

PHILADELPHIA

MUSICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE JOURNAL.—The seventh number is before our subscribers and friends, and although our subscription-list is increasing, yet we would remark that, comparatively speaking, but little interest is manifested by the musical portion of our community. Notwithstanding Philadelphia boasts of a goodly number of musical associations, yet, with the exception of one Society, (the last established,) we think we are safe to say, that from no single musical society have we yet received the names of five, as subscribers. Now, why, we ask, is this? The price of subscription is low, barely sufficient to warrant the publishers in the enterprise; the merits of the paper, we have as yet heard none disapprove; the subject is one upon which the most learned may still be enlightened. We ask again, why is it? The members of our musical societies and church choirs, generally, are aware of the existence of our organ; shall we, therefore, think that the majority of our professed musicians and friends to the art are perfectly satisfied, like the Nautilus, to float upon the surface, feeling a mistaken consciousness that they have no occasion to dive deeper and learn—or shall we conclude that a selfish, penurious feeling is a component part of our musical fraternity? Let time decide.

THE NEW CHURCH HERALD, a weekly paper, (the advocate of the doctrines of Swedenborg,) has commenced its third volume. Terms, \$2 a year; and specimen numbers are sent without charge to any who may request, by addressing 135 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING MESSENGER, published weekly by Enoch Taylor, 23 South-Third street, Philadelphia, has lately introduced itself for public favor. Terms, \$1.50 per annum. It is a readable, well-conducted sheet, and entirely deserving of patronage.

THE FIRESIDE VISITOR is the title of a weekly but lately established. It furnishes much original matter, and is under the charge of J. M. Church, editor and publisher, and Ella Rodman, assistant-editor. Terms, \$2 per year. Office, 106 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

CANADIAN MUSICAL REVIEW.—The first number has been received, and with the general appearance, as well as contents, we are much pleased. It is published monthly, at Toronto, C. W., by Geo. F. Graham; terms, 7s. 6d. per annum. We trust it may receive encouragement and support.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We have two polite requests to make. Those who have not paid for the JOURNAL, to do so at once; also, each one to send to the office, the name of a *new subscriber*. We shall observe who is obedient.

PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ITEMS.

Two performances of the new opera, *Anna of Austria*, have been given at the Musical Fund Hall. The composition is by one of our citizens, L.

LaGrassa, and in many points is meritorious. The critical ear, it is true, discovers in its general outline the stamp of Italian style, inclining at times almost to recognize portions of popular opera movements and melodies; yet we are candid, upon a review of the music as a whole, to give Mr. L. credit for his labors, as having produced a composition of many beautiful passages, skillfully arranged throughout. Some of the choruses are exceedingly fine, the idea of the subject kept in view, and the music well conceived; and we venture nothing in saying, that as a work of art, and as regards originality, it will favorably compare with some so-called oratorios, presented to our musical public a year or two since.

The Black Swan was induced to give another concert on the 23d at National Hall, assisted by Miss Sedgwick, another colored bird, called the Nightingale. We can not decide how appropriate these titles are to the two songstresses, for our education has not yet reached the subject of ornithology, or even zoölogy. The pianist on the occasion was Prof. Smith, nephew to the distinguished John Smith. And Mario, the colored tenor, he gave, as announced, *his* superb version of the *Star-Spangled Banner*. Far better if he would forego *his* version, which consists in a ridiculous hold upon the word "wave," abruptly raised a fifth above the original sound in the second line of the chorus. This incongruous change were enough to convince any of the performance of a darkey artist, without the use of spectacles. In other respects the concert was creditable and satisfactory to the audience.

The Union Orchestra gave a very creditable soiree at Kendall's Hall, on the 26th, under the direction of E. Pfeiffer. Miss Gill, a pupil of the Blind Institution, sung very sweetly the pleasing song, *My Mountain Home*, and sustained also in a creditable manner an aria from *Sonnambula*, accompanied by the orchestra. A violin solo, by S. M. Murray, also a flute solo, by H. Odiorne, were well received. A duet, clarinet, and cornet aria from *Belisario*, by Donizetti, familiarly known as *On to the fields of glory*, was executed in good style by W. Harvey and A. Lodge, Jr. We would respectfully suggest to the directors to be more particular in the distribution of cards of admission, thereby divesting the gallery from the noise and tumult of half-grown men, who appeared disposed to annoy the orderly portion of the auditory by extreme efforts at boisterous applause.

SUMMARY OF MUSICAL NEWS.

ADOLPHE ADAM, one of the most celebrated of the French opera composers, died quite suddenly in Paris, May 2d. Adam was born at Paris in 1803, and studied at the Conservatory under Reicha, and afterwards of Boieldieu. He was the composer of many operas of the French Comic School, amongst the best of which is his well-known *Postillion of Lonjumeau*. He was an amiable and much-loved musician, a member of the Royal Institute, and Professor of the Conservatory. He attended the Grand Opera on the night before his death, without any symptom of sickness. After the close of the theater he went home and wrote a letter and some measures of music, which were found lying upon his desk. In the morning he was found dead in his bed, the physicians declaring that his death must have been so sudden (from disease of the heart) that he did not even have time to call for help.

The large organ, an instrument unsurpassed as to quality in the coun-

try, recently completed by Jardine & Son, for Dr. Alexander's church, Fifth Avenue, New-York, was publicly exhibited on Monday evening last. The very complete and varied instrument was well displayed in all its effects by Messrs. Morgan, Jardine, and Wm. Mason. Mr. Mason, the organist of the church, played twice, extemporizing on each occasion in a thorough musical manner. Mr. Morgan gave selections from Hesse, Handel, Bach, Weber, and Meyerbeer, and extemporaneous fantasias. Mr. Jardine played Hesse's theme and variations in A. The whole affair was one of the most pleasant organ exhibitions we have attended, and gave general satisfaction throughout. We could have wished, however, that the "popular melodies," although evidently delighting many of the audience, had been omitted, as entirely out of place and unworthy of the noble instrument. The church was crowded by an attentive audience, who remained throughout the programme. This organ, which excels in all things to be desired, both in action and tone, is a monument of praise to its builders, Messrs. Jardine & Son, who have established their reputation as unsurpassed in the manufacture of organs. Their instruments may be relied upon, and any church or society may order from them with the most perfect confidence.

Luisi Miller, by Verdi, which did not please a few years ago at Castle Garden, had a brilliant success last week at the New-York Academy. The reputation of the artistic appreciation of our dilettanti is saved, and all this owing to the "indefatigable endeavors" of the present manager of the opera!—Carl Bergmann's benefit concert will take place the first of June, affording a splendid opportunity for our amateurs and artists to thank him, by a numerous attendance, for the noble efforts he has made in behalf of the propagation of good and new music. The "Sangerbund" (250 members) will sing *A Night on the Ocean* and the overtures, *Tannhauser* and *Le Carnival Romain* will be repeated. The above vocal composition, by W. Tschirch in Gera, (Germany,) was lately performed with great success by the "Maennergesangverein" in Vienna. Although this society was not at all obliged to thank the composer for his work in a pecuniary way, they sent him *five* ducats, hoping that every composer, whose works make the delight of vocal societies, would find a somewhat more substantial remuneration for his pains and talent, than mere thanks. This is a good example worthy to be followed.

THE SPRING HOLIDAY, by C. C. Converse, has, since our last, been twice performed at Abbott's Spangler Institute by the class of young ladies in vocal music, under the direction of C. M. Cady, accompanied by the composer, also a teacher in this well-known institution. The performance elicited the warmest praise from those who had the good fortune to be present, both in regard to the simplicity and happy moral influence of the plot, the freshness and beauty of the music, and the fine vocalization, as well as charming appearance of the young ladies. Few female seminaries can boast of so large a proportion of highly cultivated solo voices. The chorus of *Dewdrops*, sung by the smallest members of the class, received the most applause, but the closing choral hymn, in which the Flowers, the Zephyrs, and the Dewdrops unite with the May-Queen, Spring, Sunshine, Spray, and Rainbow, in their song of evening praise, produced the deepest impression, and suggested the appropriateness of prayer as a sequence, which, at the close of the first performance, was offered by the Rev. Dr. Alexander.

Mr. Heinrich Mollenhauer, violoncellist from the Royal Chapel in Stockholm, a brother of the celebrated violinists who are well-known among us, has arrived in town, and will appear for the first time in a Concert given by his brothers at Dodworth's Academy next Thursday. Mr. Heinrich Mollenhauer is said to be a first-rate player on his instrument. A great feature of this concert will be a trio in G, by Beethoven, played by the three brothers.—It happened lately in Germany, in a concert given at Frankfort, that the artist who had to play Mozart's Quartet in D, No. 10, only performed two movements of it, because a loud conversation amongst the ladies in the first row of the listeners, seemed to make it useless and unworthy to play the whole.—Ph. E. Bach's Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen, (attempt at the true method of playing the harpsichord,) a work of the last century, which laid the foundation of almost all the great principles of modern piano-forte playing, has been republished in Germany. Still as Bach wrote his method for the clavecin, an instrument which has been long

since displaced by the piano, this treatise can only excite interest in the musical historian.—A new Biography of Mozart by Prof. Jahn in Germany, has already appeared in a second edition. It is a work full of interest, and decidedly the best biography published.

