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MUSICAL JOURNAL

AND REVIEW.

JOHN M. EVANS.]

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[ADVERTISEMENTS.]

Advertisements received at the Publication office. Sixteen cents a line each insertion. This department forms no objectionable feature to the paper, as the advertisements are constantly changed, and being strictly musical, possess some interest to every musician and amateur.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, the greatest instrumental composer since Beethoven, is no more. He died on the 29th of July at Eudenich, a small village near Bonn, peacefully and quietly. Our esteemed London correspondent writing from Coblenz, gives a short but interesting sketch of this true genius.

SUMMARY OF MUSICAL NEWS.

Mr. SCHUBERTH (of Schuberth & Co., music publishers) has returned to New-York from his European tour in the steamer Borussia with several contracts for artists engaged to complete Mr. Van Berkel's German Opera Troupe. These engagements were at once confirmed by Mr. Van Berkel, whose stage-manager, Mr. Pyrker, immediately sailed by the Atlantic to bring over these artists. They are a baritone, a prima donna for tragic rôles, and a lyric tenor. The first performance of this new troupe will be on the sixteenth of next month at Niblo's. Arrangements have been made with the popular Ravel troupe to fill the ballet portion of the operas. We hear with much satisfaction, that many wealthy German merchants have already evinced their sympathy for this undertaking by liberal subscriptions for reserved seats; the number of these set apart for subscribers, we are informed, are nearly all taken. The rehearsals under CARL BERGMANN commenced some two weeks since, and have proved very satisfactory with regard to all engaged in

them. The chorus especially is said to be better than any which has preceded it in America. Success to the new German Opera Company! —Max Maretzek will open the N. Y. Academy, it is rumored, for twelve representations during the month of September, or until the expiration of Mr. Paine's lease.

Dwight's *Journal of Music* apologizes for the neglect of Crawford, the Sculptor, at the inauguration of the Beethoven statue and until now, by the remark that his ovation will be as "long as the work shall stand to praise the master." The man who paid for the bronze casting, (which generosity is perhaps the cause of his withdrawing his name from our subscription-list,) it would seem from the above, needed something more tangible, and it was given him. We would suggest to friend Dwight that "Dog Noble" has ferreted out something more odorous than a "squirrel" from that "hole." —Firth, Pond & Co., (New-York,) have just issued in most attractive shape, a series of Waltzes for the piano-forte, by WM. MASON. They are No. 1. *Rien que la valse*, (nothing but a waltz;) No. 2. *Toujours*, (yet another;) and No. 3. *Pour la dernière fois*, (For the last time.) These are the waltzes which Mr. Mason played last season, in public, and which pleased his audiences and connoisseurs by their highly melodious strains and original and artistic treatment. They are within the capabilities of moderate performers. —ROBERT HELLER, pianist and necromancer, who was one winter a favorite with the Boston public, is *not* dead, as has been reported. He is, we believe, teaching music in Washington. —Miss Kate Comstock gave a concert at New-London, Conn., on the evening of the 18th instant. —In speaking of the eldest daughter of the late Countess Rossi, a German paper, the *Augsburg Gazette*, says: "She inherits the talents and charms of her mother; she is Henrietta Sontag at eighteen."

New-Yorkers have lost valuable concert-singers and teachers in the departure for Europe of Mr. PHILIP MAYER and wife. They have been long known and esteemed as public singers: Mrs. Mayer is still familiarly remembered as Miss Rosa Jacques of the Sequin Opera Troupe, and Mr. Mayer's truly artistic aid will be missed in the concerts of the coming season. He has also been highly successful as a teacher. They are forced to cross the Atlantic by the ill-health of the lady. Let us hope that a few months of home will thoroughly restore her, that we may soon welcome their return to America, where foreign artists of their stamp are a desideratum. —Signor Tiberini, an European tenor, has just arrived in New-York from Havana. —Notwithstanding the large salaries paid to Italian opera soloists, it seems that they can not always keep clear of pecuniary embarrassments. A member of the late troupe of the N. Y. Academy, and a great favorite with the ladies, found himself in an awkward predicament a few days since from want of the needful. The Signor it seems, has been living on his wits for some time past, but his stock of that article has not sufficed to carry him safely through until Max again opens the doors of the opera-house. This gentleman had ordered a coat from his tailor's which, in all confidence, was sent

home in due time. By some accident however, it did not fit the singer's rather unusual figure, and a few days after its receipt he wore it down Broadway and stopped at the shop to make an exhibit of the demerits of his garment. Unluckily for its wearer, the maker had meantime had a hint given him that the pay might be a long time coming; so when the Signor showed the misfit of the coat, the man of the scissors very readily coincided in opinion and requested that the garment be removed for better inspection. But no sooner was the coat off, than the Signor to his surprise saw it neatly folded and placed in a drawer with an intimation of "cash-down" terms. The walk home, displaying his rotund figure in his shirt-sleeves, must have been more comfortable (in this hot weather) than pleasant to the renowned vocalist.

Some one by the name of George Henry Curtis, announces under the appalling heading of "Liberty or Death!" and in remarkable English, "that in accordance with the growing demands of Freedom, not less than in obedience to an unabated love of his art—yet at the same time ignoring the bitterness of political party spirit—he proposes to leaders and members of choirs, reliable readers of plain music, and amateurs generally, the following programme of a short musical campaign," in Waterbury, Conn. And then follows the programme; and such a programme! First, Mr. Curtis proposes to deliver a lecture on the claims of the "Art Divine, historically and practically considered," accompanied by "five vocal illustrations." Second, he will "publicly" perform the "well-known" American Cantata, "Eleutheria," which will be accomplished in "six vigorous rehearsals." Third, he will give a course of twelve lessons in elementary vocal music to adults; and fourth, he will give "a course of twelve lessons to his little friends, the boys and girls." Mr. C. "is happy to state," that in the adult class will be used his last new "Historical Song-Book." By this we learn that Mr. Curtis is a composer as well as a lecturer and teacher; and that he has written not only one but several musical works; for he emphatically states, that the "Historical" song-book is his *last*. By the way, as Mr. C. is connected with the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, would it not be well for him to add to his list of compositions other works, which would serve as companions to his "Historical" song-book? For instance, "The Geographical Song-Book," "The Metaphysical Song-Book;" "The Astronomical Song-Book," "The Hydropathic Song-Book," etc., published under the general title of "Polytechnic Music," would not be a bad idea. We have not copy-righted the above titles, and Mr. Curtis is at liberty to use them as he sees fit. But take him all in all, the "Polytechnic Musician" must be a wonderful man; and the people of Waterbury are indeed fortunate that he has resolved to force music upon them at the point of the bayonet. "Liberty or Death!" is his watchword; Liberty to sound his own trumpet, and Death to—all who refuse to hear him.

Dwight's *Journal of Music* has come out flat-footed for Fremont, and thinks his election necessary for the progress of high art. We ourselves as yet are on the fence, hesitating between "our Jessie," and Jenny Lind.—The Progressive Quakers in Pennsylvania, in their "Testimony," which discusses the subject of Amusements, their uses and abuses, and which emanates from the fifth yearly meeting, in Chester, Pa., held in May last, come out strongly in favor of social amusements, music, dancing, etc. "Religion," they say, "was not designed to make us sorrowful, melancholy, and cadaverous, but round-faced, happy, and joyful." "We do not hesitate to advise parents to cultivate in their children the faculty of music. If there is on earth any scene that can give us a foretaste of heavenly bliss, it is that of a household, whose refined sympathies, affluent affections, and world-embracing love find daily expression in melodious song." Good for the Quakers; no longer shall we hear the oft-repeated comparison, "As silent as a Quaker;" for now that they have thrown off their allegiance to gloomy silence and misanthropy, their dwellings will resound with cheerful songs, and their faces will glow with that happiness which music only can create. "Music not only improves a man's taste," remarks some philosopher, "but his morals. It gives him a taste for home that amends his habits wonderfully. The man who spends his evenings with a piano, is seldom seen in dram-shops, and never with night-brawlers. We believe in music, and candidly think that one flute will do as much toward driving rowdyism out of a neighborhood, as four

policemen and a bull-dog."—The editor of *Fitzgerald's City Item*, Phil., having stolen our "Grand Fete of Rain" item, apparently without remorse, we steal the following from his last issue; and feel perfectly justified in so doing. We hope, however, that we are not appropriating stolen property:

"A good joke is made of Jullien's speech at the private festivity that preceded the public opening of the Surrey Gardens, London. He said that he intended to make the shilling concerts equal in every respect to the best Ancient Concerts—a Philharmonic class of concerts to be had in Europe—and continued: I would say—no—de programme shall be arl good—de classique—de fin moosike. No. Arways, from the time I give de farsc concerte in Paris—it vas ven I vas seventeen—I put in de programme the fin—classique—moosike. But arways, also, de frivole—de populaire moosike. Sometings I have write good. But I write for de many, de frivole. De frivole make dem comb. Ven dey comb I give them besser. I ofair shinshcrread, and ven dey comb I give dem r-r-rrost beef."

Mrs. Charles Barton Hill, whose *Pierotto* in *Linda*, and *Lisa* in *Sonambula*, at Philadelphia, some years since, and whose more recent performance of *Ariel* in the *Tempest*, at Burton's Theater in New-York, created a marked sensation, is now teaching vocal music in Buffalo, N. Y.

