

# PHILADELPHIA

# MUSICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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NUMBER 20.

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## PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL ITEMS.

With us, concerts at present form the principal source of public amusement, a fact which we are really happy to announce, as it certainly indicates an improvement in the tastes of our citizens. Thalberg is with us, and his debut here was characterized by the most enthusiastic reception — such as Philadelphians always accord to real merit.

The first concert of the Musical Fund Society this season, was given on the 25th, assisted by Mdme. Lagrange, Gottschalk, and Brignoli. It was largely attended, and eminently successful. *Moses in Egypt*—Rossini's masterpiece—was performed, for the first time in our city, on Monday evening, by the "Musical Union." The characters generally were very well sustained; but as this production requires more than a passing notice, we shall allude to it more fully at some other time.

Signor Rondinella gave a very successful concert at the Musical Fund Hall on the 24th, assisted by some of our prominent amateurs.

We understand the Harmonia Sacred Music Society intend performing the oratorio of the *Creation* at their next concert; its popularity will doubtless assure a good house, notwithstanding it is becoming somewhat familiar to our citizens, from frequent repetition.

Philadelphia, north of Vine street, is now the most beautiful and populous portion of our city; adorned by the princely dwellings of enterprising capitalists and merchants, it is eagerly sought as a place of residence by those who wish to combine the advantages which eligibility of location and refined society present. One thing only has been lacking—a large and commodious Hall for musical and literary entertainments, by which the wants of its citizens could be supplied without being dependent upon other localities; and though it may appear strange, no one seemed willing to incur the risk attendant upon the erection of such an edifice, until our enterprising townsman, Joseph Harrison, Jr., conceived the idea of rearing upon the corner of Eighth and Green streets, a structure which will remain for generations as a monument to his enterprise and liberality. The building presents a front of 200 feet on Eighth street, by 40 feet in width, extending from Green to Spring Garden streets. The first floor is occupied by stores, while the Hall above, which is 120 feet by 40, with a gallery at the south end, will seat 1000 persons. For beauty of decoration, no room in our city will compare with it; and for musical purposes, it is probably unequalled, if we except the Musical Fund Hall. At the north end, a first-class organ has been erected, which cost nearly \$6000. On this floor there are two other rooms, one of which is occupied as the rehearsal-room of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The opening of this Hall, which has been named the "Handel and Haydn Music Hall," took place on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th, by a con-

cert under the auspices of the above-named Society, on which occasion the proprietor issued cards of invitation to such as were present. The event was one of more than ordinary interest, and we presume this may be regarded as only the precursor of what will follow when the regular concerts of the Society shall be announced.

L. M. Gottschalk, the pianist, as usual, formed the most prominent feature of the occasion, while the performances of some of our eminent organists, Messrs. Emerick, Getze, Collins, and Zebley, were, without exception, well received. The organ is indeed a noble instrument, and in some respects surpasses any thing in our city. The solos from *Roberto* and *Roméo*, and the duetto *Sempre Piu*, by two ladies, members of the Society, were performed in style truly artistic, and received the warmest applause. The choruses by the Society, which numbers 130 members, were well selected, and as well performed. The grand *finale* consisted of a sumptuous banquet given to the Society by the liberal proprietor of the Hall.

## SUMMARY OF MUSICAL NEWS.

Miss Maria S. Brainerd, assisted by Mr. C. W. Beames, the Brothers Lannier, and Messrs. T. M. Brown, J. N. Pattison, and O. Schalle, gave a concert on the evening of the 20th inst., at Paterson, N. J.—A Parlor Concert, for the Relief of Sufferers in Kansas, was given under the direction of Mr. C. W. Beames, at 122 Fourth street, New-York, on the 21st inst.—The recent war in Europe has been of service to Turkey in more than one way. The European taste for music has of late made immense progress there. The Sultan has at present, for the amusement of his harem, an excellent orchestra, composed of women alone. "One in particular," says a letter from Constantinople, "is remarkable for her performance on the violin, her style of execution resembling that of Theresa Milanau. Very few harems are now without a piano-forte, and many of the Turkish ladies are excellent performers.—A concert was given in Lexington, Mass., on the evening of the 25th inst., by Mr. Carl Beyer, pianist, assisted by several vocal performers.—On the 12th inst. the Legislature of Vermont passed a bill to incorporate the Poultney Academy of Music.

"After a long famine," says the Louisville *Democrat* of the 17th inst., "we are to have a feast, and such an one as the people of Louisville seldom enjoy. Next Tuesday night week an oratorio will be performed in the cathedral for the benefit of the clock fund."—Dayton, Ohio, has more than its share of musical entertainments. Mad. Danzi Heusman gave a concert on the 13th inst., and Madame Rivè, Mr. G. W. Pearson, Middle. Staub, and others, gave concerts during the following week.—Madame Anna Bishop lately commenced a regular season in Melbourne, Australia, and at last advices, had given selections from *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Martha*, to good houses. Melbourne boasts of a Philharmonic Society, which has been giving concerts with unbounded success.

Miss Maggie O. Gibbs, "a charming young lady singer yet in her teens," gave a concert in Marysville, Ky., on the evening of the 11th inst.—We learn from a Marysville paper, that there is a hemp mer-

chant in Sutton street in that place, who possesses "the singular and beautiful" faculty of *whistling* two parts of a tune at once. We should like to hear that hemp merchant. Wonder if he splits his whistle with the edge of a knife! We have heard extraordinary performances on a fine-toothed comb; but this hemp merchant with his double whistle eclipses all we have heard or even dreamed of.—Mr. Kemmerer, "assisted by over 100 pupils uniformly dressed, who sang 25 choice pieces of music, tickets 12½ cents," gave a concert at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on the 13th inst.—Mr. Kreissman, assisted by Miss Doane, gave a concert, which is pronounced *the* concert of the season, at Manchester, N. H., on the evening of the 18th inst.—The following, told about Thalberg and the Queen of England, by Emerson in his "English Traits," is a very good story; with the single exception that there is not a word of truth in it: "When Thalberg, the pianist, was performing before the Queen at Windsor, in a private party, the Queen accompanied him with her voice. The circumstance took air, and all England shuddered from sea to sea. The indecorum was never repeated."

