

THE BEETHOVEN'S FEST

Celebration of the Society's Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

AND INDEPENDENCE DAY JOINTLY.

Visiting Singing Societies Welcomed by the Mayor and the Audience

The celebration yesterday of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Beethoven Singing Society was a fine success, and the addresses were especially creditable to the occasion.

The route already described was gone over promptly. The procession was of good size, and brilliant appearance, the flags and banners being unusually numerous and some of them strikingly beautiful.

THE ELOQUENT ADDRESSES

Of Mr. Pollack, Mayor Caldwell and Rev. William Ulfert.

When the meeting was called to order, Meister's band played beautifully "The Star-Spangled Banner," and then the chairman, Hon. Augustus Pollack, formally opened the exercises. He said:

Appropriate to an occasion like this, on which this assemblage will be favored with the interesting and meritorious history and progress of the Beethoven Society by the eminent orators of the day, I may be permitted to divert your attention to the German's love of liberty, of country, of home and music.

They are indebted to their economic pre-education in the fatherland for their conservatism, and to sentiment and idealism in their native character for the buoyancy which almost defies adversity, and if these traits are finally absorbed by the formation of the race character of the American people the responsibilities and intimacies of denser population and its affection and devotion for the institutions of our country will be most happily conserved.

Celebrating to-day the independence of nearly seventy millions of people, of a nation still youthful, concluding a century of stupendous development, in possession of unsurpassed natural resources and climate and the best government ever devised by man, our country has, after a period of unparalleled national prosperity, through over-extensions of industrial and financial energies of the past, a generation's frugality, desecrations and mutations of the economic system of the present, yielded to a gulf of depression of its normal activity. [Applause.]

If in view of past achievements and future possibility of our country, the gloomy lessons taught by the prevailing conditions are taken to heart by the people, then the dawn of better days will proclaim a broader patriotic conception of American institutions and American citizenship. It must proclaim a higher responsibility of public men and a more tranquil reciprocity of capital and labor as the national security of enduring prosperity, good government and peace, as it will also continue to proclaim the beautiful starry flag of our country the symbol of liberty, justice and honor, and the emblem of rational civilization.

Indebted to your patient attention, permit me the pleasure to express the hope that the dawn of better days may be as encouraging as the promised success of this celebration—and the honor, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you the chief magistrate of the city of Wheeling, who distinguishes this occasion by his presence and the graces of municipal hospitality.

MAYOR CALDWELL'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Mayor Caldwell was received with applause. He spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, MEMBERS OF THE BEETHOVEN SOCIETY AND OUR VISITING GUESTS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

It seems to be my duty and I assure you it is to me a pleasant duty to give you a brief address.

Fourth of July, independence day, the day we celebrate, a day dear to every American, whether native, or by adoption—what can be said on an occasion like this that has not already been said? Who can add additional glories to this day? Who can give additional luster to the names of the men that gave to us the greatest state paper that the world has ever seen? The answer is, no one.

Then what can we do? Why, we can tell the same old, old story, that from the Fourth of July seventeen hundred and seventy-six to the present Fourth has been the theme of speakers in all the walks of life. At every school house, on every hill top and in every valley it has been glorified and its praises have been sung. The music of that old Centennial Bell sent out on that memorable day one hundred and eighteen years ago has kept up its echo, and you hear it coming over the mountains, down the valleys and over the plains. Westward it has taken its flight, until it has reached every hamlet throughout our land; on it goes through the mountains, down the great Pacific slopes, and still its echoes are not checked, but out over the great Pacific its sweet sounds can be heard floating around the islands of Hawaii, and with these sounds can be seen

old Glory, the stars and stripes, emblem of our strength, liberty and protection of human rights.

LONG MAY SHE WAVE."

What could be more appropriate than to see these great organizations assembled here, with the people, doing honor to our national holiday, and I congratulate the Beethoven Society upon having this day as their birthday. It was certainly a happy thought and it will always lend strength to your anniversaries.

