ORIGIN OF THE IDEAS

Which Have Started Great Inventors on the Path to Enduring Fame.

SOME QUEER INCIDENTS.

The Birth of the Rapid-Fire Gatling, Maxim and Brown Guns.

COST OF THE FIRST SLEEPING CAR.

Ericsson's Monitor, the Edison Phonograph and the Air Brake.

REMARKABLE RESULTS FROM TRIFLES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—A white-haired, white-bearded old man of striking presence and nervous manners is a familiar and frequent figure at one of the uptown hotels. His name is Richard J. Gatling, and he is the inventor of the Gatling gun, which has played in modern warfare a larger and more effective part than any other instrument of destruction. Dr. Gatling has been a great traveler as well as a close and careful observer, and is a delightful and instructive companion. While chatting with him the other evening he told me the curious and interesting story of the origin of the Gatling gun. Dr. Gatling was born in South Carolina, and received his medical training here in New York.

"In 1861," said he, "I was living in Indianapolis. My residence was near the depot, and I often saw troops of volunteers leaving for the front, or when the dead bodies were brought home for burial. I was surprised to note that the number of men killed by sickness was far greater than those killed by ball or actual battle. One day I observed that of nineteen corpses which arrived at the depot only three had been killed in battle. Then the thought struck me that if a gun could be constructed capable of doing the work of a hundred men and requiring but two or three to operate it, the horrors and the duration of war would be wonderfully lessened. I set to work at once, and in a few months completed the first Gatling gun. My first guns were built in Cincinnati, and were able to fire from 150 to 250 shots per minute.

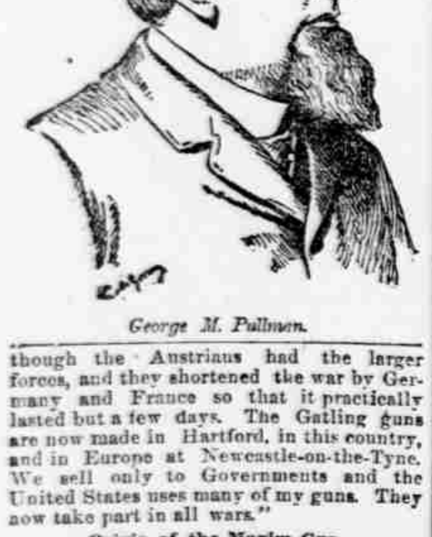
Difficulties That Were Overcome.

Six had been completed when the factory burned down and the guns were destroyed. Following this accident I had 13 guns made at what is now the type foundry in Cincinnati, and those I sent on by my partner, a

Captain John Ericsson.

wealthy merchant of Cincinnati, to Washington to persuade the Government to introduce them. He took them to Baltimore, where he left 12, and went with the other to Washington. The Chief of the Ordnance Department at the time was an old fogy. He received him coldly, told him he had no faith in his gun, and that he believed flint-lock muskets were, on the whole, the best weapons for warfare. In short, he would have nothing to do with him. My partner then left Washington and returned to Baltimore. Ben Butler was there with his troops. He had heard of the guns, and he asked to see them work.

"As soon as he had done so he said he would buy them on his own responsibility and did so, giving his voucher for $12,000 for them. My partner had this cashed, but at this time there was a great fall in pork, and 50,000 hogs which he had packed in Chicago with the expectation of a rise had to be sold. In a word, the break in the market ruined him, and my money went with him. So, for the first 20 guns I had made at a great cost to myself, I received nothing. Ben Butler took the guns he had bought with him to the battle of Petersburg and fired them himself upon the rebels. They created great consternation and slaughter, and the news of them went all over the world. Now they are used by all the leading Governments of Europe and also in Asia and Africa. They enabled the Prussians to conquer Austria



George M. Pullman.

though the Austrians had the larger forces, and they shortened the war by Germany and France so that it practically lasted but a few days. The Gatling guns are now made in Hartford, in this country, and in Europe at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne. We sell only to Governments and the United States uses many of my guns. They now take part in all wars."

Origin of the Maxim Gun.

Equally curious and equally interesting was the origin of the Maxim gun, in rapidity of fire and destructive qualities the most formidable rival of the Gatling gun. Hiram S. Maxim, from whose brain it sprang, is one of the greatest of living inventors, a man of splendid intellect and superabundant energy. Long before he became famous as a gun inventor he had achieved distinction as an electrician, and it is well known that he was narrowly anticipated by Edison in the perfecting of the incandescent light. "When I went South as a soldier in the ranks many years ago," said Mr. Maxim not long since, "and fired my first musket the recoil knocked me down. Ever since I was a boy I had experimented with tools and wood in making little cannon, and when I fell down a new idea came to me. I wondered if I could not put that vigorous recoil to some use. When I went to London I experimented a long while and my gun is the result. The principle is simple. The cartridges are fixed on a long strip of canvas, which passes at right angles through the gun. I press a button, the trigger is released, and the first shot is fired. The recoil of the gun is all spent in pushing the lock-piece back against a spring and pulling the canvas strip so that another cartridge falls into its place. As soon as the lock-piece touches the spring it is released again. Another shot is fired and the recoil pushes it back again, and so it keeps up as long as I hold my finger on the button, or as long as there is a single cartridge in the strip. Of course, there are many details of mechanism, but that is the principle of the thing. There are 333 rounds on each canvas strip, and the gun fires at the rate of ten a second, or about 600 a minute. The Russian army has 1,000 rounds on a strip." Mr. Maxim has secured a

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

princely fortune from the profits of his several inventions, and is now at work upon what he calls a kite of war, and which he believes will solve the problem of aerial navigation.