The "Strakosch Concert Company" gave a concert in Chicago, (Ill.) on the 10th inst.—A musical organization has been established in Connersville, Indiana, under the name of the "Fayette Mozart Society." Mr. N. H. Ingersoll has been appointed conductor, and under his supervision, it is intended to give public rehearsals during the coming winter.—The Editor of the *Oquawka Plaindealer* gets off the following: "The Editor of the *Review* (what *Review* is not stated, but to prevent mistakes we will state that he does not mean our musical review,) has taken a great fancy to our poetry, (?) and wishes us to set it to music. We suspect he intends to give a concert, or perhaps a donkey-dance. Well, we would be glad to accommodate the *critter*, but unfortunately we don't know the compass of his voice, and Gardner in his *Music of Nature*, says nothing about the musical capacities of his tribe. Should our neighbor find some one skilled in acoustics, who is sufficiently familiar with his brays, we would recommend him when he exercises to get the *Niagara Falls for an accompaniment.*"—A Russian Prince, who is a frantic admirer of an instrument which has fallen somewhat into disfavor of late years—the guitar—has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second best.

In Vienna there are at present one hundred and ten piano-forte makers, who finish more than two thousand piano-fortes every year.—Mr. STREGER, a German tenor, has been engaged for the imperial opera in Vienna, with a salary of about eight thousand dollars for a season of nine months. Rather saddening news for our managers of German opera, who think they can start a good company with a few thousand dollars; also for our public, who want to hear the best singers for the smallest money.—The third Gewandhaus Concert in Leipzig will be dedicated to the memory of Robert Schumann, the programme containing nothing but works of this great master. His posthumous overture is not to one of Shakspeare's dramas, but to *Hermann and Dorothea.*—Liszt is back at Weimar after his triumphal tour (not as a pianist, but as a composer of the highest pieces of music) to Vienna and Hungary. A great many new compositions are projected by him: we cite only a symphony to Schiller's *Ideale*, a psalm for chorus, solo, and orchestra, and an opera for Hungary.—Verdi's poorest opera, *La Traviata*, will be performed at the Academy. Just as we expected, the management has already come out in the *Herald* with an article upon the controversy on the immorality of the piece, which took place in England during the performances. It is the only means to make the trashy, immoral music pay.

Verdi, who seems desirous of imposing his will and fancies upon all Europe, has discovered that the management of the Italian opera in Paris, at least, was too strong for him. The latter, according to the verdict just given by the courts, can produce the *Trovatore* without paying the 20,000 francs which M. Verdi demanded. M. Verdi was obliged also to pay the costs of the suit.—Wagner's Tannhauser has at length found admission into the Imperial Theater in Vienna.—Clara Schuman has retired to Heidelberg, Germany, with her children. Johannes

Brahms accompanies her.—It appears the grand opera in Paris has found a new tenor, in the person of a professor of the medical faculty in Paris. This man is said not only to possess a magnificent tenor voice; but also to be a true artist. A short time ago he delivered a successful lecture upon the practice of medicine; and now in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, he is changing his pill-box for the stage.

During the last London season, a very distinguished German pianist and music teacher, was visited by a clergyman, who was about forty years of age. The clergyman came for the purpose of engaging the services of the artist as an instructor. To simplify the transaction, he handed the teacher a paper, on which was written all the defects in his playing. These defects were as follows: 1st. Imperfect trill. 2d. Imperfect execution generally. 3d. Very imperfect execution of scales, diatonic as well as chromatic. 4th. Unequal touch. 5th. The fourth finger very weak. 6th. Want of rapidity in the fingers; and 7th. Extraordinary modesty and nervousness in playing before the public. As this English clergyman seemed to be one of those promising pupils in which the metropolis of England abounds, the teacher declined to give him lessons.

The operatic managers who are almost driven to despair by the want of good prima donnas, can be relieved by the theatrical agent, Prix, in Vienna, who announces in an advertisement that he has always on hand singers of all qualities in all quantities. His advertisement is as follows: "Operatic female singers with fine voices and trained by the most celebrated masters in Vienna, can be sent immediately by me, to any address!"

Columbia, Pa., is "looking up" in musical matters. The "Continental Band of Vocalists" gave a concert in that place on the 29th ult.; the National Vocalists, consisting of the Messrs. Shepard and Mr. Hackenberg, gave an entertainment in Columbia, on the 22d ult., and "Sam Sharpley's Serenaders" (burnt cork and hanjos, we presume) gave two concerts during the same week.—The literary editor of the *Buffalo Express*, Geo. W. Haskins, ("Scalpel,") agrees with Holmes, the poet, that hand-organs

"Are crusaders sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of sentiment,  
And dock the tail of rhyme.  
To crack the voice of melody,  
And break the legs of time.  
But hark! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound.  
It can not be—it is—it is—  
*A hat is going round!*"

Mr. H. does not quote the poet, but he expresses about the same sentiment in good old Saxon prose. If he dislikes the hand-organ so much, what is his opinion of the "Calliope?" We pause for a reply.—Schuhert & Co. send us the first number of a new collection of national songs for all nations, with historical and critical notes. The work appears under the title of *Orpheus*, and is edited by John F. Kayser. The first number contains French, English, and Dutch songs. Some of the remarks on the character of these songs are excellent, and, judging from the tone and care with which this first number has been brought out, it appears that the work will prove a useful and interesting one. The price of each number is \$1.