Speaking of Americans, whether native born or Americans by adoption, our fathers, who gave us the declaration of independence, and later the constitution, which was the out-growth of the declaration, in that greatest of all constitutions, were justly mindful of the people who had and who would cast their fortunes with us, and we read that in the first amendment to our constitution, congress was prohibited from interfering in any manner, with your religious faith, Mahomedan, Christian and the Jew are equally protected in their faith, and can worship under their own vine and fig tree, and no one to make them afraid, for they are under the protection of that flag, and we read it in the very first articles of the constitution, showing that these great men, who framed this great paper, and through whose veins flowed the best blood of England, were not unmindful of their obligation and their duties to

THE OPPRESSED OF ALL NATIONS.

Hence they say that a person that has reached the age of twenty-five years, and been a resident of the United States seven years, can be a member of Congress, and he can be a senator if he has been a resident nine years and has attained the age of thirty years, and his children are eligible to occupy the white house.

The wildest visions of our fathers, who gave us this declaration, and the wildest hopes of the framers of our constitution, could not have contemplated the magnificent results of their daring and their patriotism. Well may we all rejoice and be glad in reviewing our country's history for the last one hundred years.

A beneficent Providence has smiled upon our efforts in the years that have passed. Clouds have sometimes overshadowed the sun of our peace and prosperity, but these have been but momentary and have soon rolled by, and today we can point with pride to our progress as a nation as being unparalleled in the history of the world.

The mayor spoke of the stimulus to the best class of immigration by American liberty, and referred to the cosmopolitan character of the pioneer population, of the hardships and the suffering that was the price of freedom. Then, continuing, he said:

"Who this day enjoy the fruits of our ancestors' labors, know but little of their suffering. Now they are gone; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Look at our

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE which proclaimed the principles of liberty and human rights; in it there was the material for a platform so broad that all the nations of the world could concentrate for the good of mankind, and strong enough to resist any human powers that could be brought against it.

As I look over this audience I see all nationalities, and all Americans, grateful to their Creator, and owing allegiance to but one flag, and that one our Star Spangled Banner.

And now, my friends, can we do less than our great country has done for over one hundred years? She has sent out invitations to all nations to come, and they have come by the thousands every year. She has received them and they have liked the place so well that they have come to stay. Can we not do the same with our visitors? We are needing more population, for that means power, strength and wealth.

And now, to our visiting friends and those societies that have met with us to-day, to celebrate and perpetuate these great events, on behalf of the city of Wheeling, I extend to you a cordial greeting. Accept the freedom of our city, and the hospitalities that West Virginia knows so well how to extend, and this is especially true as to our German-Americans. We trust that if you do go away, you will remember this day with pleasure, and in the future, when looking for a place to have a good time, you will give Wheeling a favorable consideration.

The mayor's address was greeted with loud and repeated applause.

MR. ULFERT'S ADDRESS.

The Beethoven Singing Society sang an appropriate chorus, after which Rev. William Ulfert was presented by Mr. Pollack, who said:

"It is my delightful privilege to present a gentleman associated with the elevation of German-American progress and its best influences, and as endorsed to the community by the refined rationalism of his mission as he is distinguished by inspiring eloquence, who will honor this occasion by an address in the language of the fatherland, the country to which the world is indebted for the immortal Beethoven.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure to introduce Rev. William Ulfert, of this city."

Mr. Ulfert was received with applause. He made an eloquent address in German, devoting some time to a sketch of the history of the Beethoven society, and references of a pleasant character to its personnel, when it was founded a quarter of a century ago, and now. He was frequently interrupted by applause, and entreated his hearers with his references to the Vaterland, as well as with his patriotic remarks on America, its freedom and institutions, and the part Germans had taken in making the country what it is to-day.

Mr. Ulfert gave in his address a history of the origin and development of the Beethoven singing society, the main reason of its beginning being the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1869. After heavy and long struggles it became a factor in the German world of this country, especially of this city, by honoring the German song, German custom and German institutions, opening the path to liberal thoughts and doing. It participated in all the exercises since 1870 and demonstrated under what high obligations the German singer is in this country by keeping to the German song. It is a sacred duty of culture and civilization to fulfill, and the Beethoven kept its promises. Its members cling to their fatherland, but they tried to use German intelligence and industry, German steadiness and tenacity for the benefit of their new home and they succeeded. Twenty-five years are passed, commenced in honor, finished in honor, and if the star, whose glittering enlightened the path of the society till to-day, will be the guide of the future time, the members can celebrate their fiftieth anniversary with the consciousness to have lived not in vain.