The Misses Hall (the "singing sisters") gave a concert in Manchester, N. H., on the 21st inst.—The New-England Bards have returned from the West to the New-England States. They gave a concert in Lynn, Mass., on the evening of the 22d.—The Continental Vocalists were very successful in Buffalo, N. Y. The editor of the *Courier* seems to have been especially pleased with them. At their concert in that city on the evening of the 16th, they sung the *Marseilles Hymn*, and the editor in question really does not know whether Parodi or the Bards sung it the better. He seems inclined, however, to favor the side of "the super-excellent quartet band."—The members of the Goshen Band gave a vocal and instrumental concert at Goshen, N. Y., on the evening of the 30th inst.—The Orphans' Society gave a concert in Louisville, Ky., on the 21st inst., the proceeds of which were appropriated for the benefit of the orphans.—Mr. C. R. Packard, assisted by his pupils, gave a concert in Columbia Village, Madrid, N. Y., on the 7th inst. Mr. Packard is a very successful teacher, well qualified in every respect for his profession; and his entertainment afforded the citizens of Columbia Village unbounded satisfaction. A musical society has been organized in this village under the name of the "Madrid Harmonic Society."—An Austrian political economist has calculated that with the annual money paid in salaries to the prime donne of Vienna, "a hundred square fields of marsh land might be turned into fruitful corn-fields." The professor forgets that, nevertheless, the singers, by their sweet voices, do their best to "produce the finest ears."—A Philharmonic Society has lately been organized in Springfield, Mass. Mr. John Fitzhugh is the President, and Mr. A. Gemunder is the leader.

Birmingham, in England, is so famous for its iron manufactures, that it has been called "the toy-shop of Europe." The following is related as an instance of the effect of music on its inhabitants: When Handel's *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso* was performed at Birmingham, the passage most admired was—

"Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

The manufacturers of the city were delighted with the idea, because they had never heard of any thing of iron before, that could not be made in Birmingham.—Mr. J. G. Clark, "the purchaser of 'Ossian's Bards,'" (wonder if he took a bill of sale!) gave a concert in Baldwinsville, N. Y., one evening last week.—At the present writing our ears are assailed by that villainous song, *Wait for the wagon*, villainously played on a B-flat bugle by an itinerant vender of pine-apples, who having thus attracted the attention of the inmates of the neighboring houses, shouts out at the top of his lungs, "Pinnappelsfinpinnappels, ee-aa-oh!" Surely, this is turning a musical talent to good account.—The ladies of Fond du Lac, Wis., have responded to Mr. W. E. Hawley's call; and under his direction are actively rehearsing Mr. Root's celebrated cantata, *The Flower Queen*, which is to be performed publicly some time next month. "The scientific musical taste of Mr. H.," says the *Fond du Lac Herald*, "the talent of the singers, and the unsurpassed beauty of the production, will be a sure guarantee that, when the concert comes off, it will be one of the most interesting musical entertainments ever offered to our citizens."—Price's Sax-Horn Band gave a concert in Utica, N. Y., on the evening of the 22d, assisted by Bancroft's, and the Syracuse Glee Club.—The children connected with the Sabbath-school of St. Paul's Church, Columbus, O., gave a concert in that city on the 22d inst.—Mr. Conklin, assisted by his pupils, gave a vocal and instrumental concert in Ellenville, N. Y., on the 16th inst.—Shippingport, a village near Louisville, Ky., has until recently been without a house dedicated to religious worship. A Mrs. C—, a benevolent Christian lady, residing in the vicinity, has by untiring personal exertions raised by subscriptions a large amount of money, which has been appropriated to the erection of a church. The building is nearly completed, three or four hundred dollars alone being required to finish it. To meet this want, a concert was given on the evening of the 22d inst., by Madame Abramowicz, who, with her pupils, generously volunteered her services.

The result, we trust, was entirely satisfactory.—Mr. D. B. Shelley gave a vocal and instrumental concert in Rome, N. Y., on Thursday evening last.—Mdle. Parodi and troupe gave a concert in Columbus, O., on the 27th inst.—*The Queen of the Seasons*, a cantata, composed by Mr. C. Hess, to words written by Mrs. R. J. Goff, was performed at the Adelphi Theater, in Nashville, Tenn., on the evening of the 20th inst. The poetess, the composer, and the performers are all residents of Nashville.

HOW SHALL WE IMPROVE OUR CHURCH MUSIC?

By WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

THE CHOIR.

A GOOD CHOIR (and by the term "choir" we do not mean a quartet, but a company of from twelve to forty or fifty singers, as the case may be, who stately lead or perform the music of the church) is essential to the permanent continuance of good music in our churches, and those who talk of disbanding or dismissing the choir, and depending solely upon the congregation for the singing, are either entirely ignorant of the whole subject, or else are too indolent to take the necessary steps for the advancement of this part of worship. The faults and freaks of singers are often held up as an argument in favor of the utter annihilation of choirs; but if such a principle were applied to other organizations, there would be an entire breaking down and disbanding of all societies, associations, and communities; even the Church itself would form no exception to this principle. But let us try "a more excellent way." Let us in this "provoke one another to love and to good works." We will very briefly point out some of the most essential qualifications of choir membership, and leave the rest to the good sense of the singers themselves.

There must be on the part of the singer a love for music generally, but more especially for church music. He must be willing to make some sacrifices for it; he must not only give his vote for stated rehearsals, but attend them with as much regularity as possible; for without these, but little if any improvement will be made. He should be able to read plain church music with tolerable ease, but should never trust to this for the performance on the Sabbath; as the tunes that are to be sung, with the hymns, if possible, should be previously rehearsed. This can not be too urgently or frequently insisted upon. The neglect to study tunes sufficiently, so as always to have a good stock on hand in every variety of meter, has been and is the cause of more confusion and disorder, and "breaking down" in our singing than any thing else. There is no deficiency of books or of good tunes, old and new, and the efficient leader may always find them; but what avails it if the singers are not familiar with them? If not previously rehearsed, and thus made familiar, the efforts necessary to their correct performance, even in choirs where all are good readers, is sure to destroy all *devotional* effect. What must it be then with the numerous choirs throughout the country, in which not one out of five or even of ten can read at sight the simplest and plainest musical phrase written?—and there are thousands of just such choir-members. Being too lazy or parsimonious to spend a little time or money in learning to sing under a good instructor, such try to sponge their musical instruction out of the church or chorister by hanging on to the skirts of others—by asking the questions on Sunday that should have been asked at the weekly rehearsal; by borrowing their neighbor's singing-book instead of buying one for themselves; by trying to study out the tunes, humming or whistling them over in sermon or prayer-time, thus not only losing the benefits arising from these most important parts of the service, and preventing others also from enjoying them, but mocking their Maker by this pretense of worshipping him when they are simply trying to study music. Such singers should begin their musical life anew—should turn over a new leaf, not in their singing-books, but in their character and habits. Learn that there is a time and a place for all things, and that the place and time of religious worship is not to be turned into a singing-school. Let all such resolve to attend, the very first opportunity that offers, a good class for learning to read music, and if desirous of joining the choir, let

them not try to smuggle themselves in, by assuming to themselves some member's seat, or even by taking uninvited some unoccupied seat, but by direct and manly application to the leader, let them seek an honorable admission, and then study to promote in every possible way the peace and harmony of the whole body.

Respect your leader, and confide in his judgment as to the part you should sing, the place you should occupy, etc. Be not easily offended, and never dictate nor assume what does not belong to you as a private member. Nothing betrays greater instability on the part of a singer than the habit of frequently taking his seat below. When once in the choir remain there, and do not absent yourself or leave for any trivial cause. If "punctuality is the life of business," it is certainly no less the life of the choir. We can not do better than commend to every singer the frequent perusal of the latter part of the 12th chapter of Romans, beginning with the 9th verse—more especially would we suggest that the 10th, 16th, and 18th verses be committed to memory and acted upon.

CONDUCT UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

The case has recently occurred of a choir of singers in Boston who, on the election of a conductor that was not their choice, at once vacated the singing gallery. Was it right for the church to elect a leader without consulting the wishes of the choir? She may have the right, but we very much doubt the expediency of such a course. Like some other "reserved rights," it should not be enforced except in extreme cases; so, at least, it appears to one who has had some experience with singers. But did the singers do right in vacating their seats? Certainly not, unless two "wrongs" will make one "right." Had they patiently endured for a season, good instead of unhappy influences would doubtless have resulted, and their preferences would more likely have been regarded in the future.