The First Sleeping Car.

No single thing has contributed more to the comfort of modern life than the Pullman car. Its inventor, George M. Pullman, worked out the details of his invention while a merchant in Colorado, in 1859. In 1864 he carried his idea to Chicago, and employed a master car builder of the Alton road at a salary of $100 per month to superintend the construction of a model car. The inventor was determined that it should be the handsomest car in all respects that had ever been made in the country. He came on to New York and here happened to meet the artist who had just decorated the house of Samuel J. Tilden. He at once closed with this artist, took him West, and set him at work decorating the car.

When the "Pioneer" was finished it had cost the extraordinary sum of $18,000, a large price even now for a sleeping car. It was a wonder to everybody. It was just as Mr. Pullman had expected. The beauty of the finish and the marvelous innovation he had made were advertised far and near by the newspapers and by railroad men, and some of the latter began to believe that the ideas of the inventor, after all, were practicable. The "Pioneer" was in process of building for a whole year. The assassination of Lincoln occurring at this time, it was suggested that the "Pioneer" be used

Hiram S. Maxim.

in the funeral train, and it was run from Springfield to Chicago on the Alton road. As had been predicted when the car was built, it was too wide to run on the roads as then constructed.

It was necessary for the Alton road to send along its line and cut off the platforms that projected, and to make numerous changes at stations so that the car, with its width of an additional foot, could pass. Thus the railroads had to make way for the improvements that the convenience of the traveling public demanded. Everywhere the beauty of the "Pioneer" was talked of, and it was not strange that soon after, when General Grant came home, the use of the car was asked to convey the great hero from Detroit to Galena. The Michigan Central Railroad was compelled to do precisely what the Alton road did—cut its platforms and in other ways make way for the car—and from this time on the railroads prepared themselves for the new palace car.

The Inventor of the Street Car.

The street car is now an indispensable part of everyday life, but its inventor, John Stephenson, still lives at a green old age, respected and honored by all men. Born in this city, in the early part of the century, of sturdy Scotch-Irish parentage, Stephenson had served his apprenticeship and set up in business for himself as a carriage builder when the first street railroad company was organized in 1831. It was known as the New York and Harlem Railroad; its President was John Mason, of the Chemical National Bank, and the other officers were equally well-known men. John Stephenson was employed by the company to design and construct a vehicle of an entirely original type, calculated purely for street car work. Mr. Stephenson's car, the first street car ever built, when completed was accepted by the company and used when the road was opened November 6, 1832.

For this car Mr. Stephenson received a patent signed by Andrew Jackson. For 60 years Mr. Stephenson has been engaged in the construction of street cars. His factory in this city now gives employment to 500 men and turns out 24 cars a week. The inventor has received scores of patents for improvements in the street car. With the extension of the street car idea from America to other countries Stephenson's cars have gone with it, and for many years he has furnished cars for almost the whole world. Even the street cars for London used to be furnished by him, and cars of his make are running to-day in almost every civilized country.

What is known as the cold-rolled process has worked a revolution in the manufacture of steel, but, strange to say, its invention was largely the result of an accident. Its inventor, Bernard Lauth, who is now living in retirement at Howard, Pa., is a native of Germany, born in 1820. When he was about 11 years old his parents came to this country, settling in Pittsburg, where he found employment in a rolling mill. He started at the lowest position in the mill and worked his way through all the different grades to that of boss roller.

With the money that he had saved as a boss roller, in company with seven working companions he built a small iron works at Zanesville, O., but in 1852 returned to Pittsburg and opened the establishment, which has since grown into one of the greatest steel plants in the world. The firm name was then Jones and Lauth. Mr. Lauth one day in examining some steel, which it was supposed had been spoiled in the rolling, discovered, greatly to his surprise, that it was of a superior quality and finish. He began a quiet investigation, and as a result perfected what is known as the cold-rolled process. The invention yielded the inventor and those who were interested with him millions of dollars.

After Bernard Lauth, George Westinghouse is probably the best known of Pittsburg inventors. Fame and fortune came to Mr. Westinghouse through the invention of the airbrake. Westinghouse was born in the central part of this State and after receiving a common school education served an apprenticeship in his father's machine shop. One day he heard that splendid opportunities awaited bright and energetic young men at Pittsburg, and set out for that city. On the way the train in which he was riding was wrecked and a number of the passengers were killed. Inquiring the cause of the accident, he was told told that it had resulted from a failure of the brakes to work properly. This set him to thinking, and he resolved to construct a brake that would respond instantly to the demands made upon it. After two or three years of labor and investigation he completed the now famous Westinghouse air brake.