—Mr. Tourjee, a music teacher of Fall River, Mass., treated his pupils of Newport, Bristol, and Fall River, to an excursion to Rocky Point, R. I., where they indulged in music and baked clams to their hearts' content. Rocky Point, we have been there; and the savor of those baked clams still lingers upon our palate. Never before did we so fully appreciate the Yankee Poet's "Sonnet to a Clam." But when music and clams are united, the effect must be startling indeed.—The "Thayer Female Sax-Horn Band," gave a concert in Waukegan, Ill., on the 14th inst.—Mr. Root's cantata, the "Flower-Queen," is now in rehearsal every morning in Ottawa, Ill., by a number of young ladies, under the direction of Mr. L. B. Miller.—A concert was given at the Ocean Hall, Newport, R. I., on the 12th inst., by Madame Stephany, and Messrs. Carl Wels, Guidi, and Aptomas.

The "local" of the Buffalo *Commercial* indulges in a long article on Church music, which he concludes by saying: "Good choristers of our churches, there is enough of good music to last over Sunday; resrve, then, the poppinjay style of thing for week-day parlors, and let it not offend sound taste, and insult the reverential feeling which some people fancy is due to our houses of worship." We presume the "poppinjay style of thing" does not refer to Mr. Poppenberg, a respectable composer and musician of the city of Buffalo. Will C. F. S. inform us?—Somewhere out west, a young man sought the influence of a deacon to procure him a situation as a base singer in the choir. "Why don't you apply for the tenor's position?—it pays better," said the deacon. "I have a base voice," was the reply. "What does that signify? By working hard you can accomplish any thing." Sensible deacon that.—The Peak Family, vocalists and "Bell-ringers," gave a musical entertainment at Kingston, N. Y., on the 7th inst.—PAUL JULIEN, the violinist, gave a concert at St. Nicholas Hall, Saratoga, N. Y., on the evening of the 16th inst.—Miss Anna Vail, assisted by Messrs. Amadio and Giannoni, gave a concert at Goshen, N. Y., on the 18th inst.—Mr. Carl Hause, pianist, and Mr. Jungnickel, violoncellist, gave a concert at Lynn, Mass., on the 15th inst.

A German musical society, called the "Schwammer Musik-Gesellschaft," gave a vocal and instrumental concert at Sunnystown, Pa., on the 16th inst., under the direction of Mr. Boyer.—The Pyne and Harrison troupe gave a concert in London, C. W., on the 5th inst.—The Barker Family lately sung in Laporte, Ind.—The Galena (Ill.) Glee-Club gave a concert in that place on the 5th inst.—Mrs. G. B. Farnum gave a concert in Hollis, N. H., on the 13th inst., and in Litchfield on the 14th.—Mr. James G. Clark gave a concert at Fulton, N. Y., one evening last week.—Mrs. L. L. Deming, the poetess and vocalist, gave a concert in Columbus, Ohio, on the 7th inst.—The Hardy Family, assisted by Mr. Brown, who claims to be "the original Brown," gave a concert in Worcester, Mass., on the 8th inst.—Ole Bull and troupe are giving concerts in Iowa.—Mr. A. J. Pendleton, assisted by his pupils, gave a concert at Keeseville, N. Y., on the 5th inst.

CHEAP EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

OUR friend Mr. A. W. THAYER, the able "Diarist" of Dwight's *Journal of Music*, has laid upon our table a copy of a new and very cheap German edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, for which he proposes to receive subscriptions at the very low rate of six dollars per copy. The musical student can not make a better investment. We have been much pleased with the edition; the print is good, correct, and very legible, on white and firm paper; and the Biography which precedes, although perhaps containing nothing new, is well worth reading. Mr. Thayer deserves the thanks of every lover of music for arranging to supply the work so cheaply, and we trust it will be bought and studied by many of our amateurs. It will be worth cart-loads of Waltzes, Polkas, Fantasias, etc. Beethoven's Sonatas are an inexhaustible source of delight and instruction to all advanced piano-forte players, who have not as yet by the practice of trash, lost the power of thought and reflection. These sonatas are the life of the master; his youth and his manhood. Whoever desires to read and study him in the *original language*, so to speak, should buy these sonatas. They will give him a better insight into the merits and grandeur of the master, as well as into the history of the development of modern music, than the perusal of any number of literary works upon the subject can ever impart.

An improvement in the labors of the editorial department of these sonatas we can not refrain from suggesting. We refer to a more rational and philosophic arrangement of the sonatas, which would prove of great assistance to the student. Would it not have been better to have commenced the series with the easier and more intelligible of the sonatas, progressing to the end, and closing with those of the greatest difficulty of execution and comprehension, prefixing to each a few words in regard to the date and circumstances under which it was composed, referring also to the new and original steps taken by the author as he grew old in years and genius? But this refers to the question already discussed, Whether our whole piano-forte literature should not be revised for the purpose of assisting in imparting a spiritual as well as mechanical education on the piano-forte. We know of no existing method for advanced students, which does not aim too exclusively to the education of the fingers merely, without reference to the history and spirit of the music played.

Editions of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others, edited carefully, with reference to such a spirit, would advance musical art to the same extent, as the early appeal to the heart and reason of a child will be found the best guide in difficult circumstances of after-life. For this reason we shall always come back to this grand question.

JOHN JONES'S MUSICAL ADVENTURES IN EUROPE.

No. VIII.

At the corner of my street and the Boulevard des Italiens is a Coffee-Room called *Café Lepelletier*. Although in the midst of the bustle of the fashionable world, it is a retired spot, having the remarkable feature of a little garden before the house with small bowers, where a man with very great imagination might easily think he is far off in the country. I patronized the establishment, first, because, being in Paris, you *must* go to a café after dinner, and secondly, because café-houses are among those very few places where the greater part of Parisian society reveals itself in all its glory and peculiarity. It has been said, that the French live mostly in cafés; this might not fully be true; but certain it is, that if, for instance, the musical world could be concentrated anywhere in Paris, it would be decidedly in the café-houses. If the artist is not at Brandus' or Troupenas', or some other publisher's, if he is not at home, either in reality or apparently, he is somewhere in a café enjoying his *demietasse* or his cigar, and, *horribile dictu!* his dominoes. A Frenchman without his *demietasse* taken in a public place is an impossibility; a Parisian artist without his *demietasse* and his dominoes has never been and will never be. Both requisites enter into the native element of that air which the artist has been accustomed to breathe since childhood, and without which he could not live. This is the reason, that at a cer-

tain time, mostly after six in the evening, all those curious beings who go under the name of artists in Paris, are scattered all over the city in the various brilliant and not brilliant coffee-saloons, faithful to their vocation to make at least some noise, if it be only with the domino ivories. Poor and rich, great and small, celebrated and unknown, all share the same fate, and even one as destitute or even more so, than a genuine rag-picker, although perhaps he may be a genius, will rather sacrifice his miserable dinner than to lose the benefit of at least one *demietasse* per week.

Strange to say, that even foreigners feel the powerful influence of this custom, and after some time indulge in it as much as any Parisian. Yes, they very often go much further; for we have known many foreign musical students in Paris who, after two years' residence, seemed at least to have found the solution of that great problem, namely, to win the game of dominoes not only with a *double-six* but also with a *double-five*. It is true, such brilliant results could not be achieved but by very assiduous studies and practice, and also by natural talent for the art; but still it must have been extremely satisfactory to the relations and parents of these students, to see the energy of mind of the latter, so fully preserved and developed in spite of the bad influence which Paris is said to exercise. The only drawback for the American artist is the awful fact, that America has not yet adopted domino-playing as a national game, and that therefore when he returns to his native shore, the hard-bred and well-earned art will be a dead loss to him; but, as it is pretty well understood that artists never fail to influence their time and the customs of their country, we may still entertain the hope, that some day we shall see even the new world enjoying all the benefit of the artistic acquisitions of the old one.

MUSICAL FABLES.

THE GOOSE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

NEAR a clear spring in a meadow, far from human habitation, lived an elderly goose, who had abandoned the society of her companions, that she might meditate in solitude upon the wrongs committed on her race, and devise means to ameliorate their condition. Mrs. Goose had ever been a source of trouble to her owner, and even amongst her fellows she had created many enemies by the various expedients and inventions she had made for their benefit, all of which had signally failed, and had brought many an unfortunate goose into the hands of the cook before her time. All these misfortunes had caused Mother Goose to seek refuge in the meadow. But even here her philanthropic efforts did not cease. One day she spied on a neighboring tree a colony of nightingales, and listening attentively to their chatter, discovered that the old birds were teaching their young ones how to sing. The goose heard with contempt the awkward efforts of the young birds to imitate the voices of their parents; and at once set her brain to work to invent some new plan by which young nightingales might be taught to sing with less difficulty. Suddenly an idea struck her so severely that she staggered; but recovering from the blow, she resolved to give the young nightingales the benefit of her advice and teachings. With this laudable purpose she wended her way towards the tree, and after several attempts succeeded in gaining its branches. The young nightingales were at first frightened by the sudden appearance of the stranger; but were at length soothed by the assurance of their parents that there was no need of fear, and after they had all become quiet, the goose thus addressed the old birds:

"Friends, I have been listening to you while teaching your children to sing; and it seems to me that your method is so difficult and intricate that you give your offspring much more trouble than is necessary."

The nightingales listened with profound attention.

"While I was listening," continued the goose, "it struck me that I might improve upon your plan of teaching. In the first place, your voices are, I imagine, too soft to allow the young birds to acquire an accurate idea of each sound; and in the second place you trill so rapidly that the notes become confused in your utterance and your children are unable to imitate them."

The nightingales were filled with wonder at the wisdom and goodness of the stranger.

"Now," continued the goose, "I have come to offer my services; my voice is louder, stronger, and clearer than yours, and I am able to prolong a sound to such an extent that the young birds, if they have any idea at all of music, must catch it—will you accept my services?"

The nightingales expressed their willingness and gratitude, by a thousand thanks.

