

8 Historical

# PHILADELPHIA

# MUSICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have delayed the publication of the present number for a day or two, having had under consideration the continuance of THE JOURNAL, although in an entirely different form. At some sacrifice, in a pecuniary view, the present publishers have regularly issued this paper, until satisfied that the musical public, especially in our city, do not either by their interest for the success of the art, or by actual support, require a paper, at the present time, devoted strictly or exclusively to musical intelligence. Relinquishing their interest to other publishers, it is intended to continue THE JOURNAL, as a monthly, in a much larger and handsomely illustrated work. The title of the new magazine will be, "THE LADIES' JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED MISCELLANY," devoted to literature, fashion, floral culture, music, and the fine arts. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Without offering any glaring promises, we may say, on behalf of the publishers, Scattergood & Co., of this city, that they intend to furnish the most attractive, extensive, and beautiful monthly, of twenty pages, (sheet-music size,) published in the country; ably sustained in all the various departments. We calculate that the subscribers of THE MUSICAL JOURNAL will all continue; and expect about the 15th or 20th of March to furnish each one with the first number as a specimen. The musical editor, reporter, and other contributors of this paper, expect to continue, and make their marks in the columns of the forthcoming monthly, as occasion may require; and trust to be able to contribute something at least entertaining and instructive.

OUR EXCHANGES will please to continue to direct as heretofore, "PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL," and we shall shortly greet them in return with the new work alluded to above; which will be one of the largest monthly publications, splendidly illustrated, containing over double the amount of matter, and printed upon superior paper.

## SUMMARY OF MUSICAL NEWS.

THE second concert of the third season of the "Mendelssohn Union" will take place this evening at the City Assembly Rooms, New-York. The programme will consist of *Rossini's Stabat Mater*; a vocal quartet by William Mason, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*.—A portion of the church choir in the Presbyterian Church of Greenbush, L. I., recently objected to taking part in the singing, as they "got out of time." The church has decided that the congregation may sing.

We hear from Mexico, that the benefit of Mlle. Vestvali was quite as brilliant an affair as the one she had the year before. She won new laurels, and money to the amount of \$7000. The President made her a present of a bracelet valued at \$1500, and several other persons gave her substantial proofs of their high appreciation of her merits. It is further said, that the government granted her a second subvention of \$30,000 for the next season, and that the fair *impresario* will go soon to Europe to form a new company.

Mr. G. F. Root's cantata, *The Flower-Queen*, was given on the 30th ult., at Holly Springs, Miss., by the Philharmonic Society of the Franklin Female College, under the direction of Mr. F. A. Tepe.—Mr. Ahner, in his Saturday afternoon concerts at Chicago, has introduced a sort of musical farce, "composed of a little piece from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and a negro melody; then another little reminiscence from *Don Giovanni*, and again a negro song; now sleigh-bells, and then a hand-organ, and so forth," under the general title of "Grand Poultpoure, Broadway, New-York," which is pronounced by a critic "neither funny nor witty, neither musical nor descriptive." Well, what is it?—Alf Howard, "the American Ole Bull, the 'great' violinist and guitarist," is giving concerts throughout the West; and if his own modest advertisement is to be believed, to "crowded houses."—A society "for the promotion of vocal music of a high order," has recently been established in Chicago, Ill., under the name of The Chicago Musical Union. Below we give the constitution of this Society. In answer to repeated requests to furnish the best form for the constitution of a musical organization, we give this, as one admirably adapted for such a purpose.

"Article 1st. The name of this Society shall be THE CHICAGO MUSICAL UNION.

"Art. 2d. The object of this Society shall be the improvement of its members in the art of vocal music, and the general promotion of musical science.

"Art. 3d. The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Librarian, Conductor, and Secretary, who shall also act as Treasurer. These shall severally discharge the duties usual to such officers, and collectively constitute the Executive Committee.

"Art. 4th. The officers shall be elected by ballot annually, at the first regular meeting of the Society, in October; a majority of the votes cast being necessary to a choice.

"Art. 5th. Candidates for admission to this Society shall be proposed by the Executive Committee, and may be elected at the next regular meeting after they are so proposed, by a *viva voce*, unless some member objects, in which case the vote must be by ballot. A two-thirds vote of those present shall be necessary to an election. Persons so elected can become members by signing this Constitution, and paying the initiation-fee, which shall be, for each gentleman, \$5, for each lady, \$1.

"Art. 6th. Each member of this Society shall be entitled to two admissions at each public concert, and to vote on all questions submitted to the Society.

"Art. 7th. Any person may become an associate member by paying \$5 annually.

"Art. 8th. Each associate member shall be entitled to an annual ticket admitting a gentleman and lady to all rehearsals of the Society, and to two tickets of admission to each of the public concerts given by the Society during the year.

"Art. 9th. This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Society, by a two-thirds vote of those present; notice of the proposed alteration, or amendment having been given at the previous regular meeting.

The Cassopolis Sax-horn Band gave a concert in Cassopolis, Mich., on the 2d inst.—The members of the Cornet Band of Manchester, N. H., gave a vocal and instrumental concert in that city on the 10th inst.—Mrs. M. Kenny, assisted by the Misses Wolenman, Gullen, Kelly,

Coates, Digman, Van Antwerp, and Messrs. Cherbuliez, (who is styled *Monsieur*.) Trainor, McCann, Davis, and Lane, (who are simply *Misters*.) all "well-known vocalists," gave a grand musical entertainment in Albany, N. Y., on the 3d inst.—Messrs. Marshall, James, and Traver are about to commence the manufacturing of pianos in Albany, N. Y.

An "Old Folks' concert" was given in Portland, Me., on the 9th inst. The most attractive line in the advertisement of this entertainment reads thus: "It is rumored that the ANCIENT DRESS may be introduced on this occasion." We are glad to observe that the givers of these concerts are willing to announce the *real* attraction of their performances, "the ancient dress." We can not but place these concerts in even a lower grade of musical rank than burnt-cork and banjo entertainments. But we can not include among the latter the concerts given by the Luca Family, a band of genuine darkies, who, although they may have their faults also, can not be accused of deception; they make use of no such mock attractions, but modestly trust to their merits and complexion. They recently gave a concert in Warsaw, N. Y., to "a packed mass of humanity," and as a Warsaw critic says, "our people almost went wild over the entertainment."

The National Vocalists of Columbia gave a concert in Lancaster, Pa., on the 10th inst.—The Cornet Band of Bellows' Falls, Vt., gave a concert in that place, on the 10th inst.—"Our indefatigable friend, Shryock," gave a grand concert in Chambersburg, Pa., on the 10th inst.—The "Natives Choir" of Exeter, N. H., gave a concert in that city on the 14th inst.—A musical entertainment was given by the "Phi Kappa Tau" Society of Washington Hall, in Pottstown, Pa., on the 21st inst.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given by the young ladies of the Female Academy of Hudson, N. Y., at that place on the 10th inst.—"Signorina Mario Bertini," gave "one of her grand Variety Concerts" in Louisville, Ky., on the 3d inst.

The musical libel case, in which George Andrews, a former chorister of the Broadway Tabernacle, is plaintiff, and Wm. G. West, the Chairman of the Musical Committee, defendant, came off on the 11th inst., in New-York, before Judge Clerk of the Supreme Court. The complaint was dismissed on motion, on the ground that though the matter complained of might be libelous in itself, yet neither special damage nor malice having been shown, there was nothing to go to the jury. The alleged libels are contained in the following extract from a circular to the congregation:

"We utterly disavow all ill-will or unkind feelings toward Mr. Andrews personally, hoping ever to cherish a Christian and a brotherly feeling toward him as an individual, and regret exceedingly the position in which he has been placed by his own ambition, and the unexpected and unprecedented efforts of a few sympathizing friends. It is under these circumstances that we feel compelled respectfully to state to the Society, as we so unanimously expressed to the Committee of the Church, that we do not consider him the man most competent to fill the place vacated by Mr. Bradbury, or the man whose qualifications as leader of our music can give satisfaction to the choir or society."

In a letter from the defendant published in *The Tribune* of May 12:

"The engagement of Mr. Andrews is no evidence of any adherence to the policy spoken of in the extract, [meaning an extract published in *The Tribune* on the 9th of the same month, in which the employment of Mr. Andrews as conductor of the music of the Tabernacle Church, was spoken of as a proof of an adherence to the established policy of the church to have good music,] but rather private feelings and sympathies of a few individuals for Mr. Andrews, who is an old and respectable member of the church, and in some degree qualified for such a position."

And in the following expression alleged to have been used in conversation by the defendant:

"George Andrews is not capable of leading that choir, as it has been, or should be led, and further, that he is not qualified as a teacher and leader of church-music, and is incompetent for that office."

The plaintiff was allowed twenty days to make a case to go to the General Term, whither the matter will doubtless be carried.—The Citizens' Corps of Utica, N. Y., are to give a vocal and instrumental concert in Utica, on Friday evening next.—A vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Female Institute of Chattanooga, Tenn., on the 7th inst., under the direction of Mr. Cooke.—A "Young Ladies' concert" was recently given in Bolivar, Tenn., under the direction of Mr. W. H. Thompson.—From our correspondent "Alpha," in Canton, Ill., we learn that "music generally is rather at a low ebb in this

section of the country. There are now four choirs in this place. The Methodists recently organized one, which is steadily improving, notwithstanding they meet with some opposition." From this we should think that Canton is a good field for musical missionaries. Urge them on, friend Alpha, and we trust the people will soon awaken from their apathy in regard to musical matters.

#### EUROPEAN ITEMS.

CERTAIN vocal music, as well as certain literary works, are only enduring in the language in which they were written. The novels of Paul de Kock, for instance, might prove to be a readable picture of certain classes of France, but then only in French. Who could read them in English without feeling disgusted with them? The same might be said of Verdi's operas. They have been given in Italian, German, and lately in French; but only the performances in the Italian language found the greatest number of admirers. The *horrible* nonsense of the libretto, compared with the light dancing-music put to it, checked the favorable disposition of the German and Parisian amateurs. *Le Trouvère* did not do for the connoisseurs of the French capital, while *Il Trovatore* pleased them immensely. Why? Because at the Academy they understood every word which was sung, while at *Salle Vantadour* only a few were initiated into the beauties (?) of the libretto. This reminds us of an impression we had of Verdi's celebrated quartet from *Rigoletto*. We heard it first in a crowded concert-room, where we could catch only the music. We inferred from this that *Rigoletto* was a comic opera. Alas! only too soon we learned how very tragic it was!