The Most Famous of All.

A hundred electrical inventions have made Thomas Alva Edison the most celebrated inventor of his time. His phonograph is the wonder of the world, and one of the few inventions which envious and disappointed rivals have not charged Edison with having stolen. In fact, even his bitterest competitors for fame, all of whom appear to harbor the idea that it is their due to detract from his reputation for genius and honesty, as a rule concede that Edison did really invent the phonograph. How he came to invent it is a most interesting story. Here it is as it was told to me by a well-known electrician not long ago.

"Many years ago," said my informant, "when Edison was still at Menlo Park and working night and day for fame he devoted months to perfecting the telephone, and undoubtedly did more than any other inventor to make it practical by introducing the carbon plate into the transmitter. While experimenting on diaphragms for the telephone Edison had constructed a number of small sheepskin drum heads to test their value as diaphragms as compared with metal and other substances. To some of these sheepskin diaphragms he had attached a small metal needle, which was intended to project toward the magnet and assist in conveying the vibration caused by the human voice. The sheepskin diaphragms did not fulfil Edison's expectations and he discarded them, and, as usual with appliances he decides to be useless, they were thrown aside to be removed with other rubbish. His

Samuel F. B. Morse.

assistants soon discovered that by holding the sheepskin diaphragm in front of their mouths and emitting a guttural sound between the lips a peculiar noise approaching music could be produced. It was something similar to the alleged music produced by covering a comb with thin paper and humming a tune on it.

Partly the Result of an Accident.

"In passing one of the men engaged in playing on a diaphragm one day, Edison playfully attempted to stop the noise by touching the projecting metal pin with his finger, and no sooner had he done so than he gave one of his peculiar starts. 'Eh, what's that?' said he, which so astonished the performer that he dropped the diaphragm. 'Do that again,' said the 'Wizard,' and it was repeated, and again his finger touched the pin, to his evident delight. He went about for some time asking one after another of his assistants to hum or 'sing against the diaphragm, and finally he got them to talking against it, he all the time touching the pin lightly with his finger. 'I have it,' said he, finally, and he retired to his den and commenced drawing diaphragms for new machinery, which his assistants speedily made, and a few days later the first phonograph was put together. It was a crude affair, the pin making an impression on wax, and it talked imperfectly; but it did well enough to show Edison that he was on the right track, and he rapidly improved it until now it is very near perfection. A hundred men might have felt the vibration of that pin attached to the piece of sheepskin, but it took an Edison to instantly realize that the vibrations might be made to indent a soft substance, and be susceptible of reproducing the exact sounds of the human voice that caused the different vibrations. The phonograph was regarded as a toy at first, but later it sold for $1,000,000."

A Monte Cristo Romance.

Alexander Graham Bell and the telephone have been synonymous terms for a dozen years or more. Bell's career presents one of the most remarkable Monte Cristo romances in this country of rapid fortune making. Bell was a penniless boy in Edinburgh 30 years ago. He came to this country in 1872 and finally became a teacher in a deaf and dumb school in Boston. From boyhood the idea of speech transmission had been an undercurrent of thought with him, and he has frequently said that long before 1870 we would one day speak by telegraph. The telephone was the result of years of patient labor and investigation. It was completed in 1876, exhibited at the Centennial held in Philadelphia in that year, and in August of 1876 speech was transmitted over a telegraph line. The telephone was at first looked upon as an ingenious plaything, but its money-making qualities quickly developed, and Bell is now worth millions, while he has spent hundreds of thousands in the legal defense of his patents. It cost Bell enough to make an ordinary man rich to get rid of Drawbaugh alone.

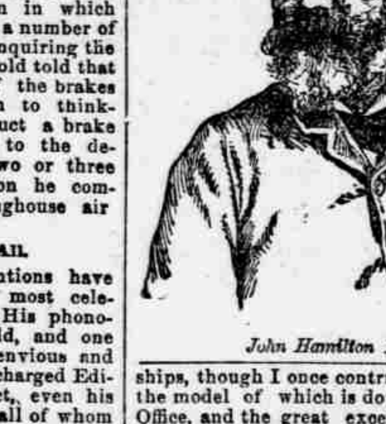
When the idea of the telegraph was first suggested to Samuel F. B. Morse he was a popular and successful painter, yet he abandoned his art and for years endured the greatest hardship in order to develop and perfect the idea which had come to him.

The Creation of the Monitor.

When the history of American invention is written it will contain no more interesting chapter than that which will tell of the origin and perfection of Ericsson's "Monitor." The idea of the Monitor had long been working in the mind of Captain Ericsson when the Civil War broke out. Then he found in John F. Winslow, John A. Griswold and C. S. Bushnell men who had faith in his idea and the money he needed to put it to the test. A naval board reported against the scheme, but Winslow, a man of great energy and determination, resolved to bring the whole matter to the attention of President Lincoln. An interview was arranged with the President, to whom were displayed the plans of Captain Ericsson and their details fully explained. The President's interest increased as the conference progressed, and when it was finished he said: "Well, gentlemen, why do you bring this matter to me? Why not take it to the department having these things in charge?"

