallelujahs, on the golden shore.

A Music Teachers Mistake.

In the *Musical Courier* (New York) of January 4th, we notice a full report of the "Penna. State Music Teachers' Association," at its fourth annual meeting in Reading, Penna., held about December 27th last. Mention of this event would almost be out of place in the *Banjo and Guitar Journal* were it not that one Mr. Berg, president of the Association, assumed the role of the learned and wise sage, and ven-

tilated his ignorance and malice in the following words:

"It cannot be too strongly urged upon teachers to advocate more and more firmly the highest standard. In these last years undue prominence has been given to the lower order of instruments, even such an absurdity as the banjo coming persistently forward and in consequence there has been some drifting away from the more laborious but noble music of the great instruments. I do not wish to take from anyone a simple delight who has really neither the time nor the ability for more serious study. I agree with the teacher who said that Gumbo French was better than no French at all, but it does seem incredible that those who have learned of Handel and Mozart and Beethoven should spend precious hours in thrumming a banjo or guitar."

It is quite true that one should advocate firmly the highest standard, but an attempt to hold down the Banjo and Guitar is not advocating firmly the highest standard.

To advocate the highest standard is to honor and elevate the art one espouses—Mr. Berg is not doing this. If he could only play the Guitar like Romero, he would not decry it. But it is not supposed that he could do that if his Soul's Salvation depended upon it. Is it manly to abuse an instrument because it has among its votaries some who have not mastered its details and are unfit representatives of their instrument?

Are there not a great many fiddlers Mr. Berg, who are just such unfitted representatives of that "King of Instruments," the violin?

Then Mr. Berg refers to the Banjo as "an absurdity" showing the utter shallowness of his mind or proving his ignorance of the musical instrument of the day.

Was Julian Hawthorne a fool when he wrote of the Banjo (a good Banjo) as only equaled by the violin? Or is the evidence of a bigot, who has other interests at stake, to be accepted in stead?

Mr. Berg has got off on the wrong track. Let him go and hear such performers on the Banjo as A. A. Farland, R. R. Brooks and others, who play as high class of music as has ever been written for the Piano or any other instrument. If Mr. Berg has been asleep for twenty or thirty years past, there is some excuse for him; but if he has been awake there is none.

One thing is positive. If the Banjo had depended upon such as he for its advancement it would still be standing just where it was a quarter of a century ago.

A man who speaks against that which he sees is encroaching upon his domains, may be excused upon purely partisan grounds, but he takes no rank for either truth or art.

Yes, Mr. Berg, that "Absurdity" the Banjo will continue to come "persistently forward," and your ignorant, ungenerous remarks have already left a blot upon your society that is not soon to be effaced.

Said a well-known lady pianist and guitarist to the writer recently: "I was about to join the Music Teachers' Association, but now I would not join it upon any account."

THE ACADEMY CONCERT.

—CROWDED TO THE DOORS—

It gives us much pleasure to report the successful termination of the Grand Banjo and Guitar Prize Club Concert and Contest, which took place at the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, January 14th last. For the City of Brotherly Love, the occasion is one that is destined to linger long in the memory, as for many weeks it dwelt in the anticipation of many.

Such a gala night for Banjo players does not often occur, and the managers feel amply repaid for the trouble they took in getting up the entertainment, by the sincere appreciation shown by the entire audience of every act on the program. From the Combined Banjo Orchestra, down to the single act of "Bolsover Gibbs," all was well done.

Away back in the month of September, preparations for the grand event were begun; the grand banjo orchestra was conceived, and the managers began to look about for performers capable of entering such a combination. The first meeting was held out in Mr. Stewart's country home, with four only present, Messrs. Armstrong, Howison, Crowther and Stewart. Organization then and there being planned, in a few weeks a meeting was called at Mr. Stewart's city home, and a rehearsal of nineteen members was held. A week or two later the number had increased to twenty-nine, and from this time on the list was increased until about one hundred and twenty-five names of lady and gentleman performers appeared upon the roll.

Noble 100!
Still more noble 125!

But, oh! what a time there was in getting them together—only those who have had experience can appreciate such a work.

But at last a satisfactory performance was secured, after a number of rehearsals at a small hall, secured for the purpose, Mr. Armstrong, with the leader's baton in hand, began to look pleased.

* * * * *

The various clubs who had entered the contest held meetings three or more times each week, practicing, to be in good trim for the competition. It seemed as though every banjo, guitar and mandolin player in the city were full of "the concert," and thought of that as the chief topic, from the first of December up to the time of fulfillment. The beautiful mandolin and guitar, contributed to the list of prizes, by the well-known house of John C. Haynes & Co., of Boston, Mass., were exhibited in the window

of J. E. Ditson & Co's music store, to an admiring crowd of pleasure seekers, several weeks before the date of the concert; while the elegant Bini Guitar, especially made for the occasion, by J. Howard Foote, the manufacturer, of New York and Chicago, was admired by many "crack players," and all this helped to add to the enthusiasm, as interest in the concert and contest waxed hot. When finally, a few days before the event, all of the prize banjos, guitars and mandolins were placed on exhibition in the store window of B. F. Owen & Co., on Chestnut Street, excitement became worked up to fever-heat, and many were the bets made by enthusiastic friends of the different club organizations, on their favorites—many were the guesses and surmises as to which club would win the beautiful Presentation Banjo and case offered as first prize.

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When the box office was opened, at 7.15 Saturday evening, but two seats were left to be sold, and although a severe snow storm set in about 7 o'clock; a large crowd congregated about the doors awaiting admission. At 8 P. M. three thousand people were in the house, and at 8.10 the curtain rose on the banjo orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, and a beautiful sight was presented.

* * * * *

The following is the program as given:

1. "Normandie March" *Armstrong.*
"Martaneaux Overture" *Vernet.*
ARMSTRONG'S BANJO ORCHESTRA.
2. Vocal Selections—
MASTER LEM. STEWART.
3. Banjo Solo—"Yorktown Polka" . . . *Buckley.*
MASTER FRED. STEWART.
4. Banjo Solo—"Old Folks at Home, with Variations" *Foster.*
MISS E. E. SECOR.
5. Banjo Solo—"Modjeska Waltzes" . *Lowthain.*
S. S. STEWART.
6. A Few Moments with Bolsover Gibbs.
7. a. Spanish Dances, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. *Moszkowski.*
b. Concerto, Allegro molto vivace,
op. 64 *Mendelssohn.*
ALFRED A. FARLAND,
The Scientific Banjoist, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The following clubs competed for the prizes:—

1. "Corcoran Cadet March" *Sousa.*
THE HAMILTON BANJO CLUB.
Paul Eno, Leader.
2. "Gladiator March" *Sousa.*
THE AMERICAN STUDENTS,
J. H. Minges, Leader.
3. "The Bugle Call" *Folwell.*
THE CAMDEN BANJO CLUB,
John C. Folwell, Leader.
4. "March, The Dandy Fifth" *Farland.*
THE CARLETON BANJO CLUB,
Henry Howison, Leader.
5. "Boquet Polka" *Harese.*
THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNA. BANJO CLUB,
Paul Eno, Leader.

6. "Imperial Grand March" *Jennings.*
THE ALMA BANJO CLUB, OF WILLIAMSPORT,
H. G. Molson, Leader.
7. "Mocking Bird with Var's." *Winner.*
THE PHILOMELA SEXTETTE,
Edw. Frueh, Leader.
8. Waltz—"La Serenata" *Faxone.*
THE HAMILTON MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB,
Paul Eno, Leader.
9. "World's Fair Medley"
THE INTERNATIONAL SERENADERS,
O. H. Albrecht, Leader.
10. "Red Cross Gavotte" *Bellano.*
THE CASTILIAN TROUBADOURS.
A. F. Bellano, Leader.

Final—Judges' Decisions and the Awarding of Prizes to the Clubs.

The three judges were Messrs. Sep. Winner, the well-known composer and music publisher; Geo. W. Benzon, of J. E. Ditson & Co., one of the best informed musical critics in Philadelphia, and Chas. Bloomingdale, Jr., the well-known editor of *Music and Drama.*

The following is a list of the awards:

Prize	Clubs	Men	Average
First	The Hamilton Mandolin and Guitar Club.....	12	96
Second ..	The Castilian Troubadours.....	10	95
Third ...	The Hamilton Banjo Club.....	15	94
Fourth ...	The Univ. of Pa. Banjo Club.....	14	93
Fifth	The Carleton Banjo Club.....	13	92
Sixth.....	The Philomela Sextette.....	6	88
Seventh..	The American Students.....	6	87
Eighth ...	The Camden Banjo Club.....	7	86
Ninth ...	The Alma Banjo Club of Williamsport	7	83
Tenth	The International Serenaders,	5	82

As a description of the prizes was given in our last number, it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

* * * * *

The Hamilton Mandolin Club richly merited the first prize; their harmony being A No. 1, and the bass banjos no doubt helping greatly, blending with the guitars.

The Alma Club, of Williamsport, was somewhat crippled, being short one member.

The Philomela Sextette were decidedly "slow," and it is strange how they got any points on harmony, as their rendition of "The Mocking Bird" was about as bare of variations as anything could well be. However, the judges know best.

The "International Serenaders," were introduced as a comic feature, to prevent interest in the contest from lagging, on account of the great length of program. This "club" got the last prize, and that is all the leader aimed for, having kindly volunteered to make a little fun for the audience. Each man in this organization was made up in comic costume, to represent a different nationality. Mr. "Bolsover

Gibbs," who was no less personage than Erastus Osgood, late of Littleton, N. H., made a "huge hit." His comic imitations were "immense," and as a humorist he will come rapidly to the front.

And now a word for the artist of the evening: A. A. Farland, of Pittsburgh, Penna., has shown himself to be far, far ahead of any player of the banjo now known to the public. True, there are some excellent players on this instrument, which has made rapid strides, during the past decade, but we have, as yet, met no one who can duplicate Farland's performances on the banjo. Mr. Farland is a gentlemanly and sensitive musician, and has more brains in front of his ears and in the upper portion of his head than the majority of banjo players. The music he plays is beyond the comprehension of many.

The writer was once present when Ole Bull rendered some of his best violin solos in the Academy of Music, and finally wound up with the "Irish Washwoman," which "brought down the house." There were seemingly but few in the audience capable of appreciating music. So it must ever be, it seems, on this earth. No man ever played the banjo as Farland plays it, and yet only such as have made the attempt and know how difficult it is, can appreciate his efforts. The "Mendelssohn Concerto" is one of the most difficult things that can possibly be attempted on the Banjo, and therefore can only be attained by a greatly developed skill in fingering, together with a well trained musical mind, so developed in concentration that the hands, and every finger of the hands, works in perfect union with the mind. Destroy or interrupt this concentration for a single moment, and the result is a slip, a loss of the movement, and perhaps confusion and failure. It is perhaps useless to make this explanation to some of our so-called banjo players, whose greater brain is in the back of the head.

During Mr. Farland's masterly rendition of the "Mendelssohn Concerto," some boys in the gallery, who had evidently gone to the concert to applaud some particular club, made some confusion (there are always bound to be persons of this kind in a contest concert), which for a moment attracted the attention of the artist, and making a slight slip of one or two notes the time was lost, and the performance spoiled; and all through the actions of some illy bred persons who would have been better off at home in their little beds.

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A. A. Farland surely has a great future before him. It would bring the blush of

shame to the faces of such men as Berg, of the Pennsylvania State Music Teachers' Association, (who has taken upon himself the responsibility of calling the banjo an "absurdity"), could they hear Farland perform. The fingering, runs and shifts made by him on the banjo are even more difficult than when made on the violin, every shift being accurate. The banjo used by Mr. Farland is one of the Stewart "Specialty," with 10½ inch rim, with 18 inch neck; it has the small raised frets, which Mr. Farland considers a vast improvement over the old style of high and wide frets. The third string of this banjo is tuned in unison with A on the piano.

The noted violinist, Mr. D. C. Everest, who was in the audience when Mr. Farland played, expressed his appreciation of the performance by saying that he knew what an extremely difficult movement the Concerto was for the violin, and how much more difficult it was to render on the banjo, where sustained tones had to be produced without a bow, and by the aid of the tremolo.

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Miss Edith Secor, our lady banjoist, did splendidly, making quite a hit, as did also the Stewart boys. Master Lem's voice was much admired and commented upon by many in the audience.