We learn further, from our Parisian exchanges, that Felicien David, the intelligent composer of the Symphonic Odes, as he calls them, *The Dessert* and *Christoph Columbus*, will give five matinées for vocal and instrumental music. The works to be performed will be those of Palestrina, Orlando de Lassus, Marcello, Tomelli, Seb. Bach, Scarlati, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Lully, Rameau, Gluck, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spontini, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Herold, Stephen Heller, and Schulhoff. We were surprised not to find Mr. David's name in this notice, when our eyes fell upon the programme of the first concert, in which it figures three times. This is really French modesty!—Heinrich Marschner, celebrated a short time ago the twenty-sixth year of his official capacity as conductor of the Royal Chapel in Hanover. He received on this occasion a great many tokens of sympathy from all parts of Germany, and the city of Hanover presented him with the right of citizenship. Marschner was born August 16, 1796. He has been frequently called the successful follower of Carl Maria von Weber, with whom he lived for a long time on the most intimate terms of friendship. The fact is, that as to the gift of melody, he was certainly equal to Weber, but the working out evinced that want of care and calculation which the author of *Der Freischütz* possessed in such a high degree. His operatic subjects were all taken more or less from the fields of romanticism in which the Germans excel, and which suit their own nature best. We think *Templar and Jewess* and *The Vampyre* are his best operas. Both had a great run at their time, and are even now given occasionally. Marschner is a very humorous man, and wherever in his compositions this gift of his is called into play, he ranks higher than most other composers of Germany. We remember having a long conversation with him once, in which he proved to be not only humorous, but also very intelligent and amiable.

The Berlin *Musikzeitung* grows furious over the pretensions of the English critics to claim Handel and the understanding of his works as entirely their own. "One must have felt and witnessed in their own country the thorough musical incapacity of the English people, and the entire dependence of musical matters there upon fashion, in order to have a just idea of the fabulous arrogance of these pretensions. England, which has not yet produced one composer of songs worth speaking of, denies to the country of Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Gluck, and Haydn, the understanding and property of the works of Handel! Is then England really in China?" We think, as we stated before, there is no occasion for the Germans to be vexed about English pretensions. Let the English have Handel. Just because the Germans are so rich in

great masters, they can well afford to make a present of one of them to those who are so very poor in this respect.

The repertoire of the grand opera in Berlin included last year forty-five different operas, of which two, *Tannhauser*, and *A day in Russia*, were new. The first had a great run, while the last was a failure. The principal operas were those of Gluck, (*Iphigenia*, *Armida*, and *Orpheus*;) Beethoven, (*Fidelio*;) Mozart, (*Don Juan*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Titus*, *Magic Flute*, *Idomeneus*;) Cherubini, (*The Water-Carrier*;) Spontini, (*Cortez*, *Vestalin*, and *Olympia*;) Weber, (*Freischutz*, *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*;) Boieldieu, (*John of Paris*, and *the White Lady*;) Dorn, (*The Niebelungen*;) Nicolai, (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*;) and Glaeser, (*The Eyrie of the Eagle*.)

An enterprising manager in the Prussian capital proposes to give a sacred concert, in which the organ is to be only a piece of decoration, behind which, the celebrated Domchor may show its skill in the performance of the preludes and accompaniment, usually done by the organ, while a second choir is to sing a composition of his, which is to be so arranged, as to make the accompaniment as prominent as possible. This surpasses even the wildest speculation of a Yankee. What would the German art papers have said, if they had read this proposal in one of our journals?

### MUSIC IN NEW-YORK.

#### THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

After a most successful tour through a part of this country, Mr. Thalberg comes back to us with plenty of well-deserved laurels and money. We say well-deserved, for however opinions about this pianist may vary with regard to his conceptions of the great works of musical art, as well as to the monotony of his own compositions, there can be no doubt that he is a thorough musician and a thorough master of the keyboard. He has proved that he is able to play all styles in a most perfect manner with regard to their technical difficulties, and that his performance bears throughout the stamp of an artistic nature which declines to captivate either by an unsound sentimentality, or by the dashing style of some of our modern pianist humbugs. His playing represents to us always the well-bred gentleman, whose education is not superficial; who will always interest you in whatever tongue he may talk to you. Perhaps he will not make upon you a lasting impression; he may not move you so as to open to you a field of new sensations and thoughts, which might occupy you for a long time, but he will please and instruct you while you are with him; and if you are a pianist, you will learn more from him than from most masters we know of. Thalberg, as a pianist, represents to us what we might call a well-balanced mind. He knows his powers and how to regulate and to use them. It is just this knowledge, which we consider such a good example for our young pianists, be they amateurs or professionals, and it is the want of this knowledge which occasions a waste of so many real talents and sometimes quite an amount of good execution.

The announcement of a series of Matinée's, in which Mr. Thalberg will perform different styles of piano music, and the first of which took place on Friday, must therefore be received with anxiety and delight by our resident players. If well managed, these Matinée's can become the high school of pianism, highly instructive to those who, from a technical point of view, want to learn, and interesting to those who attend them to see how a master like Thalberg will be able to adapt himself to the peculiarities of the Chopin style, or the depth of romanticism, as developed for instance in the so-called moonshine sonata by Beethoven.

Meanwhile, Mr. Thalberg treated us this week with several concerts at Niblo's, two of which were given, free of charge, to the children of our public schools. The others were of course of a miscellaneous character. Declamation went hand in hand with piano playing, violin playing and singing. It was once the fashion in Germany to arrange concerts in this way, and we are sorry to hear that it has been lately abandoned. We consider the declamation of Mrs. Davenport in these evening concerts at Niblo's, quite a relief after all the piano playing and singing. Mr. Thalberg performed on Monday his fantasia on *Airs Russie*, and on Wednesday Chopin's *Marche Funebre*, for the first time in New-York. The former composition is very old, but not the

less effective for that. As to his rendering of Chopin's music, we must postpone our criticism until we are able to speak about the Matinée's, in which that music, we hope, will play some role. The singing of Mad. Johanssen in these concerts seemed to please the audience very much. We should not wonder if this lady should become a favorite with our American public. Whether the violin playing of Mr. Burke is as good a feature in these concerts, as it is a new one, we leave to others to decide. We do not believe that very great talents qualify this gentleman for his vocation. His tone is small and his execution deficient.

#### ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Maurice Strakosch's first season at the Academy drew to a close last week. That it has been a pecuniary success we can not say. If we may judge from our own experience in these matters, and from the appearance of the houses during most of the performances, we must think that no money can have been made by the management. With the exception of the nights when Madame De Wilhorst sang, the receipts could not have averaged seven hundred dollars per night—not more than enough to cover actual expenses. One thing, however, is fortunate, Mr. Strakosch has not ruined himself as his predecessors have done, and he has punctually paid his troupe, so that none are sufferers by him. He has shown himself an economical manager; has curtailed expenses wherever possible, and is especially to be commended in that, fearless of a harsh criticism in return, he has advertised only in the dailies of large circulation—some one of which falls into the hands of every newspaper reader. The course pursued by him in this respect is the only proper one, as the number of papers issued in this city is enough to consume a large slice of receipts, if a portion must fall to each. Mr. Strakosch has done more toward the solution of the experiment to establish Italian opera in America than any of his predecessors. But the problem is not fully solved.

Italian opera may perhaps be made to pay in New-York with a sufficient round of new operas and an adequate *corps de ballet*. But with *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, and *Trovatore* over and over again, only the large body of habitués who never pay for their admissions will be attracted. Alas! the repertoire of the season just concluded contained only the everlasting *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, and *Trovatore*, and what is worse, Italian opera nowadays must be always a re-hash of these stale dishes, for there are few others worth speaking of. When we add that these dishes were served up in the most ordinary manner, it will be a sufficient excuse that our amateurs did not patronize Mr. Strakosch's attempt more liberally. Mdlle. Parodi has the natural gifts for the making a first-rate prima donna, but nothing more. That she has not profited by the lessons taught her by European audiences since her former visit to America, makes us fear that she will always content herself with the possession of the necessary materials, without troubling herself to bring them into shape.

Of the other members of Mr. Strakosch's troupe, except Mad. De WILHORST, whose really excellent and most promising *debut* we have already chronicled, there are only the Signors Tiberini and Morelli who can interest the critic by their skillful treatment of their different voices. The latter is an artist of the first rank, more French than Italian in his style of singing as well as in acting; while Signor Tiberini does to his small voice all that careful and correct study has enabled him to do. It is the smallness of that voice which makes his delivery occasionally faulty.

Mr. Strakosch seems encouraged by his first season at all events. It is settled that he will make another trial, since Mad. De Wilhorst has so far recovered as to be able to resume her studies of the role of *Sonnambula*.

#### A SHORT GROWL AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

I WENT to the Academy on Monday evening to hear *Il Trovatore*. One does not generally go to the Italian Opera to lose his temper, and that is what makes me think that the few plain remarks I shall make about it suggest that being fairly provoked during half the performance, shows that there was something wrong in the artists. The music of the opera as a whole is trashy, but there are several spots which are very attractive, and when there is any thing good in the music I don't think it unreasonable to expect to have it decently sung.

To commence with the worst first; the chorus was outrageous—it may add to the peculiarity of the music to have the orchestra a bar and a half ahead of

the chorus, but it does not add to its beauty, and is too much like a stubborn donkey in a team, requiring all the leaders to drag him after them. A mistake we can pardon if occasional, but when every scene is enlivened by one of these spasmodic efforts of the leader of the orchestra to jerk those forty men and women a couple of bars ahead into time, the effect loses its piquancy.

And next, "the peerless, handsome, dashing D'ORMY!" Why is a lady of her musical endowments suffered to appear as an *artiste*? Her voice *per se*, is fair, but certainly no school-girl ever drummed at that everlasting *Robert toi qui j'aime* but would be ashamed to run a scale in the careless, shabby manner of Madame D'Ormy. Her voice is never under control—tremulous and uncertain—and for an instance, only the way she sang *Stride le rampa*, was simply ridiculous, and when she tries any thing more difficult it is more farcical yet—*vide* the terzetto with Morelli and Tiberini. We will allow, however, that she acted her part very well, and certainly looked like a most villainous gipsy.

Madame PARODI and Signor TIBERINI should neither of them try to sing at the Academy; it is too large. *Parodi's method*, with all deference to you, Mr. Editor, for I believe you don't like her, is excellent—a more finished singer, as far as her strength allows, we have not on the boards. The *andante* movement of the *Tacea la notte* was smooth and perfect, and she sings the rapid declamatory passages, which are her weakest points, *faithfully* at all events, but there is not solidity enough in her voice to admit of what she tries to produce with it, and it is lost in the vastness of the Opera House. Although, therefore, she didn't satisfy us, yet I have no disposition to be very severe on her, for there was nothing manifestly careless on her part. But I do want to complain of Mr. Tiberini; from what I have heard of him heretofore, I did not expect much from him in the concerted pieces, drowned as he inevitably is by Morelli's stupendous voice and Verdi's trumpets, but in a *romanza* or a *serenade* he has always thoroughly satisfied me until this occasion.

The *serenade Deserto sulla terra* was not at all satisfactory; it lacked the smoothness and finish, the liquid joinings of the notes which render a tenor solo generally so captivating; and the *Miserere* failing likewise, made me feel as if he hardly thought it necessary to sing quite as well when we did not see him as at other times. When a man can sing as exquisitely as he, it is annoying to feel that it falls short of what it ought to be and what he is able to make it.