Another instance. We once knew a large and well-disciplined choir, that had for many years been accustomed to elect their own leader, organist, etc. Upon one occasion they were unexpectedly debarred this privilege, and a conductor was appointed by the church committee. Instead, however, of vacating their places, they remained punctually at their posts, both at rehearsals and on Sabbath days. By this course of conduct they gained the respect and confidence of the church, set a worthy example to other choirs, and had the satisfaction of soon seeing their former privileges restored.

JOHN JONES' MUSICAL ADVENTURES IN EUROPE.

No. II.

WHEN I left the second-cabin, the majesty of a full moon seemed as firmly established as that of a real French emperor. It was a splendid night, reminding me, strange to say, of the "Plague of Florence;" not of that amiable disease which is known under the same name, nor of Halévy's opera of the same title, but of a marvelous moonlight decoration in that opera, which I saw some years ago in Paris. It was a night evidently fit to be enjoyed and appreciated by a poetical mind. No wonder therefore, that that blessed lady, whom I have introduced to the reader as an unmistakable French hair-dresser, was already fully occupied in proving the justice of this remark by a *mezza voce* performance of *The Last Rose of Summer*, and a considerable consumption of French nuts. However, she was not the person who interested me most at that inspired moment. It was the young man who so suddenly left the second-cabin when I entered it. He stood, leaning over the railings of the deck, looking so full of music and art, that I could not help feeling greatly moved. It is true I only saw his back, but this was quite sufficient to convince me that it belonged to the high-flown mind of a real German musician. The style after which his hair was dressed, the collar of his coat, his pants, and, above all, his shoes, were unmistakable signs of as much Germanism and music as a man can wish for.

He looked rather savage when I addressed him, but the power of my excuses and of a bottle of champagne which I proposed to empty with

him, soon dispelled his bad humor, and made him sociable and instructive enough to give me a new insight into the great resources of our country for art. This young man had gone to America for the sole purpose of gaining there the pecuniary means for a superior education in his art. Having obtained his purpose, he was returning to his mother-country, full of delight with the idea of spending a few years in the musically most renowned cities of Europe, profiting by all the good and grand they can offer to such an adept.

"And then?" I asked.

"Well, then, I shall return to your country and try to pay back the debt I owe it."

"That is noble!" I exclaimed. "But do you think that very many of your countrymen do the same?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "They have certainly an earnest will for the advancement of art when they arrive in America, but how soon is all this lost in the mud of so-and-so many lessons a day? I have known many a noble-minded fellow, who, after a few years' stay in the New World, cared much more for his bank-book than for any musical score. Ten lessons a day is, in most instances, the great object of all these so-called artists."

"But is tuition not the best way to instruct the people?" I asked.

"It is one great means of instruction," he answered. "But I would not trust myself to a master who had already, perhaps, given six or eight lessons, and retained just strength enough to hurry me through the ninth. No, sir!" he continued, with animation, "what is wanted in your country is a good conservatory, with a sufficient number of able and conscientious teachers. There are still some fellows left in the world who are ambitious enough to sacrifice the almighty dollar to the nobler purpose of spending their knowledge and experience for the benefit of mankind. Give them sufficient to live, and let each teacher give about four lessons a day, and you shall see what pupils such a conservatory will send forth."

"But don't you think that even without such a conservatory my country has made some progress in music?"

"Immensely!" he replied, with haste; "especially in the concert-room. When I think of the concerts I heard four years ago and those I listened to just before my departure, there is certainly great occasion for satisfaction. What a blessing, for instance, it is that you have so very soon overcome the curse of the virtuosi, under which Europe had to suffer much longer. It really gives me pleasure to think that not one mere finger-harlequin can sustain himself in America by concerts. I know there have been lately in New-York two or three evidences that the mind of the public was not so purified as I thought it was, but the patrons of the concerts I refer to represented only a very small fraction of the public. In general, the concerts of the three most musical cities of the States, New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, give proof of a high, noble standard in our art, and, with regard to the programmes, compare favorably with the best we ever offer in Europe. But that other means of instruction for the masses, the opera, how is it with that?" my young friend exclaimed, with a sigh. "Here we meet a very sore place, which has already sickened a large community, and will enervate a still larger number, if you do not put a speedy stop to it. What can you expect of a public which has been exclusively fed with Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi; whose taste has been regulated, and whose pockets have been emptied by a set of impostors who call themselves conductors, managers, agents, etc.; and whose knowledge would not suffice even to fill the post of a second-rate chorus-master in the old country! My dear sir, as long as you suffer yourselves to be educated and amused by the worn-out beauties of an enervating and declining school in music, and its ignorant and impudent apostles, all the endeavors of your better-minded artists will fail to produce a general effect. Let the opera and the concert-room go hand in hand in that direction which the musical spirit of our age indicates, and in twenty or thirty years hence, perhaps your country may be cited as a glorious example of a healthy development in musical art."

So ended the conversation with the young German. The next morning we were in Havre.

Our Musical Correspondence.

BOSTON.

MAY 29.—The concert season is now fully past, and it will probably be some time before we shall have occasion to record any thing except the incidental concerts with which the summer season is interspersed. The past season has been prolific in the production of good things, the patronage has been extended to quite as near the paying point as in previous seasons, and yet the disposition to sustain first-rate concerts still prevails, as the attendance at those given the past fortnight plainly indicates.

Miss Adelaide Phillips gave an afternoon concert in the Music Hall, May 17, with the assistance of Mr. C. R. Adams, tenor, Mr. H. S. May, pianist, and a small orchestra. The programme contained selections from the works of Rossini, Mercadante, Verdi, and others, the rendering of which was generally satisfactory. Mr. Adams has a voice of considerable cultivation but of limited compass and force, and altogether incapable of great efforts. He sung several songs, and a duet with Miss Phillips acceptably, though without a marked effect. The Sonata in A minor, for piano by Mendelssohn, was most mercifully treated by Mr. May, and it is quite certain that Mendelssohn's reputation as a composer for the piano-forte was not at all exalted thereby. Miss Phillips was the principal attraction, nearly every piece in which she appeared receiving the compliment of an encore. She is about to make a professional tour through the West, in which may success attend her.

Mr. Harrison Millard being about to go to England, gave a farewell concert in Mercantile Hall, Saturday evening, May 17th, assisted by Miss Elise Hensler, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Messrs. Gustave Satter, B. J. Lang, H. S. May, and an amateur. Long before the commencement, the Hall was filled, and indeed the combination of talent announced would have attracted an audience sufficient to have filled a much larger hall. Selections from Rossini, Verdi, and others made up the entertainment, which was received throughout with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Lang played the *Silver Spring* by Wm. Mason, and also the accompaniments to most of the songs, in which he displayed considerable ability and good judgment. He is a young pianist of great promise. The Aria *Robert! toi que j'aime* from *Robert le Diable* was sung by Miss Hensler with the same characteristic features that have appeared on previous occasions; sweet and pure tone, facile execution, but lacking in expression. She sang it sufficiently well to elicit an encore, and was flatteringly received whenever she appeared. Mr. Satter played two solos, compositions of his own, and was twice encored. He is the pianist, par excellence, of Boston, and it is useless to attempt to exalt any one else to that position; the ultimate criterion, an intelligent public, has already decided in the matter. The finest vocal piece of the evening, and to our mind the best performed, was the Aria, *Non pia nesta*, from *Cenerentola*, sung by Miss Phillips. The unassuming earnestness which characterizes this artist's singing would make a much inferior artist successful, and which with her superior voice and vocal culture renders her irresistible. An encore followed each piece in which she appeared. Mr. Millard was received with less favor than either of the preceding vocalists. He has a method of forcing his upper notes which is any thing but agreeable. In ballad-singing which does not run high, he excels; hence his success in Balfe's ballad, "*Then you'll remember me*," which was encored. The experience of the "Amateur," who sang on this occasion, will lead him, we trust, to remain an amateur in the strictest sense of the term.

ALBANY.