"It has already been taken to the Naval Department," Mr. Winslow replied, "and there met with a repulse, and we now come with it to you, Mr. President, to secure your influence. We are here, not simply as business men, but as lovers of our country, and we believe most thoroughly that here is something upon which we can enter which will be a vast benefit to the United States."

When Mr. Winslow had finished speaking Mr. Lincoln said, in his inimitable manner: "Well, I do not know much about



John Hamilton Brown.

ships, though I once contrived a canal boat, the model of which is down in the Patent Office, and the great excellence of which was that it could run where there was no water. I will tell you what I will do; I will meet you to-morrow at 10 o'clock at the office of Commodore Smith, head of the Naval Bureau, and we will talk it all over."

Next morning the meeting took place according to appointment, and beside the President and Secretary Wells, there were present many of the most able and influential officers of the navy. Mr. Winslow at once entered with enthusiasm into an exposition of Captain Ericsson's invention, and before he was through it was apparent that he had made a profound impression upon his audience. When Mr. Winslow had finished the President turned to Commodore Smith and said: "Well, Commodore, what do you think of it?" The Commodore's reply was general and non-committal, whereupon the President, rising from the box upon which he had been sitting, added, "Well, I think there is something in it, as the girl said when she put her leg in the stocking. Good morning, gentlemen."

As a result of this interview a contract was signed for a vessel built upon Ericsson's plans, to be put in the hands of the navy within a hundred days, at a cost of $275,000. How well this contract was kept and with what beneficent and sweeping results to the nation and the world is known to all.

No invention has played a larger part in our history than the cotton gin, which was the work of Eli Whitney. Whitney was the son of a poor Massachusetts farmer and worked his way through college without assistance. Soon after the Revolution he settled in Georgia and became a teacher to the children of Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous General Greene. One day when a company of planters were assembled at Mrs. Greene's house near Savannah, the depressed condition of the Southern States came up for discussion, and it was generally agreed that the chief cause of the existing condition of affairs was the difficulty of raising cotton with profit, owing to the great labor of separating the fibers of the cotton from the seed.

He Could Make Anything.

One of the planters suggested that perhaps this work could be done with a machine, and this prompted Mrs. Greene to remark, "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything." Whitney was sent for and the situation explained to him. He told the planters he had never seen a pod of cotton in his life, but he would try what he could do. Next day he procured some unclean cotton, shut himself up in his room and set to work to invent the machine required. From early boyhood he had exhibited wonderful skill in mechanics, and this aptitude was of the greatest assistance to him in his present task. He was compelled to make the tools and the wire with which he worked, but before the winter had ended he had completed his machine.

Then he set it up in a shed and invited a number of planters to come and see it work. The delight of his visitors at what they saw was unbounded. Whitney's engine could clean as much cotton in one day as a man could clean in a whole winter, and while before it had required the constant labor of 100 hands for several months to separate the seed from the cotton grown on a large plantation, it could now be done in a few days. It was in this way that the cotton-gin came into the world.

RUFUS R. WILSON.

THE MUSIC WORLD

Further details regarding the musical plans of Calvary P. E. Church confirm the opinion expressed last week as to the importance of this movement. Here is the list of the works to be given in the special series of Sunday afternoon services:

December 11—Schubert: Mass in F.
January 6—Handel: Messiah. Part I.
February 12—Beethoven: Mount of Olives.
March 12—Rossini: Stabat Mater.
April 16—Gounod: St. Cecilia.
May 14—Mendelssohn: { Christus. { Lauda Sion.
June 11—Beethoven: Mass in C.
October 15—Haydn: Imperial Mass.
November 12—Mozart: Mass No. 12.
December 12—Gaul: The Holy City.

It is the intention of Mr. Carl Retter, the organist and choir-master (whose name assures the standard of performance), to augment the regular choir to about 50 voices for these performances. An adequate orchestra will also be engaged and nothing left undone to make the interpretations worthy of the music chosen. How good that is need not be dwelt on. The list speaks for itself.

In further explanation of the plan and its objects, Calvary's broad-guage rector, Dr. George Hodges, writes as follows:

> To provide against the overcrowding of the church admission will be by ticket. The tickets may be had of any pew holder, or of Mr. Retter or me. The services are, of course, free, but there will be an offering at each service, and it is hoped that the people of Pittsburg will give us generous assistance.
>
> It seems to me that this series is a matter of interest to the city. We are working along the lines of the Art Society and the Mozart Club in an endeavor to uplift people's ideas, to provide things worth thinking about, to help the growth of everything good. It seems to me that this movement is also a demonstration of the right uses of a church. The church is for the good of the people in all directions. It ought not simply to be open for an hour or two in the morning and evening of Sunday and locked up all the rest of the time. Nor are praying and preaching all the uses to which I can be put.