At the conclusion of his address Rev. Mr. Ulfert congratulated the celebrating society on its anniversary, wishing to stand firm to the German song, to German ideas, to German institutions, remembering the great, glorious fatherland, in order to become promoters of the development of the United States

and guides to the true welfare of our beloved country. With a hearty welcome to all guests and visitors he concluded his interesting address.

MR. CAMPBELL'S ORATION

On German Music and its Influence on German History.

At the conclusion of Mr. Ulfert's address, Mr. Pollack, with some highly complimentary remarks, introduced Mr. A. W. Campbell, who was heartily greeted by the audience. Mr. Campbell made a fine address, which was keenly appreciated. It is printed below in full:

Next to the sense of obligation under which I feel to my Beethoven society friends who have made me one of their guests on this occasion, comes something like a sense of surprise at finding myself on their platform as one of the speakers of the day. I realize that by virtue of this position I am expected not only to say something about the great master of music for whom this society is named, and whom it is the programme here to-day to specially honor, but, further, to add something from my observations and readings and general experience in regard to the great theme for which his name is a synonym not only in his native land but throughout the world.

It seemed to me when I received this invitation to be present here in this capacity as if some mistake had been made; as if some one better attuned by nature and better fitted by education and practice, (as all this occasion represents) would have been the proper and indeed the only appropriate sort of person to occupy my position here to-day.

On former occasions, when honored by the Germans of Wheeling to appear on their platforms in the role of a speaker, I had, comparatively speaking, no sense of embarrassment in accepting the invitation, and undertaking to assimilate myself with the special objects of the occasion, whatever they might be, because there was nothing technical or professional to be discussed, but simply plain matters relating to the present or past of their history, such as were open to all the world and understood by all nations, and in all languages. But now I must confess I feel a little as I did two years ago in Germany. I then cast about to see if there was any way to learn the German language in six easy lessons. I had read somewhere that there was, and I was anxious to get hold of that sort of book. But I soon found that all such books were what a German would expressively designate as "one grand punning," and that there was no short and easy way to learn the language, except, possibly, to take it in with a little music and a little beer.

And so, my friends, when I received your invitation to appear here to-day as one of your speakers, and began to reflect upon that the acceptance might imply, and that I might possibly be expected to know at least as much about music as the average congressional orator knows about the tariff, which, I need not say, is next to nothing, I confess that I felt once more like casting about for a book or a teacher that would tell me all about music and saucer-fests in a very few easy lessons. But (as I reflected to myself on this embarrassing subject) supposing even that I could find such a teacher, might he not, after examining my special case, dismiss me with the discouraging remark once made by the witty man of Dublin to the serious man of Glasgow, upon the subject of jokes, which was that before a joke can be properly and thoroughly got into the mind of a Scotchman, a surgical operation must first be performed upon his skull. I fear that this might have been the first prescription in my case, as regards the subject of music.

Now I can conceive that a man or a woman born upon the banks of the Rhine, or on some of the many other streams that softly flow through the various beautiful valleys of the fatherland (such as are famous in German song and story) or even those born in the wilder and poorer and sparser portions of Germany (in the heart of the Black Forest if you please) might learn a great deal about music and song in a very few easy lessons, for they are so much the natural endowments of those who are native to the fertile soil; so much of an instinct, as it were, that they take to it, one might truthfully say, as naturally to a mother's milk; or, as they would say in Munich, as naturally as to the foam of the Hof-beer, which is a figure of speech, I am sure, that expresses the idea exactly to every true son and daughter of Bavaria. If there are any such present here to-day; for are not beyond the fame of the music that makes the homes and gardens of the great art center of South Germany so melodious night and day with sweet sounds, ranks the fame and popularity of their Hof-beer.