In such music, however, as a general thing, Signor Tiberini is a very finished artist, and his management of his breath particularly, is a study for any singer, so entirely requisite is it for good singing, and so carelessly studied by amateurs at the present day.

These last artists in Niblo's would sing very effectively; but they both are straining their voices where they now are to little purpose, which is a great pity, for they have merit in themselves, which none of the rest were guilty of in any degree.

It is useless to expect *perfection* in any thing; otherwise I should be tempted to believe that the company now performing at the Academy is very shabby in point of talent. As it is, I will only say that there is room for *some* improvement everywhere, even in the chorus. J. L.

#### MUSICAL CATECHISM.

1. Q. What is a *rest*? A. Going out of the choir to get some refreshments during sermon-time.
2. Q. What is singing with the *understanding*? A. Marking time on the floor with the foot.
3. Q. What is a *staccato* movement? A. Leaving the choir in a huff, because one is dissatisfied with the leader's requirements.
4. Q. What is *figured base*? A. The scribbling generally found on the blank pages of singing-books, supposed to be executed usually during sermon-time.
5. Q. What is a *swell*? A. A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he can not conceal his ignorance.

#### PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ITEMS.

THALBERG's last "farewell" concert took place on the evening of the 14th, at Concert Hall, being his thirteenth musical entertainment in this city. The audience was large, and appeared satisfactorily to enjoy the performance of the distinguished pianist, who seemed to play with even more brilliancy and sweetness than at any preceding concert. His concert at the same place, on the 11th, also drew together a fashionable company, including many of our principal musical citizens; and at either one, the singing of Madames D'Angri and Johannsen was most enthusiastically encored.

The Hutchinsons gave three concerts, on the 13th and 16th at Concert Hall, and on the 14th at the Handel and Haydn Music Hall. Judging from the crowded auditory upon each occasion, we conclude that they well maintain their former popularity. Their style of singing and music may be denominated Anglo-Saxon, in contradistinction to classical or scientific; we may not be justified in denying them an artistic style of performance, for sometimes in the greatest simplicity of execution, we behold positive evidence of both genius and art. But the fact is this: their singing, including words, music, and expression, is first, extremely simple and readily understood by even the most unlearned; their enunciation, articulation, emphasis, and action, are each respect-

ively comprehended by the mass; their melodies are those generally, with which the public has been familiar; their harmony partakes of nothing in the least degree complicated, and the ventriloquism of the one, added to the humorous interludes of prose and verse, exhibiting ready pictures of mimicry and comic sentimentalism, will, without doubt, account for the unusual patronage always extended towards them. If, however, they would omit those political and anti-slavery songs when in our city, at least, we are satisfied it would have a decided tendency in their favor. They perhaps believe those sentiments to be just and right, and so far do well to entertain their peculiar views and enjoy their own opinion; but in all such matters, many who are their patrons differ exceedingly; and hence any such prerogative assumed, whether in speech or song, bears an arbitrary appearance, amounts to an unjustifiable spirit of dictation, and would redound equally to their credit, were the same omitted.

The Mannerchor Musical Society give their tenth annual entertainment at the American Academy of Music on the 24th inst. The selections of music are chiefly from Rossini's *William Tell*; and we have no hesitation in declaring that a rich musical treat may be anticipated.

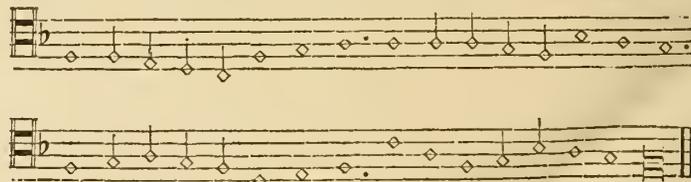
The Handel and Haydn Society have fixed the 27th inst. for their second concert to take place in their hall, Eighth and Green streets.

#### WHO WROTE THE OLD HUNDRETH?

"THE long-disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the *Old Hundredth* has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1759; but in the cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1546, contains the music of the *Old Hundredth*, exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it had been attributed."

We find the above paragraph in several of our exchanges, and copy it in order to correct a typographical error which has excited the curiosity of our friend the Diarist of Dwight's *Journal*. By letters received from Rev. W. H. Havergal, Worcester, England, we learn that the French psalter recently discovered in Lincoln Cathedral library was of the date 1564, and not 1546. Had the psalter been of the latter date, it would have been of some importance, perhaps, in determining the origin of the venerable *Old Hundredth*. As it actually is, however, this discovery in the Lincoln Cathedral library gives us no information beyond what is contained in Mr. Havergal's *History of the Old Hundredth*, published by Mason Brothers in 1854. That the tune was ever ascribed to Handel or Purcell we never heard before, and it was long ago established that Luther had no claim to its authorship. Mr. Havergal, with great apparent reason, ascribes it to one GUILLAUME FRANC, of Geneva, but on this point we may have more to say at some future date.

In Dr. Mason's library there is a copy of the Huguenot Bible printed at Paris by FRANCOIS ESTIENNE, in the year 1567. At the commencement of this volume is a *Calendrier Historiel*, or almanac for that year, and following the books of the Old and New Testament is a reprint of Marot and Beza's Psalms, (with music,) the Catechism, Liturgies, etc., with a preface by John Calvin, dated Geneva, June 10, 1543. *The Old Hundredth* is here found set to a version of the 134th Psalm. The following is a copy of the tune as there found:



#### A GERMAN CHORAL.

In the present number we give to our readers, and especially to students of Harmony and Organists, the very popular German tune,

"Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,"  
Or,  
"Mein ganzer Geist," etc. (Rink.)

It is sung not only to these hymns but also to others; for although a hymn is usually sung in the German congregations to the same tune,

yet the tune is used for many hymns. Almost all the German choral books contain this tune, yet perhaps no two books give exactly the same copy. It is not an uncommon thing for the same book to contain more than one copy of a tune, both as respects melody and harmony, for the sake of variety. Thus in the Choral Book of John Sebastian Bach, published by C. P. E. Bach after his father's death, we find five differing copies of this choral, and we often find in other cases three, four, five, and even six copies of the same tune.

We often in this country, hear the complaint that "the tunes are altered," that the copies do not agree, etc., and truly this is an evil, and especially so where the parts are attempted in congregational singing, inasmuch as the meeting of the different harmonies is not always very pleasant; but the evil is much greater in the land of choral song; yet there they have this advantage, that one part only is usually attempted in the singing, and as alterations in the melody are perhaps less frequent, the liability to collision is not so great.

We give the tune, No. 1, with plain vocal harmony parts; and, as a specimen, *not* of vocal but of organ parts, we also give two of Bach's copies. Both of them will furnish a good study for our psalm-tune makers: but they must remember that Bach's copies were intended for the organ-pipes and not for the voice.

### THE FIVE GREAT GERMAN COMPOSERS.

[The following article is the substance of a familiar conversational address made by A. W. Thayer, Esq., before the Normal Music-School at North-Reading, Mass., in August last. Various causes have hindered him from complying with our request to write it out for THE JOURNAL, until now.]

"I intend to speak to you of the five great men who having devoted their genius and talents to the same cause, which you have assembled here in hope of advancing through the information and skill here to be acquired—that of music—carried the art and science of musical composition to the highest perfection and widest limits which they have yet attained. It is said that the child is father of the man, and also that man is the child of circumstances. It is my intention at this time to exhibit to you Handel and Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven as children and students, and to endeavor if possible to give you some clear perception of the circumstances, which developed each as the world now knows him and fitted him for the particular course which as composer he followed. You will see how different it is to say, who of the five should bear the palm of superiority, each being transcendent in his own peculiar department.

"Please carry yourselves in thought backward up the stream of time to the closing years of the century before the last, to the year 1634. The date will be more easily remembered if I give you some historical points with which to associate it. In Europe the great struggle of the English nation for liberty, which four years later resulted in the expulsion of James II., and the accession of William and Mary to the throne—that struggle so grandly narrated by Macaulay—was drawing towards its culmination; a Russian Czarina was saving a boy of a dozen years from assassins, who was to find a lofty place in history as Peter the Great, the founder of the Russian Empire; Frederick William, known as the great elector and defender of Protestantism, was strengthening and improving possessions, which his son raised to the rank of a kingdom—the kingdom of Prussia, etc., etc. In our own country, many persons yet lived in Massachusetts, who could remember the arrival of the first settlers of Boston and its vicinity, and some there were still, who had seen and felt the early trials of the Plymouth Pilgrims. This very year 1634 was one memorable in the history of Massachusetts; for in this year her charter was taken away and the way opened for the tyranny of Sir Edmond Andros two years later. During this year, also, William Penn returned to England from his first visit to Pennsylvania, which he had colonized three years before, and two years later Capt Wadsworth deposited the charter in the old oak at Hartford.

"John Bunyan, at London in England, John Eliot at Roxbury, Mass., are drawing near the close of their pilgrimages; Joseph Addison is a school-boy at the Charter-house; but we are twenty-three years too early for the earliest of our great revolutionary names—that of Benjamin Franklin.

"On the 24th day of February, then, of this year, 1634, a little boy was born at the small city of Halle, on the river Saal in the (now) Prussian province of Saxony, whose birth we may well look upon as an era in our art. In another small city, now some few hours west of Halle by railroad, Eisenach, where Martin Luther nearly two hundred years earlier had sung in the streets for bread, eleven months later, March 21, 1685, another boy saw the light, in no degree inferior to the former, though in his glory different as one star differeth from another. The little boy of Halle was George Frederick Handel; the other John Sebastian Bach. Both were musicians by nature; both showed their extraordinary genius and talents while still but little children. Handel's father was so determined that his son should *not* be a musician, that he forbade him even to visit where he might find an instrument, and the old harpsichord or spinnet, which he owned, was hidden in the garret as he hoped beyond his son's reach. The little George found it, and crept to it nights for practice. The progress which he made is shown by an anecdote, doubtless well known to you, but which I can not well omit. But first let me notice a point, which none of our musical writers has touched upon, but which is of importance among the cir-

cumstances which gave direction to the genius of Handel and Bach. I refer to the keyed instruments of that day.

"The hammer, with its peculiar mechanism, which is the glory of the piano-forte, and which has changed entirely the art of playing upon keyed instruments, was not then invented. The harpsichord—referring to instruments of the quality to be found in the families of the middle classes—was like a small square piano-forte in shape, at the most of four or five octaves, and so light of construction that in some cases they were held in the lap in playing. These instruments were strung with single wires, which were put into vibration by being snapped by a bit of raven's quill fastened into a peg. This is sufficient to show that except in case of the large harpsichords in princes' palaces the instrument in itself was weak in tone and of exceedingly small value except to the student in his preparation for the practice of the organ. It needs but to be stated, that every one may see how inevitably under such circumstances all music for keyed instruments should take more or less the organ form, and how every musician of that day must have looked up to the organ as king of instruments, and in all his musical studies have ever had organ effects before his mind. The time now spent in acquiring finger gymnastics was then devoted to the study of chords, progressions, the various means of bringing out the full effects of harmony and counterpoint, and of filling the vaulted churches with the organ's flood of tone.