MAY 28.—Since my last, our musical firmament has been illuminated on two occasions by stars of largest magnitude. First came Parodi, Strakosch, Madame Strakosch, and Arthurson. Their concert was announced for Thursday evening, the 8th, but the elements were unpropitious, and a heavy rain so dampened the ardor of the usually cheerful maestro, that at a late hour he unwisely postponed the affair to Friday evening, although there were a sufficient number of seats taken to insure against a failure. Friday, however, proved "unlucky" this time, for the storm did not "postpone on account of the weather," and the dismal, disagreeable, disheartening, drenching rain, drizzled dolefully during the entire day, and doubled the density of the darkness at night. Still, there was a fair house, with a good deal of enthusiasm. Strakosch pleased his hosts of friends here unusually well, and should Mdle. Parodi again sing the thrilling *Marseillaise* in this city, a house full of friends will greet her appearance. Madame Strakosch is an old favorite here, and with excellent grace well sustained the reputation she so justly bears. Arthurson did fairly, but left a very general impression that his abilities hardly enable him to appear to advantage in contrast with the fair *artistes* of the troupe. On Tuesday evening, the 13th, our diminutive Association Hall was well filled to hear the two great artists, Lagrange and Gottschalk. This concert was a perfect success in every respect. The arrangements were admirable, the pianos "grand," the artists unequaled, the audience wild with enthusiasm, and the ladies thereof beautiful beyond comparison. Your humble servant, however, freely confesses his inability to comply with the intimation of "Seven Octave" in the *Times*, and can only say of Gottschalk's inimitable playing, that it was *most intensely Gottschalk*. Those who have heard him, and reveled in the intoxication of delight which is the inevitable consequence, will need nothing further. Those who have not, unfortunate souls! must make haste to do so. Equally at fault is my pen if I speak of Lagrange. Unassumingly, and with scarce an apparent effort, she carries one to the "seventh heaven" of musical felicity, and overwhelms his raptured soul with floods of liquid song, pure as the melodies of angels! Pardon me, then, if I do not attempt a critique.—Dempster has been here, and sung to a few old friends who love his simple ballads better than more classical music.—Miss Isabella Hinckley, of this city.

a young soprano of fine promise, is soon to go to Italy, to pursue her musical studies. The earnest wishes of many fond hearts, for her success, will follow her, wherever she may go.—The third reunion of the musical profession and lovers of art, came off last evening, on which occasion there was an unusually large gathering. Time and space forbid an extended notice, and I will only say that it was a most enjoyable affair, doing great credit to the refined taste and liberal heart of the gentlemanly host, who is "Gray" in the service of art.

ALLEGRO.

ROCHESTER.

MAY 27.—The Rochester Germania gave their sixth and last subscription concert last evening. The attendance was respectable. The following names were well represented on the programme, and as well in the execution: Rossini, Overture; Proch, Horn Solo, Rugenor; Mozart, from Symphony, Op. 26; Mercadante, Clarinet Solo, Swiehop; Mendelssohn, *Wedding March* and *Allegro Appassionato*; Von Weber, *Freischütz* Overture; De Beriot, Violin Solo, Weber; Spohr, Duo Concertante, two violins, Schultz and Weber; Labitzky, *Bridal Journey*.

The company are to spend the summer at the Cataract House, Niagara Falls, where, if any of your readers should chance to stop, they can "take some moosic mit ter tinner, and some tinner mit ter moosic." They are a fine set of fellows, and I commend all musical travelers to their acquaintance. On the conclusion of their engagements there they remove for the winter to Toronto.

At the late concert of Parodi in this city, Miss Julia Hill supplied the place of Strakosch, who was absent, playing a *legal duet* with Ole Bull in New-York.

T.

HUDSON, N. Y.

MAY 20.—Messrs. Blanchard and Sherwin's series of concerts closed last week with the performance of the sacred cantata, *Daniel*, which was given by the Musical Association with fine effect, and drew out one of the largest audiences of the season. All the concerts of this series have been largely attended and well received by the public. The young ladies of the Female Academy gave for the second time, on the eve of May 1st, the cantata of *May Day*, (words and music by the accomplished principal of that institution, Rev. J. B. Hague,) to the delight of a large audience. This cantata is very much improved since its first presentation, and is one of the best things of the kind extant. It is to be published early in the coming autumn by a New-York house. Its success is not in the least doubtful.

Hudson is fast becoming quite a musical place, and I venture the assertion that no city of this State has made more progress in music during the past two years—of course excepting New-York, which is, I believe, a trifle larger city.

Truly yours,

SHORTCHALK.

BEEMERSVILLE, SUSSEX CO., N. J.

We have just concluded an interesting and profitable convention of the Wantage and Minisink Musical Association in this place, under the direction of Mr. George F. Root. It is two years since the first meeting of this Association was held, since which time we have been together in convention four times. The progress made by the members of this Association in quality of tone, style of performance, and general knowledge of the subject of music—especially church music—demonstrates beyond a doubt the great advantage of these gatherings, when a systematic and regular course of instruction is pursued. Mr. Root has been our conductor from the beginning, and he has kept us steadily on the same track, leading us gradually to appreciate and fall into his own cultivated and beautiful style. We owe it to our older neighbor, the Orange County Musical Association, to say, that the friendly spirit always manifested to us by that body has induced a very considerable fraternizing and intermingling of the members of the two Associations, and as they have had the same conductor since our commencement, has enabled many of our members to derive much additional benefit by attending their meetings. Mr. Geo. B. Loomis, a member of the Normal Musical Institute, and a very promising young teacher, was with Mr. Root at our last meeting, and added much to the interest of the exercises by his teaching and singing. We are looking with great interest for the *Sabbath Bell*.

W.

LYONS, N. Y.

MAY 23, 1856.—Last evening we had the pleasure of attending the Concert given by the teachers and pupils of the "Lyons Musical Academy." Owing to the extreme length of the programme, one of which we inclose, it will be impossible to speak of each performance separately, as it would require too much space. Several of the pieces were composed by students of the Academy, and were received with enthusiasm by a highly delighted audience. The opera choruses were rendered in a truly artistic style. An unusual amount of talent was exhibited by the performers, many of whom did themselves much credit, and all passed off in perfect harmony. The examination, which we attended on Wednesday, was very interesting. The exercises were interspersed with sacred, secular, and instrumental music, a number of which were composed by students. Whole number in attendance, the past terms, has been sixty-one.

ÆOLIEN.

Foreign Intelligence.

LONDON.

MAY 9, 1856.—Our musical bee-hive is in active movement, or, more properly speaking, in a state of frantic excitement and bustle. The bill-stickers run like race-horses to post up enormous programmes, printed in all the colors

of the rainbow, announcing concerts by the dozen. All the known concert-rooms are engaged, and in addition, Lady So-and-so and the Marchioness So-and-so, lend their spacious drawing-rooms, and the attendance of their powdered footmen (the vilest of all slaves on the face of the earth) to their pet-musicians, gaining thereby popularity for the season as protectors and connoisseurs, and giving themselves an opportunity of hearing their sumptuous apartments and rich furniture "praised." Fortunately it gives some poor musician the chance of gaining a little more than at one of the expensive concert-rooms, as the patronesses exert their weighty influence in his behalf by selling tickets, generally at one guinea each. Whether such "lucky chances" always fall on a deserving subject, and whether the amount of talent or cringing servility in the artist, or a happy (?) mixture of both, procure them, we will not stop to inquire. "Art runs after bread," says the German poet.

Madame Schumann is the lion of the pianists, and by her unaffected, masterly performances of the classical works, throws many, if not all, of our resident lions into the shade. The two brothers Doppler, by their highly-finished and interesting performances of flute duets, annihilate for ever the standing joke of "two flutes being worse than one." Nabich, the eccentric trombone-virtuoso from Weimar, played again at court, and sings on his trombone so as to make an Italian baritone turn yellow with jealousy. Jenny Lind, her husband, Ernst, Piatti, and Weiss scour the provinces, but will soon be back to improve the London season. We, for our part, miss no one more than Piatti, who is our beau-ideal of violoncello playing. At Mr. Ella's last matinee, M. Franchomme came expressly over from Paris to officiate, and we can but repeat that, although first-rate as a Parisian saloon-soloist, we infinitely prefer Piatti to him. M. Sainton gained an immense applause at the same concert, and also at the last New Philharmonic, by his interpretation of Spohr's Concerto in E: his intensity of feeling and mastery of technical difficulty are wonderful. Herr Halle performed some pieces of Heller and Mendelssohn with charming refinement. The Lyceum goes on steadily, but we doubt its paying, from the smallness of the house. "Her Majesty's" begins to-morrow night, and it is to be hoped that the orchestra will go better together than at the rehearsals. Mr. Lumley lays great stress in his prefatory remarks to the programme for 1856, on the fact that Her Majesty's Theater is marked out by its size, its situation, and its convenience of access, no less than by old and interesting associations, as the appropriate seat of the opera; whilst he also asserts that it surpasses in acoustic properties all other stages in Europe, and he does not let the opportunity slip without mentioning "that four successive competitors have fruitlessly lavished their wealth upon the rival theater." All these considerations have induced him—"aided by noble and generous support," etc., etc.—to reopen the old house. We hope that both houses may flourish.