There is a band of negro minstrels in New-York, which is absolutely cruel in its adaptation of beautiful music to barbarous words and worse acting. They lately performed a burlesque of Verdi's *Trovatore*, and we were shocked at the savage cruelty with which they treated the music. Imagine, reader, the beautiful music of the *Anvil Chorus* sung to such words as, "Fill up the lager, fill up the lager," repeated time and again; and the duet in the last act composed of the words, "Spare my darkey, spare my darkey," and, "Dry up, dry up," etc., etc., mingled with any number of ancient and terrible negro airs, the very remembrance of which makes us shudder. We shall not visit that "opera-house" again. If they *must* give burlesques, why can not they select such music as they at least are capable of singing?

*The Flower-Queen*, a musical journal started some six months since in Chicago, Ill., by the Messrs. Higgins Brothers, comes to us with both a change of title and in the editorship. The paper is now called, *The Chicago Musical Review and Flower-Queen*, and Mr. Wm. C. Webster has relinquished his chair to Mr. C. M. Cady, formerly of New-York City.

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MUSIC IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FIRST CONCERT.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Grand Symphony, No. 5, in C minor, op. 67. L. v. Beethoven. 1st, Allegro con brio. 2d, Andante con moto. 3d, Allegro. 4th, Allegro—Presto.—Aria from the opera "Don Giovanni," (Ah! mio bene.) Mozart. (Madame Lagrange).—Fantasia for the violin on the air "The Praise of Tears," by F. Schubert. F. Davkl. (Mr. Wm. Doehler.)

PART II.—Overture, "Medea," in F minor. L. Cherubini. —Solo for the piano. a. "Eau de Arpèges," from op. 10. F. Chopin. b. Rondo, in E flat. C. M. v. Weber. c. La Cavalcade. "Etudo de Bravura." R. Goldbeck. (Mr. Robert Goldbeck, his first appearance.)—Concert Variations. Roda. (Madame Lagrange).—Scottish overture. "In the Highlands," in D, op. 7. N. W. Gade.

THERE was an immense crowd at the Academy of Music on Saturday, such a crowd as is seldom seen in this beautiful theater. There were, too, the most fashionable people, the bearers of opera-cloaks, and all those insignia of fashion which, according to some people, should be inseparable from Italian opera and their patrons. And yet all this unusual crowd, all these splendid tokens of fashion and luxury, were caused by a performance of German classical music. Certainly such a fact calls forth serious reflections, and we can fully understand the sad, mournful faces of those Italians who happened to be present at this grand manifestation of good musical taste. The programme contained nothing new, nothing to which we have not at several times referred in a detailed manner. But even were this not so, what new can be said, for instance, about Beethoven's C minor symphony? Perhaps in ten years hence some critic may have a great deal to say about this grand work, but now any criticism would be nothing but a repetition of things which have been said over and over again.

The performance under Mr. Eisfeld's conductorship was in many respects satisfactory, although the tempi did not quite suit us. The andante was taken too slow, and the brilliant triumphal finale was any thing but triumphal. It has been often remarked, that our modern composers generally take the tempi of the old masters too quickly; but the performance last Saturday proved to us once more, that, if Beethoven's compositions are dragged, their great length, and the apparent unwillingness of the author to finish before he has exhausted every possible mode of varying the motivos, must appear to our modern ears much more prominent and less satisfactory than fifty years ago. Cherubini's *Overture to Medea* seemed to make no impression upon the public; its performance was lacking both in fire and energy.

There were three solos, a violin-player, a pianist, and Madame Lagrange. The latter sang Mozart's so-called "letter-aria" from *Don Juan*, less pure in intonation than she usually is; and, moreover, such music suits very little the quality of her voice. The violinist, Mr. Doehler, played a fantasia of Ferd. David, technically pretty well, but that is really all we can say of it. As to the pianist, it would have been much better for him if he had ceased to play after Weber's rondo, for the acquaintance with his own composition, which followed that piece, entirely spoiled the impression which his performance of Weber's music night perhaps have produced upon part of the public. Mr. GOLDBECK is very young, and will therefore yet learn very many things; the first and most essential would be style and individuality. We are glad to learn that the second concert will bring us something new, as two overtures in rehearsal for the first time are announced. These are Schin-elmeisser's *Uriel Acosta* and Richard Wagner's characteristic overture, *Faust*.

THALBERG'S CONCERTS.

MR. THALBERG'S first series of concerts in America, just closed, has been remarkably successful. Niblo's Saloon has been filled on each occasion by a brilliant and pleased crowd; and at the two last concerts,

hundreds were unable to gain admission. The only novelty in the programmes since our last was the *Nona* transcription for two pianofortes, played by Messrs. Thalberg and Gottschalk, the performance of which served admirably to show Thalberg's great excellence, and his solid school and thorough mechanical training, and Mr. Gottschalk's peculiar qualities. But to return to the concert-giver himself; he has established himself in the favor of all of his auditors, even such as were at first disappointed that they did not witness marvelous feats beyond those of his predecessors. Mr. Thalberg has taught all such that there are far higher excellencies in a pianist than the mere accomplishment of gymnastic tricks, sky-rocket arpeggios, or piccolo whirligigs.

The second series commenced on Thursday with Beethoven's concerts, assisted by an orchestra, and the welcome new-comer, Madame d'ANGRI. The latter is a famous contralto, second only to Alboni (according to report) as regards quality of voice, her equal in execution and superior in dramatic power as in personal appearance, possessing a commanding figure of the Vestvali order. Born in Corfu, Ionian Islands, she received her musical education in Naples, and has since repeatedly triumphed in the European continent, and at the large opera-houses of London and Paris. She sings in several languages, English among the number, and may be expected to be highly popular, if we may judge from having listened to her some few years since. As we write, she has not yet made her debut in America, and our remarks must be deferred until our next number, as, unlike some of our contemporaries, we prefer to hear before criticising.

Gratified by his unprecedented success, and desirous of manifesting his interest in his art, Mr. Thalberg has determined to play for the New-York Public Schools, as will be seen by the following correspondence:

DR. LOWELL MASON:

DEAR SIR: Desirous of doing what lies in my power for music while in this country, I would gratify me to afford the pupils of the public schools of this city an opportunity to attend some of my concerts. Knowing the deep interest you have always taken in the subject of musical education, and that it is owing chiefly to your instrumentality that music has to a large extent become a branch of common school study in the United States, may I request your assistance and advice in arranging a performance or performances for the children of the public schools of your city?