"With this introduction the story before referred to, may seem less strange, and we are relieved of all difficulty in believing that the little George could steal into the garret of the house at night and practice hour after hour undiscovered, especially if you could see the old stone houses of Halle, with their thick floors and partitions. But to our anecdote.

"Handel was not yet seven years old when his father undertook a short journey to the town of Weissenfels, where he had a brother in the service of the court. The little boy begged to go in vain. But next morning when the vehicle was already some distance from Halle, the old gentleman (he was sixty when this son was born) was surprised with meeting George, and finally gave way to his entreaties. He took him to Weissenfels. The boy there crept into the organ-loft, after the chapel service, was allowed to play, attracted the attention of the Duke, and, through his intercession, was at length allowed to follow the bent of his genius. How he went back to Halle and studied the organ and composition with Zachan; how Zachan made him compose sacred music, and old-fashioned sonatas until, before the boy was eleven years of age, he said he could teach him no more; and how when Handel was fourteen, he paid a visit to Berlin as a virtuoso; and Buononani and Attilio, Italian composers there, were astonished at and delighted with him; and how the elector offered to send him to Italy at his own expense—all this is well known to any one at all conversant with musical literature. The boy, however, returned to Halle to his father.

(To be continued.)

### Our Musical Correspondence.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

FEB., 1857.—"Home Again," and there to stay, for rest, for work, for pleasure. To renew acquaintance day by day with pleasant neighbors o'er the way, to join the little ones in play, to ride and walk, to laugh and talk, then dig again for treasure. Such is life. Now in conventions, lecturing and singing; now in the cutter with merry bells ringing, and now in the railroad a jolting and swinging; but our thoughts are all pleasing, for while thawing and freezing, we're on our way home, *we're on our way home*. But now we're here, and here too is work before us, but pleasant work—heaps of MS. music to be examined—this to "go in" and that to go out, letters to be answered and bills to be paid, men to look after and books to be made; yes, another new Singing Book, the publishers say must be ready for the printer right early in May; but I'm looking and longing for spring's early dawning, when the birds will be singing and the tender grass springing; when peas we'll be sowing and radishes growing, and then there's no knowing the pleasure in going with Wifey and Willie, and Nettie and Lillie, to gather the roses, the violets and posies, all over the garden, the meadow and grove, by brooklet and streamlet to wander and rove. Yes we're *home* truly, and here's the new boy-baby, demanding especial attention—noisy little fellow, so unlike the girls, with his drum, hammer, and ninepins; but it is fun to see him travel, neither riding, walking, nor creeping, but a kind of locomotion of his own invention: one leg under, Turk fashion, serves as a rudder while the other is out acting as propeller or paddle, leaving the hands to operate in a "promiscuous" way, and the way he gets over the ground is a caution to babydom. He has evidently been put through a regular course of locomotive training in order to surprise papa on his return. Of course "there never was such a boy."

Now for the barn; hens, dogs, horses, hogs—no! no hogs? why Nettie, where's the porker? Alas! poor Yorick! porker's *packed*, which accounts for the excellent ham we had for breakfast; well, that reconciles us to the loss. But here are the ponies, plump and playful, and the cows all cosy and kind. (?) [Note.—Brindle kicked over a pail of milk this morning.] Now to the kitchen; ah! here is a changel not all the same faces. Our "domestic institutions" are indeed great institutions. The comforts of a family are subject to continual interruptions through the kitchen department. No stability, no certainty here. Treat them kindly, pay them well and promptly, make them presents, it's all the same as if you had not tried to make them happy. So soon as they begin to be useful they're off. The cook don't like living in the country, and the gardener falls in love with the chamber-maid and vows he'll marry her; the chamber-maid goes off into hysterics as she learns, after leaving her place,

to get ready to marry the "dear man," that he has already one wife at least, and the law says it is not at all *convenient* for a man to have more than one at a time. On hearing this, Pat flares up, blows up Ameriky and is off for the West. So now for a new kitchen cabinet. But blessed be that gentle spirit of love and forbearance that rules and reigns over all in-doors. So quietly and yet so effectually is the new machinery set in motion that we scarcely realize the change while we compose ourself and our music as of yore.

W. B. BRADBURY.

#### BOSTON.

FEB. 17, 1857.—During the past fortnight only sixteen concerts have been given in Boston! This, however, for a city of our size, is quite enough. Here they are:

1. Feb. 3, Mendelssohn Quintet Club; 2. Feb. 3, Mendelssohn Choral Society; 3. Feb. 4, Satter's Third Philharmonic Soiree; 4. Feb. 4, Fourth Afternoon Orchestral; 5. Feb. 5, "Old Folks" Concert, by Reading Chorus Class; 6. Feb. 7, Zerrahn's Third Philharmonic; 7. Feb. 9, German Trio's Third Chamber Concert; 8-9. Feb. 9, Afternoon and Evening, "Old Folks," by Reading Class; 10. Feb. 10, Mendelssohn Quintet Club's Sixth; 11. Feb. 10, Boston Ancient Music Society's "Old Folks;" 12. Feb. 11, Fifth Afternoon Orchestral; 13. Feb. 14, Satter's Complimentary Soiree; 14. Feb. 14, Kreissmann's Orpheus Club; 15. Feb. 15, *Eli*, by Handel and Haydn Society; 16. Feb. 16, Gilmore's Brass Band Concert. The "Selects" and "Congenials," may have given several concerts in addition, of which we have no account.

The first two concerts in the above list were given in honor of the birth-day of Mendelssohn, and consisted entirely of selection from his works. That of the Choral Society occurred at the rooms of Hallet, Davis & Co., and that of the Quintet Club at Chickering's, both being quite fully attended. The programme of the first named contained choruses and airs from *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, and miscellaneous selections, consisting of vocal songs and part-songs, and *Lieder ohne Worte* for piano. The solo performers were Mrs. Mozart, Miss Twichell, Miss Fitch, Miss Kimball, Messrs. Babcock, Mozart, Brewer, Powers, etc. The choruses, under the direction of Mr. L. H. Southard, were finely rendered, in a manner reflecting credit upon both the Society and the conductor. The solos for the most part were tedious. Mr. Babcock is one of our few really excellent organists, but he is not at home in a piano performance. Our advice is, that he confine himself to his true calling, which is in every respect a most noble one. The vocalists were mostly amateurs, and even the "professionals" did not on this occasion seem to do themselves justice. Messrs. Brewer (tenor) and Powers (bass) have both excellent voices, but are void of style and cultivation in singing. One of the most interesting features of this concert was the performance of two or three four-part songs by eight male voices.

The programme of the Quintet Club contained the quintet in A, (op. 18,) portions of quartet in F minor, second quintet in B flat, piano quartet in F minor, the andante from sonata for piano and 'cello in B flat, and two arias. Mrs. E. A. Wentworth was the vocalist, and Messrs. C. C. Perkins and J. C. D. Parker assisted the club in the piano selections. A bust of the composer whose memory was "honored" by this concert, was placed upon the musicians' platform.

At his third Philharmonic Soiree, Mr. Satter had the assistance of Miss Emma Davis, vocalist, and Messrs. Schultz, Jungnickel, and Zöhler, and performed, with the exception of the vocal portion, a programme of his own compositions alone. A new quartet, "in memory of Kosciusko, the defender of Poland," was given for the first time, and the new trio was repeated. We regretted exceedingly that an engagement prevented our remaining to hear the quartet, which was the last piece in the programme, and which we most wanted to hear. A fantasia on themes from *Puritani* displayed the great execution of the pianist to the best advantage, and delighted the audience. Miss Davis sang some Scotch ballads quite prettily, but proved utterly incapable of the aria by Meyerbeer, which she attempted. It is a great pity that our young concert performers so generally endeavor to start at the top of the ladder. A second hearing of Mr. Satter's trio inclines us to give him credit for more originality than appeared at first, though wrought with too little care.

The afternoon orchestral concerts continue to show an increase in attendance, a very large audience being assembled at the last one. An unusual attraction, *à la Jullien*, was presented at this concert, in the shape of a hugo fantasia for orchestra, with variations for all of the instruments, on the *Carnival of Venice*, arranged by Mr. Zerrahn. This was received with evident marks of satisfaction by the audience, and certainly contains the elements of popularity. The solos, many of which were difficult, were very well performed. Of all the concerts mentioned in our list, the "Old Folks" have undoubtedly been pecuniarily the most successful. We trust, however, that they are doomed to a brief existence, for their influence on art is any thing but salutary. The best concert of the fortnight was Zerrahn's Third Philharmonic at the Melodeon. The programme contained Schumann's Symphony in D minor, No. 4, second part of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Wagner's overture to *Faust* terzetto from *Attila* arranged for clarinet, English horn, and bassoon, the overture to *Semiramide*, and two violin solos, performed by Mr. Eduard Mollenhauer. We have never heard the orchestra play better, and the programme was just long enough and of good variety. Mr. Mollenhauer was enthusiastically applauded in both of his performances, and an encore insisted upon each time. Richly did he deserve the unusual mark of favor, for he played most admirably. Since Vicuxtemps there has not been such violin playing heard in Boston, and we trust his services will be secured a second time by Mr. Zerrahn.

The third concert of the German Trio presented us the novelty of a trio by Thalberg, besides which a trio by Beethoven, instrumental solos by members of the club, and vocal solos by our favorite contralto, Miss Jenny Twichell.

It was more fully attended than either of its predecessors, in view of which circumstance we trust to see the hall filled at their next. Miss Twichell sang a cavatina from *Donna Caritea* by Mercadante, and a beautiful little song by Carl Gartner, entitled *Howe*. We have heard altogether too little of this charming young vocalist this season, and like Oliver Twist would fain ask for "more." The sixth concert of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club was an interesting one, and largely attended. The members of the club were assisted by Mr. August Hamann, at the piano, and the programme contained compositions of Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. The second concert of the Orpheus Glee Club proved quite as attractive as their first one, the hall being even uncomfortably full. They were assisted by Miss Lucy Doane, Mr. Wulf Fries, and Mr. J. Trenkle, each of whom ably contributed to the enjoyment of the entertainment. Miss Doane looked and sang charmingly, and gained many admirers. Mr. Kreissmann also sang a solo, and with Miss Doane a duet. The chief feature of this concert however, was the performance of the part-songs by the club, which was generally characterized with much feeling, nice shading, and great delicacy. Much attention has evidently been paid to all of those little details, which go to make up a good choral performance, and the result must be highly satisfactory to the able conductor, Mr. August Kreissmann. He has now a band, which has but few superiors even amongst the "Liedertafel," "Liederkränze," and other singing clubs of Fatherland itself. On the same evening Mr. Satter gave his complimentary soiree at Hallet, Davis & Co's, and here also we found the room quite full. Mr. Satter had the assistance of Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. Mozart, and Mr. Adams. The concert was highly successful, four out of six numbers contained in the programme, being encored. The audience being taken quite by surprise at the graceful vocalization and execution displayed by the vocalist, Mrs. Fowle.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave the first performance of the new oratorio *Eli* by M. Costa, on Sunday evening, with the following ladies and gentlemen in the solo department: Mrs. J. H. Long, Miss Mary E. Hawley (of New-York,) Messrs. Adams, Wilde, T. Ball, and S. B. Ball. The chorus singers numbered some one hundred and fifty or two hundred, and the orchestra thirty-six. The audience was large and quite attentive through the entire performance, which occupied a little less than three hours. Of the solo singers, Mrs. Long, Miss Hawley, and Mr. Adams acquitted themselves with universal acceptance, while the others did as well as they could, of course, they couldn't do any better! Mrs. Long is particularly excellent in oratorio music, and always does well every thing she undertakes. We would recommend your choral societies in New-York to secure her services for some of their oratorio performances. They would be astonished at the products of so "rural" a district as Boston. We were much pleased with the New-York lady, both in voice and in general appearance, and style of delivery. She lacks power, however, and this is almost indispensable in so large a hall as ours. Mr. Adams, the tenor, is making rapid improvement, and he bids fair to make a worthy successor to Mr. Arthurson, who, it is rumored, is about to return to his native land. The oratorio is a very elaborate composition, and a single hearing is much too little to enable one to speak understandingly about it. We trust the Handel and Haydn Society will give us many opportunities of hearing it this season.