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In one of the lower proscenium boxes, the writer recognized Mr. Edward Browning and party; in the box immediately above, Mr. H. E. Packer, of Burlington, N. J., and party. In the opposite box were Mr. Clement Pusey and party, of Ardmore, Pa. Scattered through the audience were many prominent Philadelphians and musicians, also people from New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn, and other cities. C. Edgar Dobson, of New York, was in the audience, and remarked that it beat anything he had ever seen in the shape of a banjo concert.

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The aim of the managers of the Prize Club Concert has been to bring the banjo before the people of Philadelphia in a manner that would interest all, and at the same time bring forth the best efforts of the performers. There being no recognized rule governing the arrangement and organization of banjo clubs, however, has led to some little dissatisfaction, which under the circumstances was unavoidable. In all competitive games there are certain defined governing rules and laws regulating such contests; but as there are none for such musical organizations as banjo and guitar clubs, it is quite impossible to give a com-

petitive concert of this kind, the result of which will prove entirely satisfactory.

For instance, there were three clubs taking part in this contest, all under the same leader, and each club containing some members from the other club. To compete under such conditions did not appear fair to some, although we think that it served to bring Mr. Paul Eno to the front as a most expert and efficient organizer and leader of banjo and guitar clubs. Under the rules of entry, any club, whether mandolin, or guitar or banjo, could compete on the same basis, providing at least one banjo was used in the combination, and this led to the entry of a mandolin and guitar club that introduced a banjo for the occasion, and whose banjo player made only the merest pretence of playing. This club was awarded the second prize (the \$100.00 banjo), which was hardly fair, as a professional organization that was known to make no use of a banjo on other occasions; still there was no way of avoiding it, as the playing of the club was very fine, even if the banjo was inaudible. The difficulty is to know where to "draw the line," and for this reason it is not likely that Messrs. Stewart and Armstrong will ever give another contest concert. The Academy of Music has been filled, every ticket of every kind having been sold. The concert was made a grand success musically, and also in a business way, and the managers are satisfied, but do not care for a repetition.

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At the various rehearsals, or practice meetings of the banjo orchestra, there were from thirty to sixty-five members present up to the time of the last rehearsal, which occurred on Thursday evening, January 12th, two days previous to the concert. At this time, be it remembered, there were one hundred and twenty-six names on the list of membership for the "orchestra," and this was to be augmented at the last rehearsal by the arrival of the eight members of the Alma Banjo Club, of Williamsport, who were to come in time for the last rehearsal. Well, if next to the last rehearsal was Bedlam, what was the last? When they all began to "tune up" in the dancing-school hall, one would have thought that the Cataract of Niagra had transferred its roar to the Broad Street Academy of Dancing, where the rehearsal was in progress.

At these rehearsals the writer learned something of interest—that is, that many of the banjo players had not yet learned the art of keeping their instruments in good playing condition. Some had the tailpieces resting directly on the head, others

had soft, flabby heads, that had not seen a banjo wrench for months, others had the necks so out of pitch that the strings lay far off from the fingerboard, and any playing in the upper positions would have been out of the question. Then again, the immense amount of noise and confusion created in "tuning up" is all out of place. Did you ever notice the difference between the violinist and the country dance fiddler? The fiddler makes all the noise possible in tuning, but he doesn't get into as good tune as the violinist who makes less noise. Of course, the banjo is an instrument that gets out of tune very easily and very frequently, but it is just as easy to pull the strings up by the pegs without plucking the strings like fury at the same time. If the strings stretch much, they may be pulled with the right hand until the stretch is well out of them, and this can be done without any racket. Then to sound the note, a faint "pick" is all that is necessary. But here was a war of confused noise, every banjoist, mandolinist and guitarist seeking to make his instrument heard over the others. But why dwell upon it? It was too horrible.

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As stated, the roll of orchestra performers numbered about one hundred and thirty odd, at the time of the last rehearsal. At this meeting there were present about ninety, it being impossible to get all the members together at any one time, due allowance having to be made for "wear and tear," snow blockades, sickness, previous engagements, etc., etc. The enrollment, however, had been made sufficiently large to deduct for the above named causes, together with the usual extra "five per cent. for cash," and still leave a solid one hundred; and when the time came for the performance there were one hundred and more. The members of the Carleton Banjo Club deserve special thanks for the trouble taken by them in attending all the rehearsals of the "Banjo Orchestra." Mr. Henry Howison, Chas. Crowther and other members of this club proved themselves most valuable aids in this department.

The Alma Club, of Williamsport, too, comes in for special mention. The members of this organization took a great deal of interest in the concert and contest from its inception, and without their aid a great deal of the interest manifested in the affair would have been lacking. The assistance of this club in the "Banjo Orchestra" was a powerful aid, and we wish to make special mention of it. Their coming to Philadelphia two days before the concert, in order to attend a full rehearsal of the orchestra was

an act that was much appreciated, and will ever be remembered.

R. W. Devereux and H. P. Seabrook, the 'cello players, also merit our special thanks.

Miss V. R. Secor proved a splendid accompanist, and gave every satisfaction; there are none better.

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A great many were disappointed in going to the Academy ticket office, on the week of the concert, for seats, to find so few seats on sale, from which to select, and the management thinks that an explanation of this matter is in order. After leaving a deposit, to secure the rental of the Academy for January 14th, some time last September, and before the lease was made out, it was supposed by the managers of the concert that the tickets could all be placed at the music store of J. E. Ditson & Co., No. 1228 Chestnut Street, the same as was done at the previous concert, given at Association Hall. But when the lease was presented it was discovered that the management were prohibited from selling seats at any other office on Chestnut Street, than the authorized ticket office of the Academy of Music, at 1221 Chestnut Street.

An effort was made to have this clause in the lease waived, but without success, and, as the Academy ticket office parties charged three dollars per day for each and every day the tickets were on sale at that office, it was deemed out of reason to pay this amount for a longer period than six days; hence, the week of the concert was the limit of time in which said tickets were placed on sale in that office. In the meantime seats were being sold privately by the various members of the concert company, and consequently, when the last few days arrived, few seats were left to dispose of. This explanation, it is hoped, will clear the management from any blame in that direction; as the fault, if any, is chargeable to the Academy of Music Co.'s "Old Philadelphia" methods of doing business. In order to make business for their ticket office, it is obliged either to saddle expense upon the concert management, or discommoded the public.

* * * * *

The following letter serves to show how the seats were selling up to January 14th.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 14, '93.

Mr. S. S. Stewart, Sir:—It is my desire to attend the concert at the Academy of Music to night. I have endeavored to buy three tickets, but find there is no possibility of getting them. Can you oblige me with three tickets? Yours truly,

WM. H. KEYSER.

They all wanted to see "Bolsover Gibbs," and they have seen him—especially gotten up for the occasion. Bolsover made a big hit. Of course, Bolsover does not really exist, but our humorist, Mr. Erastus Osgood, carried out the little joke to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

A WISE RAT.

The buildings occupied by S. S. Stewart, as a banjo manufactory and publishing house, are old and well-known "land marks." Church Street is one of the oldest thoroughfares, and one of the greatest financial centres, for its size, in the city of "Brotherly Love." When Old Benny Franklin arrived in Philadelphia, many years ago, from Boston, he had his eye first attracted to the location where Church Street now stands, and soon afterward the Church, widely known as Christ Church, was erected, where it still remains, as it stood in the days when such famous men as General Washington sat in one of its pews.

This church, standing on the corner of Second Street and the thoroughfare running east to Third Street, gave it the name of Church Street. But, of course, it was not even suspected in those days, that a man by the name of S. S. Stewart would occupy two or more of the buildings situate upon that thoroughfare, as a banjo manufactory—for a banjo in those days was like an unknown quantity—so to speak; and we doubt if such an instrument had an existence even in the great far-reaching mind of man, as he then existed upon this planet, Earth, although it is stated by an eminent writer, the late Professor Denton, that banjos have been for a long time a favorite musical instrument with the inhabitants of the planet, Mars. However that may be, the banjo, together with its music, now appropriates a considerable portion of the Church Street thoroughfare, aforesaid.

Such being the case, it happens that in the cellar of one of these buildings on Church Street, is situated a vault, and this vault is constructed of solid stone, brick and iron. This vault, let it be understood, was constructed for no such purpose as the preserving of dead bodies, either of men, or the less mentally endowed creatures, animals; but was built for the sole purpose of preserving in case of fire, such articles as music plates, and sundry other valuable goods and chattels used in the business of banjo making and music publishing.

Well, it came to pass, recently, in spite of the work of masons, bricklayers and iron mongers, that a large rat, which no doubt has been long a resident of sundry buildings on Church Street, had the supreme audacity to burrow its way into the aforesaid vault, and to occupy itself in the unholy work of looking about therein, seeking what it might mutilate, disfigure and destroy. It tested the strength and sharpness of its teeth upon sundry music plates, but got not much further than the wrappers, when it found there was no substance for the appeasing of its appetite therein. Then it tried the catalogue plates, and started to chew off the

first big S on a quarto plate. But this was hard work, and the instinct of the rodent doubtless made known to it that there was no use in trying to chew the first letter of soup or salvation, nor could the true leaven of those commodities be imbibed by any chewing process known to science of the present day. Then what did this vile rat do? It looked around for a means of revenge! It had not long to seek. The eyes of a rat are said to be as sharp as a steel trap, if not more so.

Now it came to pass, in the course of events, that a package of very valuable fancy woods, used for inlaying purposes, had been laid carefully away in the vault, upon a high shelf. But it was not too high for this rat. This fellow was a sky soaring genius, as old and as full of mischief as "an egg is full of meat," before it gets beyond a certain age. When the nostrils of this rat were elevated towards the package of fancy wood, upon the top shelf, it simply calculated the distance in less than the twinkling of an eye. It then made a lightning calculation of the precise amount of force it would be called upon to make to reach that savory morsel. Then with one bound, like an Irish hunter, it reached that shelf and proceeded to tear asunder the wrapping which encompassed that fancy wood. Then began the work of destruction. In three seconds it had chewed the wood all to thunder.

Such was the condition of things as discovered a short time afterward. The rat, of course, had taken itself off. A rat-trap of the latest pattern was then brought into use and baited with the most inviting toasted cheese and corn bread. This trap, with its savory meal, was left upon the floor, inviting his ratship to investigate. Shortly afterward the rat returned. Taking its bearings with the utmost care, it proceeded to burrow under the trap. Having accomplished this, it proceeded to satisfy its appetite by getting away with all the cheese and bread it could reach, without going into the trap. Having satisfied a part of its appetite it departed, leaving the trap to take care of itself. Such is the villainous nature of the rats down on Church Street. This one will yet live to be killed.

Spoke Against the Banjo.

We read in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, of December 28th, last, a report of the State Convention of Music Teachers, held in Reading, Penna., on December 27th; the following is part of what we read:

"In his annual address, President Berg spoke against banjo and guitar playing, trashy foreign music compositions, and paid a high tribute to native compositions. Mr. Berg favored the teaching of music in the public schools, gave interesting statistics, and urged the members to take steps toward petitioning the Legislature to make music a branch of study for the schools of the Commonwealth."

It appears that Brother Berg has undertaken a task of huge dimensions. It will doubtless seem rather silly to many of our readers, that a man should speak against the Only American Instrument, and, at the

same time, raise his voice against the guitar, which is so well established in popular favor, that it cannot be shaken in its foundations.

We wish Mr. Berg every success in his vocation, but he will learn "a thing or two" when he progresses further in liberality. Bigotry will not succeed in this generation.

A. A. FARLAND IN THE SNOW.

As A. A. Farland and S. S. Stewart were sleigh riding, on Sunday, Jan. 15th, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, just after leaving Bala, the horse shied and one of the runners sinking into a ditch, the sleigh was upset and both Stewart and Farland were spilled out into the snow; whereupon the irons attaching the shafts to the sleigh snapped off and the horse carried Stewart and the shafts through the snow. Stewart, however, kept the lines and pulled the horse up, and after detaching the shafts proceeded to lead the animal to the house of a relative near Bala station. It fell to the lot of Mr. Farland to push the sleigh, and this was a good warming exercise on so cold a day. A sleigh was soon borrowed for the occasion and the broken one left for repairs, and the journey homeward was made without further accident.

PHILADELPHIA ENTERPRISE.

The Philadelphia *Times* did not print a line noticing the Great Banjo and Guitar Concert and Prize Contest at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, January 14th, last.

Its manager gives the following as the reason for not doing so:

"We rarely make mention of concerts of a character like that given by you, for the reason that we would be overwhelmed with like requests.

"It was my individual request that gave you as large a notice as that which is hereto annexed."

(This refers to a small advance notice, when there was a \$20.00 advertisement in the *Times*.)