I say that it is conceivable, after one has visited Germany and observed for himself how universal is the appreciation for music among the people of all classes throughout all the provinces of that great empire, that it is a part of their inheritance from a music loving ancestry, for it seems to be true, as writers upon blood peculiarities tell us, that the customs and habits of one generation become the instincts of the next. Therefore, as compared with a less musical people, the German does indeed acquire musical accomplishments not only at an early period of life, but seemingly without serious interference with his regular occupation, whatever it may be. Be he mechanic or merchant, professional man or tradesman, peasant or proprietor, he easily appreciates and cultivates music. I remember how astonished I once was to see a German minister, one high up in the diplomatic service of the empire, lead his guests from the dining room to the parlor and entertain them at the piano with a degree of skill that seemed remarkable for one of his very practical bearing and manner of life. But one does not need to remain long in Germany or to see a great deal of it to be able to realize that what I have already referred to is true, namely, that a sense of music is, as it were, born into the life of that land.

Just how far back in German history this physiological or psychological peculiarity of the people, which ever it is, extends, is more than I have been able to ascertain with historical exactness, but it goes many centuries back. That much is certain. I have read that the two words *sungen* and *singen* had once substantially the same meaning in Germany. To speak was to sing and to sing was to speak. In other words conversation was once carried on in a singing tone. Whatever the fact may be it is historically true that the musical instinct was abroad in Germany before the cruder developments of music as we know it had taken its birth. There was music in the old German castles along the Rhine and the Danube and their tributaries in the days when the "Robber Barons" terrorized the land and pauperized the people. Such history however as there is of song in the homes of the peasantry in the days of the dark and middle ages is contained in what is known as the legends of the Volklieder. The Volklieder was a wonderful uncollected mass of popular songs that passed from one generation to another, beginning perhaps as far back as the eighth century, and that lived not in manuscript, and of course not in print, but on the lips and in the memories of the people, just as the folk-lore stories and superstitions of all European peoples have been kept alive for centuries in the same way.

The breaking out of the Crusades gave a wonderful impetus to song in Germany, as it did also to it in all the Christian nations that participated in that movement for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre; a movement the like of which was never seen before and in all probability never will be again; one that fired the imaginations and zeal of men, women and children, as no other event of history ever did. In the time of the Crusades there rose the Troubadours in France and the Minnesingers in Germany. They sang of the Crusades and the Crusaders—of the kings and princes and noble knights who went to Palestine to rescue the tomb of Christ and the holy city of Jerusalem from the infidel followers of Mahomed. They sang also of the many royal and noble and lovely women who were the wives, mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts of these romantic warriors, and who had accompanied them to the point of embarkation on the Adriatic sea, and had made them golden banners of the Cross, and had united their blessings with those of the bishops and abbots on their sacred mission, and then had remained behind to recruit yet other warriors for the sacred cause, and to give the world immortal examples of zeal, and of constancy and devotion to the absent one. These were the times of the Troubadours in France, the Trouvatori in Italy, the bards and harpers in the British Isles, and the singers of all nations in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It was a wonderful era in the history of the world, and to it we may trace the first great growth and spread of song accompanied by rude instrumental music.

After the era of the Minnesingers in Germany came that of the more advanced and cultured *Meistersingers*. You have all heard of the Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger* of Nuremberg. It was there the humble yet the great Meister-singer of the period lives. There is perhaps not a more interesting chapter in the whole history of song in Germany than that one which records the rise of the *Meistersingers*. They appeared on the scene just as light was breaking everywhere on the European mind, and just as the influence of the middle class in Germany was beginning to assert itself against the heretofore accepted idea that the little feudalistic potentates of that misgoverned land were off-shoots of divinity, and had a divine right to the life and services and earnings of the people. And just here I may remark that the singing societies of Germany have generally, and in modern times especially, been under more or less suspicion as the advance guard of liberal ideas. I presume there are people here present who are more or less familiar with the history of the Liedertafel Singing Societies of the troublesome days of 1848, and can remember how their aspirations for German unity, as breathed forth, rather than expressed, in their songs, were read between the lines and regarded with great aversion by the petty rulers of the then petty states of the empire. The history of the singing societies of that disturbed period in modern Germany is an important chapter in her general history. The *Meistersingers* of the fourteenth century played their part in awakening aspirations in the German mind for a higher life, for more consideration as human beings, and the modern societies have come to some extent to continue this mission. "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes their laws," said a noted writer, and certainly the singing societies of Germany have played a part in educating the people of that country to more rational ideas as to the true nature of government.