A very pleasant and interesting concert was given last evening at South-Boston by Mr. and Mrs. William Garrett, well-known music-teachers of this city. They were assisted by Miss Humphrey, Miss Helen Hollis, (pupil of Mrs. Garrett,) Mr. Howard, Mr. Sharland, and the Germania Serenade Band. We would be glad to notice the performances, which were generally highly creditable and entertaining, but have already given you quite enough for the present, of

QUI VIVE.

#### ALBANY.

FEB. 18TH.—This will be a dry letter, in spite of the fact that we are not yet out of the hearing of such a flood as is nowhere recorded in the history of this country, since the day Hendrik Hudson made the noble river which bears his cognomen. Amid the general gloom of dismal fogs, icebergian devastation, and weather of suicidal tendency, music has been unheard of—almost unthought of. Last evening, an "Old Folks' Concert" was given at the Middle Dutch Church, the proceeds of which were devoted to charity. We were not able to attend, but learn that it was well patronized. Mons. Cherbuliez, of whom I have heretofore written, announces a concert on Tuesday evening next, assisted by Madame Patania "from the N. Y. Academy of Music," and Mr. Geo. W. Warren, of this city, with Mr. John Fohr as conductor. We anticipate a full house, and an abundance of success. Mons. C. needs no puffing in this city, and we commend him to the generous attentions of lovers of music in Troy, where he gives a concert with the above talent, on Monday evening.

We regret the loss of one of Albany's favorite artists, in the removal of Mr. James Hart, landscape painter, who has recently taken up his abode in the great and wicked New-York. His rooms are at 600 Broadway, where you may doubtless find evidence that he is an artist of no ordinary ability. You he find as many friends in Gotham as he leaves in this city, and his "views" never be clouded by sorrow. Au Reservoir!

ALLEGRO.

#### NEWPORT, R. I.

THE concert by the Philharmonic Society to which you alluded in your last number, took place on the 12th ult. It was given in the commodious and elegant Aquidneck Hall in the presence of a large, fashionable, and enthusiastic audience. The music, in its selection, showed an excellent taste; the Society, in its performance, a thorough drill; and the audience, in its reception, great delight and satisfaction. The whole affair was alike honorable both to our city and the performers, and eminently satisfactory to our friend Wood. The

English Gleo "Good Morning," the "Anvil Chorus," and others were warmly demanded a second time.

Mr. James Graham, a graduate of the Blind Institution in South-Boston, presided at the piano-forte with great satisfaction to the Society and hearers.

PHILO.

#### DAVENPORT, IOWA.

JAN. 29.—It is said that in the natural order of things utility is always considered first, beauty afterwards. This is certainly true with regard to the progress of society in a new country. Utility as yet is the great moving spring of Western life; a taste for the beautiful, at least so far as it develops itself in the cultivation of the fine arts, lingers still among the dreams of the future. At present our busy, money-loving people are too much engrossed in politics and speculation to find time for any thing else, while railroads and the price of land seem to be the only current topics of interest. I would not by any means be understood as intimating that there is no individual taste or culture; but the universal sentiment seems to be, that the great aim of life is to secure a fortune, and in the materializing tendencies of the country, in the whirl of active business, every thing is subservient to the one all-absorbing pursuit.

Perhaps it is wise to devote two thirds of a life-time to preparation for enjoying the other third, but that is a strange philosophy which teaches us to leave the sources of the highest pleasures untouched, until the ability to enjoy them is gone. The only consolation is in the hope that the next generation may profit by the errors and sacrifices of this. For the present, while our music-loving friends in the great metropolis are favored with the choicest gems of art, we must content ourselves with the faint echoes that find their way to the Valley of the Mississippi through the medium of the pen and the imagination; in such matters, to say the least, a very indifferent substitute for the reality.

However, there are even now some gleams of a brighter day before us. A Philharmonic (choral) Society has been recently organized in this place under the direction of Mr. Charles Davy, which promises to be quite an acquisition, from the opportunity afforded the public of becoming a little acquainted with a higher style of music. They are at present rehearsing selections from Handel, Mozart, and other masters, with the intention of very soon commencing the oratorio of *Elijah*. It is the first attempt to organize a musical society here, and although yet in its infancy, and contending with many difficulties, its success is very encouraging. Hitherto the musical interest has been confined to the church choirs, and judging from the general standard of church-singing, these have been but indifferently sustained.

Speaking of church choirs reminds me of a Sabbath spent a short time since in one of the most flourishing towns of Northern Illinois; indeed, I believe it claimed the honor of being an incorporated city. The church which I attended had the reputation of sustaining the best choir, although I could not help wondering what the others were, if that was the best. The hymn was read in due order, and after two or three preliminary groans from an organ that seemed to be suffering severely either from the effects of age, or cold weather, a tune was played over, or something which I suppose was intended for a tune, although I could only distinguish a succession of chords, or rather discords, perfectly innocent of all harmonic rules, indeed, of any other rules. The organist sang alternately base and tenor, while one young lady sang soprano, the two constituting the choir. Language would fail me to give any idea of such a service, called religious. It could scarcely claim to be heavenly, but it certainly was unearthly. The tune was about as appropriately adapted to the spirit of the words, as the most frivolous melody would be to a *De Profundis*, or *Miserere*. I suppose it was called *sacred music*, from the fact of its being sung in a church, and from a collection of tunes called *church music*, but one can not well imagine any thing more positively secular, unmeaning, and silly. I could look upon the whole thing in no other light than as a burlesque. I observed occasional smiles and exchanged glances among those in the congregation, whom I knew to have some just views of the subject, and wondered if they were obliged to submit every Sabbath to such an infliction, such a mockery of worship. Charity led me to hope that it was one of the unfortunate days; but I learned that it was about as usual, and that many of the best people, although well qualified, would not unite with the choir, because it was *unfashionable* to do so.

I do not allude to this as an example of Western church song, but as one among many similar instances, as frequent perhaps in the East as in the West, where a musical performance is attempted without the necessary knowledge, taste, or ability to success.

There is some doubt here among those interested in psalmody, as to the expediency of congregational singing, or even the possibility of introducing it successfully. The most convincing argument to those who are skeptical, I think would be to witness such a practical illustration of the system, as may be heard in the church in New-York, of which Dr. Alexander is the pastor, and which presents as strong a contrast to the singing of which we have just spoken, as can well be imagined; we have never attended any church where the singing service seemed more satisfactorily to answer its true design, than here. The tunes are always such as are adapted to congregational use, and no one can fail to be impressed with the majesty of such simple chorals as are there sung by so many united voices. It speaks to the heart in a language eloquent in its simplicity and impressive in its truth.

In this connection I must not omit to mention that the organ voluntaries before service, in this church, are such as, it would seem, only Mr. William Mason can play, for we have never heard any thing like them elsewhere. They are not displays of mechanical skill, or of a florid execution, although it is well known that there is no one who has greater power of finger; but grand, solemn, and most exquisitely modulated, they are truly religious, and expressive of every shade of devotional feeling; they are not, like many voluntaries, simply a succession of meaningless chords, but the embodiment of deep

thought, too far-reaching to be clothed even in the words of poetry. While listening to these voluntaries, I have often wished that some of those organists, who strive for bravura playing, could listen, and feel how immeasurably higher and more effective is the thought that expresses itself in the calm grandeur of rich, deep, finely modulated harmony, than that which loses itself in the glitter of even a brilliant execution; as much so as is a great thought that simply unveils itself in simple but appropriate and dignified language, higher than the most finished but unmeaning rhetorical flourish. It is the difference between the *artist* and the *artisan*. The one makes the heart of the listener vibrate with the God-given thought that burns deep in his own soul, the other simply astonishes by manual dexterity, which in church is most often out of place, offensive, and disgusting. We may pardon those who have no thoughts for displaying the talents they possess; but we can not pardon those who bury talent beneath the errors of a false taste, or sacrifice it to the contemptible vanity that loves the admiration of the unthinking multitude better than the fixed and eternal principles of truth.

AME.

#### PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

FEB. 9, 1857.—I have just received your paper containing an incidental notice of our Union Concert, ("Old Folks" and Orchestral), given on Sunday evening last. I like THE JOURNAL for its ability, general fairness, and fearless criticisms, and have no fault to find with your "fling" at Old Folks' Concerts in general, or ours in particular. A difference of opinion, if there is one between us, on this point, as on any other, may be tolerated. But I wish to say a word as to the kind of entertainments we bring out here.

Two years ago, or more, I invited all singers of the old fugue tunes to join in a concert under the leadership of a gentleman capable of directing the performance of any vocal music whatever; and we created much interest among concert-goers, and indeed all the people about here. The crowded audience evidently expected some "fun," which the dignified and entirely unexceptionable appearance of the large choir, of old, middle-aged, and young, gave little promise of; when they came to view, old *Lenox* was, however, received with much "applause," or clatter of hands, boot-heels, canes, whistling, etc.; and the next old fugue with still more.

The leader—whose soul was in his work, and who *does* see and feel music and beauty in the "ancient harmony revived"—here requested the audience to receive whatever might be offered, in silence—a hint which to this day has not been forgotten, but has evidently tended to the improvement of deportment in our audiences, at concerts, lectures, etc., ever since.