Amusing, isn't it? The *Times* rarely makes mention of concerts of this character. This is especially funny when we come to consider that it was the only affair of the kind ever given in Philadelphia, and the Academy of Music was filled from pit to dome. How is it that ordinary banjo concerts in New York, Boston and San Francisco are fully reported in the papers, although no such house as greeted this entertainment was ever had in any of those cities?

We feel much indebted to the manager of the *Philadelphia Times*, both for his excellent judgment, foresight and courtesy, and we might add—also for his full and satisfactory explanation as to why the *Times* did not report an event which crowded the Academy of Music. "Old Philadelphia" still exists, however much the *Times* may crow for reform. Pity it did not begin to reform itself.

"MUSIC AND DRAMA."

As it was very late when the Academy of Music Concert closed, only small accounts got into the papers.

The best report of the concert was given in Philadelphia *Music and Drama*. Chas. Bloomingdale, Jr., the editor, acting as one of the judges of the contest, was in the audience during the entire performance.

BANJO AND GUITAR CONCERT.

On Saturday last at the Academy of Music there was given a banjo and guitar concert under the management of Messrs. Stewart, Armstrong and Gorton. The huge building was crowded to the doors and an appreciative audience applauded the efforts of the competing clubs. Promptly at eight o'clock the curtain arose on an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five performers on banjeaurine, banjo, mandolin and guitar. This was followed by vocal selections pleasantly rendered by Master Lem Stewart, and a banjo solo by Master Fred Stewart. Miss E. E. Secor played the banjo most creditably and Mr. S. S. Stewart thoroughly demonstrated his complete mastery of the instrument he so largely manufactures. Mr. Bolsover Gibbs gave some humorous recitations and then came an artist in banjo playing—a Mr. Alfred A. Farland of Pittsburgh. Mr. Farland played Moszowski's Spanish Dances, (Numbers 1, 2 and 3) and Mendelssohn's Concerto, Allegro Molto vivace, op. 64. Both pieces are extremely difficult and the technique, skill and expression that characterized Mr. Farland's playing earned for him loud and long continued applause. Certainly there has not been heretofore heard in Philadelphia a banjoist that was so consummate an artist as Mr. Farland showed himself to be.

The contest of the banjo and mandolin clubs then took place. The prizes and averages of the competing clubs were as follows: First prize, S. S. Stewart \$125.00 presentation banjo, won by the Hamilton Mandolin and Guitar Club, average 96. Second prize, S. S. Stewart \$100.00 presentation banjo, won by the Castilian Troubadours, average 95. Third prize, S. S. Stewart \$75.00 banjo, won by the Hamilton Banjo Club, average 94. Fourth prize, S. S. Stewart \$60.00 banjo, won by the University of Pennsylvania Banjo Club, average 93. Fifth prize, Bini guitar, value \$50, won by the Carleton Banjo Club, average 92. Sixth prize, S. S. Stewart, \$50 banjo, won by the Philomela Sextette, average 88. Seventh prize, Bay State Guitar, value \$48.50, won by the American Students, average 87. Eighth prize, Bay State Mandolin, value \$42.75, won by the Camden Banjo Club, average 86. Ninth prize, S. S. Stewart banjo, value \$40, won by the Alma Banjo Club, of Williamsport, average 83. Tenth prize, S. S. Stewart Banjeaurine, value \$30, won by the International Serenaders, average 82. The judges were Mr. Sep Winner, the music publisher, Mr. George H. Benzon, of Ditson & Co., and Mr. Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

Music and Drama.

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REMINISCENSES OF A BANJO PLAYER

(THIRTEENTH LETTER.)

BY A. BAUR.

I have often been asked the question "How did you amuse yourselves in the army. Did you have any banjos or musical instruments there?" As a rule, the rank and file had all they could do in carrying necessary equipments such as gun, cartridge box, haversack and canteen; usually a piece of shelter tent, woolen and rubber blanket and knapsack, and very few men cared to load themselves down with musical instruments of any kind. The veteran usually, when on an active campaign and the weather was not too severe, threw away his knapsack and woolen blanket and carried an extra suit of under-clothing wrapped in his shelter tent or rubber blanket. Very frequently they did not carry the extra under-clothing. When it became necessary to change they would go to a creek, take off their clothing, wash it and sit on the bank of the stream or in the shade until the clothing dried. We did not, however, lose our love for music; and some of us would manage to have it at any price. After the war had been going on two or three years many luxuries that had been allowed in the early years of the war were from necessity taken from us—at first nearly every regiment had a wagon for each company but as we became inured to the hardships and ups and downs of campaign life the soldier learned to get along with less, so that in 1864 there were very few regiments in the service that had more than one wagon for the whole regiment, field and staff included. Strict orders were at all times issued that no baggage must be carried for an enlisted man in any of the wagons, while the amount carried for Commissioned Officers was cut down to the barest necessities. "Where there's a will, there's a way," and a few of us managed with the help of a friendly teamster to stow away a tack head banjo and an accordeon with one or two of the reeds broken, (if the wagon trains managed to be up with the column when the troops went into camp at night and we were not too tired).

If the weather was pleasant a crowd would gather around the camp fire, the banjo and accordeon having been "sneaked" out of the wagon and a door from some farm house or a couple of boards having been put on the ground on one side of the fire the audience would take its place on the opposite side, when the evening's entertainment would be gone through with. It consisted of songs with banjo and accordeon accompaniment, stories of home, and jig dancing. The performances were crude but helped while away many a lonely hour and reminded us of home and friends in the far north. Owing to poor facilities for keeping the instruments in order, the instrumental part of our entertainments was always the poorest; sometimes it would be weeks before we could get a string and if the banjo head was broken it took much time and manœuvering for one of our party to steal into the tent of a drummer and punch a hole in the head of a drum near the shell after which we would watch that drummer's tent with eagle eyes until he took off the damaged head and threw it out, when "one of the gang" would pounce upon and bring it to camp in a round about way. Owing to their thickness the drum heads did not make very good banjo heads but they "beat nothing clear out of sight." In addition to the banjo and accordeon we had a set of beef bones and a sheet iron mess pan answered for a tambourine. Taking into consideration our surroundings and the disadvantages under which we labored we had some tolerably good shows and at any rate satisfied our open air audiences, who by the way were as critical and as choise as if they occupied private boxes in a cozy theatre and had paid a premium for choice seats. We always had plenty of volunteer vocalists, some exceedingly good ones. In a brigade of two or three thousand men it was not a hard matter to find quite a number of good voices. In fact, the best male quartette I ever heard was in the army; four men belonging to different regiments formed themselves into a vocal quartette and when they were all off duty they would visit the different regiments and render selections that would have done credit to the best quartette that was ever heard in public.

After our army got well on its way to Atlanta the campaign became so warm and the fighting so furious and incessant that we finally lost all trace of our

banjo and accordeon. I remember that at the battle of Dallas or New Hope, Church, Ga., on May 25th, 1864, our friendly teamster was captured and we never heard of him again. The fighting continued without cessation every day until the 27th of June, 1864, when I was wounded and sent to Chattanooga. While at the latter place in hospital I heard that a very good troupe was giving nightly variety performances to immense crowds. For want of a better place the show was given in a tent. After the tent became so full that no more could be admitted a large crowd would congregate on the outside and listen to the performance, apparently taking as much interest, and certainly applauding as loudly as the fortunate ones who had succeeded in gaining admission. One of the main features of that show was its banjo player, who since the war has extensively advertised himself as one of the champions. Judging from his success as a "simple method" advocate since then I should say his performance on the banjo in the tent during the war could not have been such as would "set the world afire."

Speaking of our army orchestra reminds me of an amateur minstrel troupe that I helped to organize and belonged to when I was a boy long before the war. It consisted of a violin, flute, accordeon, banjo, bones, tambourine and interlocutor. I was the business manager and we met and played at any house to which we had received an invitation. We met with varied success and in our primitive way did as well as could be expected. We were in existence about a year and rendered all the popular music of the day such as "Old Dog Tray," "Ke-mo-Ki-mo," "Camp-town Races," "Wait for the Wagon," etc., about as well as boys of our age could render it. I was "Tambo" and can assure you did all in my power to keep up the racket and like all boys was given to practical joking. I had worked off a joke on a man who swore vengeance if he ever caught me and I took good care that he should never have an opportunity to do so if I could prevent it. I was on excellent terms with his family and visited there in the evening, knowing that I could do so because he had charge of one of the fire bell towers in New York and went on duty in the afternoon and remained on until midnight or later. Several members of his family had heard us and insisted that the New York Minstrels (as we called ourselves) should meet at their house. As business manager the negotiations came through me and I agreed that we would meet on a certain evening when they could invite any friends they might want present. On the appointed evening the troupe was on hand, a large company had been invited and the affair promised to be a success and add more laurels to the rapidly accumulating honors that were being forced upon us. The family sitting room was selected in which to give the performance. I had misgivings although I knew the man of the house would not return until we should be gone, but as a "wise general chooses his ground beforehand," I arranged the semi circle so that my seat was near a door that led into the back yard. The evening was warm and doors and windows were open. Our performance always consisted of a regular minstrel first part after which we entertained the company with whatever came the handiest. We had gotten along very nicely with three or four numbers when we heard the front door open and who should step into the room but the man who had threatened to annihilate me. I saw what I thought was vengeance, in his eye. He started towards me, and I turned towards the door but found that someone had closed it. I did not stand upon ceremony and excuse myself, but went out of the window and to this day can hear the yells of laughter that greeted me as I went over the back fence. The Amateur Minstrels died right there. My departure was so sudden that I did not take my tambourine with me and I have not seen it since. My hat was sent to my home next day. The man who caused this stampede has been dead many years. The members of his family are, and always have been among my best friends. They have assured me time and time again that the cause of my precipitate flight intended no harm and often laughed heartily at my discomfiture. He often sent me invitations in after years to come and see him but my confidence in him was so thoroughly shaken that I never had the courage to call at his residence if I thought there was a remote possibility of finding him at home.

As I said before I never got my tambourine and do not know what became of it. I have often thought of the circumstance and wondered if it had not happened that I might not have dropped thumping the tambourine and applied myself as closely to the banjo as I have. Of one thing I am sure, I never touched a tambourine afterwards, but day after day and year after year I have become more and more of a "Banjo Crank," until now it has grown on me so that I have a banjo in my Parlor—Library—Bed room—and Office, to say nothing about those I have at intermediate points.

As I have stated in former letters, while in the army I was always watching for darkey banjo players on the different plantations in the vicinity of camps where we happened to be. In September, 1863, our corps being then attached to the army of the Potomac, was ordered west with General Joseph Hooker, better known as Fighting Joe, to reinforce the army under General Rosencranz, who had been defeated by General Longstreet at Chicamauga. Our division (Gen. John W. Geary's) was halted at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where we went into camp. The country thereabouts was well settled and the town looked better than the average southern town that we had been accustomed to seeing in Virginia. While there we were given more privileges about our camp than we had had in Virginia, but a strict order had been issued prohibiting our visiting the town without passes. As usual with me I began to make inquiries of every negro I could see as to the whereabouts of any banjo players among the plantation negroes in that vicinity. After awhile I was well enough acquainted with a number of darkies near our camp to be on speaking terms with them, and I always kept uppermost in their minds, the fact that I wanted to hear any darkey banjo player that they might know of. One day a contraband came to me and told me that on a certain day there would be a dance at a house in the town at which the musicians would be principally banjo players—knowing that it would not be possible for me to get a pass to go in to witness the dance and that it would get the negro into trouble if I took him along to guide me and the "Patrol" captured us, I told him to keep his ears open and let me know at what house the dance would be held and I would trust myself to get there. I did not forget to give him a portion of what little money I had about me, thus enlisting him in my cause. The next day he came back and as near as he could, described the square in which was located the house where the dance was to be held. I took two members of my company into my confidence and as all soldiers were ready at any time for a little fun, it did not take much persuasion on my part to induce them to join me in attending the dance.

The festivities were to begin in the morning and continuing through the day; were to end when the guests chose to cease dancing. I was orderly sergeant of my company and as my captain was absent and not having either a first or second lieutenant I was in command of the company, and therefore supposed to be more attentive to my duties than an enlisted man, consequently if I violated any rules of camp, the punishment and disgrace would be greater than under ordinary circumstances. The temptation however, was too great for me to resist and when the—to me, eventful morning arrived—I had the roll called, details made, camp policed and morning reports made out earlier than usual so as to be ready to start for our objective point as soon after surgeon's call as possible. As near as I can recollect we started at about ten o'clock in the morning. Being in command of the company, which fact was known to the guards, I had no difficulty in passing my two comrades through the camp guard. We had some trouble in getting through the guard that was watching the approaches to the town, but we managed to get through after which our great danger lay in eluding the soldiers who patrolled the town. We went in the direction that I had been given by my "unbleached American of African descent," and had not gone very far into the town until we heard the squeaky tones of a violin and "ker plunk" of a banjo coming from the centre of a collection of houses that seemed to occupy a whole square. We made our way through alleys and across fences to where the music proceeded from.