Twelve grand concerts at the Crystal Palace have been announced with all the performers of the Royal Italian Opera Company. Mr. Mellon gives occasional concerts with his Orchestral Union—where orchestral works are brought out with great care and precision, for which the conductor, Mr. Mellon, deserves unqualified praise. Mr. Hullah has had orchestral concerts at St. Martin's Hall, and there is music at the Panopticon. In fact, there is music everywhere; the programmes do not exhibit the daring innovation of your American concerts, as Schumann and Wagner are as yet unexplored regions here, and we congratulate the spirit of your concert-givers of the new country in having in that respect gone beyond us. Madame Schumann has been asked by the Directors of the New Philharmonic to perform, at the fourth concert, her husband's concerto for the piano, instead of one of the hackneyed ones of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, which soon will become "unavoidable," and are being played now almost daily. This is a graceful and deserved compliment to the artist as well as to the wife of so eminent a composer. The performances of the military bands in Kensington Gardens and the Regent's Park, on Sundays, attract thousands of well-behaved people, and the proprietor of the Cremorne Gardens, taking it as a precedent, has followed the example, and gives music from four to six on Sundays. You will have noticed the stormy debates on the subject of music on a Sunday, in Parliament. We doubt that it would now be possible to stop it, even if the clerical party should gain the day. We finish our rambling letter to go for an hour to the interesting concert of Miss Dolby and Lindsay Sloper, which takes place this morning. To-night, Signor and Madame Ferrari's concert claims our attendance. You will see by that, that we swim in a sea of musical treats; the only misfortune is, that all come at the same time and so closely together, that we fear a musical indigestion.

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RIO JANEIRO, SOUTH AMERICA.

MAY 10, 1856.—The inhabitant of this tropical clime, everywhere surrounded by the poetical and picturesque natural beauties of his country, feels himself more disposed to the voluntarily offered enjoyments of so happy a climate, than to those of art, which can not be obtained without exertion. In the course of the last thirty years several artists, historical and landscape painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects, invited from France, have tried to awaken and to animate by their instructions and works the disposition of the Brazilians for the arts and sciences, but they have hitherto met with very little success. There is scarcely any taste here for painting and sculpture, and hence I have seen, even in the churches, instead of real works of art, only ornaments overloaded with gold.

Music, on the contrary, is cultivated with more partiality by the Brazilians, and particularly in Rio de Janeiro; and in this art a certain degree of perfection may perhaps be soonest attained. The Brazilian, like the Portuguese, has a refined ear for agreeable modulation and regular melody, and is confirmed in it by the habitual simple accompaniment of the voice with the piano-forte or guitar. The guitar (viola) here, as in the South of Europe, is a favorite instrument, but the piano is now no more a rare article of furniture. The Italian style of music is mostly admired; Verdi is their favorite composer, whose

Trovatore was represented in the city of Rio for more than six months with undiminished applause, besides which its principal motives were adapted to marches, polkas, themes, and variations, etc. Christiano Storkmeyer, a resident of Rio de Janeiro, is considered the best composer of home-music. The national songs are partly of Portuguese origin and partly written in the country.

A private band of vocal and instrumental music, which Don Pedro I., had formed for himself, of native mulattoes and negroes, speaks much in favor of the musical talent of the Brazilians. Don Pedro II., the present Emperor, who seems to have inherited from his ancestor a distinguished talent for music, sometimes lead this band himself, which, being thus encouraged, executes the pieces laid before it with great zeal. His favorite pianist, a mulatto, is at present studying music in Germany. Haydn's favorite pupil, the Chevalier Neukomm, has been composer of the royal chapel at Rio and of the Emperor's band, which performed on the occasion of my visit, the overture to *Le Héros* in D, by Sigismund Neukomm, and T. Haydn's Symphony in E flat, quite agreeably and with tolerable correctness.

But the musical knowledge of the inhabitants was not yet ripe for his "masses," which were written entirely in the style of the most celebrated German composers. The impulse, which the genius of David Perez gave to the Portuguese church-music (1752, 1779) is past; and at present the first thing required of a mass is, that it shall proceed in cheerful melodies, and that a long and pompous *Gloria* shall be succeeded by a short *Credo*. This was the style of Marcus Portugal, the latest favorite composer among the Portuguese. The Italian opera is hitherto very imperfect, both as regards the orchestra and the singers, which latter company likewise furnishes the members for the choir of the Imperial chapel. The cultivation of sacred music is in general greatly neglected, the Cathedral da St. Candelaria, being the only church in the city of Rio Janeiro, that may reasonably boast of a tolerably good choir.

The degree of perfection which music has attained among the higher classes at Rio, and the other sea-port towns of Brazil, entirely corresponds with the spirit in which poetry and the belles-lettres are cultivated; for, in these, it is the French literature that is preferred by the superior classes in this country. Besides the publications of the day, with which the French *Magasin des Modes* supply Brazil, the works of Voltaire and Rousseau in particular, are read with so much avidity, that several patriotic writers have found reason to declaim against the Gallomania. This circumstance is the more remarkable, because the political and mercantile interest unite the Portuguese with the English, and we might therefore naturally expect a greater inclination to the literature of England. Even translations from the English into the Portuguese are by no means so numerous as those from the French. The language and poetry of the Germans are entirely unknown to the Brazilians.

The Brazilian is of a lively disposition, and fond of pleasure. Almost everywhere, when we (a friend of mine from Rio de Janeiro accompanied me) arrived in the evening, we were saluted with the sound of the guitar, (viola,) accompanied by singing or dancing. At *Estiva*, a solitary farmhouse situated near the frontier between the capitania of St. Paulo and the Province of Minas Grães, with fine extensive *campos* bounded in the distance by mountains, the inhabitants were dancing the *Baducca*; they scarcely learned the arrival of foreign travelers when they invited us to be witnesses of their festival. The *Baducca* is danced by one man and one woman, who, snapping their fingers with the most extravagant motions and attitudes, dance sometimes towards and sometimes from each other. The principal charm of this dance, in the opinion of the Brazilians, consists in rotations and contortions of the hips, in which they are almost as expert as the East-Indian jugglers. It sometimes lasts for several hours together without interruption, alternately accompanied with the monotonous tones of the guitar, or with extempore singing, or popular songs, the words of which are in character with its rudeness; the male dancers are sometimes dressed in women's clothes. Notwithstanding its indecency, this dance is common throughout Brazil; and nothing, even ecclesiastical prohibitions, can induce the people to give it up.

DR. C. L.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T., East-River.—"The hymn beginning 'Father of mercies, in thy word,' (Psalms and Hymns of Presbyterian Church, Old School, hymn 36,) containing five verses, was abridged last Sabbath in our church by the omission of the last stanza; I took the liberty afterward to inquire why the fifth stanza was omitted, and was told that the sermon was long, and that the last verse was less appropriate. The sermon was on the excellency of the Scriptures. Do you like the abridgment?" No; we do not like it at all; but we can not tell why unless we have the whole hymn before us. So here it is:

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| 1. "Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines. | 3. "Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound. |
| 2. "Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind. | 4. "Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light. |
| 5. "Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there." | |

Two reasons, it seems, were assigned for the abridgment. The sermon was long, and the last stanza was regarded as the least appropriate. Now, as to the latter; the last stanza, as it will be seen, fails to describe in what the excellency of the Scriptures con-

sists, but it is rather the outpouring of the heart for love to the word, and for a view of the Saviour in it. Now, it will be found by the close observer of the singing exercise that the hymns or parts of hymns most likely to be omitted are those which are the most directly or intensely devotional. We have marked this for many years. Didactic or descriptive hymns are preferred, we think, because they are more like preaching; but for whatever reason it may be, they are most frequently and commonly used; and yet we have but very seldom been present when a hymn of this character has been given out, when, as it appeared to us, there might not have been a much better selection made from those of a more directly devotional character. We have often looked on with wonder that a hymn which employed almost exclusively the understanding should be chosen in preference to the one better adapted to circumstances of a devotional character, and which would call out the deep feelings of the heart. Yet, reader, watch and see what result a year's observation will give. It is true that the hymn above quoted (being an abridgment of one of twelve stanzas by Mrs. Steele) is all highly lyrical, full of deep love to the sacred word, and all in a devotional form, yet the last stanza contains a running up, as it were, of the whole, and the offering up of the most ardent desire which has arisen from the use of the preceding part of the hymn; it is, therefore, the very stanza of all which, after the first, should have been retained. The second, the third, or the fourth might better have been omitted than this; yet each of these is more descriptive than the last. Again we say, not the most devotional hymns, but the most didactic or descriptive, are usually preferred. The other reason, namely, "the sermon is long," will answer better the purpose of the preacher, in too many instances, than that of the hearer. An anecdote is somewhat to the point: Deacon. "My dear pastor, do you know how often the complaint is made that the service is too long? Many people find it very difficult to meet the Sunday-school appointments because of the length of our church-service; I wish it could be made a little shorter." Pastor. "I am fully aware that the complaint of which you speak is often made, and I must confess, as I have often thought, with some degree of reason. How, Brother B., shall we shorten the service? What shall be omitted or abbreviated?" Deacon. "O sir! that may be a difficult question; for my own part, I should regret the loss of any thing, for I am always sorry when the meeting is over; but you must decide that question." Pastor. "Well, deacon, I will give some thought to the subject, and will try to meet the wishes of my people." A few days afterwards, the two met again, when the minister thus addressed the deacon: "Well, Deacon B., I have been thinking how I should be able to shorten our service a little; I find that the last singing often occupies three or four minutes, and I conclude it may be best to omit that." "O sir!" replied the deacon, "do not omit the singing, I beg of you, for that, I assure you, is the best part of it." If the singing exercise consists in the lifting up of the hearts of the people, in the language of such strong desire as is expressed in the last stanza above quoted, we should probably agree with the deacon; but if, instead of that, the singing-exercise be a mere musical entertainment, we think the pastor was right.