Without any idea of praising or valuing a thing or a tune merely because it is old, familiar, and thence pleasing to many, I would request you to publish the following well-written and readable defense of the old music, which was published in the *Chronicle* here, at the time of the late concert:

"A great portion of the church music is old; but that it is more generally admired is evident from the fact that no publisher dares to issue a collection of sacred music without inserting enough of it, say, to preserve his book. And certainly, of many singing books published within a few years, it may well be said, the less 'original' music they contain the better. Another evidence of the inferiority of most modern music, is its short life. What has become of the ten thousand tunes composed within the last twenty years? With but few exceptions, they are 'dead and gone.' Old *Windham* and *China* have acted as pall-bearers for half a century; and were it not for *Old Hundred*, and tunes of like character, there had been no music suitable either for a doxology or a benediction upon surviving friends. The fact is, the old composers were probably better acquainted both with God and man. They had studied human nature as well as scientific theories. Many of them were holy men, and their music, composed amid the hills and forests of *Puritania* New-England, is but an embodiment of pious devotion. This will explain the reason why old *Majesty* and *Hosanna* will make the eyes of a congregation sparkle, or *Hatfield* and *New Durham*, or *Complaint*, make them weep, while modern compositions produce little or no effect.

"In every part of the United States, even where new music is sung in the public congregation because it is fashionable, let any one mingle with the devout worshippers of God in their social meetings, and he will hear—not the scientific jingling of imported discord—but the simple harmony of old *Turner*, *Northfield*, or the *Union Hymn*, or something that moves the heart of good men, if it does not tickle the fastidious taste of infidels. It is said that the rules of modern composition are frequently violated by the old composers; so are old rules violated by men, and their effect proves their comparative value."

Our concerts have certainly not tended in any way to ridicule our forefathers, nor to lower the standard of musical taste among us. The following poetical gem I send you, was written for the second Old Folks' Concert, given in Portsmouth ten years since; and contains as much true poetry as any song ever sung by mortals. A choir which can appreciate and sing this with correct feeling, will burlesque nobody in their performances:

#### SONG OF THE "OLD FOLKS."

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne*.

BY ALBERT LAUGHTON.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brought to min'; Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And songs of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne we meet to-night, For auld lang syne; To sing the song our fathers sang In days of auld lang syne.	The sacred songs our fathers sang, Dear songs of auld lang syne; The hallowed songs our fathers sang In the days of auld lang syne.
We've passed through many varied scenes, Since youth's unclouded day; And friends, and hopes, and bappy dreams, Time's hand hath swept away. And voices that once joined with ours, In days of auld lang syne, Are silent now, and blend no more In strains of auld lang syne.	Here we have met—here we may part To meet on earth no more; Ald we may never sing again The cherished songs of yore: The sacred songs our fathers sang In days of auld lang syne; We may not meet to sing again The songs of auld lang syne.
Yet ever has the light of song Illumed our darkest hours; And cheered us on life's toilsome way, And gemmed our path with flowers:	But when we've crossed the sea of life, And reached the heavenly shore, We'll sing the psalms our fathers sing Transcending those of yore: We'll meet to sing diviner strains Than those of auld lang syne, Immortal songs of praise, unknown In days of auld lang syne.

There, isn't that beautiful? I never felt more inspired by music, than when singing this song, and the Old Folk's tunes. I dislike the idea of dressing in costume, however; and was disgusted with an entertainment of this sort, at —, a week or two since. This is, indeed, making fun of our ancestors.\*

Mr. Amos Pearson was "burnt out" of his splendid music room here, last week—and came very near being burnt *in it*. He slept in his room, and was awaked towards morning by the floor falling through not twenty feet from him. Two pianos were burnt, and a large and valuable musical library. His loss was total, and comprised about all the property he had. His friends give a concert for his benefit this week. M. W. F.

#### CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y.

FEB. 8.—Mr. J. A. Fowler gave one of his semi-annual musical entertainments here last night, and I can not forbear speaking of it. Mr. Fowler's reputation for giving fine concerts is too well known to need any comment, and of course drew a very crowded house. The entertainment was given by the pupils and teachers of the Seminary, who are under Mr. Fowler's immediate supervision. His success as an instructor on the piano has been very great, as the many fine performers he has turned out testify. The programme opened with a piece for two pianos and eight hands, and the manner in which it was executed shows the perfect training under which the young ladies had been—for notwithstanding the nervousness consequent upon a first appearance, they performed their parts satisfactorily to all.

I could not help but notice the number of concerted pieces—also the number of fine performers which he now has. A young lady—Miss Bronson—performed Thalberg's variations on *Straniera* very finely, and will in time, if she continues under Mr. Fowler's supervision, make one of the finest lady performers that I have ever listened to. The piece for four guitars and harp was the only poor thing on the programme—the guitars being sadly out of time, owing to the extreme heat in the room. Mr. Fowler in the second part introduced a former pupil of his—Theo. M. Brown—now studying under Mr. Wm. Mason in New-York, who performed a solo, *Fantasia di Bravoura, Il Trovatore*, composed by himself. We could not help but contrast the difference in the runs and scales with those of the less experienced performers. He exhibits a great deal of talent, and if he continues under good instruction will undoubtedly rank with our first pianists, in the course of time. We guess he must have taken lessons of Gottschalk, by his leaps and jumps—peculiar to Gottschalk alone. The programme was very long, entirely too long. One thing we noticed a little peculiar; most of the pieces are the same ones performed here two or three years ago, when I had the pleasure of listening to a similar entertainment. We would suggest that he procure some new duos for his pianos. The full school testifies to the popularity of the institution, and we bespeak for Mr. Fowler all the reputation and honor imaginable, C.

#### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FEB. 14TH, 1857.—There was a concert given in Newport on Thursday evening, 12th inst., by the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Dr. T. W. Wood, the first part of which consisted of the *Storm King*, by B. F. Baker, which was performed in a very chaste and elegant style, proving that the musical element there had been caged and trained by a master hand. I can not say that I admire the *Storm King* as a musical composition, especially the hymn, "Tis thus in life—the waves of trouble roll," yet there are some fine passages in it, and on the whole proved a very acceptable offering to the large and enthusiastic audience who listened to it. The solo, "May peace now reign," etc., was sung by Mrs. T. W. Wood, whose clear soprano voice rang out from among the chorus most beautifully. Base solos were sung by Dr. Wood in fine and effective style. The tenor was sung by a member of their Society, who resides in Providence; he had no opportunity of rehearsing with them until the evening previous to the concert, and could not be expected to do his part with that ease and freedom which he might have done had he been more familiar with his music and with their manner of performing it.

The second part was made up of songs, duets, quartets, and choruses, among which was *Good Morning, The Oaks*, duet and chorus, *Hear me, Norma, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, The White Squall*, all of which were performed in a very acceptable manner.

There is one thing in connection with this, to which I would call the attention of the Philharmonic and every other Society that are aiming at a high standard of music, and that is the pronunciation of the syllables ed, est, eth, ness, etc.; according to my notion, they should not be pronounced as though they were spelled, ist, id, ith, and niss; however, a hint is all that is necessary to those who have their eyes and ears open. On the whole, I think that the citizens of Newport are very much indebted to Dr. Wood for his untiring exertions in establishing a high standard of music among them, and should put their shoulders to the wheel, and see that he is sustained, and present appearances indicate that they will, notwithstanding his ultra-temperance principles, which are so obnoxious to a certain class of the inhabitants of that "ancient town," for he is doing a great work among them. Yours, etc., AMATEUR.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—From some of our querists we have received the request that we would answer them by written communication by mail, in advance of our publication days. To this we can only say, that it is entirely out of our power. It is quite as much as we can do to furnish the printer with a rough copy, often so blotted up that none but a printer could decipher it. We should be glad to oblige all and every one, but we can not promise

\* We have thus given our correspondent's communication on this subject in full; perhaps we may remark upon it hereafter.

to answer by letter; nor can we answer questions which are not received at least about a week previous to our publication day.

Mary.—"In playing, for example, the chord of C, the soprano being G, the alto being E, and the tenor being C, (third space G clef), would you not play the tenor C as if written on the added line below the staff, so as to chord with the male voice; or, in other words, should not the soprano be the highest part played? If this is the rule, are there any exceptions?" If Mary will take the trouble to look at *The Singing-School*, contained in *The Hallelujah*, p. 14, sec. 60, she will find the following words: "The G clef is used for tenor alto, and treble, but when used for tenor, it denotes G an octave lower than when used for treble or alto." This is followed by two illustrative examples, in the first of which the notes are exactly the same, but the tones represented are an octave apart; in the second example, the notes are written on the upper staff eight degrees lower than they are on the lower staff, yet the tones represented in both cases are exactly the same, or unisonous. Then comes another example, in which the use of both clefs is shown, and a comparative view of each is given. Now, when this is understood, it is known instantly on seeing a note in the tenor part, written upon the third space, (G clef), that it indicates the same C as is indicated by the first added line below, (treble G clef); or by the first added line above, (F clef). So to the question, "Would you not play the tenor C as if written on the added line below the staff?" we say no; we should play it exactly as it is written, or in unison with the C (treble, G clef) on the added line below. Do you not see that there are two ways of using the G clef, one for tenor and one for treble? Do please to look at the references we have made. What sort of a teacher must you have had, dear Mary, who could have left you so much in the dark? Again: "Should not the soprano be the highest part played?" Yes. But "are there any exceptions?" Yes; accompaniment is often above the vocal parts; and in orchestra-playing, the violin is often playing an accompaniment above the leading melody, which is for the time given to another instrument. In church-music, however, and especially when playing from our common singing-books, the treble or soprano should, of course, be the highest part. The Italian word *sopra*, means above; and in musical composition, *fugue*, etc., is not an uncommon thing to find the words, *Contrapunto sopra il soggetto*; which means that the counterpoint is now above the subject; or, in other words, that another part is higher than the principal melody or air. Soprano is the Italian word for treble, and means the upper part. Is it plain now? We will give an illustration. Turn to the 98th page *Hallelujah*, tune *Rhine*. In the first chord, (beginning of the tune), the base has C, second space, the tenor is an octave above the base, the alto is a third above the tenor, and the treble (or soprano, if you choose that term) is a third above the alto. The tenor is an octave, the alto is a tenth, and the treble is a twelfth above the base. Now again, look at the last chord in this same tune: in this the tenor is an octave above the base, and the treble is an octave above the tenor. Is it enough? Sure it is that we would not have said half so much about it, had not you, Mary, asked the question so modestly in your pretty little note.

W.—"In your number for Jan. 14, in your European Items, is the remark, that 'an attempt has been made to depress the concert pitch,' etc. What is the starting-point for the reckoning, and what is the numerical difference in the interval of a second?" Here seem to be two questions, both having relation to the change of concert-pitch, but the meaning of neither of them is obvious to us. "What is the starting-point?" Starting-point of what? Is it meant to ask, what is the present generally-received concert-pitch? Answer. That which the tuning-forks indicate. Is it meant to ask how this became the standard concert-pitch? We answer, we do not know. Is it meant to ask what used to be the concert-pitch formerly? We answer, half a step (one) lower (some say more) than it is at present. When it is said that an attempt is making to lower the standard of concert-pitch, the meaning is, that something like an agreement is sought for between the principal or, *chestras*, as in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, etc., to establish an acknowledged standard somewhat lower than at present. We do not know how much lower, perhaps half a step. The second question, or the second part of the question, we do not understand. "What is the numerical difference in the interval of a second?" Is it meant to ask what is the difference between a major second and a minor second? If so, our common singing-books answer the question. See *Hallelujah*, p. 21. But what is the numerical difference? We do not know what can be meant by a numerical difference in an interval. It is by numbers, indeed, that we express the difference between intervals, but the real difference between intervals consists in magnitude or in the difference of pitch of the two tones which constitute its boundaries. When we say that a second consists of one step, or of half a step, or of two or three steps, etc., we describe it numerically. If this be the meaning, then the difference between a major and a minor second is a half-step. But our querist does not say major second or minor second, but only asks: "What is the difference in the interval of a second?" Perhaps our querist refers, not to the practical scale, but to the acoustic relation of sounds, or to that relation of sounds, intervals, etc., treated of by acoustics; if so, we may just remark here that some seconds contain eight, and some seven commas; and refer those who are interested in this matter to our articles on *Pestalozzian Teaching*, section 6Ts, note 2, where further information may be found.