The goose, placing herself on an elevated limb, proudly erected her head, and entreating her young pupils to imitate her, commenced a scream, so loud, so strong, so harsh, so unmusical, and so deafening, that the nightingales, young and old, were so frightened that they took to flight, nor ceased flying until they had left the terrible sounds far behind. The goose, astonished at the ungrateful conduct of her pupils, descended from the tree, and returned to her meadow more discontented than ever.

The above fable applies only to those, who, although almost totally ignorant of the rules of music, seek to invent new methods of teaching, which, when put in practice, serve only to confuse the minds of learners, and put more obstacles in their path than they had before dreamed of. Inventors of new notations may also make an application.



THE WESTERN SINGING-MASTER'S RETURN TO NEW-YORK.

DURING one of those recent hot days when the great business in the city was to "keep cool," a long, lank, sorrel-completed, sandy-haired specimen of a man entered the store puffing and blowing and fanning himself with his wheat-straw hat. At first we did not recognize him, but when he halted up and stuck out his hand with his hearty "How are you, old hoss?" we knew him. It was Prof. Pilkins, from up "Salt River, Kanetucky."

"How do you do, Mr. Pilkins?"

"I am up," said he, and he gave us a grip that would have done credit to a blacksmith's vice. "Well, you see I am back agin; but I reckon Ile not feed at Mr. Aster's Tavern, nor go to Trinity Church when I see folks comin' up from that way, thinkin' there is *morning prayer-meeting*, nor buy another *watch* where the sign is a walking around, 'Beware of mock auctions.'"

"Mr. Pilkins," said we, "we are very glad to see you, and now if you are not in too great a hurry, he seated, tell us *where* you have been and *what* you have been doing since we had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Well, I don't care if I do set a little in this cool nest of yourn and let off the steam." After a pause, he commenced again: "You say, 'where have you been?' Well, I've been nosing around among the Buckeyes—Wolverines—Korn Krackers—Hoosiers—Badgers—Hawk-eyes—Suckers—*Pukes*, (I mean Missouri fokes,) and come mighty nigh going to Kansas. By the hy, did you know that Stringfellow and Beauford used to go to singing-school to me? They did. But there want no 'music in their souls,' and you see the words of Shake Spear the Profit is fulfilled, 'fit for reasonable strategems and crimes.' Stringfeller's father was a 'T. T.' (tooth-tinker,) and Beauford's father was a 'N. B.' (nigger-breeder,) I knode 'em like a book. But it's too hot to go through the whole rigmarole this time. But as I was saying, I got back a few days ago and have been poking around to see the sights. I went to a church-warming among the upper-crust folks since I come."

"Church-warming! What do you mean?" said we.

"Why, it's the big meeting they have, when it is first opened to public inspection," said he. "Ile tell you about this one. They have no windows in the sides of the meeting-house, so all the light they have comes through some scuttle-holes in the top. The inside has graven images of eighteen apostles about as big as Tom Thum, and right over the preacher is a female angel smiling on him. I tell you it's nice. The preacher talked about 'formal religion,' made a 'beautiful prayer,' and the female angel whose picture was over the preacher, stood up stairs at the other end of the church and sung 'so heavenly.' She would go up and up and up till it was a perfect *rat squeal*, and then she would come a-quivering and a-fluttering down again. I could not see her, so I asked the doorkeeper if that was the angel whose picture was over the preacher." "No," said he, "it is an *amature*." Then I knew the reason why she sung so like the girl that kicked up her heels so in the opera at Castle Garden that I wrote to Jake about. "Well," says I, "is that the 'amature' language she sings in?" "Oh! no," says he, "it is *Lahteen*, (Latin.)" "My stars," says I, "I never hear Latin spoke like that before." "You are a stranger in the metropolis, are you not?" said he. "I don't know what you mean by *metropolis*," says I, "but if you mean to say I am a stranger in these parts, you've hit the nail

on the head." "This, sir, is an exquisite *Lahteen* solo from a most popular opera," said he. "See here, stranger," says I, "this is new hunting-ground and strange game to me, so you won't let your dander get up if I make some blunders will you?" "Oh! no sir, by no means." "Well, will you please show me where I can see the *dancing*?" "Dancing! What do you mean?" "Why, them fellows up there with the *amateur* played a jig or some fool thing, every little while when she stopped to puff and blow, and I spose they were ging to dance. That's the way they did at the *opera*." "I hope you do not compare this to an *opera*, sir." "I hope you wont take no pride in what I say, stranger," says I. "It *sounds* mighty like one, and no body can understand a word that's said." "Genteel congregations, sir, care but little about the *words* so they have *artistic* music," said he. He left me, disgusted with my ignorance and want of cultivation, and I left the performance and strolled along, thinking about the rapid progress of piety and music in some of the 'up-town' congregations. "Genteel congregations care but little about the *words* if they can have *artistic* music." "Then I aint *genteel*, for Ide rather have *sense* than *sound*," says I to myself. "It's too awful hot to tell you about a concert I just been to, so Ile let it sweat awhile till I want to come in to cool off."

"No, no, Mr. Pilkins, let us have it now, and when you call in you can tell us of something else that interests you. What concert was it?"

"It was the *Old Folkes Concert* at the Tabernacle.

"You see I was going along Broadway, reading signs and seeing how easy two ladies side by side take up the whole side-walk, when I saw a fellow standing at Broadway Tabernacle gate, dressed so curious, I stopped to look at him. Three sides of his hat-rim was tucked in. He had on his brother's britches that just come to his knees, so he had to piece them out by putting on his mother's stockings. He took his sister's ruffles and put around his wrists. As he didn't have on any thing that was made for him, I wonder if he didn't put these ruffles on to make folks think he had a shirt on also.

"There he stood, cutting a mighty spludge and handing out bills of fare for something. So I took one, and sure as you live it was a list of songs for the *Old Folks Concert*. I looked it over, and when I saw it was the good old pieces we used to sing at camp-meetings and at our singing-schools on Rackkoon Creek and down on Beaver Run, and on Salt River, says I, 'Mr. Showman, Ime in. This singing good words to Jim Crow tunes, like in a music-hook I seen the other day, that's just out for the use of churches and choirs, with "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," to the tune of "Uncle Ned," I cant go. I am glad that the good old times is a coming again.' He looked at me a minute and then reached out his corn-stealer and nearly started the claret out of the ends of my fingers. 'Why, Mr. Pilkins, haow do ye dew? I he right daown glad to see ye. Haow is brother and sister Lucas? Excuse me one minute, I am husy.' He was busy. Busy playin a favorite tune in *quarters*. Each one who went in added a *note*. 'Well,' says I, 'I compose a little in this way myself, sometimes,' so I added another silver *crotchet* to swell the chorus, and in I went, to see how 'our fathers sung and dressed in the days of the Revolution.'

"Pretty soon a company of youngsters come in dressed like a set of nannyroogians. The fellers dressed sorter like the chap at the gate. But the girls—I can't tell you how. They were the most 'flamber-gasted' looking daughters of Eve you ever saw. I should think the honnets were the *second* article of clothing ever made. After waiting a little hit the girls struck up 'Come, my heloved, don't stay away so long,' or something like it, and then the young fellers answered them, and the girls looked as pleased as Betsy Ferline used to when she would hear some dark night the sound of my uncle Jiles bugle. You see he had a great *propensity* for music, and then too he wanted Miss Betsy not to be illustrated when he come. So he took some staves and tapered them right, and put them together like the way they make barrels. He sawed off some pieces of horn for the hoops, and it sounded nice. But as I was saying, they sung to one another for awhile and then sat down. Then they sung something to the Lord. 'Spare us, O Lord!' was the pieee. They felt guilty about something, else they wouldn't of prayed that way. I expect it was not 'honoring their father and mother.' It was a shame to make fun of the *old folks* the way they done. But that's all the taste and bringing up some youngsters have these days. Their smartness lays in making fun of their betters. Well might they sing 'Spare us, O Lord!' After this they went to the Tomb of the Saviour and looked in, and then run hack screeching, 'The Lord is risen indeed,' and hollering 'Hallelujah,' till they could lay a Millerite camp-meeting in the shade. Then when they cooled off a little, they sung 'Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,' to show us how the Puritans sung in their *prayer-meetings*." My opinion is, if Moses was Mayor instead of Fernando Wood, this company would have been stoned for blasphemy.

"This seemed to make them hold, so they looked death in the face and sung, 'Where, O Death! is thy sting?' When they got done, the people slapped and stomped riporios just as if they want afraid of death.

I tell you if death had just then come knocking at the door, or met them on the street with his sythe, they'da dropped on their knees and begged like whipped dogs. Then they had play-time ten minnutes.

"It begin to thunder and lightnin' awful, so they struck up *opposition* and sang about 'ruling boisterous seas, and wind, and waves, and sinking in gaping graves.' I reckon this is what they call *adaptation*. I wonder if they didn't get the idea of fainting, dylnig, quivering, freezing, thawing, loving, hating, waking the dead, getting up agony and easing it off, and sich like, from the *choirs*. Most choirs try to do such things on Sunday, specially the choirs that have poor singers and a self-conceited, ignorant leader, and a \$15 melodeon. They think 'it the duty of the choir to be *impressive*.' After the thunder and lightning laid them in the shade, they took us to the 'Isle of Patuus.' One fellow tried to represent John having a 'heavenly vision' but it was shocking. Another tried to represent the 'great angel,' to sound and put an end to time. When he sounded, the girls came to represent the 'heavenly host.'

"I actually was shocked at such bold blasphemy. I do expect they will try pretty soon to represent the Maker and the devil. The last one they could easily represent when it comes to *mocking* at solemn and sacred things.