There are three features of German life that are apt to impress themselves on a sojourner in that country. The first is that it is a land of peaceful yet hard and unremitting toil; the next is that it is a military land, and as such largely given over to what is called militarism, and the third is that it is a land of music, of song, of flowers and of dancing. This is, from the standpoint of an American observer, a rather strange combination. If we could see these features out at a time, instead of in daily combination, we would say that they are at variance with each other almost to the point of radical inconsistency. How, for instance, can agriculture, commerce and manufactures flourish under the uplifted iron hand of constantly impending war, with all its ruthless conscriptions of the young manhood of the land, and all its grinding exactions upon middle life and old age? And yet the two do flourish together in Germany. But stranger still, perhaps, to some people, is the third feature of their lives, viz: the existence, and not only the existence, but the universal prevalence of music and song and flowers and dancing, hand in hand, as it were, with all this militarism and all this toil.

Americans are very apt to associate music and song and flowers and dancing with effeminacy. We think of the so-called Latin nations, such as Italy, Spain, Portugal and Mexico, and the whole brood of Spanish-American states, and of their love of music and song and dancing, and we say that they are effeminate and decadent. Now, whatever may be true of those countries, there are no decadent accompaniments to music and song and other recreations and amusements in Germany. For the present at least so can rest on her record in the Franco-German war as an abundant refutation of that idea. She can further rest quite securely on her economic condition as an ample guarantee against decadence in the future. There is too much toil in the fields and in the shops, and too much rugged physical degeneracy, and as long as education in the schools is compulsory and universal no mental decline is in the least degree likely. Hence we are bound to regard Germany's love for music and song and flowers as simply the accessories of a natural and healthful life, her idea being that if these are not intermingled with the hard and stern realities of existence then indeed is life simply an intolerable grind.

Since I received this invitation to be present at this celebration I have become somewhat interested in the life of him who is, so to speak, your patron saint, the great Beethoven, who is to music, what Shakespeare is to literature. This is certainly an exalted position for any human being to occupy, and when we enumerate the inspiring array of great names that like brilliant stars of the first water enrich the musical diadem of Germany, it is indeed a great deal to say, for there are many great masters whose names musical associations are proud to bear. Possibly the great affliction of deafness that fell upon this most remarkable man early in his career, and that shut out the sounds of the exquisite symphonies and harmonies that he could hear only in the depths of his soul whence he evolved them, may have been the blessing in disguise that made him in the estimation of the world the grand *Meistersinger* of Germany. His biographer suggests this idea when he

says that "shut up within himself his great soul poured forth hymn after hymn, mighty and profound, revealing to astonished mankind the immense treasures, the aspirations, the hopes, and also the triumphs and glories of love and sympathy." This is not the time to enter into any details as to what he accomplished for music. Some one has said that while Mozart was the Raphael of music in Germany, Beethoven was its Michael Angelo. I have already quoted the comparison to Shakespeare. To be compared to two such men, transcendent in their distinctive spheres, is all that need be inscribed in Beethoven's epitaph. The measure of his glory is thereby made full and complete.

When one goes back to the history of music and song in Germany and other countries and reads of the humble efforts that were made by humble men of patience and genius to accomplish an advance in the art amid so much that was crude and discouraging, we realize how fortunate was the lot of the modern masters, such as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and all the long category of moderns, as compared with that of their far back predecessors. The latter could not cross the Jordan and enter into the promised land. They knew how to produce melody but they could not produce harmonies. Those were not the days of notes and scales, or of grand pianos and organs. The science of combining and aggregating the human voice into choirs and choruses, by means of part singing, was not understood. Even those who arranged the famous Gregorian chants did not understand part singing. Such a thing therefore as a chorus or an opera or an oratorio was unknown, and of course there never was a singer in Germany in those primitive days. The modern masters have had the piano, the organ and the orchestra to inspire and guide their talents, but the Minnesingers had only the rudest string instruments.

To us at this late day it seems as strange as the story of the sealed book in Egypt, that with such an abundance of the raw material of music in the hours and on the lips of the people, and with so many natural leaders who seemed to be hearing a voice calling on them to break the chains that enthrall the embryonic science of music, that they could not transmute their melody into harmony, and all because they did not possess the musical characters that would represent the capacities of the human voice. The sealed book in Egypt was speedily read as soon as the famous Rosetta stone (which was the key to the hieroglyphics) was found, and so just as soon as the capacities of the voice could be given interpretation and expression by notes and scales then it was that choruses and all the evolutions of part singing, as they are known to-day, were started on their career of development.