When we reached the house we found the windows all closed either with shutters or boards, but there

was a "mighty thumping and a scraping and rushing of feet" inside. We held a consultation and I came to the conclusion that after the risks we had run and with the "promised land" so near, we would now see the end of it or "perish in the attempt." As I was the "Boss Crank" it was decided that I should take the lead and if it led to trouble I was to do my utmost to clear my partners in guilt and stand all the disgrace that could be heaped upon me. I then went to the door and boldly tried it. It was not locked. I raised the latch, opened the door and went in, followed by my comrades. Such a sight! I never had seen and never again expect to see anything like it again. All daylight had been shut out and the room, quite a large one, had been illuminated with tallow dips. It was, I suppose, quite a high toned affair in darkeydom. Every available point in the large room had a tallow candle fastened to it. The musicians—one violinist and two banjo players—were on a platform at one end of the room. The assemblage, which consisted as near as I can remember of about seventy to eighty people, all dressed in the most fantastic manner imaginable. The colors of the rainbow were not a circumstance. I do not think a person could expect to see such a sight but once in a life time. The most exaggerated minstrel representation of plantation life could not equal it. Everybody present seemed to be in the excitement, soul and body. The dancers, those who did not dance, the musicians, all were keeping time to the music, some shuffling their feet, some patting, and others singing and shouting, while all were sweating as if their very lives depended upon it. They did not seem to make a pleasure of it but went at it as if it was a business that they must follow, each frantically endeavoring to out do the other.

Here was a scene that I had often wished to witness, a regular plantation frolic and my friends and I stood in a corner determined that not a particle should escape us. We had scarcely got settled in our positions when a couple of darkies came up to where we stood and said, "Dis am a private pah-ty and no outsiders are 'lowed in." They then went back and took part in the dance. I noticed that many of the dancers kept looking toward us and in a short time there seemed to be a consultation going on among them. I imagined trouble was brewing and it was not long before my suspicions were verified. The music stopped and three or four men backed by the whole assemblage came towards us, one of them said, "Dis am a private gadding and we have been pinte a committee to ask you to get out," I told them that we meant no harm and merely wanted to look on, that we would willingly pay them for staying, and argued the point quite awhile. They left us and we decided to stay and see the fun out. We were being frowned on from all sides and it was not long before I noticed that the principal talkers had left the room while the others stood around in knots whispering. I told my comrades that I feared that they had gone for the Patrol and that we had better get outside where we would have an equal chance. We started out, none too soon, for we had barely gotten around the house when we saw the "Coons" coming with a lot of armed soldiers. We began to jump the fences while the Patrol called on us to "Halt! or we'll shoot." These threats only lent wings to our flight. We got on the road with the Patrol close behind us. Fortunately we met some artillery men riding a horse each and leading others to water. I ran up to one and told him that the Patrol was after us with every prospect of capturing us before we reached camp. That if he and two of his men would let their led horses go we would mount and galop out of reach of the Patrol and then turn the horses loose and turn them back. They let go the horses and we mounted and were up the road on a dead run in an instant. When we got to a safe distance we dismounted and turned the horses back on the road and gave them a cut with a switch and made our way as rapidly as possible to camp. The Patrol followed us as near as they could but did not see what tents we went into. They reported the matter to Brigade headquarters and the brigade was turned out. The Patrol marched down the line and tried to pick us out, but we had changed our caps for hats and they did not recognize us. It was my last opportunity to look for any banjo players in that vicinity. A short time afterwards we were sent to the front and soon were engaged in the Battle of Lookout Mountain and the Chattanooga campaign.



The Banjo contributed by S. S. Stewart to the Merion Fire Co.'s Fair, at Ardmore, Penna., in November, was drawn by Mrs. J. Jay Shelmire. Over two hundred chances were sold on the Banjo, which was one of the most admired articles at the Fair.

DeWitt Bacon, DeWitt, Ga., writes:

"In reading over the sample copy (No. 72) sent me, I see where Mr. Baur says in his letter that from ten to twenty guitars are used to every banjo, in the South, while the proportion of violin players is, at least, double that number.

I will agree with Mr. Baur in the above, as to City darkies (although I believe *five* guitars to one banjo would be a better proportion), but when you take the *Plantation* darkey, you will find fully ten banjoists to one guitarist. Of course, the banjos, as well as the playing are very crude; the banjos being the kind usually sold at from three to five dollars, when new, and after being in a darkies' hands for a year or so, the repairs necessary to keep it together, would remove all resemblance to its original sell. The style of playing is the old *slap and jerk*, and a few *Break-downs* is about all one of them can play. The bridge is nearly four inches long, and an inch high, and the strings are veritable ropes.

As I have lived in both Savannah and Atlanta, Ga., and am at present living on a plantation, I have had ample opportunity to notice such things, and, being somewhat of a banjoist, have investigated slightly. I add the above remarks to my order, as I thought perhaps they may interest you."

We give space to the above remarks for the benefit of our readers: Such things are always of interest.
EDITOR.

William Hancock, Beachmont, Mass.:—"I have taken the *Journal* for some time and think it the best Banjo advocate published. I have one of your *Universal Favorite* Banjos, and have sold four this fall. I get them from J. C. Haynes & Co., Boston. I have tried all kinds, but find your Banjos take the lead of them all. Boston is a great place for different makes of Banjos, and I know that if the players would only give the Stewart a fair trial, they would stick to it as I do."

Frank L. Hauer, Washburn, Wis., writes:

"The *Journal* came duly to hand. It is simply *immense*, and is certainly the most value rec'd for fifty cents since the passage of the McKinley bill. I had the pleasure of trying one of your banjos for a few minutes last evening. I thought I had a good 'jo—it has 38 brackets,—is hammered and nickle-plated,—has Greek cross pegs, and a walnut neck. But say! His Stewart is as far ahead of my banjo, for tone, as a Courtois cornet is ahead of a fish-horn."

George Carr, Scranton, Pa., writes:

"I have a Club, here, called the Scranton Imperial B., M. and G. Club; I also have a Club, called the Keystone B. and G. Club. We have all Stewart Banjos except one, and that will be replaced with an S. S. S. as soon as we make some more money. Business is good—in fact booming. I have all hours filled here: One of my pupils was sick this P. M., and I take the time to write you this note. Let me say that the No. 2 *Champion* I bought of you, while at Milton, Pa., in June, '91, cannot be bought for any reasonable price: I have a standing offer of \$60.00 for it, from a party who has a \$40.00—banjo, but my banjo is not for sale. I close, admitting that you have done more, and are doing for the banjo, than any man living at the present time."

Messrs. Adams and Travers, solo banjoists, had a Complimentary Concert, at Athenæum Hall, Melbourne, Australia, on Oct. 26th, last. The program, which came to hand just after No. 73 *Journal* had gone to press, shows that musical matters are alive out in that region. Among the numbers we find Stewart's *Phantasmagoria* Waltz, rendered on the Banjo; and a number of other modern and popular selections, also Paganini's "*Witches' Dance*," given as a Zither solo by Mr. Louis Adelet. The concert wound up with the soul stirring "*Ta-ra-ra-Boom*," and the program bears the motto—"Stewart is King."

Chas. E. Pettinos, Bethlehem, Pa., writes:

"I arrived here last night and found the Banjeaurine awaiting me. It is a beauty, and the finest I have ever heard. It has just the tone I wanted."

O. P. Fretwell, Cedar City, Utah, writes:

"I am very sorry you do not publish the *Journal* oftener than you do. I can assure you that I devour its contents as soon as it arrives, like a hungry wolf would a piece of beef. Do not forget to give us a long account of the coming concert as soon as it comes off. I should very much like to be a witness, but I live too far away. Wish you success and long life to the *Journal*."

Frank A. Cole, Prescott, Arizona, writes:

"It is some time since I have written you. But in that time I have given up the business, I guess for good, after having spent ten years on the road. I am now head accountant for a company here, and have moved my family to Prescott. But I still keep up my banjo practice, as much as possible, from pure love of the instrument. I heard a party play your *Cream of Roses Schottische* a short time ago, and have an idea that I can execute it better if I had the music. So I am going to try, if you will send it to me, with the piano part, as soon as possible."

Passion Polka, for two Banjos, by Fred. W. Babcock, now ready, price, 35 cents.

John C. Peck, New Haven, Conn., writes:

"Your notice of the expiration of my subscription reached me to-day. Am obliged to you for notification. I wish to renew my subscription for another year, and you may send me the *Chart*, as premium, although I do not feel entitled to any premium after receiving so good a Journal. I have got one of your \$20.00 Banjos, and a better toned instrument I never heard, and in my short experience I have heard a few—but none to compare with mine."

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Monteith, of Los Angeles, Cal., have instruction parlors for Banjo, Guitar and Violin. Mr. Monteith says:

"We consider your banjos the *best* in the market, and have sold them in North Carolina and South Carolina, where we were located previously." They have organized a Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, of twenty members; it is called the *Aeolian*.

E. H. Frey, of Lima, O., writing under date of December, 3rd, says that he is immensely busy, having forty-five pupils, besides Orchestra work. His Lima Mandolin Club contains twenty-eight members.

Mr. A. A. Fisher, the well known musical instrument dealer of Milwaukee, now travelling in the interests of a large Piano house, called on A. A. Farland, in Pittsburg, in December, and heard that gentleman perform Mendelssohn's Violin Concert, op. 64, on his Stewart Banjo.

Mr. Fisher said—"You can tell Stewart that I will wager One Thousand Dollars that no other banjo player living can play that Concerto in proper tempo, as you do; and any one who desires to take up the bet will be allowed six months in which to practice it."

The Washington Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club report business very good. The Club will make a tour after Lent.

W. P. Stone, Banjo Teacher, Monson, Mass., writes:

"I received the *Champion* Banjo on Thanksgiving day, and have tried and tested it every day since, and find it to be the finest Banjo I have ever had, or ever seen. Its tone is wonderful, as it is clear and loud and surpasses every make of banjo I ever handled, and I have handled a great many.

Before I ever saw a Stewart Banjo I was using one of _____, which cost me \$45.00, but John Davis, of Springfield, called my attention to your Banjos, and I bought a *Universal Favorite* from him and was surprised to find that the tone of this banjo, that cost but \$20.00 was away ahead of the other make, that cost \$45.00, but just think what the tone of my new *Champion* must be, compared to the other make. It is a true saying *the Stewart is King*, and all other makers kneel at this throne and try to follow, but it's no use—they can't do it, you know."

Armstrongs' *Love and Beauty Walzes* and *Clover March* were given at the First Annual Concert of Mr. Paul Herfurth, Zither Soloist, at Cambridgeport, Mass., December 1st, last. The Star Banjo and Guitar Club, under Mr. La Barge, appeared.

W. E. Adams, Melbourne, Australia, in a recent letter, speaking of his Concert in that city, says:

"Your *Champion* Banjo gave me great satisfaction; those upper notes in your Waltz being wonderfully clear and distinct."

Gregory, Farmer and Van Baar, the Celebrated Banjo and Piano Trio, were playing in New York, in "A trip to Chinatown," during December.

Chas. P. Born, Belleville, Ill., writes:

"The Banjo arrived O. K. Thanks for books, etc. My scholar is very much pleased with his new banjo; he was going to get a pawnshop tub, but I talked Stewart to him, and converted him."

Homer N. McGill, Cheviot, N. Y., writes:

"Received the Banjo, style *Lady Stewart*, in good order, to-day, and am well pleased with it. I found it a good deal better than you represented it to be, and would not take \$25.00 for it."

L. C. Austin, Riverhead, N. Y., writes:

The Imperial Quartette, of Boston appeared here in the Hall, Dec. 5th, and gave an excellent entertainment to a very large house—over five hundred people coming out to hear, and see also, what a Banjo and Banjeaurine sounded and looked like—most of them having heard the other instruments used but very few of them ever saw or heard a real nice Banjo before, I think.

There are very few Banjos in this village, and those who own one never play by note, and consequently are not very nice musicians. A good many people whom I have met and talked with in my Banjo experience have the idea that a Banjo is not hard to play and that anyone could play on a *tin pan*, as some call them; but I think that those who were there the other evening will all agree that there is more music in a Banjo than they had any idea of, and I think if any one of those persons should take up a Banjo and attempt to play *Old Black Joe*, with variation as Mr. Cole played it, he would have more than he had bargained for.