"Oh! I can't begin to tell you all. They sung about 'the Lord descended from above,' and the 'New Jerusalem coming down.' Pretty soon they told us the 'Sun of Science' had gone West. I thought it had left where they lived and left them in the shade. When they got to the throwing off of the 'British yoke and galling chain,' I tell you the folks kicked and yelled. Well, when the British were whipped and killed, and were leaving for the 'old country,' to be *appropriate*, the leader said, let us sing, 'Why do we mourn departing friends?' When he got them all back to their homes, and they signed the papers acknowledging they were whipped, they then stood up and called upon the nations to 'bow before Jehovah's awful throne and fill his courts with sounding praise' for our liberty. Then asked the people to stand up and sing to Old Hundred, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

"You ask what I think of such performance. I can't tell you. I am in the fix of a feller who was a notorious swearer. Fellers used to make him mad so as to have him make the hair on heads stand on its end by his swearing. So one day as he was going to market with a load of apples, two youngsters saw him as he was starting up a long hill. 'Now,' says one, 'lets raise the hine gate and then slip round and hear him swear.' So they slipped it up and dodged round and waited. The fellow come driving along, thinking and looking. When he got to the top of the hill, he stopped to let his team blow. So he turned to look at his apples, but they were gone. He looked, and there they were chasing one another like all possessed.

"It was too much. He looked at the team as if he would beat it. He looked at the hine gate as if he would make splinters of it. He looked around for help—then to the *fugitive* apples. He was dumb. He shook his head. 'It's no use, I can't do it justice.' So he cracked his whip and drove on."



SINGING AND PREACHING.

BY A SINGER AND PREACHER.

No. I.

MESSRS. EDITORS: A correspondent of yours in THE MUSICAL REVIEW of July 26th, asks two or three singular questions, which are so fully and pertinently answered in the same paper, that I should have no disposition to say anything more about them, except as it seemed to me that the querist was feeling about after a really good idea which he did not succeed in apprehending or expressing. The questions are the following, on each of which I propose to say something in successive numbers of THE REVIEW, remembering your advice to be short.

1. "When a choir sing, can it be said that they *preach* to the congregation?"
2. "Is it improper for a choir to sing old tunes frequently, as it is for a minister to preach over his old sermons frequently?"
3. "Is it degrading to a choir to have the congregation unite with them in singing, or to lead the congregation in singing?"

To the first of these queries, as to both the others you said *No*, very properly and very emphatically. And yet while singing and preaching are perfectly distinct and separate, there is an appropriate function for *choir-singing* in the church, in which it bears a strong analogy to preaching. We are accustomed to divide the church-services into two departments, *worship* and *religious teaching*; the former intended to give expression to the religious feelings of the congregation and the latter to instruct and impress the congregation with religious truth. Speaking loosely, we commonly include prayer and singing in the former department, and preaching and the reading of Scripture in the latter; and a great many arguments on the subject of church-music are founded on this loose way of speaking.

But I think it will generally be admitted that singing may have an appropriate place in the other department of the church-service—the department of *instruction* and *impression*. Certainly, in all the secular applications of music, this double function is recognized. We acknowledge the power of music upon

the *listener* in the performances of the opera, the concert, or the military band; we see the value of it as giving expression to the feeling of the *singer*, in the popular song and chorus, as for instance, in the political mass-meeting. But we can find no illustration of this two-fold use of singing so apt and so forcible, as in the church itself. Any man who has been impressed and subdued, as I have been—not by the sensuous "offects" of an operatic quartet, but by the solemn, ill expressive singing of psalm or hymn by the well-blended voices of a choir—every word receiving its proper utterance, every line its due emphasis, and the whole carried to the heart of the hearer by those sympathetic tones which can not be acquired by art, but only by the sincere and feeling apprehension of the sentiments uttered—any man who has been thus impressed, will appreciate the value of music as a vehicle of religious *instruction* and *impression* to the *hearer*. And so any man who has joined (as what man has not?) in the spiritual worship of a devout congregation in which all these arts of elocution and expression are lost sight of, and, careless of emphasis and accent and articulation, the voices rise together in unlaborated and familiar tones,

"Increasing with the praise,"

—any such man knows, as no theory of worship can teach him, the value of singing as a means of *expressing* the religious emotions of the *singer*.

Now undoubtedly the earliest use of music in Christian worship, and its highest and most important function, is this of uniting the voices of the people in worship. In our modern congregations it affords a principal means, and in the non-liturgical congregations almost the only means, by which the congregation may take active part in the worship; and it is not at all to be wondered at that when this highest use of singing has been in a measure superseded by the less important, the reaction against the abuse should be strong and even violent.

But I feel that in my ministry I can not afford to dispense with a choir who can "preach to the congregation." There are parts of holy Scripture that can never be so fitly read to the people by my single voice, as by the subdued and blended voices of the choir, in a chant; and there are warnings and exhortations which no tones of mine can so impress on the mind, and fix in the memory, as when they are enforced by the sweet and solemn eloquence of music. Yet when I would retain this, I would by no means do it at the expense of those easy and familiar songs in which the voices of the whole congregation should unite in "uttering praise." The two are not incompatible.

AMBROSE.

Our Musical Correspondence.

BOSTON.

AUGUST 20.—Since our last, the musical dearth has been even greater than before, for then we had negro minstrelsy, but now even that has disappeared, and for some time past, public musical performances have been among things that were.

A private exhibition of a music-teacher's class under the direction of Mr. B. F. Baker, afforded a fine entertainment to the few who had the good fortune to be present. The class numbering some forty or fifty pupils, besides the usual studies pertaining to a musical education, have had in rehearsal Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and other classical works, and the entertainment in question was made up from those works, interspersed with solos from various authors sung by members of the class, all of which were done very creditably. It has been Mr. Baker's custom in former years to hold a musical convention at the close of the summer term of his class, but owing to other engagements he is unable to do so this year, and for it the exhibition of which we speak was substituted; which, although less interesting to the public generally, was a better occasion for judging of the attainments of the pupils than would have been afforded by a convention.

Not less pleasurable sensations were afforded us by a visit to the Normal Music-School at North-Reading, of which you have heard so much. Situated in a quiet country place, free from the distracting influences found in larger towns and cities, surrounded by the hills of which New-England is justly proud, capped with oak and pine, meadows covered with waving grain, flowing rivulets rattling nature's music, all inspire the spirit of song, forming external circumstances than which those better suited to the study and practice of music could hardly be imagined. One of the greatest sources of harmony in a school of this kind may be found in an unbounded confidence in the instructors. The zest with which the pupils enter into all the exercises connected with the school shows that the class enjoy this element of harmony on an eminent degree. And well they may.

On the day of our experience, after the usual opening exercises were passed, the first hour was devoted to church-music, hymn-tunes and chants, under the direction of Dr. Mason; the object being to convey an idea of the kind of music proper for church worship, as also to point out the way in which such music could be rendered the most effective. In the second hour Dr. Mason gave his views of what kind of music should be taught to children. The ancient philosopher said well, that the songs of a country were of more importance than its laws, and when more than in childhood, when the emotions are most susceptible to their influence, ought pains to be taken that those songs be chaste and pure? The third hour was devoted to the cultivation of the voice under the direction of Mr. Root. Fortunate are they who can avail themselves of his instruction. The afternoons are devoted to cultivation of style, practice of quartets, glees, and choruses, and three evenings each week to the practice of the choruses in Handel's *Messiah*. In all which exercises

are evinced careful training and patient study. Judging from what we saw, no class ever assembled under more favorable auspices than that at North-Reading.

ORIENT, L. I.

AUG. 1, 1856.—The regular quarterly convention of the *Suffolk County Harmonic Society* closed at this place with a concert last evening, under the direction of Mr. W. B. Bradbury, assisted by your correspondent. One hundred and twenty members were in attendance, and both the drilling exercises and the concert passed off in the pleasantest manner possible. The only drawback on the latter was, that the church in which it was given, was not large enough to contain those who wished to be present, scores going away unable to find even a standing place inside. The improvement made by this musical society since its organization, less than two years since, is in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. It has not only increased rapidly in numbers, but also in taste, in the ability to read music at sight and in all the requirements of solo, glee, and chorus-singing. Among the pieces admirably executed on this occasion was a chorus with obligato solos from Mr. Bradbury's forthcoming cantata of *Esther, the Beautiful Queen*. I predict that this cantata will prove to be one of the most useful as well as popular compositions of this kind ever issued in this country.

There are two things connected with the *Suffolk County Harmonic Society* that I especially wish to commend to the imitation of all similar associations: 1st. Almost every member that could be present at all, was on hand at the very first session. 2d. Members from out of the place in which any session may be held, are provided with homes during their stay *free of expense*. They are not sent to the hotel, they are not treated as bores, but are cordially welcomed to the tables, the hearths, and the hearts of their entertainers. This is as it should be. Singers have hearts and sympathies to be cultivated as well as voices, and such gatherings are defective if they do not promote kind feeling and social amenity.

It is a matter of deep regret with this Society that its President, the Rev. H. Clark, for seven years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Orient, is about to leave his present field of labor. He has endeared himself to the young by the interest he has taken in their welfare and progress. Possessing a knowledge of music, he has drilled his own choir, till he has now one of the best in the country. He has not only greatly improved church-music in this way, but he has taken a rational view of glee and social music, believing it to be an elevating as well as innocent amusement. Whatever is pure and of good report, he has fostered among the young. What wonder, therefore, that his presence should everywhere be greeted with a smile, and his departure be viewed as a public calamity? Would to God that clergymen would understand that hearts more than heads are the mediums of influence!

C. M. C.

Foreign Intelligence.