With sentiments of the sincerest esteem, I am truly yours,

S. THALBERG.

ST. DENIS HOTEL, NOV. 21, 1856.

NEW-YORK, NOV. 26, 1856.

DEAR SIR: The idea of concerts by THALBERG for the children of the public schools is a most happy one. Having had the pleasure of meeting you in 1847, and of frequently hearing you play during that season, and having marked with deep interest your subsequent musical triumphs, I was fully prepared to welcome you to this country, (destined to become emphatically the land of song,) and to rejoice in the very great yet deserved success which has here attended you.

I do not know that I can be of any essential service, but certainly whatever I may be able to do shall be most cheerfully done.

With great respect, I am very truly yours,

LOWELL MASON.

To S. THALBERG, Esq., St. Denis Hotel.

In accordance with the above we understand that an arrangement has been made with the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, as well as the Superintendent and Board of Education, with the above object in view. Mr. Niblo has very generously given the use of his Garden, and the children, accompanied by their teachers, will meet there on Tuesday at one o'clock. MAD. D'ANGRI has also most promptly and kindly proffered her valuable services, and a treat may be expected. It is expected that His Honor Fernando Wood, with the other city officials, as well as the Board of Education, will be present upon the stage, while the body of the house will be appropriated to the children. We learn, also, that the clergymen of the city have been invited to attend.

EISFELD'S FIRST CLASSICAL SOIREE.

PROGRAMME.

1. Quartet. C major No. 6. Mozart. (1.) Introduzione et Allegro. (2.) Andante cantabile. (3.) Minuetto. (4.) Allegro molto. (Messrs. Noll, Reyer, Bergner, and Theo. Eisfeld.)—2. "Zuleika." Song. Mendelssohn. (Miss Maria S. Brainerd.)—3. Grand Trio. B flat No. 1. F. Schubert. For piano, violin, and violoncello. (1.) Allegro moderato. (2.) Andante un poco mosso. (3.) Scherzo. (4.) Finale vivace. (Messrs. Richard Hoffmann, J. Noll, and F. Bergner.)—4. "The Streamlet." Song, with Violin obligato. Kalliwoda. (Miss Maria S. Brainerd and Mr. J. Noll.)—5. Quartet. F major, op. 18. Beethoven. (1.) Allegro con brio. (2.) Adagio appassionato. (3.) Scherzo. (4.) Finale allegro. (Messrs. Noll, Reyer, Bergner, and Theo. Eisfeld.)

WE were unable to attend this first soirée, and have, therefore, only

to remark that, notwithstanding the usual accompaniment of Mr. Eisfeld's soirées, a deluging storm of rain, there was yet a good audience assembled. And thus may it ever be, as Mr. Eisfeld deserves well of all lovers of art, for his constant and unwearied exertions in the cause of chamber and orchestral music.

#### NEW-YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society is active the present winter, and have appointed their first public rehearsal on Monday evening, at Dodworth's Academy. *The Autumn* from Haydn's *Seasons*, *Inflammatus* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, (Hymn of Praise,) make up the programme. Mr. GEO. F. BRISTOW conducts, Mr. H. C. TIMM presides at the piano-forte, and the solos will be sung by Mrs. G. Stuart Leach, Misses Henriette Behrend and L. Rhemmeio, and Messrs. J. A. Johnson and G. W. Wooster. There are now belonging to the Society one hundred and thirty male, and one hundred and forty-seven female members. The officers of the current year are: E. M. CARRINGTON, President; J. WARREN BROWN and HENRY P. MARSHALL, Vice-Presidents; JAMES H. AIKMAN and A. W. HOFFMAN, Secretaries; WILLIAM WILD, Librarian; WM. B. TAYLOR, CHARLES TUCKER, J. W. CRANE, M.D., H. A. THOMPSON, AUGUSTUS N. SMITH, GEORGE W. WOOSTER, ROBERT J. DODGE, and ALBERT ANDERSON, Standing Committee; and GEORGE F. BRISTOW, Conductor.

#### BEETHOVEN'S PIANO-FORTE SONATAS.

A STUDY BY THEODORE HAGEN.

TROIS SONATES, DEDIEES A MADAME LA COMTESSE BROWNE. OP. 10.

(Continued from last number.)

We have hitherto laid great stress upon the weak state of health and the early bad hearing of Beethoven. We did this purposely, because, in our opinion, it gives us the key not only to the peculiarities of Beethoven's character, but also to the tenor of his compositions. A man who was already naturally disposed to live more in his own world of thought and fancy than in reality, was certainly much more disposed to do so when the outside world with its pleasures was closed to him, in consequence of his little bodily capacity to appreciate and enjoy it. If it happen that such a man is gifted with the genius of art, his art will have inevitably to replace that outside world, not merely in its intellectual and social recreations, but in its deepest clouds of passion, and in its highest flights of thought. It will not be art for art's sake alone, but art to replace friends, family, and all those *scenes of life* with which, in reality, he can have nothing to do. His art will have to create *situations* which he himself, by his own disposition of mind and state of health, will never be able to witness; himself condemned to play only a passive role in the drama of life, his art will have to create the latter in all its variety of action. Beethoven could never have composed music for the mere pleasure of making it sound nicely, and varying in all possible manners according to existing rules; but since he was deprived of hearing it sound, he was almost forced to make music which was the mirror of active life in all its shades. This is the reason of the dramatic elements in his piano-forte compositions, of all the *scenes* of different character which we find in them. You may take either one you like, you will always find two principles, first opposed the one to the other, then struggling each for the predominance, and then occasionally at the end uniting in perfect agreement. Truly, it needs not the confirmation of Schindler and others to convince us that Beethoven's music contained mostly pictures of life; it had to be life-picturing in order to sustain his own life.