There is to a certain extent a kind of parallel between the political and social history of Germany and the history of her musical development. There was for a period far back in her history an aspiration for unity and for constitutional government, and while unification was always coming it never came. In the eternal order of things, Bismarck and the old emperor and Von Moltke had first to be born. The discipline of long deferred hopes had first to be undergone. And so, in the history of music, when, back in the seventeenth century, John Sebastian Bach appeared in the world the science of music was put on its present splendid foundations, and from that time on has grown in perfection like the science of mathematics. He was the genius whom Schuman said that music owes almost as great a debt to him as any one of the great religions that has arisen in the history of mankind owes to its founder.

This very imperfect sketch as to what the world owes to Germany in the matter of music would be still more imperfect if I were to omit in refer to the name of the great composer who made the poems of Goethe familiar as household song to every castle and cottage in the fatherland—the great Schubert, who, in his short career, achieved the reputation of being the greatest songwriter that Germany ever produced. He gave those diamonds of Goethe's rare setting that makes them so attractive in his native land. He did it for the poems of that great poet who met Martin Luther and his associates did for the church music of Germany, when they popularized the singing of a high order of composition among the common people. The verses of Goethe and the hymns of Luther are sung wherever the German tongue is spoken.

The great musical festivals of Germany to-day remind one not a little of the history of the great fairs of the famous Hanseatic League, in the middle ages, to which representatives of all nations journeyed in order to see what German art had discovered at home and what German commerce had brought from abroad. Representatives of all nationalities in those latter days make it a point to witness the musical festivals of Germany. When I was in the city of Cologne in the month of August, 1892, I fell in with Englishmen who were on their way to Bayreuth, in the kingdom of Bavaria, South Germany, to be present at a two weeks' season of Wagnerian opera at that place, for which, if I recollect correctly, they expected to pay as much as five dollars per seat at each entertainment of the musical season. This seemed like an extravagant compliment to the genius of Wagner, that people who had heard great artists interpret his music in a great musical center like London, should journey all the way to Bayreuth to hear it interpreted here after Wagner's own ideas, by artists on whom he had laid the hands of musical consecration during his life, or who had direct apostolic succession, so to speak, from those whom he had thus set apart as interpreters of his compositions. Bayreuth is the Mecca of Wagnerian music in Germany, and there the pilgrims go to worship at the shrine of the latest of the great German masters. It is thus that music, like "the one touch of nature" of which the poet speaks, "makes all the world of kin," and brings men of every nationality and every language together, as on the day of Pentecost at Jerusalem, to have their natures touched with sacred fire.

It matters little in what language certain compositions are rendered, the effect is the same on the appreciative listener. Each one interprets for himself, as in the scanning of a great painting or of a great landscape scene. All of us have read the story of the singing of that tender Scotch song, Annie Laurie, by the allied troops in the Crimea; we have seen the night before they stormed the Malakoff and Bodan fortifications. "Each heart" was all told, "recalled a different name, but all sang of Annie Laurie." Every soldier of the allied host had his own interpretation, his own ideal, his own fond association, but the song of Annie Laurie expressed it all.

The American song of "Home, Sweet Home" has become the song of the world; the song of all men and women who listen to it in any part of the earth. It is in fact that one touch of nature that makes all the world of kin. To every listener in every land it tells the same story of a home of some kind, "be it ever so humble," where there were

found and sacred associations in the days of youth and innocence. This, my friends, is what music means, the power to awaken and to associate and associate with itself a mass of memories, and to stir the faintest and the whole human heart and this is why the melodies of the Volkslieder songs lived for hundreds of years simply on the lips of the people in Germany, and why many of them still live in the music of the modern masters albeit the composers sleep in nameless graves.