COBLENTZ, GERMANY.

I LEFT the metropolis in despair. I had had a surfeit of real artistic treats mixed with all the fashionable excrescences of musical trickery. I had enjoyed a representation of *Lucrezia Borgia* by Mlle. Wagner, who with a totally different conception from that of Grisi in the same character, had inspired it with much more of high art, of intense and philosophical study, which gave it quite a new reading. Grisi is more spontaneous—her impersonation is intense feeling—unsophisticated passion—and on the Italian stage no doubt she would gain the prize; but for the French or German public, "la Wagner" is infinitely greater. We do not speak of Mr. Charles Graham—as his singing and acting are beneath notice, although "he has been in Italy." A pity 'tis—that so great a name should dwindle away to such empty pretension. It may not be out of place to mention that Johanna Wagner, under the impression that she was the cause of a considerable loss to Mr. Lumley, (*vide Lumley versus Gye* of bygone legal celebrity,) has volunteered her services for this season "far niente." As the press has been so virulent against her in the legal matter, it would have been but just to have mentioned this graceful act; it must have been known: who dares to doubt the omniscience of the press? Last—but not least in the season, we had the gratification of hearing Sigr. Bazzini, the celebrated violinist, whose extraordinary execution and expressive style gained him the warmest enthusiasm. What shall I say of the gigantic concert-hall—the thousand musicians—the many conductors, Balfé, Benedict, Wyld, Mellon, Bottesini, etc., etc.; of Jullien and his gilt chair, his unimpeachable white cravat, waistcoat, and gloves, or of his super-energetic movements, of his falling back into his chair exhausted, or of his guiding the public taste by graceful approving nods, and almost involuntary clapping of hands; what of the many gas-lamps, the champagne at sixpence a glass, the wonder of the provincial visitors, the fireworks and the enormous expense of the getting up of such an enterprise? The whole thing must be added as the thousand-and-second night to the celebrated eastern stories. I was used up before, but the inauguration festival finished me quite. I packed up a few things and started off for the Rhine, to be far away from concerts and critics; from the spiteful ire of the prejudiced *Musical World* critic; from the soured and ill-natured, tortured phrases of Mr. Chorley of the *Athenæum*, who is not an Athenian, etc.

All the music I hear here is that in the gardens, where it forms an agreeable accompaniment to Seltzer water and wine, coffee and cakes, and that animated continental conversation, which resembles the hubbub and humming of a beehive. With the permission of the mighty *Times* critic, Mr. Davison, and in spite of his harmless anger and frown, we must state that Wagner's music (that is, selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*) is not only eminently in

vogue here, but is even considered eminently tuneful and popular. The forthcoming musical festival at Darmstadt creates considerable excitement in that neat and well-built city, and the neighboring towns. The *Messiah* will be done amongst other things. August Müller, the celebrated contra-basso, who is "Concert-Meister" here, is as busy as a bee in his functions, which did not prevent his playing me something on his unwieldy double-base, which confirmed my former impression, namely, that he is the Jupiter of all the double-base players. He keeps to the character of his instrument, and brings out a tone of the quality and quantity of the voices of Lablache, Staudigl, and Formes joined into one. Other performers on that instrument have the fault of playing violoncello on it, which is as great a mistake as playing flageolet on the violin, violin on the violoncello, etc., etc., a perversion of purpose not enough to be blamed.

At Frankfort the orchestra is being enlarged for the better placing of an orchestra such as the operas of Wagner demand. From the Coblenz paper I learn that Richard Wagner has gone to Genf, to finish *Young Siegfried*, the third evening of his *Niebelungen*. He is in ill-health and receives no one. Poor Robert Schuman is dead. A few facts concerning his career may not be unacceptable to your readers. Schuman's father was a bookseller and publisher at Zittau in Saxony. Robert studied the law, but his whole heart was with art. At the death of his father he inherited considerable property, removed to Leipzig and founded the well-known *Neue Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung*, (now Brendel's.) He was a first-rate pianist in the fullest sense of the word, and the most conscientious musician, aiming only at all that which to him seemed great and noble in the art. He was of so reserved and taciturn a temperament that it baffles description. A friend visiting him might be for hours there and get only a few monosyllables for an answer; almost entirely absent in thought, he would still not let his friends depart. At the wine or beer-houses, where in Germany all classes meet for general intercourse and conversation, he would sit the whole of the night through, thinking and plodding, but almost looking lifeless, except for the frequent involuntary raising of the goblet. When he spoke, however, there was great intensity of thought and clear judgment always to be expected. Totally unacquainted with business nor caring for it, he had spent all his fortune when a brother died and left him his share. There was even a considerable inroad made on this second portion, when he met with Clara Wieck, who became his wife, his bookkeeper, the manager of his affairs who arranged his scores for the piano-forte, gave lessons, played at concerts, yet with exemplary maternal anxiety educated at the same time a numerous young family. A more united and loving couple never existed. They were revered at Leipzig, where they lived in close friendship with Mendelssohn. The veneration for this eminent "Trio" drove the good Leipzigers to the affection of never speaking of them but as Felix, Robert and Clara.

When called to Dusseldorf as "Musik-director," poor Robert was out of his element; he could not conduct, he was *too absent*, and strange as it may seem, he went so far as to forget where the instruments were placed, and soon was quite incapacitated by the illness which preceded his death. He had been attacked on former occasions by "*delirium tremens*," and became quite insane, and although there had been hopes held out of his ultimate recovery, at the beginning, it soon proved incurable. Clara Schuman was the most devoted and affectionate wife and nurse to him. Both had become spoiled children by the almost idolizing adulation of the Leipzig public. Mendelssohn had his share of it, and showed it *too* when not meeting with similar incense elsewhere. We can not but bewail the unfortunate end of so great a musician and critic, who meant honestly with the art and who, more than any one else, rejoiced at finding any thing worthy of praise.

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PARIS.

AUG. 2.—Genuine comic opera is at an end. What we have heard for the last ten or fifteen years under that name has been a *mixed composition*, a little tragic, a little comic, a little gloomy, a little jolly, and generally, *very nonsensical* and tiresome. It is the country girl in fine clothes in the ball-room. Very grand airs, but not at the right time nor in the right place. Now, very many people here have felt the truth of this for a long time, and regretted that golden period of our art, when the real comic opera, the art of Gretry and Boieldieu was in its full glory. Perhaps it is owing to this, that the undertaking of Mr. Offenbach, called the *Bouffes Parisiennes*, was so well received and is still a favorite of the public. Pretending only to be comic by the most legitimate means, and in the small boundary of one or perhaps two acts, trying at the same time to represent nothing but real life, it had much more chance of success than the long nonsensical stories of queens who had become gypsies or robbers, and *vice versa*. Few people, and probably Mr. Offenbach himself least of all, thought of any intended reviving on the part of the manager, of the good old comic opera, the *Comédie à Ariettes*, as it was called in olden times. However, this may now be very easily attributed to him, as the course he has lately taken shows really that the *Bouffes Parisiennes* admit of some method. Mr. Offenbach offers 1200 francs (\$240) and a gold medal for the best comic opera in one act. By the fifteenth of next December, all authors who like to compete must have sent in their works. But in order not to have unnecessary delay with entirely worthless things, he adds the condition that every body who desires to compete, must give by August 15th, the following proofs of his capability: 1. A melody with chorus and accompaniment of the piano; 2. A melody with orchestral accompaniments; 3. A composition for grand orchestra.

The judges will select six authors of the last-named pieces as those who may compete, and give them the libretto, which is to be composed after they have instrumented in their presence a melody, also given to them by the judges. Only such composers as have had no work performed either at the

Grand or the Comic Opera, and no opera of more than two acts at the *Theatre Lyrique*, are admitted. It seems that the younger composers, to whom the great theaters have been held closed, are to have especial opportunity to show their talents. But that none of the competitors may misunderstand the spirit which dictated the offer of Mr. Offenbach, he gives a sketch of the history of the comic opera in France, which says as much as would be prudent in respect of the national feelings of the French, that it is time to go back to the real comic opera of *Philidor, Monsigny, Gossec, Delavrac, and Gretry*. It may be after all, that in these *Bouffes Parisiennes* lie the germ to a great and wholesome change in dramatic musical matters in France.

Our piano-forte makers have lately had a grand meeting. They want a standard pitch for all pianos. It is said that they have written to the principal foreign piano manufacturers, to become corresponding members of this new society, and to adhere to their plans.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. B., Selma, Ala.—“When you speak of arranging music for a certain number of performers do you include the drums and cymbals?” If you desire a piece arranged you should specify each instrument, and then you will have it just as you need it.—“Are more than three valves to saxhorns (soprano or others) necessary for an ordinary band?” No.—“Will you explain the superiority of rotary valve instruments to others?” The rotary valves move quicker, and therefore give greater facility for execution, shakes, rolls, etc.: as they are also generally high pitched, they are more carefully made than ordinary instruments, and are to be preferred.—“You say a rotary valve costs from \$25 to \$40. Can you furnish them for that? In Geo. P. Reed’s advertisement the lowest price is \$40.” \$40 is the lowest price of Graves & Sons’ superior instrument, for sale by Geo. P. Reed. There are inferior qualities made, however, at a lower rate.—“Is music written the same for the E flat Bugle and the E flat Saxhorn? That is, are all the soprano instruments designated by the same letter—the same, so far as the mass for them is concerned?” If you mean to ask whether all similarly designated soprano instruments must be written for in the same key, the answer is Yes.—“Which is easier for beginners, the Bass or Alto Saxhorn?” We do not know that there is any difference; to some one would be the easier, to others the other.—“Is there no instruction-book for each saxhorn by itself?” None that we know of.—“Does Dandridge’s Brass Band School contain any pieces arranged, and does the price include postage?” It does contain several popular pieces well and easily arranged. We can mail you a copy post-paid on receipt of the price.—“We are just forming a brass band. What is the usual arrangement between volunteer companies and brass bands in the country?” We do not know that there is any “usual” arrangement. The general habit is for a company to pay for the band’s services whenever they are wanted. Sometimes the volunteer company subscribe for the purchase of the instruments, sometimes the band makes a subscription for them, and sometimes each member contributes the cost of his own instrument, which then belongs to him personally.—“Does \$1 per set for Dandridge’s Cards include the postage?” Yes.—“What is the cost of a bass drum, small drum, and cymbals?” Bass drum, \$20 to \$30; small drum, \$8 to \$10; cymbals, \$2 to \$25.