We see this picturing already in his earliest compositions, but we see it more and more developed, the more he advances in life and deprivation of hearing. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that we find already, that one of the above three sonatas, which were composed at the time of very fast approaching deafness, most probably just when he felt the utmost disgust, and perhaps also incapacity to converse with the outside world, contains not only the full activity of dramatic life, but also indications of many progressive steps in music, spiritual as well as technical, which are, even at our advanced time, not the common property of our piano composers and players. The two first of this set seem not

to have very much occupied Beethoven's mind when he composed them. They are rather sketches than well-detailed tone pictures. The two first have only three movements; in the second, Beethoven was not even inspired enough to write a slow movement. Perhaps his mind was at that time already impressed with the ideas and contents of his first grand orchestral work, which appeared about two years later. Not that the peculiarities of his style are not to be found in these sonatas, but, to judge from their motives as well as treatment, it is evident the author did not give his full mind to them. However, the dramatic elements prevail as much as in any of his earlier sonatas. The ideas are all to the point, but they are less grand and beautiful than he presents them, for instance, in the last sonata of the same set. The *adagio molto* of the first sonata is a kind of aria in the style of the Italian masters who preceded Rossini. It is very dramatic, and requires, especially in the runs, exquisite and exact playing to make us forget that they were not intended for a singer, but for a pianist. The last part of the same sonata in C minor has more of Beethoven's own character. Although simple in its treatment, you are immediately impressed that it is music of higher purposes than merely to be enjoyed from its sounding well.

In the second sonata only the *allegretto* in F minor (replacing the *scherzo*) need be mentioned. It is thoroughly Beethoven-like, especially in its trio in D flat. The finale, however, is more what we should call musical exercises of the Mozart period than music of Beethoven. But, if well played, so as to keep perfectly distinct the theme throughout its canon-like treatment, it will prove to be a very brilliant piece.

The last sonata in D major, however, is the one to which we must point as the real Beethoven treasure of this opus. The ideas are throughout beautiful and highly melodious, and the treatment is eminently dramatic, suggestive, and in some parts orchestral. Who could, for instance, play the middle part of the first *presto* without being impressed by the violoncello effects produced by the staccato runs of the left hand? However, it is the *largo* which calls forth our particular sympathy and admiration. It is the first great *largo* we meet in his sonatas. The deepest chords of the soul are touched, and, in a musical sense, the greatest progressive steps are taken. Here we find already that recitative character of the melody which the modern musical writers and thinkers oppose to the so-called absolute melody of Mozart, Haydn, and others. Here we meet also the melody, played by both hands, an effect which, strange enough, has been claimed by some modern virtuosi as their own invention. It is evident that the *largo* was composed in one of those moments when Beethoven felt, according to his own statement, that in his art he was nearer to God than others. To play the *largo*—in fact, to play the whole sonata well, it is not only necessary to possess first-rate technical ability, but also a great mind.

#### "FREE CONCERTS" IN NEW-YORK.

"THERE be a thousand and one things, good master, amongst us which are unknown to us. Some good fellow ought to take his pen, and go down into cellars and other underground places, and record all he sees and hears, that the world might rejoice in the knowledge of things now unknown."—*Old Play*.

OBEYING the dictates of the old philosopher, we have "gone down into cellars and other underground places," and now we shall "record all that we have seen and heard, that the world may rejoice in the knowledge of things before unknown" to it. Strolling through the Bowery in search of these mysterious "unknown things," we saw a transparency bearing in large characters the legend, "Free Concerts every Evening—Lager-Bier." Music and lager-bier, thought we, good; and although we had read *The Scalpel's* article on the injurious properties of the Teutonic beverage, we soon found ourselves sitting at a table, in a commodious and brilliantly-lighted room, with a "seidel" of resinous fluid before us. The room was crowded with long-whiskered and mustache Germans, sitting in groups around the tables, with here and there pretty fraulein amongst them, drinking and smoking, (the ladies drank and O Mr. *Scalpel!* they drank lager-bier,) and chatting in German most profound. At the further extremity of the room was a platform which was furnished with a piano-forte and several music-stands. We sipped our beer, lighted a cigar, and waited. At length a bustle was heard near the bar. The landlord, accompanied by a very long-bearded gentleman, rushed toward the platform, coatless, and with their shi

sleeves rolled up. They had been busily engaged in tapping fresh casks of beer, and attending to the repeated calls of the various waiters. These personages, by the by, form a very interesting feature in the establishment, as they rush frantically among the guests, bearing a countless number of glasses in safety, and shouting "ein, zwei," etc., as though their lives depended upon it.

Our landlord and his companion mounted the platform, a pianist had mysteriously made his appearance before his instrument, and was preparing himself for action. The old man deliberately rolled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his collar, adjusted a fresh cravat, donned a white vest, and finally encased himself in a nicely-fitting black coat. The young man with the very long beard followed his example. The two then made their best bow, the pianist preluded, the concert commenced. We will not attempt to criticise the performance on this occasion; but the audience, who, after all, were good judges, encored the duet rapturously, and it was again sung, and again met with the approbation of the listeners. Having concluded, the duo bowed, and commenced uncasing; coat, vest, and cravat disappeared, the collar was pulled down, the sleeves rolled up, and, having deposited the cast-off habiliments in a safe place, to be used again when required, the singers resumed their places at the beer-casks, and commenced the more congenial task of supplying the wants of their thirsty customers. We are positive that we saw the very long-bearded young gentleman afterwards on the stage in Niblo's Theater, where he sustained an important part in the effective chorus of the German opera.