The Banjo seems to be thought but little of in this place, but I shouldn't wonder but that it would be more popular now, after this entertainment; in fact I hear of several who are talking very strongly of buying Banjos, and I am going to help the enthusiasm along, and also start a Club.

In speaking of the entertainment, I might say that every number on the programme called forth an encore, showing that the audience could appreciate the Banjo for once in their life, at any rate. And well they might encore the Quartette, as they are thorough musicians and deserve a great deal of praise and I hardly think that one alone could be picked out as being the best performer, as they are all 'Away up' in the art of getting music from the instruments used. And I think that this entertainment will be for a long time in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to hear it.

One thing which served to take a good deal from the effect which might otherwise have been saved, was the hall; it being a long, narrow one, formerly a skating rink, and was a very poor place for the delicate instruments upon which they played. But barring everything it was a fine entertainment and I think that every one was satisfied that they had their money's worth."

R. P. Freeman, Fargo, Dakota, writes:

"The banjo, style, *Amateur*, ordered from you, was duly received, and the same is satisfactory in every particular; in fact, much better than I expected, and you can rely on my being in future a supporter of the S. S. Stewart Banjos. Some day I expect to have another Stewart."

H. K. Sargent, of Portland, Oregon, has a pupil in the person of Miss Sadie Cole, a Miss of six years of age, who played Armstrong's Avalon Waltz at a concert recently. The little girl is said to be quite wonderful for her age.

Prof. D. Mansfield, San Francisco, writes:

"I send you One Dollar enclosed in this letter, for the advertisement. The popularity of the Banjo in this City is increasing; a great many pianists and violinists are taking it up.

I have a night set apart for practice of Banjo Orchestra, and I give that evening wholly to that purpose. I have done this for some four years past and find that it adds to the interests of the Banjo players who participate.

I have so arranged my music, that any pupil that wants to play in a Club can come and play one evening free of charge, as long as he likes.

This is what is needed more to advance the instrument and would add to the interest of all teachers if they would follow the example, as merely learning an instrument without knowing how to play with others, is but little use.

When my pupils get together, it is like going to a Concert. They play together and understand and have the idea to accompany and play the leading parts, and they can play in time.

I was for years Leader in Variety Theatres on Violin and general business, but I gave it up for the Banjo. I can make more money teaching the Banjo, and it is a better business.

Fifteen years ago I played all my Concert Music, Overtures, etc., that I used on my Violin for business, on my Banjo. Many people in musical circles wondered how such music could be played on the Banjo.

I have now about eighty compositions for Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin, that I have published for those instruments, and I have an advanced number of Overtures that introduce all the Orchestra effects for Banjo Orchestra.

My club use your Banjos exclusively. I do not recommend any other, as thus far, there is no equal to your Banjos."

G. A. Sampey, Colorado Springs, writes:

"I have a *Universal Favorite Banjo*, and it is a *dandy*. I bought it from Kohler & Chase, San Francisco. Several of the boys, when they heard it, went and bought one like it, and are learning to play."

Geo. L. Lansing's "Darkies' Dream," seems destined to have many imitators. The latest is "Sambo's Dream," by a Washington, D. C., writer. It is to be hoped that poor Sambo will awaken to the realization of his terrible condition, and not have any more midnight reveries of this order. Sambo's digestion must certainly have been disturbed when he had that awful dream the composer so graphically describes in the "tone picture" referred to. The fact is, he turned the "Darkies' Dream" upside down—like the horse with his "tail where his head ought to be."

H. C. Goodman, Denver, Col., writes:

"I have one of your \$125.00 Presentation Banjos, bought about three years ago from Knight & McClure. The said banjo held its own as the finest toned one in the city. The head, from some cause or other split, and I wish you would kindly use your judgment in selecting one.

A western party has taken out a new patent on a Banjo attachment. His circular is headed, "No Fake this Time," leaving one to infer that the "other times" must have been.

John Purcell, Manville, R. I., writes:

"The Banjo arrived last Friday, but I could not form much of an opinion of it until now, as it was damp when I received it, on account of the wet weather, and it was left out on the railway platform twelve hours. I am perfectly satisfied with it; it is improving in tone every day. I had faith in your promise to send me a good toned banjo; but I did not expect such a beautifully designed one as I received. There is not a scratch or spot on it; your illustrations and descriptions do not do them justice. You have used me fair, and square, and I will not forget."

We are constantly meeting with banjo performers, who are so ignorant of their instruments that they do not know how to determine the position for the Bridge upon the banjo-head. In a few years time we may succeed in educating the Banjo player up to a plane where his instrument becomes a pleasant study.

Stewart's American Banjo School, part first, price \$2.00, contains all the necessary information and instruction. Be sure to get the latest edition, containing all the additions.

Daniel Westbrook, who had his Banjo repaired, writes:

"I received the Banjo all right and can hardly express in words to do it justice; but will say that I am more than pleased and thank you for the neat work you have done upon it."

Alex Burns, Toronto, Canada, writes:

"The \$125.00 Presentation Banjo I have is without doubt the best toned and finest finished Banjo in Toronto."

Essex and Cammeyer gave a Banjo concert in London, England, in December, and the audience comprised over one thousand persons.

W. F. Fletcher is teaching the Banjo and Guitar in Tiffin, Ohio. He has the Excelsior Glee and Banjo Club, of the Heidelberg University under his direction.

Macon, Georgia, has an organization known as the Dixie Banjo Club, composed of some of the best talent in the city.

The Amsden Banjo Club, under A. D. Amsden, of Neenah, Wis., gave a concert in that city on Dec. 27, last, to a large and appreciative audience.

The Arion Banjo Club, of Oshkosh, Wis., is playing concert dates through the state and meeting with flattering success.

The Northwestern University Glee and Banjo Clubs played in Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 20th, to fair business. Their work was in every way artistic. They are said to play with expression and in perfect time.

H. W. Harper, of Oshkosh, Wis., writes, under date of Jan. 5th; "I received the *Thoroughbred* and *Universal Favorite* Banjos all in good condition. The parties for whom I ordered them are highly delighted with the tone of both instruments, and are loud in their praises of them."

We publish in this issue one of Erastus Osgood's Stories, "Joe Leslie." It is a Banjo story and, no doubt, will prove welcome to many of our readers. Mr. Osgood is a writer of prose, poetry and music of no mean ability. His "Banjo Convention," published some time ago in the *Journal*, was a good piece of work in the poetical line, and his "New Coon" Reel, as a musical item will live as one of the best Banjo Reels in the "*Banjo World*."

What Romero is to the Guitar, Farland is to the Banjo. We need more like them.

After reading Berg's address to the fellows of his music teachers' association, one is apt to believe that he who joins the association joins a party of about as short sighted illy balanced individuals as exist. "It does seem incredible," says Berg, "that those who have learned of Handel and Mozart and Beethoven should spend precious hours in thrumming a banjo or guitar." If banjo practice is waste of time, then mandolin practice must be so also. If this is so why waste time in practice on the fiddle? Why on the Harp? Why on the Piano?

Those who are interwoven with such associations as the Music Teachers, and other such bodies, it appears, are compelled by a psychological law, to think as the association as a body thinks. This *mental slavery* is apparent in the remarks of the mouth piece of the association. Mozart and Beethoven wrote good music, it is true, but they lived in another country and really in a different age. The people who listened to their music have passed away. This is America; we are in another age and there is just as good music written to-day as was ever written in the by gone generations even if those psychologized, mental slaves of the association are incompetent to perceive it.

Every Banjoist in the land should "sit down" on Berg and the Association, and let such fossilized minds sink away into the oblivion they deserve.

In the way of a banjo concert, Stewart, Armstrong & Co., have certainly scored a triumph. "All things come to him who waits." Look at Columbus for example; lived in poverty all his life, and here, at last, in '93 he has got on to the stamps.—*Gibbs*.

John Davis the well known teacher and performer, of Springfield Mass., should not be confounded with the gentleman of the same name in Pascoag, R. I.

A correspondent in Washburn, Wis., writes;

"The Banjo is quite popular in our little City, but not near as popular as it would be were it properly treated. You see, the man who introduced the Banjo craze here, Bailey by name, had what he called the Bailey system; in reality, Dobson's simple method. And Mr. Stewart, it does me good to hear you roast that method, for if there is any one thing under the sun which tends to keep the Banjo down more than another, it is that same so called method.

Anybody who understands it, knows that when a man has got to the extent of the common chords and such few simple melodies as his instructor chooses to teach him, according to contract or humor, he comes to a dead stop, and in nine cases out of ten, eventually becomes sick of pounding away on the same old tunes, and throws the whole thing up.

I heard a great deal of this wonderful Bailey, who could make a Banjo talk, and who would guarantee to teach a beginner twelve times in twelve lessons, and all for the sum of \$5.00, so I availed myself of the opportunity to hear him by attending an amateur entertainment from a neighboring burgh.

Sure enough! along in the second part, out comes the wonderful Bailey and his Banjo (he made it himself.) After informing the audience that he would render a composition of his own, he struck off a few measures of a simple little Clog, and suddenly stopped, grasped his Banjo by the neck, and began to swing it wildly through the air as though it were a drum major's baton, instead of a musical instrument; meanwhile, frantically scratching the open strings with the second finger of his left hand. After perpetrating this act twice, with a little variation between the first and second act, he dropped off on his simple little Clog, amid the ringing cheers of a slightly bewildered but enthusiastic audience.

Now I think there are athletes enough in our Country to furnish Indian club exercises for every occasion, but good Banjoists are scarce, and I think if Mr. Bailey be really a Banjoist, its about time he were doing his duty and adding his mite to help elevate the Banjo to its rightful position, and *not* trying to swell his own greatness by accepting the money of those who are anxious to achieve greatness, and irrevocably ruining their chances by binding them down to his so called 'Bailey system.'

And if he really can play, let him show the people who pay to hear him, what the Banjo is capable of as a musical instrument, and leave the Indian club exercises to the man of muscle."

Was the Grand Concert a big success? Well I should say so. If you don't believe it ask Paul; E-nos.

James M. Firth, of Watson's Bay, Sydney, N. S. W., writes that the Banjo Club under Mr. Stent is getting into good form, and is called the "American Banjo Club."

D. G. Stivers, Washington, D. C., writes:

"I have had my banjo, of your make, for five years now, and I am better pleased with it every day. There is nothing in any other make that can touch it."

W. J. Stent, of Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, sends us his photograph, taken with a Stewart Presentation Banjo in hand. The photo. was taken by Mr. Firth, also a player on the Stewart Banjo, and an excellent amateur photographer.

Mr. Stent says his waste paper basket overflows with every mail from America. He gets lots of circulars since his address appeared in the Journal. The Bass Banjo imported for the Australian "American Banjo Club" was duly received, and proved an interesting curiosity to the natives.

Oscar M. Guptill, Fargo, N. D., writes:

"The \$60.00 Orchestra Banjo purchased last Spring, is still doing business at the old stand, and its tone is improving every day."

L. D. Burford, Portland, Oregon, writes:

"A few words from this city may not be out of place. The banjo is gaining favor every day among the better element of society, and now ranks as the favorite instrument. There is scarcely a concert in this city, but what one or more numbers of the programme are banjo selections and in every case the Banjoist is encored.

A few of the artists who have been delighting large audiences, this season with their Stewart Banjos, might be mentioned: H. K. Sargent, L. D. Burford, A. Turnbull, L. W. Moody, Fred. Breymann and Miss Sadie Cole. This little girl is but six years old and plays Armstrong's Avalon Waltz at concerts. She is a little wonder. The fine Stewart Banjo made to order for H. K. Sargent, has arrived and is a jewel. It is the finest banjo ever shipped to Portland and is admired by all.

We regret very much not being able to attend the Big Concert to be given under the management of Stewart & Armstrong, in Philadelphia in January. We will enjoy reading the account of same in the *Journal*."

Edw. C. Ferraday, Manager of the Lehigh University Glee and Banjo Club, states that the Holiday vacation of the School does not end until January 12th, and for that reason the Banjo Club members were unable to assemble for rehearsal in time to get ready for the Concert in Philadelphia, on January 14th. Had the concert taken place later, the Lehigh Club would have entered the competition.

A. H. Sefton, Coast Survey, Washington, D. C., writes:

"My mother thought the frost had got into my old banjo; it had become so sweet all of a sudden. I wouldn't tell her that I had just bought one of your *Thoroughbred* banjos, which is perfectly grand. The—cannot touch it."