A. R. G.—“Is it possible to derive the highest enjoyment or improvement from music when the mind is occupied in analyzing the chorus, or the rhythmic or melodic form of the piece?” No; for when one hears thus he becomes a mere critic; the performance to him is a mere performance, and not out of the heart. It becomes only an intellectual exercise. If one has such practical musical knowledge as enables him thus to analyze a composition during its performance, he has attained high musical power—mental power, by which he may judge of the real scientific merits of a piece; he will understand the use of chorus, distribution of parts, manner of instrumentation, (if it be instrumental music,) will see in what style it is written, and if he is sufficiently read in the works of the great masters, will tell to what age or school the piece belongs, and whether it really contains any thing that is new, whether it springs from genius, or is the product of mere learning or taste. But one may do all this and yet lose the highest enjoyment and the highest improvement music is designed to give; yet this is all that is usually sought for, even by those who carry musical cultivation to its greatest perfection; music is rather sought for or pursued by musicians as an end than as a means; and the highest skill in composition or in performance is regarded as the great thing to be sought for, and to be sought for on account of its own intrinsic good, rather than because of any moral power which it may possess. Thus is music, and thus are the other fine arts usually pursued by those who stand high in the scientific or artistic world; there are but few who like Russia look at their great moral end, and seek through them the virtue and happiness of the human family. It is when we give up ourselves, independent of criticism, or of any attempt at intellectual analysis, to the true influence of art that we feel its highest power, or derive the highest pleasure or improvement from it.

A. R. G.—“Is it not injurious to the musical taste, or to the true end of music, for one to sing without entering into the feeling and spirit expressed by the words and music?” Our querist undoubtedly means to apply this only to the singing of that which in itself good, for bad music or a bad adaptation of music must always be injurious. We may answer the question by asking others: Is it not injurious to a true taste for literature and science, for one to pursue them (if such a thing can be supposed) without feeling or desire, or in a careless and uninterested way? Is it not injurious to mercantile prosperity for one to attend to his business without seeking to become rich, or without a desire for the attainment of wealth? Is it not injurious to a true religious life, for one to pray (that is, assume the form of prayer) without entering into its true spirit, or to present the form only in a hypocritical or pharisaical manner? Will it not be injurious to the prospects of a young man, while he wishes to obtain a lady’s love, to present his suit only with coldness and indifference, or without entering into the feeling and spirit of a true lover? Most certainly, though a man pretends to pursue literature and science, yet without proper feelings and desires, or without a true application of his powers to the object, he will remain in ignorance. The merchant will not be rich who does not throw his heart into his daily money-making song of action. Death-like in its influence is insincerity to religious growth.

The lover may deceive, but he will not win if his coming is cold and heartless; and most injurious indeed to musical taste, or to the true end of music, is it for one to sing without seeking for the true end of song; or to form the habit of uttering sentiments or tones unfeeling and unfeigned.

J. U. S., Lyons.—“Is it in good taste to sing notes tied together, and running passages, to let the voice slide from one tone to another, or should each tone be executed distinctly, with a slight articulation between each tone?” The style in this respect must depend upon the character of the music. In singing Handel’s Choruses, for example, as, “For unto us,” “All we like sheep,” etc., each tone should be distinctly given, and they should not be run together, nor should the voice slide over them. Yet it is quite possible for the articulation of the tones to degenerate into roughness or jolting along, which would be disgraceful to good taste. The piano-forte when carefully played affords a very good pattern; let the voice articulate the tones not distinctly and clearly as this instrument does, and there need be no complaint. We would not only say that it is not in good taste in singing notes tied together to let the voices slide from one tone to another, but that each tone should be executed distinctly, articulately. Yet it must not be forgotten that a highly legato passage is to be sung in a much more gliding style than one which is tenso. It is only by example that the true style of every passage can be taught; it can not be described by words.

H. W.—“Is it in good taste to sing an octave below in the base; is it in good taste to play an octave below on the melodeon?” We do not think it in good taste to sing the base an octave below the proper pitch; nor, as a constant thing, to play in octaves in the base on a melodeon; yet the latter may often have a good effect. The cases are quite different. When a voice sings an octave below the pitch, the one voice is heard in distinction from all others, and unity of effect is broken; but when the base is doubled on the melodeon a proper balance is preserved, so that the proper relation of the parts is not disturbed. Still, we never find a good organist, regularly and continually playing in octaves, but only occasionally so; yet it may be better to play so usually, perhaps, where the instrument is one of suitable power as are even the largest melodeons. In large organs the left hand is used mostly for filling up the harmony, and the base is played, much of the time, on the double diapason, two octaves below the voice-pitch.

B., Ga.—“Will you please to give us your opinion of solos and duets as they occur in many of our church music books?” After many years’ experience we came to the conclusion that it was much the better way that these passages should be sung in full chorus, that is, that all the voices should join, and for many years we practiced on this plan in church. It is next to impossible to have them sung by single voices without calling attention to those voices and to the manner of performance; but this must certainly destroy all the devotional end of the song. A solo or duet is almost always listened to as a solo or duet, or as a musical performance, but this is inconsistent with religious worship; it is next to impossible that the two should exist together. Observe we speak of solos and duets as they occur in many of our church music books; and we must not be interpreted to know that in no circumstances must solos be introduced. For otherwise.

H. T., Va.—“If the pupils do not have a book, how are they to know how to answer the questions?” We suppose the above question refers to teaching, or giving instruction orally, and then asking such questions as naturally arise out of the view which has been given; if so, the answer is plain, and is as follows: They are to answer from their knowledge of the subject. The teacher should always be careful that his questions to the pupils are based upon the instructions which he has given; usually in music, they should arise out of clear vocal illustrations given at the time, examples so plain and decided that it is impossible for an attentive pupil to mistake. The pupils will then answer simply from their own knowledge.

C. B. A., Chelsea, Mass.—“What amount per annum would be a fair salary for a good organist, at a large church-organ, for playing at the Sabbath services and at rehearsals?” Organists’ salaries vary from \$150 to \$800 per annum; we suppose the average is about \$300 for a good organist.—“What is the meaning of the term “Al Seg.?” To the sign; it is an abbreviation of Da Capo al Segno—Go back to the sign.

H. N. G., Millwood, Ohio.—We would advise that your bond consist of at least eight instruments, as follows: 2 E flat sopranos, (each \$12.) 2 B flat tenor, (each \$14.) 1 E flat alto, (\$16.) 1 B flat baritone, (\$20.) 1 B flat base, (\$28.) 1 E flat contra base, (\$32.) If you can not have but six performers, omit one E flat soprano and 1 B flat tenor. If but four, omit the baritone and contra-base.

J. U. S.—“Is it in good taste to slide the voice from one note to another at the close of a tune, when the notes are not tied together?” If we understand the question we say No; it is never in good taste to slide the voice, at the beginning, in the middle, or at the close of a tune, whether the notes are tied together or not. See remarks in “The Singing School,” in the “Hallelujah,” on this subject.

C. H. T., Franklin, N. Y.—“In a performance at a concert by violin and piano, is it best for the violinist to remain sitting, while performing, or to rise up?” We think it looks better to see the violinist standing, and it is also probably better for the performer.

THE following remark of Mr. Wieck, the father and teacher of CLARA SCHUMANN and MARIA WIECK, the latter not only a first-rate pianist, but also a very fine singer, deserves to be well pondered and remembered by the great class of our piano and music-teachers: “A piano-teacher, gifted with intelligence and feeling, never mind whether he teaches the rudiments or the higher branches of his art, ought to understand the art of singing; at least, he ought to have a deep interest, and a warm heart for it. If I speak of singing, I mean the beautiful singing, that which is based upon and cultivated by the best methods. Such singing is the foundation of the finest and most perfect musical expression. But before all things I am sure an excellent methodical formation and delivery of the voice is the proper basis of the best touch on the piano. In most things the piano and singing must help each other: they ought to go always together, in order to produce the noble and beautiful as perfectly as possible.”

MUSICAL CRITICS.

RENEWING the subject, we shall attempt a graphic sketch of
THE SUPERCILIOUS CRITIC.