Having finished our beer, and witnessed a repetition of the above scene, we returned to the sidewalk, and resumed our walk. A few steps brought us to another sign, which not only bore the words, "Free Concert," but the attraction was heightened by the addition of "French Theater and Lager-bier" on the opposite side of the transparency. Who could resist such an appeal? Down we went, and found ourselves in a low, damp cellar, dimly lighted, and packed to its utmost capacity with people of all ages, sexes, and conditions. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Italians, Hebrews, Englishmen, Americans—all nations seemed to be represented. We crowded our way through the dense mass, and finally took a seat at a table near the stage, which was gotten up with a considerable degree of taste. A drop-scene, about eight feet by ten, shut out the view of the stage, and increased the anxiety of the audience to learn what mysteries it concealed. In the orchestra-box (there was an orchestra-box a little larger than a candle-box) sat a violinist and a cornopean player, who, at the sound of a bell, commenced the overture. The performance was about to commence! A breathless silence pervaded the vast assemblage. The overture *over*, the bell was again sounded, and the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing a "flat," which represented the interior of a room, and two or three side-scenes, just wide enough to allow the spectators to see every thing that took place behind them. That this was very refreshing can be well understood when we inform our readers that near one of them was the dressing-room of the principal danseuse of the establishment, who was at the time of the rising of the curtain consulting a mirror in regard to the effect produced by the application of a rouge-laden rabbit's foot to her cheeks, and whose toilet we must remark, *passim*, was not entirely completed.

The performance was commenced by the landlord, a dapper little Frenchman, in his shirt-sleeves, who marched out into the center of the stage, and, after having recognized several of his acquaintances in the audience before him with familiar bows and winks, gave the signal to the orchestra, and sang, in a chirping, cheerful manner, a French love-song, which pleased immensely, and which was encored. The song was repeated; the little landlord bowed, and the curtain descended amidst a whirlwind of applause. An intermission of "fifteen minutes for refreshments" ensued. The waiters, French, Irish, and German girls, flew around with busy zeal, dispensing the popular beverage; fresh cigars were lighted, the conversation was resumed, and finally reached such a pitch of enthusiasm, that there was a very fair prospect of a pretty little row; when the bell rang, the curtain ascended, and the orchestra struck up. This time, a youthful German, with an incipient mustache, and an exceedingly dirty guitar, appeared and sang a German song. He finished, bowed meekly to the thunders of applause, and disap-

peared. He was followed by a very sickly and remarkably debauched-looking young Frenchman, with a rakish mustache, who sang a French amorous song with so much unction, that the cheeks of a fair but we fear a frail French girl, who sat opposite us, were tinged with a slight blush; and she cast her eyes, first at us, to learn whether we understood the language, and then with modesty (?) to the floor. The song, of course, was received with rapture, and was loudly encored. It was repeated, with variations, and the performer retired. He was followed by the danseuse, who made the most of the small stage, and who was also encored. Next came an American gentleman, very seedy, very tall, and very impudent. He sang *Jordan's a hard road to trappel*, and retired. He was *not* encored. The curtain went down; lager-bier again flowed freely, the tongues of the audience were again let loose, and, as before, a riot was prevented by the ringing of the bell. The curtain arose, and a curious spectacle met the gaze of the audience. Our first thoughts were of the Spanish Inquisition, and we fancied we saw before us a victim undergoing the torture. Upon the stage stood a man, strapped to a harp; upon his back he carried a huge base-drum, a drum-stick was fastened to his left elbow, his lips were applied to a set of Pandean pipes, which was fastened securely under his chin; a trumpet was attached to the harp, in a convenient position to be used occasionally; a pair of cymbals were fastened between the knees of the performer; a small drum was placed near the foot of the harp, and was worked some way or other, we know not how; a triangle was also worked in some mysterious manner, and, to crown all, he wore upon his head a helmet of bells, which sounded whenever he moved. Silence reigned throughout the room. Expectation was at its height. Suddenly the performer screwed his head around with fearful violence; a wild, unearthly sound came from the pipes; with a spasmodic movement of his whole body, the drum was struck, the harp was sounded, the cymbals clashed, the triangle struck, the kettle-drum beaten, the bells rung, and the room was filled with a musical tempest, while the shrill sound of the Pandean pipes rang out over all with terrible effect. Another spasm, and another burst of music; now the performer writhed, trembled, and perspired; the spirits of seventy thousand demons seemed to have possessed him; he puffed, panted, and wriggled; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets; the uproar he produced was fearful. We trembled and were rejoiced, when he suddenly removed his lips from the pipes and applied them to the mouth-piece of the trumpet, and concluded his performance with a ra, ta, ta, which made the very ceiling shake. The curtain descended amidst the plaudits of the wondering audience; and we, overpowered by the heat of the room and the intensity of the music we had heard, returned to the fresh air, and sought our lodgings. Thus ended our first night at the "Free Concerts." We have since visited other places of the kind, and may, in a future number, record what we saw and heard there, for the benefit of our readers.

### Our Musical Correspondence.

#### BOSTON.

NOVEMBER 25TH, 1856.—Having diligently and modestly (?) advertised the performance of the "charming oratorio" of *Our Saviour*, for some two weeks or more in the daily papers, the composer thereof, Mr. W. Williams, presented it to our music-loving community (such as went to hear it) on Thursday evening, Nov. 13th, at the Tremont Temple. The "charming oratorio" of *Our Saviour* is a simple juvenile cantata, being in a great measure a very weak dilution of much that is found in Handel's *Messiah*, and, for the rest, a series of *Lilly Dale* melodies and simple harmonies, which seem strangely familiar and magnanimously unoriginal. It was performed by some 150 children, and gave evident satisfaction to the audience, which was rather meager. By "particular request" a second performance was given on Thursday evening, Nov. 20th. We have made rather a sarcastic mention of this composition, because it was so ostentatiously announced by the author. It is good enough as a simple children's cantata, but it is beyond all that is absurd and ridiculous to style it so broadly an "oratorio."