Roy. E. Thompson, Waubay, South Dakota, writes:

"I received the *Thoroughbred* banjo, ordered of you, all O. K., and all that have seen it say it is a beauty, both in appearance and in tone. It is satisfactory in every respect."

W. S. Cundy, Topeka, Kansas, writes:

"The *Thoroughbred* banjo, ordered from you a week ago to-day, arrived safely, and I am exceedingly well pleased with it. It is a fine banjo and well worth the money."

G. W. Gregory, of New York, writes:

"We are using your Banjo (The Gregory and Farmer combination) and it certainly is 'out of sight.'"

Everybody says the Academy of Music Concert, in Philadelphia, on January 14th, was a big success. There has been a big call for the *Modjeska Waltzes* since they heard Stewart play. PRICE of Waltzes for Banjo and Piano, 75 Cents.

W. A. Huntley, of Providence, R. I., has issued some new banjo music. Mr. Huntley says that his teaching business is very large, having all he can attend to.

E. M. Keating, Corning, New York, with his banjo club, played at the Opera House, there, January 14th, Saturday evening. Every solo and concerted piece made a hit, being encored again and again.

From the *N. Y. Clipper*, of Jan. 21:

"The Philadelphia, Pa., Academy of Music was crowded to the doors on Saturday night, Jan. 14, when occurred the long awaited prize banjo and guitar concert, under the management of S. S. Stewart, the noted manufacturer. If proof were needed of the great and still growing popularity of the banjo, it surely was afforded in the keen interest evinced by the Academy's fashionable audience. Mr. Stewart and his associates are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their concert. In the banjo orchestra one hundred performers took part. Solos were rendered by Master Fred Stewart, Miss E. E. Secor, S. S. Stewart and Alfred A. Farland, the latter's selections embracing a concerto by Mendelssohn and three Spanish dances by Moszkowski. Vocal selections were given by Master Lem Stewart, and Bolsover Gibbs also assisted in the entertainment. In the club competition ten well known clubs took part, as follows: The Hamilton, the American Students, the Camden, the Carleton, the University of Pennsylvania, the Alma, the Philomena Sextet, the International Serenaders, Castilian Troubadours and the Hamilton Mandolin and Guitar Club. Ten prizes were awarded by the judges, Sep. Winner, Chas. Bloomingdale, Jr. and George H. Benzon."

The Marcato Banjo, Mandolin and Guitarr Orchestra gave a concert at the Fargo Opera House, on January 10th, last, Fargo, N. Dak.

The Washington Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar Club gave a concert in National Rifles' Armory, Washington, D. C., on January 19th.

Thos. J. Armstrong made a great hit with his banjo orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five performers, at the Academy of Music Concert, Philadelphia, January 14th. The New York and Boston concerts of same character are "not in it."

More people attended the Banjo Concert at the Academy of Music, on January 14th, than attended the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a day or two before, in the same building.

W. A. Huntley's Latest Banjo Music

Huntley's Mexicana Schottische.....	.40
Shower of Gold Polka40
Chinburg Roses, (Eleanor's Favorite)	
Waltz50
Fairy Visions Waltz50

EACH SELECTION IS COMPLETE FOR ONE BANJO, BUT ALL HAVE PARTS FOR SECOND BANJO, TO BE USED IF DESIRED.

..... FOR SALE BY.....

S. S. STEWART.

223 CHURCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



A. J. Dewhirst, Harrisburg, Pa., writes:

"In the issue No. 72, our friend Voyles, of Crandall, Ind., has a communication on the stringing of the guitar. I guess I am one of those *cranks*, which the author of that Instruction Book, Mr. Voyles speaks of, includes. I hope you will give my reasons for using steel wire strings, in your valuable *Journal*. My reasons are as follows:

First. You can get a clearer tone than from the gut strings, although it will not be so sweet.

Second. The wire strings will not have that twang about them, if they have been in use about a week, and are picked properly.

Third. It is true that wire strings are less affected by the condition of the atmosphere than the gut strings.

Fourth. It requires a more accurate ear to tune them, and for harmonic tones, the wire strings are superior, although slurs can be made better on the gut strings, I think.

Fifth. When you are playing with mandolins I believe it requires wire strings to be heard at all.

Sixth. Now it all depends on how the wire strings are picked. I have seen some people go at them like two women fighting and pulling each other's hair out by the roots. I think the proper way is to strike the strings E, B, and G, with ease and grace, and the bass also. I have used the gut, but I prefer the wire strings, but for being harder on the instrument, it is true. But I have had mine tuned to concert pitch and above, for over two years, and it is as good as new, in every shape and form, and it is a ——— instrument."

Hoping this will interest other guitar players, and that we will hear more in regard to the guitar, from our friend Mr. Voyles, and others, I remain, &c."

We have left our columns open to correspondents for their opinions on the above subject, although nothing is to be accomplished, we think, by such a discussion, as those who prefer the wire strings by reason of their *cheapness*, will adhere to them. Such performers as Romero, the world-famed guitar artist, do not use such.—*Editor*.

Joseph Scott, Box 100, Charlestown, Mass., writes:

MR. EDITOR.—I have been for a long time making up my mind to say something about the guitar. For the last four or five years I have been subscribing to your *Journal*, and, from time to time, there has been something said about the guitar. One reason why I have never said anything in comment on what I have read, is because I did not like to enter into controversy with anyone who did not know anything about the instrument. This is putting it pretty strong; you will naturally ask how I know *they* did not know. I come to a conclusion about the same as you would. If you heard a violin or horn player, talking or writing up the banjo, putting forth its qualities, and the bad ones in particular, you would say he did not know what he was talking about. You know how hard it is to make anyone who does not understand the banjo see it the same as yourself. Now, it requires years of close study and practice to become a master of the guitar. I want to say, right here, that I think the guitar one of the most difficult instruments in the world to master, and that Carcassi's unabridged method is the only one that will leave anyone a perfect master of it; that is, if they study and practice all that it contains, for all it is worth. In Oct. and Nov. *Journal*, Mr. Voyles wrote an article on "Guitar Strings," and in Dec. and Jan. number "Wolverine" and Mr. Frey criticized him for what he wrote. Now "Wolverine" and Mr. Frey may be masters of the guitar, and know all about it; but I have had twenty years of practice and experience, and I do not think I know it all yet. I can, however, tell you what I think about those

strings. I think Mr. Voyles is right in all but one statement; he is wrong when he says that the wire strings are easier to pick and press to the finger-board. After a string goes beyond a certain tension it becomes harder to pick.

In order for anyone to play the guitar *well*, even with gut strings, they must have a large, strong hand and wrist, with the fingers hard and calloused on the ends; they must be able to use the fingers separately and independently of each other; this is absolutely necessary for a brilliant performance, and a great deal more so when wire strings are used. That is one reason why there are so few really good guitar players.

About ten years back I was studying and practicing on the guitar very closely and assiduously; the consequence was, that I picked and fretted out a great many strings. The thought occurred to me that if I got a set of wire strings, they would last longer and would do just as well for practice, even if I should not like them so well. I put a set of wire strings on the old guitar and tuned it up as high as I dared. I was afraid to put the strings up to concert pitch, for fear the guitar would fly to pieces. After getting all the stretch out of them, and playing for a couple of hours, I got up thoroughly disgusted with the whole business. If I had had a full set of gut strings I would have put them on, and I should not have written this article, unless as another criticism on Mr. Voyles.

For the first two or three days my fingers got very sore, although they were hard and calloused from constant practice with gut strings; but I stuck to the wire strings and gradually got used to them. In a month's time I concluded to keep them on. Gradually, I commenced to find out their good qualities; little by little I forced from them what I wanted; they came up to the standard of the gut strings, passed them by, and took a position far beyond them, so that in six month's time I was able to say, beyond a doubt, that they were far superior to gut strings, were more brilliant in tone, the harmonies clearer and louder, and the glide, snap, and hammer slurs could be made with greater effect. The "tremolo" is very fine, played with a hard, calloused finger, and also the "drum slide." A great many people think that this movement belongs exclusively to the banjo, but as far as I can find out it is original with the guitar.

In Carcassi's unabridged method, you find the following on page 100. "*Frisee*," translation from the French, indicates that the fingers of the right hand are to be kept closed, with the exception of the thumb, and opened, one after another, letting them pass over all the strings without any movement of the arm. See also "Tambour," on the same page. There you have the "drum slide," as played on the banjo to-day.

Having said so much, let us look for a moment at "Wolverine's" criticism on Mr. Voyles. He seems to think he has dealt Mr. Voyles a crusher. I do not know either of the gentlemen, but from what I have read from the pen of both, I would rather know what Mr. Voyles knows about the guitar, than to know what "Wolverine" knows. He states that "The woods are full of users of wire strings," but they "only play chords," and "don't know the notes," to use their own expressions. "I have convinced dozens of them by playing first on their instruments and then on my own, strung with gut, that the gut strings were every way superior to the others; and some of the fellows had been for years cultivating an accurate ear, by tuning their wire strung boxes. I never found any difficulty in tuning the infernal things, and I never used wire strings in my life."

It appears that there must have been a great many wire string players come under his observation, so many, indeed, that he had to deal with them by dozens. These unfortunate persons could "only play chords," and they knew not the notes; wire strings evidently not being conducive to that knowledge. Strange, is it not, that "these fellows" should have been so long cultivating their ears, and know nothing of notes. Perhaps "Wolverine" is the only guitarist in his section who knows notes, and uses gut strings. He admits that he never used wire strings in his life; yet he would have you believe that he could pick up an instrument strung with wire strings, to almost twice the tension of gut, and make those strings respond to his touch for all they were worth. I think his criticism is absurd, and that there is noth-

ing in it of any value. So we will pass on to Mr. Frey. The sum and substance of part of his statement amounts to this. The guitar will stay in tune for hours at a time, will withstand damp weather much better with wire strings than with gut. Mr. Frey proposes a test, which in my opinion is a very good one, providing it is made by a guitarist who has thoroughly mastered the wire strings, also the gut. If we can have the test made by such a person we need not fear for the result. I like the last paragraph of Mr. Frey's letter, I shall say something about it in the future.

Now, in regard to what Mr. Rabe says: I have simply to say that I agree with Mr. Voyles in all but his second statement. I do not believe the stories of the cause of the unpopularity of the guitar years ago or at the present time. My opinion is that its unpopularity grew out of the fact of its being such a very hard instrument to master. A great many people start in to learn the guitar. They stick to it just long enough to find out that they have "caught a tartar." The majority of people in this generation don't want to have anything to do with an instrument that will take more than six months or a year to learn. I think the comparison Mr. Voyles makes between the mandolin and guitar is a very good one. It is just as musical to put wire strings on a guitar as it is to put them on a mandolin, or zither. They are all box instruments with a sounding-board; the same law governs all of them in regard to sound. They are all fretted instruments. The wire strings are used on mandolins, zithers, and pianos, because there can be more satisfaction got out of them than from any known string. The reason why tortoise-shell or some hard substance is used to pick the mandolin, is because louder, clearer, and more brilliant music can be obtained, than there can be by playing with the fingers; and for that very same reason a thimble is used on the banjo. No one can have any doubt of this who has ever heard the late Horace Weston play with a thimble.

None of these instruments were made for any particular string but for the one which gave the best results. Hence, Mr. Stewart advocates the Müller silk string, instead of the gut string, for the banjo.

The mandolin is nothing more or less than the guitar on a small scale. Did you ever notice that the smaller a guitar is, strung with wire strings, the nearer it approaches to a mandolin in sound? Did you ever notice that all professional guitar teachers also teach the mandolin? I am satisfied that if you were to reduce a guitar to the size of a mandolin; string and tune it the same, you would have a nearly a mandolin as you could get, barring the shape. I have never tried the experiment in this way, but I have in making a mandolin the size of a guitar. I have beside me as I write, a guitar, with the body in the shape of a mandolin, or, in other words, I have a large mandolin, strung and tuned like a guitar. Let some one who is familiar with the sound of a guitar, be placed where they can hear, but not see; then let me play on the instrument and ask them what it is that I am playing on, and they will tell me, without any hesitation, that it a guitar.

Now in regard to warped instruments, there is no chance for an argument. The strings that will strain an instrument the most will warp it the quickest, that is if it has anything to do with the warp at all. Inferior guitars will warp with gut strings, and a great deal quicker with wire strings.