This individual differs from the former, in that he does know something of the science. We grant that his conceptions of *expression* and *ideas* in Music, may be based upon correct training, and that in some one school, he may be even distinguished for creditable execution; but he also aspires to know too much. His thoughts are of a very high order: A simple, unadorned melody has no value or beauty to him. His ear is exceedingly refined, his taste very erudite, and his manner of criticism extremely polished. His chief talk is about the Music of the masters; his mind can not condescend to common things, such as the compositions of the present day. Modern composers he looks at as mere plagiarists; and views them as devoid of genius, possessing borrowed and inflated intellects; and he regards the nation that reared them as a land of pygmies. It is nothing, save the *classical in Music*, that he can speak about or appreciate. And should you happen to exact of him the simple meaning of that term, he would display in his labored efforts to reply or furnish a definition, any other than a classical education. He would, however, lead you to understand, that the compositions honored by age and renown, such as the works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Graun, Spohr, etc., were to his ear recognized as familiar and agreeable homilies, adorned and varied with all the rhetoric and flowers of musical art. These works he professes to be so conversant with, that when the performance of either is publicly announced, he is present; not in the capacity of an ordinary listener, but of a most profound philosopher and critic. He likewise professes great taste for operatic compositions. Mark him, amid the intelligent throng in the concert-hall. His appearance to the casual observer denotes great learning, and his genteel carriage would seem to indicate superior attainments; the organ of theory, how largely developed!—how attentively too, he appears to take notes, and then how familiarly he handles his opera-glass! A day or two subsequently, we are sure to see a rigid, dictatorial, arbitrary criticism published in some of the papers, regarding the performers, (but not the merits of the composition,) from the pen of this distinguished musical critic. Notice an extract of his disquisition. He says: "The recitative of Mozart's *scena*, was far beyond the ability of Signora V. Wilby's madrigal was of course encored. The gentle and lovely duet from *Faust* is always gladly received; but Mr. B.'s voice does not quite blend with that of Mrs. S. Horsley's 'chef d'auteur' was tolerably well sung; a delicious glee by Calcott, however, compensated for the preceding, although a little out of rhythmic precision. Spohr's charming duet was ably performed; but it would have been more effective, had Signorita C. not sneezed in the last stanza. Cherubini's most impressive motet was encored; but the audience could not distinguish the faults in rendering. The piece, most farcically denominated a *Dialogo Brillante*, (a feeble and insipid thing,) was but poorly executed; and the quartet from *Idomeneo*, was cunningly reserved until the last, as a *bonne bouche*."

With this comprehensive, effulgent, and fluent quotation, characteristic of a dogmatical, haughty, and self-conceited spirit, we leave our kind regards for the present, with the Italia-French gentleman, as described.

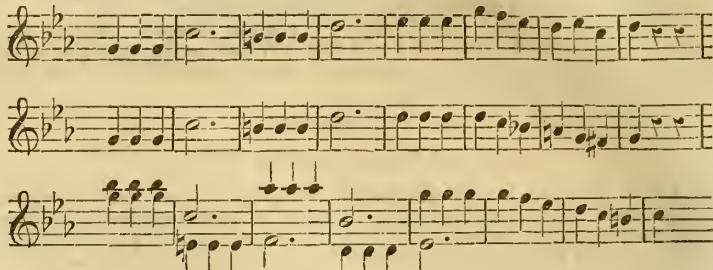
(To be continued.)

THE TENTH SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

WHAT! a tenth symphony! we hear exclaimed. Impossible! What would become of the laws of modern aesthetics, which close instrumental music with the glorious ninth? What would become of some thirty years' dictions and contradictions about the "impossibility to write any thing new after that ninth?" Alas! our wise musical men, who are so confident that Beethoven had certain fixed intentions, are safe; there is no tenth symphony. But suppose the sketch of such a work, which was found among his posthumous papers, and which we give below, had become an entire symphony, just as any of the eight, (and we think the character of the sketched music gives weight to the supposi-

tion,) what then would become of all their wisdom about the musical boundaries where Beethoven himself is said to have inscribed: "Thus far, and no farther." What an amount of paper, print, labor, and nonsense would have been spared to the world, if the old master had lived perhaps only a few weeks longer to give to these sketches life and form?

Scherzo, Presto.



Trio.



Finale of the first part.



Andante As. (A Flat.)



Ferma.

(Reported for THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.)

OUR CHURCHES AND CHOIRS.

No. IX.

SPRUCE-ST. BAPTIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

WE have frequently enjoyed the pleasure of worshiping with the Baptist Church, located on Spruce street, below Fifth; and on most of these occasions, the music of a well-sustained choir contributed in a high degree to our enjoyment. The liberality and musical predilections of one of our most wealthy citizens connected with this church, always gave us assurance that this department would be well-sustained: judge therefore of our astonishment a few months since, to find the rich harmony of four parts superseded by a single tenor voice, singing upon the leading part, accompanied by the organ. We gazed in utter astonishment; what could it mean? Choir, doubtless, out of town, or perhaps detained by illness; but there stood the leader, to be seen by all who would trouble themselves sufficiently to look round, vigorously exerting himself upon an old familiar tune, assisted by sounds from a portion of the congregation not highly artistic. We, however, regarded it only as a temporary arrangement, from the fact that a congregational leader should of course occupy a position in full view of those whom he is endeavoring to lead; though we have learned, strange as it may appear, that this arrangement is to be permanent. (?) Owing to difficulties, unfortunately existing in so many choirs not properly regulated, this church have performed the astonishing feat in so progressive an age, of retrograding to the times when musical ignorance was bliss, with the vain expectation of thus cultivating *devotional* feelings. Mankind are prone to judge of effects upon others by their own feelings; and while this rule may not always prove correct, we must acknowledge that a devotional spirit can never be excited in us by a musical performance devoid of every principle of art, and it is really passing strange that so absurd an idea should ever be entertained by any sensible individual. If the principle is true that ignorance is conducive to religious prosperity, why are the forms of public prayer couched

in language the most refined and grammatical? Why is so much time spent in preparing sermons, clothed with all the beautiful forms of speech that a brilliant imagination can conceive? We all believe the prayer of the rude and unlettered to be as acceptable to God as the most finished petition language can invent; though we should very much doubt the propriety of placing such an one in our pulpits; yet we find the advocates of eloquent prayers and sermons declaiming vehemently against *singing* according to rule.

If system is at all requisite in the forms of worship, if knowledge is essential in one department, why is ignorance so desirable in another? We are the advocates of congregational worship, and with Paul, the advocates of decency and order; therefore we enter our protest against this system of elevating musical *ignorance* as an aid to devotion, while we contend that one man and an organ can never lead the musical exercises of a congregation equal to six, eight, or more, particularly when occupying a position where he can not be seen.

Choirs may regale themselves and their hearers for ever upon old and familiar tunes—many of which, in fact, are far superior to those of modern origin—we should never object to such a procedure; but experience has proved conclusively that a large congregation can follow with more certainty where all the parts are sustained, than where a single voice is laboring to be heard above the surrounding volume of strange and uncouth sounds.

A few Sabbaths since, in one of our churches, a single voice in the rear of the congregation was leading a familiar tune in which all could unite. By the time the congregation had reached the end of the second line, said leader had made such remarkable progress as just to finish the third line. The discordant confusion of such devotion may be imagined.

What we require is more musical knowledge in all our congregations, good and well-selected choirs that are not satisfied to sing with the spirit alone, but with the understanding also, conducted by competent persons who can appreciate the responsible positions they occupy. Give us these, and the musical influence they diffuse will soon give us congregations of *educated* singers, whose performances will seriously affect the heart, instead of causing the smile of mirth to mantle the youthful cheek, while listening to the unpolished efforts of those who are unable to distinguish the least difference between sounds.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SHEET-MUSIC PUBLISHED DURING THE FORTNIGHT ENDING AUG. 16.

Oliver Ditson, Boston.—YOUNG PIANIST'S REPERTOIRE, No. 7. J. H. Kappes. 10c.—SWEET ZEPHYRS. Sull'Aria. "Le Nozze de Figaro." 25c.—THE HEART, THE HEART. Song. T. Bissell. 25c.—SWEET LILLA LEE. Song. W. J. Hartshore. 10c.—HS I LOVE ROADS FAR AWAY. Duet. Mendelssohn. 20c.—ARE WE ALMOST THERE? Varied. Chs. Grobe. 25c.—THE MAY QUEEN. Varied. Chs. Grobe. 25c.—THREE SONGS. The Old Song; Why that tear; and, When Sunbird Flowers are blowing. Annie Fricker. Each 20c.—WELL, LET HIM GO, AND LET HIM STAY. Song. O. R. Barrows. 25c.—PLEASE ME WALTZ. L. W. Ballard. 25c.—LOOOGY BRAY. Song and Chorus. T. L. Linsley. 25c.—I AM WEARY FOR MY HOME. Ballad. E. P. Chase. 25c.—DE OLE KITCHEN. Song and Chorus. F. W. Smith. 25c.—LE ROMANQUAL ET LES ROSES. (Heart Tones.) A. Gorla. 25c.—GOD OF MEROY. Solo and Chorus. A. Minet. 15c.—MY HOME'S IN THE VALLEY. Duet. E. J. Loder. 25c.—FREMONT QUICKEST. J. Ascher. 10c.—SONG OF THE SOVEREIGN SQUATTEE. G. O. Stearns. 25c.—AIR FROM HUGENTOBEL. Piano and Flute. W. O. Fiske. 25c.—RONDOLETTA ON AIR BY MOZART. Piano and Flute. W. O. Fiske. 25c.—FREMONT AND VICTORY. Song. Sam. 20c.—FREMONT GRAND MARSH. E. Krauss. 20c.—OUR JESSIE WALTZ. W. O. Fiske. 20c.—"BUCK AND BRECK." Polka. 20c.

Wm. Hall & Son, New-York.—EVERYTHING SPEAKS TO ME. Ballad. John Perry. 25c.—I HAVE WAITED FOR THY COMING. Ballad. Wm. Vincent Wallace. 50c.—THE WINDS THAT WAFT MY SIGHES TO THEE. Ballad. Wm. V. Wallace. 40c.—KATY STRANG. Scotch Ballad. Wm. Vincent Wallace. 40c.—SOUVENIR DE TAOUTOIRE DE VERDI. Composed by Richard Hoffmann. 75c.—GRANDE POLKA DE BRAVURA. Par Ch. Voss. 50c.—QUADRILLES FROM IL TROVATORE. F. B. Hellmelmuller. 50c.—CIRCASSIAN POLKA. Ch. D'Albert. 50c.—MAMELUKE GALOP. Ch. D'Albert. 50c.—MINNEHAHA, OR LAUGHING-WATER POLKA. F. H. Brown. 50c.—SOUVENIR DE NIAGARA. Grand Valse. Wolkenhaupt. 75c.