Teacher, Vt.—"I am in the habit of correcting faults in my classes by first imitating the fault, and then giving the true example; for instance: that of commencing below the proper pitch and sliding up to it, that of changing the vowel element, and so on. A music-teacher a short time since said: 'That is no way to do; if one should mock me so, I should consider myself insulted.' I should like your opinion as to the propriety of the manner of proceeding in such cases?" To mock one is to imitate him in contempt or derision, to ridicule, or sneer, or make sport of him. To imitate a fault in elocution or in song, in a proper manner, for the purpose of pointing out the fault, so that the pupil may see and avoid it, is quite a different thing; it is a great kindness indeed, a most friendly act. We wholly approve of the course pursued by our querist; yet we are well aware that it is liable to abuse. Let it ever be done in love, and with a proper regard to the feelings of those who are in fault. Yet he who is incompetent thus to exhibit both faulty and correct examples in singing, is not fit for a teacher of vocal music; and he who, being able to do so, omits it, is unfaithful to his trust, dishonest, not doing by others as he would have them do to him. To have our faults pointed out, not only faults of voice, but also faults of doing in daily life, is one of the greatest blessings. Until we are made sensible of our faults, we are in no way to correct them. A good teacher will not willingly let a single fault in his pupils pass uncorrected, and we know of no possible way of correcting a fault in singing but by

a clear exhibition of it, contrasting it with a more approved practice. The teacher must ever thus reprove in love. It is true indeed that "correction is grievous unto him who forsaketh the way," but then "he that refuseth reproof erreth," and he that "hateth reproof is brutish," and "shall die," but on the contrary, "he that heareth reproof" (that is, heareth it aright) "GETTETH UNDERSTANDING."

G. R. G.—"When the page and name of the tune to be sung by the choir is announced by the leader in an audible tone, so that it may be understood by all that are paying attention should he repeat the name and page over so many times as to annoy the minister and congregation, for the benefit of a few who, unfortunately, always have some other business to attend to at the time the page is first announced, and who never hear the name the first time?" No; let them find out as well as they can. Every leader ought to form the habit of giving out the page, etc., at some particular time, say when the minister gets to the second or third stanza; in this case, the members of the choir will know about when to expect it, and will be on the watch. It should be done in an under voice, no louder than is necessary. A member of a choir should not have "other business to attend to" at such a time, but should be giving his attention to the reading of the hymn, and should be carefully waiting and listening for the announcement of the tune. Under no circumstances can it be proper to annoy the minister or the congregation by giving out the tune, humming it over, tuning an instrument, or any other preparatory work. Such members of a choir as are accustomed to whisper one to another at such a time, or at any time during divine service, ought, for their own good, as well as for the good of others, to be turned out, or (more politely) have leave of absence. Should the name and page be repeated? No.

G. R. G.—"In singing an anthem or set piece before church on the Sabbath morning, is it not in good taste for the choir to stand during the performance?" It so happens that many of those who honor us by asking questions do not express their meaning. We think it may be so in the above question. Does our querist mean to ask whether singing a piece "before church," that is, before the public exercises commence, or whether, when the public service is commenced or introduced by the singing of an anthem, etc., it should be done by the choir standing? Now, our answer will depend upon this. If it be the former, that is, the choir being engaged in singing over, by way of rehearsal, an anthem "before church," we do not suppose it is a matter of any consequence whether they sit or stand; yet in such a case we do not think the church (building) would be a proper place while the people were assembling. When one comes into the church before the service, he should not be annoyed by the preparations of the choir, organist, or any one else. But if our querist intends to ask whether the singing of an anthem by a choir, as an introductory exercise, should be done standing or sitting? we answer, standing. Under such circumstances, it would be indecorous, awkward, ill-mannered, and irreverent, to sing while in the sitting posture. So we answer his question by saying, Yes.

M.—"In giving the first lesson on the piano-forte, is it right to allow a pupil to play first with one hand, then with the other?" Have you read our articles on the application of the educational principles of Pestalozzi to piano-forte instruction? If so, you have seen that we not only think it right that the pupil should begin with one hand, but also that she should begin with one finger. Do, dear child, please to read those articles over again. But now, will you forgive us when we put your question into a better form? You meant to ask, not whether it is right to allow the pupil to play first with one hand, etc., but whether it is right to commence the training of the hands, etc., singly or together. A pupil can not be said to play at all when she is only beginning to learn to play. Here, then, is the question and answer both. "In the first piano-forte lessons, is it right to commence the training process with a single hand?" Answer, Yes.

P. M.—"What works on music would you recommend to a young teacher to study?" First, Mason's Manual of Instruction. We recommend the Mammoth Exercises as an excellent assistant to a young teacher. If one wishes to study the science of music, harmony, composition, etc., we recommend Marx's School of Composition; it is the only work of the kind which we know, in which an attempt is made to show how to teach, or to point out the progressive steps by which a young student is to advance. There are many good books in which the subject of harmony, etc., is presented in an abstract or axiomatic form. Albrechtsberger is one of the most comprehensive and best.

J. H. G.—"How much slower should the second movement of the anthem, 'I was glad,' Hallelujah, p. 296, be sung, than the first; that is, how much slower is the triple movement marked *largo* than the quadruple movement marked *moderato*?" The first movement, "moderato," "I was glad," should be sung at about ♩ 66 or 69 *Maelzel*; the second movement, "largo," "Peace be within," at about ♩ 60. Again: "Should the time be increased, or should it continue the same?" We suppose the meaning to be: "Should each movement be sung in time throughout?" If so, we answer, Yes. "Time increased," this is a very indefinite expression. To increase an *adagio* is to sing it slower, to increase an *allegro* is to make it quicker, to increase a *moderato* is to make it more moderate; but a *moderato* increased may become slower or quicker, as the case may be.

H. G.—"Should a teacher sing with his class? If so, to what extent." A teacher should sing with his class, or not, just so far as will be for the greatest good of the class. Ordinarily, we think that a teacher should not sing with his pupils, but should rather listen to them; he should often sing to them, and when he sings they should not sing, but listen. This, we think, is a good rule. When we say, however, that a teacher should often sing to his pupils, our meaning is not that he should often sing songs to them to gratify his own vanity, or to draw out their approbation or applause. It is examples mostly we refer to, or illustrations, such as are needed to help the pupils to the proper manner of execution or style of the piece.

Book Reviews.

AMERICAN COLLECTION OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. For Flute, Clarinet, Violin, Cornet, Violoncello, etc., with Piano-forte arrangement. By J. W. Moore, author of the Encyclopedia of Music. Boston: Russell & Richardson.  
The above contains sixty-nine familiar melodies, marches, polkas, quadrilles and the like, arranged for 1st clarinet, flute, or violin; 2d clarinet, flute, or violin; cornet, bugle, or 3d violin, violoncello, sax-horn, or base; and piano-forte, organ, melodeon, or seraphine. Surely here is a variety of instruments sufficient to suit all tastes and all means; especially when in his "directions" the author assures us that many of the parts may be omitted at pleasure. For example, if you have only three instruments besides the piano-forte, the 3d violin part may be omitted. If only two instruments, omit both the 2d and 3d violin parts. Then too,

the parts for "piano-forte, organ, melodeon, or seraphine" are not absolutely necessary for the harmony; and if moreover you have no base instrument, there will be a duet (say for two flutes) left. For full bands, the direction given is, to "balance the parts as well as you can." The selections and arrangements are not at all difficult, but quite within the reach of ordinary players, and we should think the work just such a one as is desired in many villages. Brass bands also will find it useful, as any one can arrange for the different sax-horns from the parts Mr. Moore has given them.

BASSINI'S ART OF SINGING. An Analytical, Physiological, and Practical System for the Cultivation of the Voice. By Carlo Bassini. Oliver Ditson & Co. Boston. Price, \$4.  
There are many methods in existence and use, but there are few the study of which will in every respect prove beneficial to the pupil. The one before us may be numbered amongst the few; it prescribes the right and rational course, and is throughout practical and to the point. The exercises are also well arranged and classified in a rational manner; in short, this Method is worthy to be bought and studied. Mr. Bassini, its author, is one of our best resident teachers for the voice, and his method has been highly approved by the best judges. We do not, nor does the author call it a "self-instruction" book, as the importance of the aid of a teacher is fully appreciated; but where the services of a good instructor can not be obtained, or in connection with the teachings of such a one, we strongly recommend "Bassini's Art of Singing." The student of the vocal art can make no better investment than its price.

Sheet-Music, Selected and Classified.

Schubert & Co., New-York.—TROISIEME NOCTURNE. Par Ch. Wels. 25c. A very pleasing composition, effective, brilliant, and not too difficult, nor too sentimental. Although the appetite of our pianists for nocturnes must have been well satisfied by this time, yet the piece stands a fair chance of being fully appreciated, and if not not devoured, to be relished exceedingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SHEET-MUSIC PUBLISHED DURING THE FORTNIGHT ENDING FEB. 21.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.—QUADRILLE NAPOLITAINE. C. D'Albert. 30c.—IL TEMPO PASSATA. (Departed Days). "Wayside Flowers." Gordigliana. 25c.—IRRESISTIBLE SCHOTTISCH. J. S. Knight. 25c.—MOCKING BIRD POLKA. R. R. French. 25c.—UNION SCHOTTISCH. J. M. Bradford. 25c.—TREMLO POLKA. H. Elkmler. 25c.—YANKEE DOODLE. Four hands. T. Bissell. 40c.—ELFIN SCHOTTISCH. J. Dayton. 25c.—MINNEHARA WALTZ. H. M. Thullier. 25c.—MONTAIGLE POLKA. Lucy A. Thayer. 25c.—FAREWELL, DEAREST. Ballad. Hubert Toby. 25c.—I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW. Song. E. R. French. 25c.—ROSE REDOWA. J. S. Wright. 25c.—MEMORY'S DREAM WALTZ. R. B. Leonard. 25c.—PURA SICCOME UN ANGELO. (Slumbering on Earth's cold pillow) Song from "La Traviata."—THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART. Song. Subject from "Dred." J. Blockley. 20c.—THE MOTHER I LOST LONG AGO. Song from "Dred." 25c.—SEE, THE MERRY FLOWERS ARE DANCING. (E Pallo un bel Gagliando). "La Traviata." 25c.—THE WILD ROSE POLKA. H. Avery. 25c.—LA CREPUSCULE NOCTURNE. B. C. Blodget. 25c.—SUMMER SHOWERS POLKA. G. D. Smith. 25c.—I MET HER ON A MONDAY. Ballad. Sarnen. 20c.—SECONDE ETUDE MAZURKA. A. Talczy. 35c.—NOI SIAMO ZINGARELLA. (We're a Merry Gipsy Band.) Song from "La Traviata." 25c.