That Dr. Hodges' progressive musical ideas are not limited to the work of his own choir has been seen in the past and will be again shown by the elaborate service to be sung at Calvary this (Advent Sunday) afternoon at 3 o'clock by the Ringwalt Choir. This choir is maintained by its director, Mr. Henry L. Ringwalt, without connection with any particular church, after the manner of the Leslie and other London choirs. To-day it will be aided by an orchestra of 14 players and these solo singers: Miss Irene L. Sample, Miss Ella Semple, Mr. Dan E. Nuttall and Mr. Harry M. Mays. After a brief choral service, Spohr's oratorio, "The Last Judgment," will be sung. A special feature will be the offertory music, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's Benedictus, arranged for small orchestra by the composer.

Calvary Church is making a record for herself as one of Pittsburg's most useful musical institutions.

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Another enterprise of signal importance is Mr. Homer Moore's series of six lecture-concerts that opened last Wednesday at Old City Hall in the presence of over a thousand auditors. For the last three of the series, in which the themes will be Church Music, The Oratorio and The Opera, a chorus is being formed and Mr. Moore has just determined to engage an orchestra, too, for the last one.

Before turning to the technical topic set for discussion on Wednesday evening, Mr. Moore explained his intentions in giving this service (wholly at his own expense, with no charge for admission) in language somewhat as follows:

> The primary object of these concerts was to afford an opportunity for my pupils to test the principles and practice obtained at their lessons by appearing before each other and their friends, but upon suggestion it was deemed advisable to enlarge their scope and to place them before all who were interested in the work. Before proceeding to a consideration of the technical principles of singing I wish to say a few words about Pittsburg's music.
>
> I believe that Pittsburg is geographically so situated and in population so constituted, that she can become one of the great musical centers of these United States. She contains abundant resources in the form of energy, enterprise, brains, money, general culture and musical talent. A centralization of these resources, these forces, is necessary to give this city the place it ought to occupy in the musical history of the country.
>
> When I came to Pittsburg it was for the purpose of organizing a series of orchestral concerts, in which education and entertainment should be blended. The programmes were to be constructed to show the history of music in general, and especially the history of the orchestra. Each number was to have been explained, analyzed and illustrated before it was performed, and the principal themes played by the instruments to which they were intrusted by the composer in his score. Lions appeared, naturally enough, in the path of so great an undertaking, and, as a result, it was laid by for a time, but neither abandoned nor forgotten. These concerts are to be conducted along similar lines to those proposed for the orchestral concerts and will in so much afford you an opportunity of judging of the original plan.
>
> I am a believer in Pittsburg. I was never so cordially received by any other city in which I have lived, and I am only too glad to open wide those doors to all who are interested in this work, for I look upon it as an opportunity to pay back in a small way the debt of gratitude which I owe to you. I feel that your presence here is also a token that you have the musical development and standing of this great city at heart, and are in sympathy with us and with every honest effort to develop to the utmost our home talent.

Who could do otherwise than give a hearty Godspeed to such a plan so well begun? Those who were able to be present on the opening night say it was a thoroughly enjoyable and highly instructive evening.

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The American tour of Johannes Wolff, violinist, and Joseph Hollman, 'cellist, who are to make their New York debut December 9 at Chickering Hall, promises to be an important feature of the current season. Both artists were born in Holland, have long made Paris their headquarters and enjoy a very high European reputation. The comparative scarcity of great 'cellists helps Mr. Hollman to a particularly lofty rank among the masters of that instrument.

Apropos, the *Musical Courier* says: "Mrs. Kate Rolla, an American soprano who has appeared in Italian and French grand opera at many of the leading opera houses in Europe during the last six years, has arrived in this city and will make her American debut at the Wolff and Hollman performances."

Mrs. Rolla is known as Mrs. Kate Wheat Rammelsburg, of Wheeling, W. Va., to many of the readers of this paper, who will be glad to learn of the auspicious conditions under which her reappearance (not strictly a debut) in her native land is to be effected.

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Here are two other items from the same musical paper that local readers are interested in. Mr. Addison F. Andrews, in his chatty column of "Gotham Gossip," writes:

> Ethelbert Nevin, of Boston, will be just 30 on Friday of this week. Publishers tell me that Nevin's songs have a larger sale at the present time than those of any other American writer, with De Koven's a close second.

That phrase, "of Boston," ought to stick in a Pittsburger's throat. Our town produced, in Stephen C. Foster, the most artistic writer of popular songs America has known; now another Pittsburg lad is the most popular writer of artistic songs. During all the years since Foster died in New York, musical Pittsburg has not advanced far enough to keep Nevin at home. Still, it does seem that, at last, a better era is dawning for matters musical and artistic in Pittsburg. Let us all urge it on!

The other item referred to is this reminiscent paragraph from Mr. W. Waugh Lauder's Chicago letter:

> In my day at Leipsic (1878-79-80) we had Helen Hopekirk, Gilbert and David Ferrier, of Edinburgh (now prominent teachers in that city of beauty), Wallace (violinist), Macbeth (Allan), a theorist of ability, Magnus Peterson (lecturer on music in Auld Reekie), Behren (of Dublin), Sawyer (now Dr. Sawyer, quite famous), Vincent (cathedral organist), Jack Reid (Aberdeen), Park (of Inverness), Bessie Cruden and Jessie Taylor (of Banff), Davies (the Welshman of vocal fame), Kate Ockleston (pianist of note), Thorley (of Manchester), and with others who have made their mark we made a jovial colony, and how we would all love to know what has become of our old chums.