P. H., Jr., Vt.—"Is it desirable to cultivate music as an art?" What a strange question! Yes; unless we desire to remain in a state of ignorance. One might as well ask: Is it desirable to cultivate one's own powers of body or of mind? It is most desirable. But, we will add, it is not desirable for one to cultivate music as an art exclusively, or to give his attention wholly to music to the neglect of other things, equally or perhaps more important. It may be as well, for aught we know, for one to cultivate music exclusively as for one to cultivate mathematics exclusively; or as well for one to be a mere musician as to be a mere mathematician. We have various powers or capacities, all of which require cultivation in a proper connection or relation with reference to our highest state of attainment or existence. A power or capacity for music is one of those things, and music should be cultivated as an art. "Is it necessary for church purposes?" Yes; it is necessary for church purposes. Would you have a psalm sung in a rough, rude, coarse, vulgar manner? There must be art, and in choir-singing, there should be that which, indeed, is not often found, a considerable degree of art, and a modest and sober judgment exercised in its application; no mere show off, for art's sake. No real artist will make a show of art for art's sake at any time; and certainly the church is not the place for the display of such a want of skill as is sometimes mistaken for art. The artistic song of a Sontag is not needed for ordinary worship, nor is even the truly artistic performance of a well-trained choir (we use the word artistic now in a more humble sense) indispensable to religious worship. Such a choir is indeed necessary to the highest ends of song in church; but there may be sincere and most edifying psalmody by the people at large without such a choir. Yet even in congregational singing, there must be art; but here, indeed, it will appear in its most humble form. "Can there be any progress without cultivation?" If we understand the question there can not. Cultivation is necessary to progress, and what is more, right cultivation is necessary to right progress. "How can church-choirs be supported?" Choirs may be supported in different ways; first, by dollars and cents, still better by eagles and dollars. Give to each member of a choir say the moderate sum of five hundred dollars a year, and it will insure the attendance of every one, not only at church, but at the preparatory choir-meeting. Yes, indeed, a much smaller sum will do it. This is the way many choirs are in part supported, and it is the way in which quartets are generally supported in cities. This, then, is one way. Again, by a musical influence a choir may be supported. Let there be one man at the head of the song, able to instruct, and of agreeable manners and of trustworthy character, and he will throw out a musical influence sufficient to sustain a choir. The young people and others will be constant in their attendance while they are thus taught; they will be pleased at the idea of making progress, will enjoy the pleasure of musical practice, and this will keep a choir together. But mark, he must be a man that can do this, or one who can really teach, one who can make it appear that he can communicate positive instruction, or else this plan will not do. Where the members of a choir are nearly equal, or think themselves so, and one is for singing this tune and another for singing that tune, or one is for singing a tune in this way and another in that way, all will be anarchy and disorder; there can be no good choir under such circumstances, nor no good moral state of society. One man having positive knowledge to direct and control is necessary, not to control by physical power, but by moral power, not by fear, but by love. No choir can prosper in which the leader is not respected and beloved. This second method of sustaining a choir is a higher one than the first. Again, 3d, a choir may be sustained by love, or by religious principle; it is so in heaven, where "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands" cease not continually to raise the voice of praise, and what is more, they sing "new songs,"

showing that they are making progress. It is difficult to keep out evil, but a choir may exist and be sustained in a good measure, even here, by religious principle, or by love. This is the best of all. In order to realize it, let each member of a choir simply do his duty, control himself, see that his own heart is right, and that his acts prove that he "loves his neighbor as himself." Probably there is a blending of all these elements of being and of sustaining power in different degrees in all choirs, some better, some not so good. Where the good prevails, the choir will be sustained and will improve, but if the evil preponderate, "Come not thou my soul into their secrets, and unto their assemblies, mine honor, be not thou united." How is your choir sustained?

H. T., Ky.—"Our minister gave out last Sabbath afternoon three hymns of L. M., one of six and two of five stanzas each; it was very tiresome to sing so many long-meter verses. Can you tell me whether there is something in the thing itself, or whether it was probably our circumstances which made it so tedious?" If our own experience is to be relied upon, it is impossible ordinarily to sustain an interest in such a succession of L. M. hymns. We have found it generally more difficult to sing a long-meter than a common or a short meter. We like often to have a long-meter in the morning when it is fresh and strong, and in connection with a truly devotional subject, say adoration, the greatness, power, and goodness of God, etc.; but not too in succession, for in such a case the second will probably fail to draw out deep feeling; it will very likely become a mere singing exercise, or more probably, something which has got to be done. It is really astonishing to see how little attention many ministers seem to have given to the subject of psalmody, or to the capacity or adaptiveness of a congregation to a singing exercise. Many seem to suppose that the whole substance of religious worship is to be found in the sermon, and that this is, indeed, the beginning and the ending, all that is worthy of serious attention in the service. Others, having progressed a little further, look upon the singing as a part, as it were, of the preaching, so they select preaching hymns; regarding the exercise as an intellectual one merely, they look to the thoughts expressed, or perhaps to the logical character of the hymn, but overlook altogether its emotional character, or its adaptiveness to man's emotional nature. But the singing of the hymn should be regarded mostly in this latter sense. Much thought is not the thing of greatest importance, and logical order is of less consequence—feeling is what is wanted. Now the moment one brings himself to conceive of a hymn in this light, or with reference to its emotional character, he must know, of course, that the exercise of singing must be adapted to one's emotional power, or power to exercise the feelings. He will be careful, therefore, to avoid all tediousness, he will look for a proper variety, and for that which admits of an easy utterance, both in words and tones. He will see clearly, that to attempt to sing three long-meters in succession, unless the circumstances are extraordinary, will be, probably, to fail. The feelings require to be dealt with gently, tenderly; they must not be fatigued, or drained out in continuous exercise too long at once, must not be permitted to grow weary, but should always be left in a lively, vigorous state, not satiated, but rather longing for more. The very best meter is common-meter, then short-meter. Long-meter is too heavy and too uniform; it should therefore be used with caution, and this is not a mere whim, it is founded on a true mental philosophy. Heed it, ye who give directions to sing sixteen stanzas of long-meter at one time, or during the same hour of religious worship.

W. B. G.—"Would it not make your paper more valuable and interesting to figure the base as it is in The Boston Academy's Collection and in The Carmina Sacra? 1st. Our music is sent in to us from many contributors, and it seldom happens that the base is figured. 2d. A figured base is but little used now, so far as our observation goes, in European publications. 3d. A figured base is often a very uncertain or imperfect method of noting the harmony, and is no indication whatever of the relation of the parts. 4th. It has been extensively misapplied and misunderstood in this country; so that many persons, young pupils mostly, have seemed to suppose that a figured base contains some magic power, and if they can only obtain a knowledge of "thorough-base," (as it is called,) they will be saved the labor, or a good part of it, of manual exertion. Or, that it is a kind of substitute for training the ear and the hand; or that it has a labor-saving influence especially in learning to play the organ. 5th. Thorough-base books are bought and studied, and much time spent in the acquisition of this very imperfect and unsatisfactory notation with little or no advantage to the pupil. 6th. There really can be no important use of a figured base in music which is printed in score, or where the full harmony is indicated by the better and more sure method of notes. Notes are better for indicating music than figures. Having written before on the subject, we need not enlarge, and only add, that these are some of the reasons why we do not print a figured base.

H., Ala.—"Which do you regard as the best adapted to the generality of our psalms and hymns, the times which are of a slow, or of a quick movement, or those of a middle character?" Probably the quick, the medium, or the slow; or, it may be, the quick, the slow, or the medium; occasionally, perhaps, the medium, the quick, or the slow; or sometimes, the medium, the slow, or the quick; possibly, the slow, the quick, or the medium; or, peradventure, the slow, the medium, or the quick. We should have set the above answer to music, question and all, so as to have made a cantatina of it, but neither experience, observation, nor science could decide whether we should write an adagio, a moderato, or an allegro; besides, although the subject is itself sufficiently exciting, alas! on this occasion genius sleeps!

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL NOVELTY.