I fancy that in this matter of appeal to the imagination there must be a wonderful appeal in the words and music of the famous song known as the "Watch on the Rhine." Certainly there must have been something very inspiring in it to the imagination of him who designed the grand Denkmal on the heights of the Niederwald. Before he made his first sketch I fancy he must have absorbed in that national song the inspiration of that great commemorative monument that would fittingly represent to the world the German idea of a watch on the Rhine. I can imagine him listening many times to the words and music of that song, as sung everywhere by soldiers and citizens in Germany, before he got the grand embodiment of it fixed in his mind, that we see realized to-day in that colossal figure of Germania, which, like another majestic Minerva, seems to hold the destinies of the empire in her keeping. When I stood upon the heights of the Niederwald and looked upon this Denkmal, and then down into the majestic valley beneath, and then over the grand scope of country across the noble river, I was filled with admiration at the whole scene, and I thought to myself that it is no wonder that German soldiers, as they fly by this monument, are moved to stop and take of their hats and give expression to their patriotic emotions by ringing cheers for Germania and the beautiful Rhineland over which she stands guard.

But yet I recall another sight which is to be seen from these same heights, immediately across the river, nestling in a little corner made by a tributary stream that empties into the Rhine at that point there is a little town known to all the world simply as Bingen on the Rhine. A soldier was born and reared there who went off into a far country of the East, and entered into a foreign service as a "soldier of the Legion," and after years of absence and exposure to the hardships of war he finally laid down to die beneath the burning sun of Algiers in Africa. There "was lack of woman's nursing and death of woman's tears," we are told, and so the poor soldier of the Legion as he lay dying in that foreign land thought of the home that had once been his at Bingen on the Rhine; and as his mind wandered down to the valley of the shadow of death he dictated to a comrade at his side those verses that have been read and sung all over the world, and that to every German immigrant in America, or wherever else they may be scattered abroad, have a meaning of home and home associations such as even the Watch on the Rhine can not awaken.

But, my friends, time would fail me were I to attempt to recite to you the associations that cluster around the history of music and song in Germany and in our own and all other lands. I speak of our own country in this connection, because, notwithstanding its newness and its very practical character, it is nevertheless becoming a land where music is coming more and more into vogue as a popular recreation. One of the largest musical gatherings ever seen anywhere was held recently in Madison Square Gardens, New York. It continued for days and was immensely patronized. There was choruses numbering four and five thousand voices. What a sight an orchestra of one hundred and fifty pieces, accompanying a chorus of five thousand voices, would have been to the Volkslieder singers and the Minnesingers of old. They were the pioneers of song who died in the wilderness, all unconscious of the possibilities of the future. But who can tell us now, even at this late day, what are the possibilities of musical development? One can hardly conceive of such a thing as a marked advance in musical science, but neither yet can we conceive of the world standing still in music any more than in other arts and sciences. Who knows, therefore, but what the German element in America may illustrate the progress of their blood here on a scale correspondent to their musical achievements in the old world, and who knows but what this little city of Wheeling on the banks of the Ohio, may duplicate the history of the little city of Boun, on the banks of the Rhine, and give birth to yet another Beethoven who shall take up what that great master called the unfinished work, and carry it forward to the ideal perfection which he had in his mind when his great career terminated.

A PLEASING FEATURE

Of the Celebration Which was not on the Programme.

After Mr. Campbell's address, and vocal and instrumental music, Mr. Pollack sprang a surprise on the assemblage. He arose and said: "It devolves on me to conclude the inaugural of the jubilee with the pleasant duty of dedicating to the Beethoven Society of Wheeling a bust of its grand ideal, the great Beethoven, on behalf of the ladies of the society, as a memento of this celebration, and as a manifestation of interest in its history and sympathy with its successes.

I need not assure the Beethoven Society of this assemblage the charm and inspiration of delicate attentions like this, or the graces of the ladies' presence on all occasions, and yield to the pleasant conviction that this beautiful bust of Beethoven and the devotion of the fair donors will so inspire the future achievements of the Beethoven Society as to gratefully vindicate the esteem of the ladies and of our citizens."

To this graceful presentation President Henry Ploch, of the Society, responded briefly, but happily, in German. The speeches both aroused great enthusiasm. After two more musical selections, according to the programme printed in yesterday's INTELLIGENCER, the meeting adjourned and all devoted the remainder of the day to such of the varied amusements furnished as they preferred.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer \$100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address:

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