The classical chamber concerts of the season were ushered in on Saturday evening, Nov. 15th, by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, with the assistance of Mrs. J. H. Long, and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club. The programme was an excellent one, containing compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Crusell, and Parker; but had one fault common to the programmes of all artists who give only one or two concerts in the course of a year—it was too long. Mr. Parker is not what we should denominate a *pianist*; he is a good musician, and plays the piano well, but is not a *virtuoso*, nor does he, we

think, consider himself in that light at all. He performed his part on this occasion in a quiet, dignified, "classical" manner, and gained largely on the esteem of his auditors. Mrs. Long has improved since last season, and is now at the head of her profession amongst the resident vocalists of Boston. She deserves the success and applause which she always meets, for she practices patiently and well. She sang at Mr. Parker's concert, an aria by Mozart, and a charming composition by Mr. Parker, to the beautiful serenade of Tennyson, *Come into the garden, Maud*. Both pieces were admirably performed, and a repetition of the serenade insisted upon by the appreciative audience. If any of the lady vocalists, readers of THE JOURNAL, desire a valuable addition to their repertoire, let them procure a copy of this song. It is not at all difficult, and will please any body and every body.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club gave the first of their eight annual series of chamber concerts on Tuesday evening, at Messrs. Chickering's rooms. We were happy to find a large audience present, among which were many familiar faces of the previous season's acquaintance. The programme was a very good one and just about the right length, comprising the following compositions: *Quartet No. 5*, (in A,) by Mozart; *Piano Trio No. 2*, (in E flat,) by Beethoven; *Adagio from Second Clarinet Concerto*, by Spohr; *Polonaise*, by Chopin; and *Quartet No. 3*, (in D,) by Mendelssohn. The Quintet Club consists of the same members as of last year: Messrs. A. and W. Fries, Ryan, Meisel, and Krebs. They are all good artists, and can play well when they are in practice, but a finished performance of a quartet by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., is only to be attained, even by the best of artists, when they are in constant daily rehearsal. The piano part in the Beethoven *Trio*, was undertaken by a young pianist lately arrived from the Conservatory at Leipzig—Mr. Leonhard. He acquitted himself quite well, and played with considerable expression, light and shade, etc. He is young and has time for great improvement, for which there is undoubtedly room. His departure from the "Conservatory" was somewhat premature, we think, and he could have remained there a year or two longer to advantage. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club will continue their concerts once a fortnight as in previous seasons. QUI VIVE.

#### WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOVEMBER 24TH.—During the past week the citizens of Washington have been partially aroused from their unmusical torpor by the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company. The very respectable audiences which have attended the performances of this company, give a pleasing indication of the interest felt among us in the cultivation of music, and which only needs proper stimulus to produce most gratifying results in enlarging the sphere and influence of the most delightful of all arts. In my last I spoke of our want of this stimulus, and our exclusion from the musical circles of the Northern cities. Our people might truly be called "music worshipers," for a first-class troupe of performers are sure to be richly repaid by a visit to our city. Our young people, too, manifest a growing disposition to cultivate the art, and seem determined to fathom its mysteries. This fact is evident from the numerous large classes now studying under different teachers—a greater number of schools being now in full operation than at any time in our history. Especially in the district known as the navy-yard, the young ladies and gentlemen come up with willing and eager hearts to this good work; and, in the course of a year or two, will be far ahead of any other equal number of singers anywhere. In the mean time let THE JOURNAL circulate its intelligence, and instruct us in its own inimitable way; let us patronize all that's good in music, eschewing all that's bad. The English opera has awakened us—therefore let us be thankful.

The mixed nature of the English opera, partaking largely of the character of the ordinary English melo-drama, has always rendered it peculiarly popular in the United States. It is well adapted to the fresh, immature taste of our people, unfitted to fully comprehend the pure opera; and the fact, moreover, that, considered simply as a dramatic entertainment, somewhat similar to the French *vaudeville*, it is more readily understood than the Italian opera, not only by the unmusical, but also, and more especially, by those whose knowledge of languages is limited to that of their mother tongue, has greatly contributed to its wide-spread popularity. Besides, it is an undeniable fact that, as a general rule, the English opera-singers are far better actors than those of France or Italy, and they are hence always preferred by those who use their eyes rather than their ears.

The Pyne and Harrison opera company is, on the whole, far inferior to the Seguin company, which it has succeeded. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin are remembered with regret by many, who draw comparisons unfavorable to the new company. Indeed, Miss Pyne may be said to be the only really bright star among them all. Her voice is a pure soprano, wanting in richness, depth, and feeling, but clear, brilliant, and flexible. In person she is rather *petite* for good dramatic effect. In such a character as Norma, for example, she must inevitably fail as an actress, for she could not look the part. This she seems to have the good taste to know. But this defect in size is in great part compensated by her very natural, graceful acting. An equally graceful, easy actor, but only a medium singer, Mr. Harrison is everywhere a favorite. His dramatic talents alone would insure him success on the stage. Mr. Reeves is a neat baritone, but wants power. Mrs. Reeves, the contralto, is not at all striking or attractive in any particular. Her appearance and manner are too tame, and her voice is weak and lifeless, though managed with taste. Mr. Guilmette, the new basso, far surpasses Mr. Stratton (no longer a member of the company) both as an actor and as a singer. Stratton is unbearably stiff in manner, and his voice is hard, sepulchral, and unmusical. In both voice and motion, he is decidedly *staccato*. Guilmette is a good actor, and sings with a rich, deep, and well-sustained tone. His rendering of "The Heart bowed down" in the *Bohemian Girl*, though adopted to a baritone voice, is peculiarly fine. Horncastle is a good buffo baritone, a little heavy in his move-

ments, but a skillful singer, with a good voice, and very popular. The choruses are rather weak.

Altogether, the performances of this company may be characterized as pleasing. The auditor hears from them no great choral or solo effects—no thrilling or moving strains—nothing to transport or excite; he is simply pleased. Yet we hope to see them soon again among us. If we can not have Lagrange, Amodio, and Brignoli, let us at least enjoy what we may, and applaud where we can. The day must soon come when Washington, as the great art metropolis of the Union, shall be able to attract to itself and to properly appreciate and encourage, the best masters of the art divine.