WESTERN MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

I INTEND to spend the month of October, and perhaps a part of November, at the West, in the vicinity of Chicago, Ill. Am already engaged at Beloit, Wis.; Janesville, Wis.; Burlington, Iowa; Peoria, Ill.; Princeton, Ill. And in correspondence with several other places.

The object of this notice is to request other correspondents, in the Western States especially who are expecting me, to "hurry up" their applications, before my time is entirely engaged. I shall hold Conventions of three days each, (in some cases, two days,) and must arrange them so as to spend the least time possible in traveling from place to place.

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W. B. BRADBURY.

C. M. CADY takes this opportunity to inform his friends, that he has terminated all engagements in New-York, that prevent his attending Musical Conventions. He requests, therefore, all who desire his services the coming Autumn to apply as soon as possible, that he may arrange his routes to the best advantage.

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TENOR.

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay Where storm af-ter storm ris-es dark o'er the way,

2. I would not live al-way, no, wel-come the tomb; Since Je-sus has lain there, I dread not its gleem;

The few lu - eid mornings that dawn on us here, Are e-nough for life's woes, full e - uough for its cheer.

There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in triumph de - send - ing the skies.

Germantown.

Composed by WM. U. BUTCHER, Germantown, Penn.

MODERATO.

TENOR.

1. Think, O ye who fond ly languish O'er the grave of those ye love ; While your bo-soms throb with anguish, They are warbling lylies & love.

ALTO.

2. Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love ; Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, En - ter not the world a bove.

BASE.

Hail to the Chief.

Words by Sir WALTER SCOTT.
TENOR. *f*

Music by Sir H. B. BISHOP.

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The Tenor part (top staff) starts with a forte dynamic (*f*). The Soprano, Alto, and Bass parts (middle three staves) enter sequentially, each starting with a forte dynamic (*f*, *f*, and *p* respectively). The lyrics are as follows:

TENOR. *f*
 1. Hail to the chief who in tri - umph ad - van - ces! Hon - ored and blest be the ev - er - green Pine! Long may the
 Soprano. *f*
 2. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the high - lands! Stretch to your oars for the ev - er - green Pine! O! that the
 Alto. *f*
 Tree in his ban - ner that glan - ces, Flour - ish the shel - ter and grace of our line! Heaven send it hap - py dew,
 Bass. *p*
 rose - bud that gra - ees you is - lands! Wreath'd in a gar - land a - round him to twine! O! that some seed - ling gem,
 Bass. *p*
 Earth lend it sap a - new, Gay - ly to bourgeon, and broad - ly to grow, While ev - 'ry highland glen Sends our shout baek a - gain,
 Bass. *f*
 Wor - thy such no - ble stem, Hon - ored and blessed in their shadow might grow! Loud should Clan-Alpine then, Ring from her deepest glen,
 Bass. *p*
 Ro - de - rick, Ro - de - rick, Ro - de - rick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - roe!..... ho! ie - roe!.....
 Bass. *ff*
 Ro - de - rick, Ro - de - rick, Ro - de - rick Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - roe!..... ho! ie - roe!.....
 Bass. *ff*

O, Sacred Head.*

T R I O .

Words translated from the German, by Prof. JAMES ALEXANDER, D. D.

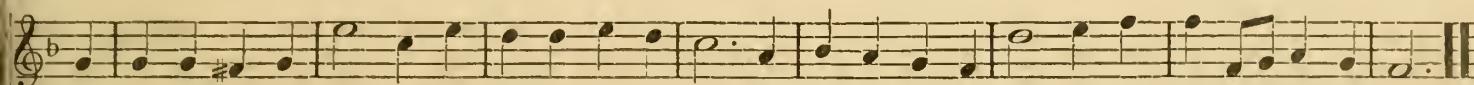
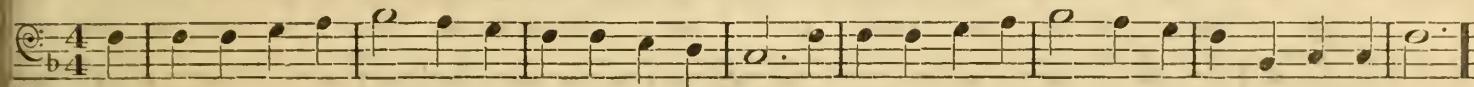
Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



O sa - cred Head, once wound-ed, With grief and pain weighed down, How scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed, With thorns thy on - ly crown!



O sa - cred Head, once wound-ed, With grief and pain weighed down, How scorn-ful - ly sur-round - ed, With thorns thy on - ly crown!



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.



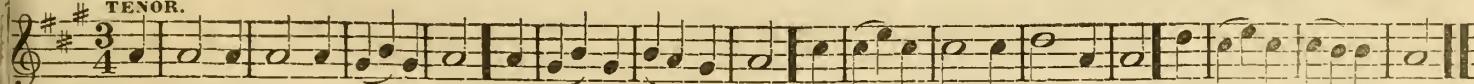
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

* This piece should be sung with the deepest emotions of tenderness.

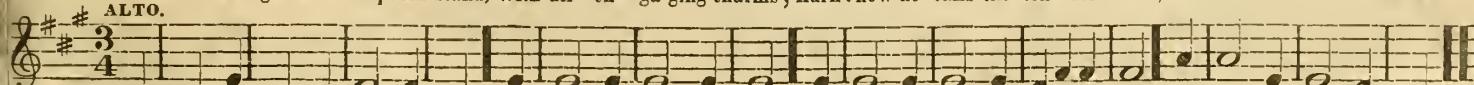
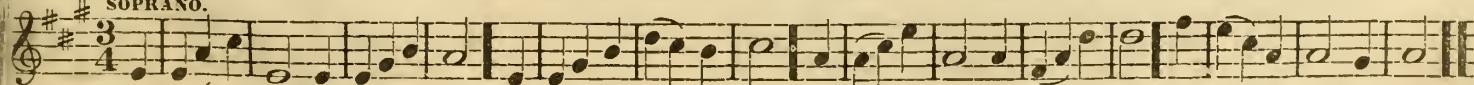
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TENDERLY.
TENOR.

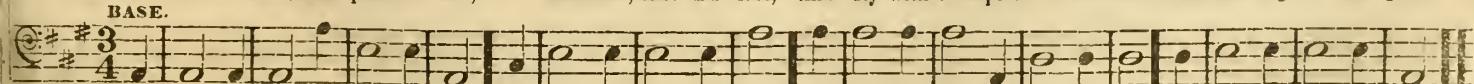
WM. U. BUTCHER.



1. See Is-rael's gen-tle Shepherd stand, With all en - ga-ging charms; Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

# ALTO.
SOPRANO.

4. Ye lit - tle flock, with pleasure hear, Ye chil-dren, seek his face, And fly with transports to re - ceive The blessings of his grace.



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CON ANIMA.

TENOR.

1. A... song for that har - dy band!.. A... song for the sons of toil,... Whose plough-shares ou a
ALTO.

2. When the Cres. sul - - try sum - mer comes,.. With its Dim. sun. shine and its showers, They lin - ger not in
SOPRANO.

3. Con - tent.... they ev - er dwell,.. Be - side.... the brook and rills;.. Or where the migh - ty
BASE.

In the fresh and dew - y spring,.... They
thou-sand hills, Turn up the yield-ing soil,... In the fresh and dew - y spring,..... They seat - ter wide their
scenes of mirth, In pleas-ure's ro - sy bowers, But.. off to the field a - - way,..... They hie ere the day's be -
for - ests crown The ev - er - last - ing hills;.. Then a song for that har-dy band,..... A song for the sons of
In the fresh and dew - y spring,.... They

seat - ter wide their grain,.... Rit.
grain,.... And in the gold - en au-tumn sing, Be - side the load - ed wain,.. Be - side the load - ed wain.
gun,..... Their la - bor may not close with day, Nor with the set - ting sun,.... Nor with the set - ting sun... Rit.
toil,..... Whose plough-shares on a thousand hills, Turn up the mel-low soil,.... Turn up the mel - low soil..
seat - ter wide their grain,.... Be - side the load - ed wain,..

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Do they miss me at home?	Oh! the day is bright and cold.	Wait for the Wagon.
Don't kill the birds.	Our daily task.	What's a' the steer Kimmer.
Dream on, young hearts.	Our country now is great and free.	Willie's on the dark blue sea.
Farmer's Boy.	Old House.	Where's my mother?
Faintly flow, thou falling river.	Pop goes the Weasel.	Where the warhling waters
Far, far upon the sea.	Pearly Fountain.	Willie Gray. [flow.]
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Farewell, (vacation song.)	Song of the Fisher Boy.	We miss thee at home.
Few days.	Summer Evening.	We're kneeling by thy grave.
Graves of a household.	School days.	What man is poor. [Mother.]
Grave of Washington.	Smiling vay.	When the golden morn
Here we stand.	Song of the Pony.	When the night wind bewealeth
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Jamie's on the stormy sea.	See our bark.	O had I wings like a dove.
Lake of the dismal Swamp.	Song of the vale.	Far away.
Last Rose of Summer.	The sun's gay beam.	
Little Bennie.	Tell us, oh! tell us.	Shed not a tear.
	The black clouds roll asunder.	

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