One year ago I thought I would get a first class instrument. I sent to Messrs. Haynes & Co., telling them what I wanted. They sent me one of the "Tilton Gold Medal" guitars, concert size. As soon as I received the instrument I looked it over very carefully, inside and out. I especially liked the convex finger-board. I could see the advantages of that at once. The workmanship was perfect, and before I struck a note I commenced to feel that I had an instrument I would be perfectly satisfied with. It was strung with gut strings, I left them on and tuned them up above concert pitch, in order to get the stretch out of them; then I lowered them to concert pitch, and, as Mr. Frey has said, the instrument had a deep, mellow, sweet tone. I played on it thus for one week, and was very much pleased with it. Then I made up my mind to put on wire strings as a final test; and without going into raptures over the result, I simply say that I have never taken them off, they are there to stay. Parties who heard the instrument with gut strings, said it was the finest one they had

ever heard. The same parties when they heard it with wire strings told me I had an instrument equal to a piano. That instrument is by me now; I looked it over very carefully before writing this article. Although I have had it tuned up to concert pitch, and have never removed the wire strings, except to replace a broken one, for more than a year, it has not warped a particle that I can see. It will take a very long time to warp such an instrument.

In conclusion, I would say to beginners that they have a great many advantages in using wire strings. In the first place if they cannot tune their instrument well, and if they have a teacher, he can tune for them and the guitar will stay in tune for from three days to a week, whereas, with gut strings it will get out of tune in a very short time, and if no one is at hand to tune it for them, practice is over for the time being. Again wire strings tend to greater muscular development, and greater flexibility of the fingers, and if the fingers perspire, as in most instances they do with beginners, the strings will not go out of tune nor break as readily as gut. I can only see one serious drawback to wire strings and that is that they last so long it makes the dealers desperate.

It is well that our guitarists are waking up. We are pleased to hear from the foregoing correspondent, even if it did take him a long time to make up his mind to say something, as he states. Of course we are not bound to endorse any of the statements of our correspondents; neither do we agree with Mr. Scott in many of his expressed views.

We do not see where a comparison can be drawn between the guitar and mandolin, because the mandolin is an instrument of much higher pitch, and is entirely unadapted to the work of accompaniment, to which the guitar is so well suited. Again, the mandolin having double strings, *must* be played with the *plectrum*, because it can not be manipulated in any other way; but the guitar not having double strings, is open to the work of the fingers.

Again, even if wire strings transform a guitar into a "Piano," it is not every guitarist who desires such a transformation. If one desires a piano, let him get a piano; or if one prefer a mandolin, let him play the mandolin,—not a guitar strung in imitation of one.

A wire string is in no way suitable for finger manipulation, unless it is handled with the finger nails, in place of tortoise shell. When the wires are picked with the *nails*, the tone produced from a guitar so strung is very good—some would say superior to that produced from the gut strings. If one pretends to say that the callous finger ends will answer just as well for wire strings, we have only to remind him that very few people care to devote time to acquiring such finger ends, much less to endure the pain caused in the first place—the "Game is not worth the powder." Let him who uses steel wire strings on his guitar, cultivate the growth of his finger nails, as he will need them as life preservers.—*Editor*.

We were not aware that so many guitar players lived in Philadelphia, until we got up the last concert at the Academy of Music, when it was manifested that Philadelphia could recruit an army of them.

S. H. Voyles, of New Albany, Indiana, writes under date of January 6th. "Concerning the articles in the last issue of the *Journal*, allow me to say that I have no intention of defending the position I assumed in regard to the use of wire strings on the guitar, and I feel highly gratified to find that it provoked such a storm of rebuttals, although one party saw fit to indulge in personalities that seem entirely uncalled for.

My object in writing the article was to discover if there existed any guitar players with enough interest in their instrument to defend it from attack.

Now that they are discovered, let us hope they will continue to show an interest. I most heartily second the wish that Senor Romero will favor us and that Mr. Frey and others will come oftener."

The Asetean Mandolin and Guitar Club was organized at Danville, Illinois, on Jan. 4, with ten members.

From The New York Clipper, Dec. 3, 1892.

THE STEWART BANJO.

Something About a Remarkable Instrument, Its Popularity and the Energy and Foresight of its Inventor and Manufacturer.

There is a great deal of banjo talk in the pages of this week's CLIPPER. Indeed, exactly a quarter part of this newspaper is for the once monopolized by the banjo—the Stewart banjo in particular; and we dare say that it will be many weeks before people cease to talk about this same banjo and the extraordinary space devoted to it just at this time by THE CLIPPER. In the five pages occupied by the enterprising S. S. Stewart for a full and proper description of his banjos, and for a justifiable repetition of some of the praises sung of them by their many admirers, there is much to interest the casual reader, no less than the banjoist himself. It must be apparent, from the magnitude and general tenor of Mr. Stewart's announcement, that the progress of the banjo in recent years has been remarkable. He is led to call this instrument "The Musical Queen" of the nineteenth century, and we think he may safely be endorsed in using the phrase, enthusiastic though it may seem. But an equally palpable fact is that Mr. Stewart himself has done more than any other living man to bring the banjo to its present high grade. He combines the faculties of inventor, patentee, manufacturer, performer, student and expert. His constant aim has been in the direction of improvement, and much of the large degree of popularity attained by the banjo is admittedly due to this man's tireless energy, his business sagacity and daring, and his uncommon and enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the banjo in general.

A year ago last spring Mr. Stewart found it both expedient and profitable to use four pages of THE CLIPPER in an announcement of his business and its various features. That advertisement, as we then noted, was the largest up to that time ever received by THE CLIPPER from a single patron. This week Mr. Stewart beats his own record, and establishes a new high water mark in advertising. Aside from the uncommon extent of Mr. Stewart's new announcement, which will naturally attract the attention of experts, it also commands interest as the best kind of testimony to the value of THE CLIPPER's business columns. Mr. Stewart assures us beforehand that his big advertisement will profit him substantially. He is certain of that from his own experience.

The merits of the Stewart banjos are pretty well extolled by all who have ever used them. As a general rule, commendations of musical instruments are not regarded with absolute confidence. But the genuine and honest tone of the many letters published by Mr. Stewart is not to be mistaken. One easily discerns that approval such as is here offered is both voluntary and sincere. Most of the writers, besides, are well known experts, such as P. C. Shortis, Billy Emerson, John H. Mack, Thos. J. Armstrong, E. M. Hall, John H. Lee, Carrie Daniels, Sam Devere, James Sanford, Lew Keyes, A. Baur, A. A. Farland, Carroll Johnson, W. H. Vane, Geo. Powers, Wash Noton, J. G. Reede, Wallace Goldie and Master Billy Clarke. These performers, we take it, would have no object in offering other than accurate testimony to the worth of the Stewart banjo, and hence their eponyms must be accepted as conclusive. Mr. Stewart informs us that the steady progress of his business is indicated best by the fact that he is continually enlarging his plant. He has several times found it necessary to enlarge his factory, replacing old material and appliances with new and larger ones, so that the present capacity of his manufacturing department, occupying the two buildings, Nos. 221 and 223 Church Street, Philadelphia, is larger by far than that of any other banjo maker in the world. It will be agreed that this is tolerably good evidence of the increasing popularity of the "Stewart." Proof of another sort is supplied in Mr. Stewart's warning to the public to beware of imitations; for he has discovered that in both native and far away climes his trade-mark has been clumsily forged, in order that banjos of an inferior make may be palmed off on persons who express a preference for the Stewart instrument. "The fraud is, in one sense," says Mr. Stewart, "flattering to the Stewart banjo; but there is no sense of flattery in it for those who have been swindled into buying a poor instrument." If the

pages of THE CLIPPER are carefully read this week, none of our readers are liable to be imposed upon in this respect. Each genuine Stewart banjo is plainly stamped with the maker's full name, and also its individual number.

The literature of the banjo is almost wholly supplied in this country through the medium of *Stewart's Banjo and Guitar Journal*, the merits of which have been frequently described in THE CLIPPER. This valuable and interesting publication is issued once every two months, and contains a large variety of music suitable for banjo and guitar, in addition to much general information relating to both instruments. At ten cents per copy, it is certainly a great deal for the money. Other publications issued by Mr. Stewart include Thomas J. Armstrong's book, "Hints to Arrangers and Leaders of Banjo Clubs," a unique guide for teachers and others, and "Stewart's American Banjo School," which has recently been enlarged and improved, and, with its illustrations, forms a complete and comprehensive banjo instructor. With these various publications at command, no person need long remain ignorant of modern banjo music in all its forms. Mr. Stewart has placed the world of banjo students under lasting obligations to him for his zeal and generous expenditure in their behalf.

A list of the different makes of the Stewart's banjos includes the "Presentation," "Princess," "Piccolo," "Orchestra," "Universal Favorite," "Specialty," "Champion," "Thoroughbred," the "Banjeurine," "Bass Banjo," etc. Of the Banjeurine Mr. Stewart is especially proud. This instrument is tuned a fourth higher in pitch than the ordinary banjo, and is used for the leading parts in all well organized banjo clubs. Its name is given to it by Mr. Stewart in order to distinguish it from the ordinary solo banjo. The Bass banjo is also used in clubs to give depth and richness to the music, having the effect of the double bass in an orchestra.

At present Mr. Stewart is engrossed with preparations for a big banjo and guitar concert, to be given at the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, Jan. 14 next. A contest of banjo, guitar and mandolin clubs will then occur, and ten prizes will be awarded, the first being \$125 Stewart "Presentation" banjo, with a handsome case. Clubs wishing to take part in the competition should write at once to Mr. Stewart for the details, as the list is already nearly full. A special engagement has been made, for this concert only, of A. A. Farland, Pittsburgh's "Banjo Wonder," who will perform Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto on the banjo. Mr. Farland plays a higher character of music than has been heretofore attempted on the banjo, and those who shall hear him will undoubtedly be delighted and amazed by his proficiency. That the concert will be a notable affair goes without saying.

TO BANJO CLUBS.

Banjo Clubs will have, as a class, to learn more of their instruments, and give some attention to keeping their banjos in good condition if they wish to hold a position in the front and compete successfully with mandolin and other organizations.

A mandolin or guitar will suffer from dampness and changes of temperature, but not to the same extent that the banjo does, and if one takes a banjo, the head of which is none too tight, and carries it through the snow or rain, and damp weather, it is not to be supposed that it will present a very clear musical tone. Good banjos—kept in first-class condition, suitably strung, and with the tail-pieces and bridges properly adjusted—will stand comparison in musical tone with mandolins or any other instrument. The *tremolo* movement on a good banjo is as pure and rich as the tone of the best mandolin ever produced.

But the mandolin has wire strings, and the air body within the instrument is not subject to the same conditions as the air body about the head of the banjo.

This difference of conditions should make the banjo player more and more careful about abusing his instrument, and the leader of a banjo club should see to it, that the players under him have their banjos in proper playing condition. If strung too lightly the sound will be thin and weak. If strung too thick the tone will be dull or "plunky."

These remarks have been suggested by observing the clubs that competed at the late concert, at the Academy of Music, on January 14th.

PHILOMELA POLKA.

FOR THE BANJO.

Bass Elevated

By THOS. J. ARMSTRONG.

INTRO.

Banjo.

TRIO.

ERNWOOD POLKA.

FOR THE GUITAR.

By S. H. VOYLES.

Guitar.5 Position.....

3

The musical score consists of seven systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a rhythmic style characteristic of a polka. The first system contains six measures. The second system contains six measures. The third system contains six measures. The fourth system contains six measures. The fifth system contains six measures, with the word "TRIO." written above the staff at the beginning of the fifth measure. The sixth system contains six measures. The seventh system contains six measures. The music is written in a rhythmic style characteristic of a polka.

Fernwood Polka.

STAR LIGHT POLKA.

FOR THE BANJO.

INTRODUCTION.

By JAS. E. FISH.

Banjo.

3

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The staff contains a sequence of chords and eighth notes. It features a repeat sign with first and second endings. The first ending leads to a measure with a triplet of eighth notes, marked with a '3' and a '3*' above it.

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns.

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns.

Musical staff 4: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns. The staff concludes with a first ending box containing two measures, followed by the word "FINE." and a double bar line.

Musical staff 5: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns. It includes a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3*' and a measure with a '2*' above it.

Musical staff 6: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns. It includes a measure with a '6 Pos.' above it and a measure with a '5*' above it.

Musical staff 7: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns. It concludes with a first ending box containing two measures.

Musical staff 8: Treble clef, key signature of two sharps. Continuation of the melody with various chordal accompaniment and eighth-note patterns. It concludes with a second ending box containing two measures, followed by the initials "D.C." (Da Capo).