We have some time since come to the conclusion, that much of our so-called art is not a little tinged with the coloring of humbug; and notwithstanding the general intelligence of the community, many there are who swallow the bait as a sugar-coated pill, and are ready to confess the result as satisfactory in its operation. Some weeks ago, we were struck with an instance of the kind alluded to, which we viewed as a direct home-thrust, to test the repeated gullibility of our music-loving citizens; and although we profess not to have all the ability to criticise the merits of an artist, or all the judgment requisite to decide upon the intrinsic value of a musical composition and performance, yet we have

conceit enough to believe we can discern the difference between a real work of art and an ornamented oyster-shell. Our ideas may, with the fanciful and nicely-discriminating concert-goers, not only be unpopular but vulgar, and perhaps be termed ignorant; nevertheless, we will incline to the advice of our old schoolmaster, "Have a mind of your own, and exercise it." We have waited designedly, until the undue excitement of patriotic feeling has somewhat subsided, consequent upon the influence of "soul-stirring strains," which were given and received with such unbounded enthusiasm and wild applause, a few weeks ago in our city.

Permit us first to present our text, in the shape of a literal extract from one of the programmes before us. To publish the whole it would be impracticable, for it measures some feet in length, and would consume our entire space; nor does it lack any thing in the article of gaseous fluid, for it contains also a vivid description of the origin, progress, use, virtue, influence, success, and inimitable beauties of the French and American national airs; and for the privilege of hearing all this, it is—only one dollar for admission!

"Grand Concert! Extraordinary Musical Novelty!! The Star-Spangled Banner!!! The public are respectfully informed that, by general desire and the urgent request of a great many distinguished families, who were unable to obtain seats for the previous concert, one more grand concert will be given, when will be performed for the first and only time, the soul-stirring American National Song, The Star-Spangled Banner!

"The programme on this occasion has been carefully selected, will be unapproachable in richness and variety, and will include gems from the great masters of classical, sacred, and miscellaneous music, viz.: Tancredi and Semiramide, Rossini; Jerusalem, Aria, St. Paul, and Oratorio, Elijah, Mendelssohn; Sonnambula, Bellini; Leonora, Fry."

From another programme we copy as follows:

"Positively last appearance! Grand Farewell Concert!! Extraordinary Attraction!!! Wonderful Musical Novelty!!!! La Marseillaise and Star-Spangled Banner, both on the same evening! and tickets of admission, only—one dollar! Encouraged by the most unprecedented success, and thousands unable to obtain admission, this grand concert is therefore given, etc., etc., etc.

"The programme on this occasion will be entirely new and unapproachable in richness, and will include, for the first and only time, both the celebrated French National Hymn, La Marseillaise, and that soul-stirring American National Song, The Star-Spangled Banner!

"Thus to-night we are to have two hymns of liberty. The feverish, haggard, revolutionary Marseillaise, with its bloody struggles and gaunt, famished cheek, and our own noble, manly strain of liberty, claimed and fought for unanimously by a whole people."

But this is not all. For, upon passing along our public thoroughfares, we observe great posters, with monstrous letters, (and large enough to shroud an apostle of liberty,) all describing the unequalled and extraordinary musical novelty! Do not forget, dear reader, that it is the *La Marseillaise* and *Star-Spangled Banner*, both on the same evening—only think of it!—and tickets of admission, one dollar each. Well, now, watchman, what of the night? We attended the grand concerts, and went divested of prejudice, and equally uninfluenced by the severe, exuberant, and laudatory puffing of newspaper scribblers. We were well gratified with the performances, but confess, have not musical genius enough to discover wherein consisted the "extraordinary musical novelty!" We thought ourselves, perhaps, lacking in the bump of language, and therefore reached forth for old Walker's dictionary, and his authority says: "Novelty means newness; state of being unknown to former times." This appears to be conflicting testimony; for we have been accustomed to hear both of the national airs alluded to since we were able to whistle the junior national tune of *Yankee Doodle*; and have more than once heard the glorious *Star-Spangled Banner* sung in former years, which, as far as our ear guides us to form an opinion, was as fully gratifying, and with regard to voice and artistic skill, we think equally executed; but acknowledge it was not then presented as an "extraordinary musical novelty." True, we heard it at that time from an American voice, and by one who performed with becoming dignity; and with all the candor we can command to guide our pen, we can not discern in the present instance any "extraordinary musical novelty," save in the grimaces, superfluous smiles, grotesque actions, and theatrical expressions of countenance, which were gratuitously added—yet very unbecoming and extremely unsuited to the occasion in question. Then, as to the "unapproachable richness, variety, and gems from the great

masters of sacred and classical music"—we are compelled to set down, "Say yes, Pussy," as one of that sort. In attendance at this concert, and at the elbow of the writer, sat a gentleman, who had two ladies and three opera-glasses with him. After a long straining of his organs of vision, he turned to us and said: "Stranger, do you call this *extraordinary novelty*, or even any thing surpassing ordinary—" At this juncture the applause became deafening, and we merely replied in his ear, that we had no opinion to express, and added: The tickets are only *one dollar*! He gazed at us as a deranged individual; and as he continued to mutter out words of disappointment, we looked at him and thought: three dollars' worth of "extraordinary musical novelty!" Upon the adjournment of this delectable affair, we met with a connoisseur in musical matters, who had four ladies in company, and was about entering a chaise bound homeward. "Well," says he, "after all, my taste is for national airs to be performed upon a good, full band of instruments;" and continuing, "This I consider rather superficial musical diet for my constitution." So we will be safe in marking him down for five dollars' worth of "extraordinary musical novelty;" and the carriage-hire, call it two dollars of "wonderful musical attraction!" In a word, we view the whole affair as a *parody* (if allowed to distort the expression) upon the good sense, generosity, and judgment of our musical public.

We are friends of true art, but likewise admire dignity in its professors, and high-toned character attached to all its proceedings. Such artists we have had frequently in our midst, whose pretensions are not heralded by any "extraordinary musical novelty," but by a modest announcement of their performances, and generally all the more satisfactory to their patrons.

It is, therefore, not a criticism that we aim to present, but merely an exposition of the "extraordinary musical novelty," namely, the much-admired *Star-Spangled Banner*, the latter part arranged as a duo, with simple piano-forte accompaniment. It is not towards art itself that we would throw any arrows of condemnation; nor towards the artist that we would present any disparaging reflections; these are both foreign to our present purpose; but rather, it is the studied, extravagant, ingenious yet deceptive garb of loud-sounding words—the *means* made use of to attract patronage and pecuniary success, at the expense of time-honored national sentiment and national song.

In these remarks, we are prompted by no feeling of envy or animosity; we have no private object to gratify; we have no interest in any musical performances; but merely write what we feel to be the truth. Is it, therefore, a strange thing, that so frequently the diffident and unassuming artist, or it may be, native genius, like some modest flower in the woodland, is compelled to waste its fragrance there and die, because lacking in courage and boldness of complexion; or because there is no union of hands to take up, and transplant, and encourage, amid the circles of intelligence and influence?

(For THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF A MUSICIAN.

BY BENE PLACITO.

CHAP. IV.

At one time I made an attempt at authorship, but soon became weary of the endeavor to win a reputation in this field. I discovered that it was not to the interest of one publisher to introduce another's publications to his customers, less perchance his neighbor's "copy-rights" might possibly rival his own. This disposition generally confines the production, whatever it may be, to a limited circle generally known as their patrons alone. I also discovered that the real secret of the unbounded popularity of English ballads and other foreign productions was this, there being no copy-right on foreign music, any publisher was at liberty to issue what he pleased from that market, and frequently I would find eight or ten publishers at the same time forcing some particular composition upon the public without any regard to character or merit, because it cost them nothing. This is the secret of the success of all English ballads in this country over the productions of our own native authors. One unjust practice in particular among our composers, is the habit of assuming the credit of both words and music to the ballads they produce, never making the slightest allusion to the author of the words, whether good or bad, and yet if they happen to manufacture *rhymes* to suit a melody, they take the precaution to mention, "words and music by ———, author of" six or ten other effusions that are never heard of, and if they should be, never desired.

I have often wondered if the publishers of music ever read the words of any

songs they issue, and if so, whether it is the want of judgment or a plea of ignorance that allows them to issue so much trash. The principal object seems to be the want of something to copy-right, and as any new combination of words will answer that purpose, they prefer them, good or bad; for no sooner does a song (with words that admit of no copy-right) become in demand, than many seize the same and adapt a new melody, which some publisher immediately introduces with the hope that it may answer the demand of the original. This accounts for the existence of so many songs of the same title.

For a time it was my desire to become acquainted with the attainments of my fellow-laborers, but I soon discovered that I could never receive a satisfactory idea of any one's talents in the same profession. All seemed to have their own opinions of the art in general, and if another differed it was imputed to a want of judgment, or a wrong impression from an oblivious master; and it is no matter of astonishment that the profession should be viewed as a debased and vulgar class when the members themselves disseminate such ungenerous and insinuating remarks in regard to their immediate associates. We are hardly aware of the existence of a brass band, a singing society, amateur association, or any other body of "musicians," before we are informed of its dissolution into distinct and rival bodies, which seem to flourish for a season, but soon die out.