And the "Kate Ocklestone, pianist of note" here mentioned is, of course, she who is well known as a local pianist, organist, composer and teacher under her present name, Mrs. Kate Ocklestone-Lippa.

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Yet another bit from the very full columns of last week's *Musical Courier* demands attention from one who knows the facts. Mr. Henry Hubert Haas, in an egotistic effusion a column long, explaining that he is not to be confounded with Mr. Henry Holden Huss (no, not for long!) and telling why so illustrious a personage is buried in the wilds of Virginia, says:

> I have deliberately chosen "Old Virginny," and resided there ever since 1863, with the exception of one year, 1890-1, in Wooster, Ohio, which year I wish I could obliterate from my memory as well as from my teaching record, where I went a successor to the late lamented Carl Merz, while on earth, now (as they told me in Wooster, and as the *Musical World* and the *Etude* had it, which must be right) a "saint" in heaven.

This is the third or fourth time at least that Mr. Haas has emerged from his "deliberately chosen" obscurity with a published letter into which he has laboriously inserted some kind of a sneering allusion to Karl Merz and the authorities of the University of Wooster. It is time for him to stop.

With all his inevitable prominence as a leader in the musical thought and life of the Middle States—and the practical results of his life-work will be felt in that wide section for a generation to come—Karl Merz was a man of singular modesty and whole-hearted devotion to his art. His noble character was in accord with the ideals sought to be impressed upon the 700 or 800 students of that religiously founded and conducted institution.

It was not at all strange that, after such a predecessor and in such an atmosphere, Mr. Haas should feel out of his element. And when, just before the Commencement concert, this faithful head of the musical department stole silently out of the town without a word of explanation, the University authorities heaved a sigh of relief at his departure even at that critical time. It is to the credit of Mr. Haas that he now says of that year: "I wish I could obliterate (it) from my memory as well as from my teaching record." The dullest conscience pricks at times.

It is proper that this explanation of the animus behind these uncalled-for and repeated attacks should be exposed (by one who knows and is solely responsible for saying so) in Pittsburg, where provision has been made to keep Karl Merz's memory perpetually green in connection with the fine musical library that he collected and we possess.

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These items for musical readers were among THE DISPATCH'S London cablegrams last night:

The Wagner Society will give no performance at Bayreuth in 1893. The society some time since appointed a committee to raise money for the purpose of securing relics and souvenirs of the great master to form a Wagner Museum at Vienna. Many such relics and souvenirs were obtained. It is now rumored that they are about to be sold to persons in the United States.

At the Trafalgar Square Theater to-night the comic opera "Dorothy" will be revived. It will be presented by a very strong company, and a good run is apparently assured. "Dorothy," a full description of which has appeared in previous letters of this series, is one of the most successful comic operas on record. In fact, it disputes with "The Chimes of Normandy" the title of being the most successful work of the kind on record—at least in England.

Paderewski will sail on the Havel for New York on December 14. He has delayed his departure in order to fulfill engagements here that were postponed owing to his recent illness. He has written a new Polish Rhapsody for the pianoforte and orchestra for the Norwich Music Festival next year, where he will play a solo part.

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Things begin to look more lively ahead, and the local musical season of 1892-3 will not have to take a back seat after all. Beside the two extended series spoken of above, there will be several single events of the first importance.

One will be the first Symphony Concert ever given by the Mozart Club, now set for about January 20. The orchestra will be enlarged to at least 45 men, and Director McCollum promises a high-class programme. This event is of prime interest as a harbinger of better things in the sadly neglected local orchestral field.

Mr. Carl Retter authorizes the first announcement that he has engaged the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Theodore Thomas, conductor, for a concert the last week in April. The reader already knows the standard to which Mr. Thomas always adheres and has heard how faithfully he has been pursuing it in Chicago, with larger resources than he ever had at command before.

It is likely, from the correspondence, that Walter Damrosch and his New York Symphony Orchestra will also be here along in February, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Nikisch, is expected to wind up the Mozart Club's season as usual.

Symphony concerts by each of the three best orchestras in the country and by one of our own, too! Pittsburg will hardly know herself in the glass if this keeps on.

C. W. S.

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION

By Order of the Consignors Who Want Their Goods Turned Into Cash at Once—The Remaining Overcoats and Suits Saved From the Ft. Wayne Wreck Wil Be Sold at Public Auction to the Highest Bidder at 305 Smithfield Street—Sale Starts Monday Morning at 9 O'Clock