Star Light Polka.

SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

GRAND FANTASIA.

FOR THE BANJO.

Tune Bass to B.

By E. H. FREY.

All the notes with stems pointing upwards are to be played tremolo, and the notes having stems turned downward are to be picked with the thumb.

Andante con espressione.
Tremolo.

Banjo.

VARIATION.
Moderato.

The musical score consists of seven staves of music, all in treble clef and G major (one sharp). The music is a continuous melodic line with various fingering indications and performance markings. The first staff begins with a '0' (open string) and includes a '5*' marking. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a 'HAR. 12... 5.' marking. The fourth staff has a '7*' marking. The fifth staff includes '4' and '2' markings. The sixth staff is marked 'rit.' (ritardando). The seventh staff is marked 'a tempo.' and concludes with a double bar line.

Song of the Nightingale.

Respectfully dedicated to my Friends Messrs. Moody and Newkirk, Portland, Oregon.

"THE MERRY SERENADERS" MARCH.

FOR THE BANJO AND GUITAR.

By H. K. SARGENT.

Tempo di Galop.

Banjo.

Guitar.

f

mf

fz

mf

FINE.

2

The musical score is written for piano and guitar. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes various musical notations such as chords, single notes, and rests. Fret positions are indicated by numbers above the notes: 7 Pos., 6 Pos., 4 Pos., 5 Pos., and 10*. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and forte (*f*). The piece concludes with the instruction "D.S. to Fine then Trio." and a final flourish.

"The Merry Serenaders" March.

The image displays a musical score for a piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of two staves each, with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is marked "TRIO." at the beginning of the first system. The tempo/mood is indicated as "dolce." in the first system and again in the third system. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D. S. to Fine." followed by a fermata symbol. A small number "3" is located in the top right corner of the first system.

"The Merry Serenaders," March.

WHAT DOES IT AMOUNT TO?

A correspondent who is evidently not lacking in musical knowledge and experience, and who was present at the Academy Concert and heard Mr. Farland render the Mendelssohn Concerto on the banjo, asks "what does it amount to?" "What now?"

He goes on to say that the rendition of such a musical composition on the Banjo shows, of course, that the performer has devoted long hours of toil to his instrument, and that makes a "wonder" of him in this way, but as for the instrument it stands just where it stood before. The musical composition is unsuited to it: written for a short neck instrument like the violin, there is no use in working twice as hard to play the same thing on a long neck; for the violin effects have not been produced on the the Banjo and the beautiful Banjo characteristics are in this composition lacking.

"We know," he says, "a performer on the violin-cello, who has mastered some of the most difficult violin solos, and these he performs in private to display his ability to his friends; but when he performs in public he plays 'cello music; he does not attempt to play in public violin music on his 'cello, that is twice as hard as for the original instrument—if he did so he would be ridiculed."

The violin has its own independent place, as has also the Banjo. There is no use in losing Banjo effects in order to render violin music upon that instrument, nor is there any reason that characteristic Banjo music should be attempted on the violin.

Playing such music as the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto on the Banjo is a good thing so far as it shows *what can be done* on a Banjo; and what, in a measure, a man may accomplish by hard work and perseverance—but as for revolutionizing the Banjo and Banjo music, it will do nothing of the sort, for there are a great many pieces better adapted to the Banjo, and many that are more easily within reach of its capabilities. Therefore there is little use a rule, in straining after the unattainable. Another thing, the Banjo is too much of a barometer to make it reliable for that character of music. The violin has its back, top and sides, and the air body between them can be put in vibration whether the outside air is damp or not; but the banjo head is not so fortunate as a sound board—and it is on account of this peculiar construction that the Banjo gives us so original class of musical effects.

Mendelssohn's Concerto will do possibly to show some of our friends in Boston, New York or Chicago, what can be done on a Banjo, and what is being done since "Simple Method's" corpse was laid away under the sod; and will also serve to show some of these musicians who have never heard a Banjo, what is possible under certain conditions. But as to revolutionizing the sphere of Banjo music—or making it any different from that now in vogue by Brooks, Glynn, Lansing, Stewart and other players of the day, one might as well attempt to play flute music only on the piccolo, or violin music on the 'cello. Let each instrument keep within its sphere.

SAM. S. SANFORD.

The veteran Minstrel Manager, Sam. S. Sanford, who has his fiftieth anniversary in commemoration of minstrelsy, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, in February, sat in the Orchestra throughout the performance, at the Academy of Music Banjo Prize Concert on Jan. 14th.

CONCERT FOR MARCH 3rd.

On Friday evening, March 3rd, Stewart and Armstrong will give a choice Banjo Concert at the New Century Drawing Room, Twelfth and Sansom Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. On this occasion an attractive and varied program will be presented. The Century Drawing Room is an excellent hall to give a Banjo Concert in, as the acoustics are good, and the hall and surroundings attractive, and is centrally located and easy of access.

Mr. Charles Crowther, will appear in his refined act, entitled "Twenty Minutes in Wonderland." The Stewart boys will appear with Banjo solos and songs. The Secor Sisters in Banjo and Piano selections. Erastus Osgood, Humorist. Master Willie Stringfellow, a prodigy, in vocalisms and dances. The Carleton Banjo and Guitar Club, and Mr. Paul Eno, Banjo Soloist. The Hamilton Mandolin Club, winners of the first prize at the Academy of Music Concert, together with the Banjo Club of same name will also add to the attractions, and last, but not least, Stewart and Armstrong, in their duets on the five and six string Banjos.

Secured seats may be obtained of J. E. Ditson & Co., 1228 Chestnut Street, and S. S. Stewart, 223 Church Street.

THE BASS BANJO.

A. A. Farland, since his visit to Philadelphia, has arrived at the conclusion that a Banjo Club without a *Bass Banjo* does not amount to much.

The Stewart Bass Banjo furnishes the deep bass tones for the Banjo, Guitar or Mandolin Club, just as the Violincello furnishes the same for the orchestra.

The Hamilton Mandolin Club, the best musical organization of its kind in Philadelphia, uses two of Stewart's Bass Banjos, and the harmony is beautiful.

The Bass Banjo has a 16 inch rim with 18 inch neck, is strung with 'cello strings and is tuned an octave below the ordinary Banjo in C.

The price is \$35.00.

For fuller particulars see page 16 of illustrated catalogue, which will be mailed free upon application. We are now making the Bass Banjo with German silver rim, the same as the other styles of Stewart Banjos, and it is certainly a "dandy" instrument.

GEO. B. ROSS.

Mr. Ross arrived home from Europe on December 5th last, just after our last number had been sent out, looking as fresh and hearty as a man only can look after making a tour of the old world.

FARLAND MEETS STEWART.

The first time Farland and Stewart met was in a barber shop, in Philadelphia, on Friday morning Jan. 13th. Stewart was having his hair cut and Farland came in for a shave. Let history record it.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Ten or twelve years ago, if some one had given a Banjo Concert at the Academy of Music, what sort of an audience would they have had?

We venture to assert that the string of fashionable carriages that were seen at the Academy on the 14th of January would not have been in sight.

The Banjo waited a long time for recognition but it is getting there at last. As Bolsover says; Columbus waited a long time, but he has got onto the stamps at last.

A RECEPTION.

The Carleton Banjo and Guitar Club gave a full dress reception to A. A. Farland, at the home of its manager, Mr. Chas. Crowther, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, on Friday evening, Jan. 13th.

**E. H. FREY'S
NEW MUSIC**

Published by S. S. Stewart, Phila., Pa.

Hippodrome March, for two mandolins, guitar and banjo. Very fine..... 40
The same may be had for mandolin and guitar or for banjo and guitar..... 20
Each part, separately..... 10

El Dorado Bolero, for mandolin and guitar 35
A very fine thing and destined to become popular.

Spanish Cavalier Dance, guitar duet, 'very fine 25

The Yacht Club Waltz, guitar solo..... 25
This is a very attractive waltz in G, with trio in C.

Last Thought Waltz, for two banjos..... 25
This is an excellent banjo duet. It is in the keys of E and A.

Little Florence Waltz, for mandolin and guitar, with piano accompaniment..... 40
For mandolin and guitar alone..... 25
Piano accompaniment 20

This is a very attractive waltz by a favorite writer for these instruments, and promises to become very popular.

Parachute Galop, for mandolin and guitar 25
Recently issued, but already a favorite.

Medley Overture, for two mandolins, two guitars and banjo. Complete for the five instruments..... 60

The above introduces the melodies "Stephanie Gavotte," "Anvil Polka" and original melodies by Mr. Frey. It can also be used, if desired, for three or four instruments, one guitar part and banjo part can be left out if desired, and the piece used for two mandolins and guitar.

**JUST PUBLISHED
MODJESKA OR VENEITA WALTZES**

BY CAROLINE LOWTHAINE

New arrangement for the Banjo and Piano.

BY S. S. STEWART

PRICE, - - 75 CENTS

This arrangement for the banjo is in the key of C, with relative changes. Here we have the three waltzes complete with Coda, especially adapted to the banjo and piano, and making a splendid parlor or concert piece.

S. S. Stewart, Publisher

S. S. STEWART'S THOROUGHbred BANJO

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

STEWART'S BANJO UNDER THE SPECIAL TRADE MARK

“THOROUGHbred”

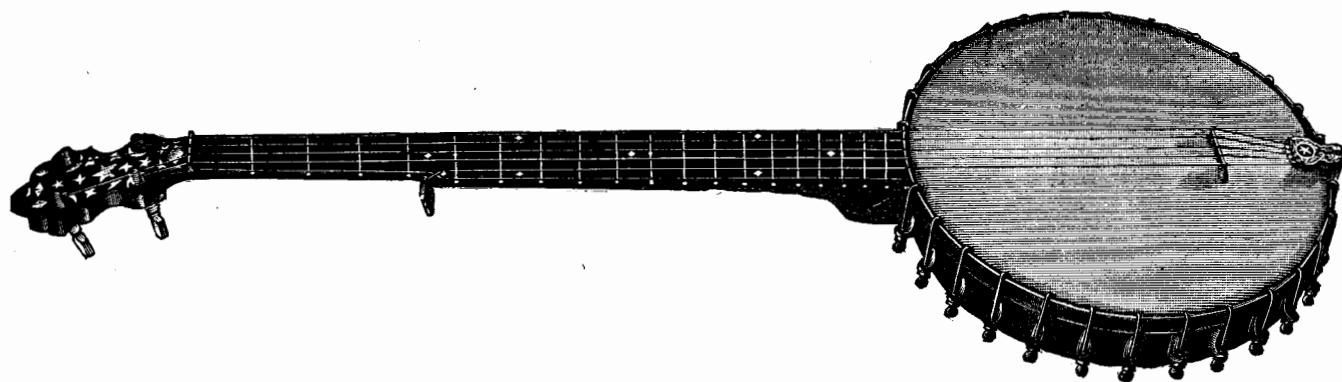
is made of the choicest kind of selected material and possesses the quality of musical tone so desirable in a concert or parlor Banjo.

The Thoroughbred Banjo is made for **Banjo players** exclusively and not for novices. Not an instrument of this brand has been sold that has not brought forth the strongest kind of recommendation from its purchaser.

Every one of these instruments is thoroughly proved

and tested in the most careful manner before being sold, and each one of them leaves the hands of the manufacturer in perfect playing condition and with a full guarantee as to every part of its construction.

For that reason these instruments are not placed in the music stores, but are made in a limited number only, and sold directly to the experienced player who desires to obtain a reliable instrument without the possibility of a doubt.



As first offered, The “**Thoroughbred**” Banjo was made only with “dot frets,” or “dot position marks” on edge of neck, and was fretted with **raised frets** only upon being so ordered. But now the prevailing demand is for **raised frets**, and for that reason we make the “Thoroughbred” with small, smooth, **German silver raised frets**. This **fretting-wire** has been pronounced by the great artist E. M. Hall, and other performers, about as near **perfection** as frets can be made.

As many players prefer a Banjo of **eleven** inch rim, rather

than eleven and one-half inch rim, we have also began to meet that preference by manufacturing the **Thoroughbred** of both 11 and 11½ inch rim, and each size with 19 inch neck. The price of each is the same, **\$40.00**.

A handsome wine colored, fully lined, leather box case will be furnished to fit this instrument at **\$6.00**.

When the full amount is forwarded with the order a discount of 5 per cent. will be made on the Banjo and case, in which case the Banjo will cost \$38.00 net, or the Banjo and case will cost \$43.70 net.

ALL ORDERS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO

→ **S. S. STEWART, BANJO MANUFACTURER** ←

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.