I found that teaching was a very laborious branch of the profession, and it became so exceedingly monotonous that I determined to become, if possible, a "practical musician;" for having already been initiated into several associations as an instrumental performer, I knew what to expect. Having also become familiar with the etiquette and the duties of one in that line, I saw that no one was particularly recognized in an orchestra except the leader, though the press generally criticised all performers with the same freedom, asserting that any superior performance was altogether the work of his remarkable tact and ability. The public (or audience) also seemed to reserve their acknowledgment of gratification for those who were presented as prodigies upon the programme, seeming to appreciate nothing but what was "served up" as a luxury; but still as my desire was only to effect an honorable living, I concluded that to fulfill my engagements in this position was sufficient, and determined not to aspire for honors, lest I might meet, as most others do, with a sad disappointment.

(For THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.)

ANNE OF AUSTRIA—A GRAND OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

LIBRETTO BY P. F. STOUT, ESQ. MUSIC BY SIGNOR L. LA GRASSA.

THE announcement of a grand opera composed by a resident of our city, succeeding in such close proximity the successful representation of Professor Meignen's *Deluge*, has for weeks past, kept our musical professors, unassuming critics, and modest amateurs, in a state of suspense and expectation, which the laudatory notices of some of our quasi-musical weeklies had no tendency to allay. From these, the impression appeared generally to prevail, that something extraordinary would be produced by one on whom the mantle of Douzetti had fallen. This new production was submitted for approval before a well-filled house, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening, May 19th, without the aid of costume or scenery, which of course detracted somewhat from the general effect; though sufficient was revealed from which to judge of its merits as a musical composition.

The plot is managed with considerable dramatic skill, though the words, we should suppose, were not originally intended for musical adaptation. The overture, though brilliant, recalls most vividly pleasant recollections of familiar strains, while the same will apply to many of the choruses: nevertheless, as the critical editor of one of our weeklies remarks, we suppose we must not regard it as *less pleasing*, on account of this familiarity.

Act first opens with an animated chorus, followed by a rather prosy, tortuous Recitative by Adrian, (Mr. Taylor,) captain of the King's Musketeers, which is succeeded by a chorus that occurs several times throughout the opera. Queen Anne (most ably represented by Miss Brooke) in the second scene pours forth her love for Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in a very pretty aria, entitled, "This heart its love concealing," while Richelieu, (Mr. Rohr,) her rejected lover, introduces the second Act with a well-conceived aria, vowing revenge for thwarted love, and in so doing, determines to poison the mind of the king against his faithless bride. King Louis (Mr. Newland) vainly endeavors to become enraged—the attempt is futile: all his vocal powers are taxed to produce the effect intended by the author; his voice proves unequal to the task, though perseveringly he urges his onward, upward course, determined to conquer all Professor LaGrassa's musical difficulties, even at the risk of *breaking* his voice. Courage, *Louis*!

The third Act presents some very pretty melodies. "Why art thou absent," by Villiers, (Mr. Bachelor,) is decidedly pleasing. The duet, "Here upon this breast reclining," is one of the author's best efforts. All the attempts of Richelieu to entrap the queen, seem utterly to fail, and to rid himself of his hated rival the chalice is poisoned, and presented to Villiers, who drains its contents, and dies at the feet of Anne.

We regard it as really unfortunate for the greater success of Signor LaGrassa's first effort, that some of his characters were so indifferently represented. The respective parts of Miss Brooke and Mr. Rohr, were ably sustained; Mr. Bachelor also acquitted himself with credit: he possesses a good voice, but lacks energy, the same monotonous tone pervading all his performances. Careful training and study, however, would soon remedy these defects. The harmony throughout this composition bears but few evidences of depth and richness, though the instruments for which the accompaniment is written, are so limited

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The principal object of this communication is to request those who may expect or desire the services of the subscriber, to give notice of the same as soon as convenient, that the campaign may be so planned as to save as much as possible, time and traveling expenses.

To the many kind friends in the West, who have invited him to meet them, the subscriber would take this opportunity to express his thanks and the hope that he may do so in the autumn.

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QUARTET.

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Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

TENOR.

1. On the banks of the riv - er where blos - soms the rose, Let his ash - es re - main in

ALTO.

2. There ... freed from his la - bors, no toils to en - dure, With a name left be - hind that no

SOPRANO.

3. 'Mid ... strife and com - mo - tion, 'mid suff' - ring and want, No ... foe could con - found him. no

BASE.

4. Then let hon - ors be given to a name ev - er blest! Brave ... sire of Co - lumbia, bold

peace - ful re - pose; Great fa - ther of free - dom, and friend of th'op - press'd, 'Neath the

time can ob - scure, While the bree - zes are waft - ing, 'mid o - cean's dark haze, Loud ...

war - rior could daunt, While the roar of ar - til - l'ry, and elash - ing of steel, Served ...

son of the west; His deeds shall con - tin - ue, un - chained as the deep, While the

bright star of lib - er - ty let Wash - ing - ton rest, 'Neath the bright star of lib - er - ty let Wash - ing - ton rest.

ech - oes of free - dom, loud an - thems of praise, Loud .. ech - oes of free - dom, loud an - thems of praise.

on - ly to nerve .. his strong arm for the field, Served .. on - ly to nerve .. his strong arm for the field.

sun sheds a ray ... where a Wash - ing - ton sleeps, While the sun sheds a ray ... where a Wash - ing - ton sleeps.

Thine Earthly Sabbaths.

HYMN.

IN SECULAR STYLE.

DONIZETTI.

TENOR.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful

ALTO.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful

SOPRANO.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful

BASE.

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no-bler rest a-bove; To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With cheer-ful

p *mf* *Dim.* *p* *f*

hope, and strong de-sire. 2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the

hope, and strong de-sire. 2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the

songs, Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues. 3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re-pose;

songs, Which war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues. 3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes, No cares to break the long re-pose;

Ritard.

No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa-cred, high, e - ter - nal noon, But sa-cred, high, e - ter - - - nal noon.

f *p*

No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - - - nal noon.

But sacred, &c. But sa-cred, &c.

4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our long-ing souls as-

p *mf* *p*

4. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a no - bler rest a - bove; To that our long-ing souls as-

Ritard.

pire, With cheerful hope and strong de-sire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de-sire, and strong de - sire.

f *p* *p* *f*

pire, With cheerful hope and strong de-sire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de-sire, and strong de - sire.

O be Joyful,

MOTET

Arranged from PALEST

f TENOR. *p* *f*

O be joy-ful, be joy-ful in the Lord, ye lands; Serve the Lord, the Lord with glad-ness, Come be-fore . . .

f ALTO. *p*

the Lord with glad-ness, Come be-fore

f SOPRANO. *p*

O be joy-ful, be joy-ful in the Lord, all ye lands; Serve the Lord, the Lord with glad-ness, Come

f BASE. *p* *f*

Come before him,

p

. . him with a song. Let all the peo-ple worship him, Let all the peo-ple worship him, Sing of him, and

p

with . . a song. Sing of him, and

p

him with a song. Let all the peo-ple wor-ship him, Let all the peo-ple worship him,

p

- fore him with a song. Let all, &c. Sing of him, and pra

f *p*

name, Let all the peo-ple worship him, Sing of him, and praise his name, Sing of him, and praise . . his

f *p*

name, Let all the peo-ple worship him, Sing of him, and praise his name, Sing of him, and praise . . his

f *p*

Let all the peo-ple worship him, Sing of him, and praise his name, Sing of him, and praise his

f *p*

name, Sing of him, and praise . . his

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Charity.	My Mother dear.	The Light Canoe.
Come this way, my father.	May Queen.	The Little Star.
Coasting song.	Merry May.	The Honest Boy.
Come boys, be merry.	Morning song.	The Heather bells.
Come cheerful companions.	My boat adown the stream.	The bell doth toll, (Round.)
Come let us ramble.	My own, my gentle Mother.	To Greece we give our shining
Come to our trusting place.	Make your mark.	The Sunshine. [blades.
Comin' thro' the rye.	Multiplication Table.	The Child's Wish.
Cheer, boys, cheer.	Mountain Maid's Invitation.	The Veteran.
Come and see me, Mary Ann.	Maiden and the Rose.	Temperance song.
Come take a sail.	Ossian's Serenade.	Try again.
Child's wish.	Over the Summer Sea.	Up goes the banner.
Children go.	O Boatman, row me o'er the stream.	Vacation song.
Do they miss me at home?	O, the day is bright and cold.	Wait for the Wagon.
Don't kill the birds.	Our daily task.	What's a' the steer Kimmer.
Dream on, young hearts.	Our country now is great and free.	Willie's on the dark blue sea.
Farmer's boy.	Old House.	Where's my mother?
Faintly flow, thou falling river.	Pop goes the Weasel.	Where the warbling waters
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Grave of Washington.	Smiling May.	When the golden morn.
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