Having failed to dispose of all the goods saved from the Ft. Wayne wreck, as was our intention, we have orders from the consignors of the fine clothing stock to give the Pittsburg public a sale, the equal of which has never been known in the history of this city. Commencing Monday morning at 9 o'clock the goods that we still have on hand will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. It has never been the good fortune of the people of Pittsburg and the surrounding country to have a sale of this kind, so we invite special attention of the enterprising community to this auction sale of fine suits, overcoats and pants as a golden opportunity and a sale that should receive the attention of everybody who wants to buy clothing. Commencing Monday morning at 305 Smithfield street this great auction sale will start promptly at 9 o'clock and continue all day and until the entire stock is disposed of. The public will find this without exception the largest and handsomest stock of clothing ever sold at auction and a better assorted stock than can be found at any retail house in this vicinity. The stock consists of men's suits of the finest imported and American worsteds, cheviots, meltons and cassimeres in square cuts, sacks and cutaways, also Prince Alberts and 5,000 overcoats and ulsters of the finest chinchillas, Irish frieze, fur beaver, Montagnacs, cheviots, Carr's melton, in all the most fashionable styles manufactured, all to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, commencing Monday morning at 9 o'clock at 305 Smithfield street. In order that every purchaser shall be satisfied we will have a number of experienced clothing men on hand to see that every article you buy fits perfectly. Sale starts at 9 A. M. and will continue until 9 o'clock at night, 305 Smithfield street.

Klebers' Pianos in the Lead.

Buyers Prefer to Deal at Klebers'.

Twenty-five pianos and organs sold already (Steinway's, Conovers, Operas) for Christmas gifts at Klebers'. Save money and buy at Klebers', 506 Wood street.

Don't forget 506 Wood street.

KIMBALL PIANOS. Indorsed by greatest artists. For cash or by easy payment plan, at Mellor & Hoene's, 77 Fifth avenue.

MOTHERS who wish to dress their boys fashionably should see our line of reefers. Nowhere in the land is the assortment or styles as large as at Solomon & Ruben's.

PERHAPS HYPNOTISM.

Alexander Bull's Explanation of the Power of His Father,

OLE BULL, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

His Remarkable Strength and How It Was an Aid to His Art.

HE WAS CRADLED IN A 'CELLO CASE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

I think one of the great sources of my father's power was his magnetic influence. After long years of familiarity with his playing I am almost persuaded that he exercised a species of hypnotism with his violin. There is a tradition that very few people could hear him render such a piece, for instance, as "Home, Sweet Home," or his own composition entitled "A Mother's Prayer," without being moved to tears. Keenly as he felt the ravishment of thronging audiences and great as was his power upon the platform I do not think that he was ever at his best outside his own home. I remember during his intervals of rest from professional labor he used frequently retire with his family to Valestrand, our old family country seat in rural Norway, near Bergen.

Here, under his own roof and in the midst of his family, his soul seemed to gather peculiar inspiration. Often in the gray twilight I have sat and listened with

Ole Bull at 35.

a rapture I shall never forget to the strains that he alone could draw from his favorite instrument, while we who listened were carried away to higher spheres. At times his lofty flights of thought and passion stirred me so deeply that before I knew it the sound of my own sobbing awoke me to my senses. Philosophers may attempt to account for this extraordinary power with learned theories, but to me it was delightful hypnotism.

Proofs of His Magnetism.

There was a woman in Spain who, during one of his performances, fell so completely under his mastery as to betray all the outward signs of mesmerism. My father was a man of immense physical strength, and from this I have no doubt his magnetism proceeded. He had a very deep chest and long, sinewy arms and a nerve not easily disturbed.

On one occasion, while he was playing in Madrid, he was visited by a newspaper writer who had basely misrepresented him in the public prints. My father requested him to retract what he had written. He refused to do so. Whereupon my father seized him by the collar, and, throwing open the window, held him outside at arm's length. It is needless to say that he very soon changed his mind.

Owing to his peculiar build he had a method of holding his violin and also of handling his bow which cannot be successfully imitated by ordinary players. His bridge was so nearly flat and his bow so heavy that when occasion required he could play continuously upon four strings of the instrument at once or upon any of them. This required a nicety and precision of execution possible only to a man possessed of great muscular power and extreme steadiness of nerve.

Many Early Disappointments.

When he was in England during his early life an incident occurred which illustrates this remarkable strength with which God had blessed him. Malibran was to sing at a great festival in Liverpool. Shortly before its occurrence, however, she

Ole Bull at 50.

died, and the management sent in great haste for my father to take her place as the star of the occasion. He was unwilling to go, being on a professional tour. But as an emolument of £800 was offered he postponed his engagement and undertook to appear. So vast was the auditorium and so great the audience that he found it extremely difficult to make himself heard. The physical strain upon him was so great that when he had finished the blood flowed from beneath his finger nails and from his mouth for some moments after his performance.

I think, also, that a great deal of my father's power came from suffering. While he was a very young man he went to Paris to make his way with his violin. There he met with many and great disappointments, as is the case with nearly every great artist at some period of his life. What privations he suffered it has never been my privilege to know. Vidocq, the great French detective in Paris, said to him one day, "You look very sad, young man. What is the matter with you?" My father's answer was that he had everything stolen from him, even his violin. Then Vidocq asked him if he had a five franc piece. He then told me to go to Frascati's and to lay his wager upon the red color, and that he would win. He did so and won 800 francs. A lady was about to draw it in when the man at the counter said, "No, it does not belong to you, madam, it belongs to this pale young man," and off he went with his 800 francs in his pocket and was happy. This sum was at that time a large one in Paris, and it was of great service to my father.