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# With Helmet on his Brow.

WITH ENERGY.  
BASE SOLO.

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With hel-met on his brow, and sa-ber on his thigh, The sol-dier mounts his gul-lant steed, to conquer or to die; His  
O bright as his own good sword a sol-dier's fame must be, And pure as the plume that floats above his helm so white and free; No



plume like a pen-non, streams on the wan-ton sum-mer wind, In the path of glo-ry still that white plume shalt thou find;  
fear in his heart must dwell, but the dread that shame may throw One spot up-on that blade so bright, one stain on that plume of snow;

CHORUS.  
SOPRANO.



Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-zen drum re-ply, . . . "A sol-dier must with hon-or live, or at once with hon-or die."

ALTO.



*ff*  
TENOR.



Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-zen drum re-ply, . . . "A sol-dier must with hon-or live, or at once with hon-or die."

BASE.



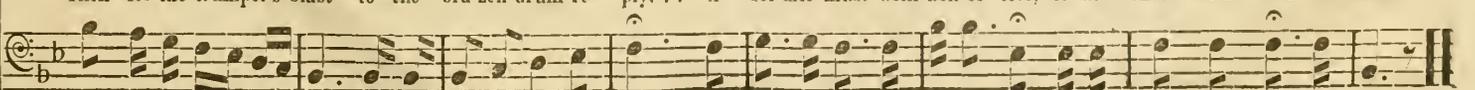
Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-zen drum re-ply, . . . "A sol-dier must with hon-or live, or at once with hon-or die."



*ff*



Then let the trumpet's blast to the bra-zen drum re-ply, . . . "A sol-dier must with hon-or live, or at once with hon-or die."



# Oh! God of Strength.

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No. 1.

Translated for this Journal.

**SOPRANO.**



**ALTO.**

1. { Oh! God of strength, whose mighty hand Has caused the earth and heavens to stand, I love and I a - dore thee! }  
 { I see thy power in all a - round, And love thy prais-es to re - sound While bow - ing low be - fore thee. }  
 2. { When I th' ex - pand-ed heavens be - hold, Be - gemmed with sparks of glit - t'ring gold, I see Je - ho - vah's glo - ry! }  
 { The pure e - the - real orbs of light Pro - claim their great Cre - a - tor's might, And e'er re - peat the sto - ry. }

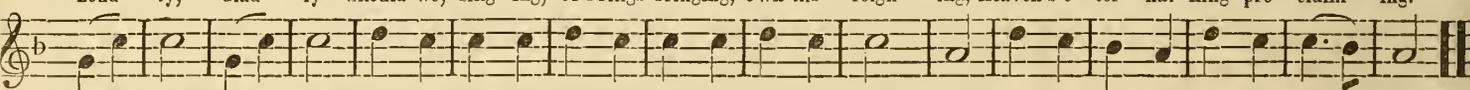
**TENOR.**

3. { When I sur - vey this frame of mine, So fraught with proofs of skill di - vine, I then thy hand dis - cov - er: }  
 { Thy good - ness beams from ev - ery part, And bids a gladdened, grate - ful heart For - get to love thee nev - er. }  
 4. { O thou, who art ere - a - tion's Lord, Be thou my Rock, my safe A - bode, And keep my feet from fall - ing: }  
 { From days of youth to days of age Make clear to me that ho - ly page Where truth to heaven is call - ing. }

**BASE.**




Ho - ly, Might - y, God of na - ture, Great Cre - a - tor, All things praise thee, Ev - er cry - ing, "Worthy, wor - thy!"  
 Loud - ly, Glad - ly Should we, sing - ing, Of - frings bringing, Own his reign - ing, Heaven's e - ter - nal King pro - claim - ing.



Great - ness, Good - ness, Both in - eline me E'er to serve thee, God of heav - en, Whose I am—by whom for - giv - en.  
 Keep me Near thee, Be my Lead - er, My De - fend - er, Till in glo - ry, End - less prais-es I shall give thee.



# Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.

No. 2.

Harmony parts by JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, BACH'S Choral Buch (1784). No. 278.

**SOPRANO.**



**ALTO.**



**TENOR.**



**BASE.**



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SOPRANO.

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\* The first line of the hymn by which the tune is generally known.

# The Pure in Heart see God.

Poetry by M. D. WILLIAMS. Music by C. M. TRAVER, Albany, N. Y.

LEGATO.  
SOPRANO.

1. In Spring's soft sun-shine, and her wel-come showers, The spark-ling dew - drops and the low - ly flowers, Of earth's green sod ;

ALTO.

2. In Sum-mer's beau-ty, when the ros-es bloom, La-ding the breez-es with a rich per-fume, Fresh from the bud :

TENOR.

3. In Au-tumn's ripe-ning fruits and fad-ing flowers, Em-blem of those we loved in hap-pier hours, And in the rod

BASE.

4. In Win-ter's rav-age when the earth is bare, When storms and temp-ests min-gle in the air, When tall trees nod

4. In Win-ter's rav-age when the earth is bare, When storms and temp-ests min-gle in the air, When tall trees nod

In the fresh leaves, and grass on which we tread, And in the ra-diant sky a-bove our head. The eye of faith sees God.

In the deep for-est and the si-lent spot, For lo! there is no place where He is not, The pure in heart see God.

Of Him, who ev-er chast-ens us in love; And in the storm clouds, as they meet a-bove, The child of faith sees God.

Be-neath the gale of winds, that wild-ly blow; In these, and in the pure, white vir-gin snow, The child of faith sees God.

Be-neath the gale of winds, that wild-ly blow; In these, and in the pure, white vir-gin snow, The child of faith sees God.

# God is Love.

HYMN.

O. R. MERRILL, Washington, D. C. January, 1857.

SOPRANO.

God is love; his mer-cy brightens All the path in which we rove; Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens; God is wisdom, God is love.

ALTO.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove: From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom. God is love.

TENOR.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove: From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom. God is love.

BASE.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove: From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom. God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth, Will his changeless goodness prove: From the gloom his brightness streameth: God is wisdom. God is love.

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The object and general features of "The Psalms of Life" may be learned from the Preface, the greater part of which we subjoin.

Among the many collections designated as "Hymn" and "Music Books" already published, this new compilation certainly possesses the characteristic of originality, inasmuch as its Editor has entered a new field, and gathered material never before used for a like purpose.

Similar works, are for the most part, mere repositories of the thoughts and feelings of the Past, while the mind continually yearns for the inspirations of the Present. The Psalms and Hymns they bring to us were written for a previous generation, for a people subject in their daily life to other surroundings, and actuated by motives differing in many essential particulars from those that govern us. Hence, they were adopted by them as the representatives of their spiritual faith and aspirations; but to suppose them to be adapted to every people and every occasion, is neither wise nor just.

It is readily admitted that in some points the people of a hundred years ago were like ourselves: their God is our God, though we may not view him from the same plane of thought; they had hopes to cherish, so have we; sorrows that plead for comfortings, and we, also, have our times of sadness; they had duties and loves, paternal and fraternal, and such have we. In these and other points they were one with us—children of one Father, members of one great brotherhood.

But in many things we differ. Subject to the great law of "Progression" we have advanced not only in our views of Art and Science, but also in our views of our relations to God and to each other. This supreme principle, related to worlds and atoms as soul to body, inevitably applies itself to our religious and National Lyrics. Yet compilers seemed to have overlooked this great truth, and have followed each other in the same path, editing and re-editing the self-same "Psalms and Hymns," changing the titles, but presenting the same food. Selections have been confined to the very limited range of what for the past two or three centuries has been denominated "Sacred Poetry," with but a slight, if any, recognition of the productions of a more recent date. The result has been, a score or more of books, differing only in the arrangement of their contents, not in the contents themselves.

The spirit of the past found its desires met in the poetry that flowed through the channels of its own thought. But new occasions give birth to new thoughts, and create new wants; and these wants must be met with responses as intimately connected with them as every effect with its cause.

The Theology of the present differs from that of the past in so far as its views of God and of our relations to Him and to each other, and of our present and future existence, take a much broader scope, and grasp with the hands of a stronger and more rational faith the great fact of Immortality. For the people of this age we want the poetical fervor of our own times; we want the ideas by which our thoughts and feelings are inspired, and embodied in verse, so that our songs of praise, our words of cheer, and our devotional aspirations may be harmonious responses to the highest conceptions of the soul.

And we have these. The poetry of to-day is replete with the hopes and faiths of to-day. It is practical, and at the same time glowing with a spiritual beauty commensurate with the loftiest ideality of the mind. It has been called forth by the stirring events transpiring around us; it is the living inspiration of our age; is adapted to a faith in a present revelation from the spirit-world, and is fully expressive of the high and glorious impulses of Divinity within us that move our thoughts to action in behalf of an absolute freedom of mind and body.

The result of an effort to gather this poetry and present it in connection with an appropriate selection of music is found in this volume. In the pursuit of this object, we have not forgotten the past, our ancestry had much in common with us, as we have already remarked, and we would not disown it. The Past comes to us, bearing as an offering to place upon the altar of the Present, the sweet and fervid devotional songs of our fathers. Gladly we accept them, and love them for the beauties they enshrine. They are wreathed with a glowing immortality; and the generations of our own times and of the future will find hope, and strength, and comfortings in them.

The selections of music will be recognized by all who have had experience in singing, in comprise tunes with which they have before met, and around which associations gather that have established them as favorites. In addition to these are several original compositions and new arrangements. The collection of chants will be found unusually large; a feature that their rapidly increasing use will at once commend, and one which enables us to furnish a number of poems not suited to common tunes, but which will be highly valued for the sentiments they represent.

Our thanks are tendered to the owners of copy-right on music for permission of use, as, also, to those individuals in various parts of the Union, who have in various ways manifested their interest in the progress of the work. With the hope that it may meet their expectations and supply our present wants, and that every reform, religious, political, social, and domestic, may find within it that which will cheer the soldier in life's great battle, wreathe the brows of the despairing with stars of hope, and lead all to a firmer trust in God and love for one another, "The Psalms of Life" are submitted to the People.

\* \* \* This work contains upwards of 500 PSALMS and HYMNS, etc., and nearly 200 TUNES, with very full and complete indexes, giving First Lines, Classification of Subjects, Titles and Meters. It forms a volume of 262 pages, library style; is handsomely and durably bound in cloth, embossed and lettered; Price, 75 cents. Also, in leather, filleted sides, and lettered; Price, \$1.

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