The Receipt of Sad News.

While he was playing in Russia the sad news of his father's death came to him. That night the favored people of St. Petersburg heard him play as he had rarely played before. The sad intelligence impressed him deeply and seemed to give him a new inspiration. He was a spiritualist and he had the conviction that his father's spirit had descended upon his own and reinforced its native power. Years afterward when he

Alexander Bull.

came to die himself, he uttered most impressive words. The morning of his death he sent for the daughter of his dearest college friend. "Well, my dear," he said, "they tell me I am going to die, and I guess the time has come. I am going to the spirit land, and there I shall meet your dear father and bring him a fresh greeting from you."

My father was a born violinist. As a child he imitated the motions of a fiddler with two sticks, accompanying his movements of humming the air that was passing in his mind. Later he began to take lessons on the violin during his visits to his uncle's house. My great uncle played the violoncello, and while he performed, my father, then a little boy, used to lie in the great cello case and listen. His first instructor was a gentleman who was as much devoted to the flask as to the violin. He used to play in quartets at the house of my father's uncle. One evening he had been imbibing too freely, and my father, half in jest, was invited to take his part, which he did, to the great amusement of the audience; upon which his uncle gave him a new violin as a reward for his skill.

An Incident Relating to Booth.

Over 20 years ago, when father played for the New York Philharmonic Society, after the presentation of a silk flag combining the Norwegian and American emblems, a magnificent emerald ring was sent by Mr. Edwin Booth to be returned to the one he esteemed to be the rightful owner, Ole Bull.

The ring had been given to Mr. Booth after a performance of "Hamlet" by a lawyer, who said he had received it from Mr. Ole Bull.

After accepting the ring from his dear, beloved friend, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, the President of the Philharmonic Society, father narrated the history of the ring, which he had received 30 years before in St. Petersburg.

Early Sunday morning following the concert he called on Prof. Doremus, and in a most enthusiastic manner asked "how it would do for him to offer to play for Mr. Booth at his theater between the acts?"

At the following Philharmonic concert Mr. Edwin Booth read Byron's "Manfred" at the Academy of Music. The large orchestra of over 100 performers played

Ole Bull's Home at Valetsrand, and Tomb

Schumann's music, and the Liederkranz Society and various artists sang.

The society offered to repeat the music at Mr. Booth's theater. Prof. Doremus learned that father was in Cincinnati giving concerts, and a telegram was sent to him asking if he could arrange to play at this performance of "Manfred."

The reply stated that he was on a concert tour and would not return to New York for two months. It was signed by his impresario.

An hour later another telegram was received, saying:

"I will be there. OLE BULL."

He broke up his concert tour to accomplish the desire of his generous heart and to reciprocate the favor of Mr. Edwin Booth.

ALEXANDER BULL.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

CARL STASNY, SOLOIST, AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Another Instance in Which the Artist Grand Henry F. Miller Piano Divided the Honors With a Great Pianist and the World-Renowned Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON, Oct. 23, 1892.—Director Nikisch gave the symphony concert patrons ample food for thought last evening as he presented a programme of three works, all of which were unfamiliar to local musicians.

The overture to Reinecke's opera, "Manfred," opened the programme, and had a first hearing here. It is certainly an excellent composition in the modern style, which does not bear the imprint of Wagnerian tendencies, the ideas having in some ways the characteristics of Schumann in his clearest and most melodious mood, while the scoring is of the Mendelssohn style. The piano concerto (or, more properly, fantasia with orchestra) by Saint Saens, No. 4, in C minor, was the work selected by Mr. Carl Stasny for his first appearance here with orchestra, and the remarkable success attending his performance justified his choice of it. In his playing Mr. Stasny was aided in his efforts by a fine "Miller Grand," and proved himself a singularly clear and intelligent interpreter of this brilliant French composer. He has a clear, clean and sympathetic touch, with ample and well-controlled power, his technical attainments are equal to the most intricate difficulties of the modern school and the artistic manner in which he performed the piano score of the concerto instantly arrested attention and gave the player an audience in sympathy with his methods. In bringing forward the Tschaikowsky Symphony No. 5, in E minor, as one of the early novelties of the season on this occasion, Conductor Nikisch added a most notable work to the orchestra's repertoire, and one which is worthy of more than a single hearing. The piano so much admired in the symphony concerts is one of the Henry F. Miller make, represented in Pittsburg by W. C. Whitehill, and all intending purchasers, as well as the music-loving public in general, are cordially invited to call and examine these wonderful instruments, shown in the elegant and artistic display of the Henry F. Miller pianos at W. C. Whitehill's music parlor, 148 Third avenue, opposite the postoffice.

FOR COLD SNAPS.

Solomon & Ruben

Have the finest line of fur caps in the city. Men's college and driving in cooney, Canada sable, Oregon seal and genuine Alaska seal from 98c to $12. Men's fur gloves in cooney, genuine Alaska seal and beaver and otter, from $2 up to $8. Men's dress kids, from 75c to $2 25. Men's working gloves, from 50c to $1 50.