Our citizens are indebted to Messrs. Ford and Kunkel, of the National, for the enjoyment of much that is good. Give us more of the opera, Messrs. Managers, and you will thereby render your well-conducted establishment more popular, if that were possible, than it is now. At any rate, large numbers would patronize you who think it no harm to listen an opera, who could not be induced to attend the "regular drama."

A novel sight for our region, and withal a very pleasing one, was the concert by the female department of the Third District School on Thanksgiving night. The hall was crowded, and the *tout ensemble* of the stage was happy in the extreme. Sixty or seventy young ladies, ranging from ten to sixteen years of age, dressed uniformly in white, and bedecked with gay ribbons, looking so happy in the artlessness of youth, was a sight to gladden the hearts of all present, and especially to cheer the gentlemanly trustees who have charge of that district. The singing, both solo and chorus, was good, some parts being especially commendable. The concert was the result of but three months' teaching in the elementary principles of music, and reflects much credit upon Miss Mirick, the teacher in charge. The movement, too, is considered as the initiator for introducing the study of vocal music generally into our public schools—a thing devoutly to be wished for, and which will place our children upon a footing with the more favored youth of the Northern cities. PHILOS.

#### ALBANY.

NOV. 26TH.—The great political fight, thank Heaven, is over, the Union is once more properly saved, and as the dense cloud gradually lifts from the battle-field, we are again mercifully permitted to breathe without inhaling the pestilential smoke and dust of a political atmosphere; a thing which has been impossible in this city since dog-days. Two things are, for the present at least, settled. Buchanan is to conduct the American Opera at the White House in Washington, and Never-to-be-put-down Maretzek, the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music. By the way, is not Max wonderfully like a *cat*, inasmuch as, drop him in any way you will, he is on his feet in a twinkling, and ready to "come to the scratch" at the shortest possible notice?

"There is music everywhere," and our Knickerbockerian city rejoices in an unusual number of musical entertainments, past, present, and to come. The prevailing *mode* this season, seems to be choir concerts, of which one or two are past, and several are in active preparation. Chief among these stands the concert by the Cathedral choir, assisted by Madame Steffani, (from Troy,) and others, on Sunday evening last. Mr. R. J. Carmody, the excellent organist at the Cathedral, (than whom there is none better in the State, out of New-York City,) is every inch a true and thorough musician, and never dabbles in the milk-and-water trash, and *common chord-age* so prevalent at the present day. We were not surprised to see a programme of a high order, a copy of which I inclose.

Owing to other engagements, we were able to hear only the closing part of the solo "On Mighty Pens," given by Madame Steffani, and the remaining three pieces of the programme. Madame S. certainly showed great ability as an artiste, and although her intonation was not faultless, her parts were rendered in a manner which gives her high rank as a vocalist.

The tenore solo in *Ave Maria Stella*, from *Rossi*, was extremely faulty, but as it was given by an amateur, who was at the time really indisposed, great allowance should be made. Mere amateurs should not be judged by an artist's measure, neither should such encomiums be lavished upon them in praise of well doing, as can only properly be bestowed upon the highest acquisitions in art. The choir rendered the choruses finely, and, with the conductor, Herr Kline, are deserving of praise for the untiring industry and close drilling, by which they were enabled to bring to so great perfection their respective parts. Few among the two thousand or more who listened to their singing, are aware of the amount of patient and persevering labor requisite in order to give music of this class in so artistic a manner with amateur singers. As a whole, the concert was a complete triumph.

On Monday evening our little diminutive Association Hall—(shall we ever have a decent concert-room?) was filled to suffocation, with the *elite* of the city to hear the world-renowned Thalberg—it makes our very fingers tingle to write his name—and Madame Cora De Wilhorst. It would be little the great artist to attempt a description of his matchless playing, and we forbear. We can not, however, refrain from saying that Thalberg the gentleman, is just like Thalberg the artist. Entirely free from ostentation and parade—perfect—finished, the very embodiment of perfection itself. Why will not other artists imitate him in *this* respect as well as in others? But we must mention that lesser, but beautiful star, whose light beamed so pleasantly upon us for the first time; we hope not for the last.

[Our correspondent's letter broke off rather suddenly at this point, with the promise added to forward the continuation by next mail. The next mail arrived, but the continuation did not, and our readers must await another number before reading what "Allegro" has to say of the beautiful MAD. DE WILHORST.—EDS.]

#### NEWARK, N. J.

NOV. 27.—Last week Miss MARIA S. BRAINERD of New-York, a favorite with us as everywhere, gave successful concerts in our city, which were events: but the event of the season was the only concert of the world-renowned

THALBERG, given last evening at Orton Hall. I shall not of course attempt criticism, but content myself with chronicling that the large and appreciating crowd of our fashion were evidently as delighted with the man and the artist. And his assistants, too, were welcome. Mad. CORA DE WILHORST, with her pretty, graceful, little body, charmingly unaffected face, and sweet tones, powerful, too, in the upper scale, became a favorite at once, and established her empire by singing for an encore *The Last Rose of Summer*, in a manner that brought up pleasant remembrances. SIGNOR MORELLI was excellent, as he always is, and the whole concert a most enjoyable one. CARL.

## GALESBURG, ILL.

We have just closed one of the most successful conventions ever held in Illinois. Mr. Root is just the man for this country, and we should be glad to keep him here all the time. We don't want to disparage other conductors; all have their good points; but we do want the vocal training which Mr. Root excels in to such a remarkable degree. We used the *Sabbath Bell*, and the *New-York Glee and Chorus Book*, and like them well. H. P.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## LONDON.

OCTOBER 31ST, 1856.—Messrs. Beale's Grisi and Mario party have returned to London, and give operas whole and disjointed (that is, slices of operas) at Drury Lane, to crowded houses. Madlle. Piccolomini has had two farewell evenings, at Her Majesty's Theater; the second of which, *La Traviata*, brought an immense audience, exceeding by far the "Jenny Lind" nights of by-gone memory; remarkable was the number of young ladies which came to see the piece—so much censured by the press—and especially held up as demoralizing to young people. A new tenor, Mr. Tennant, deserves a favorable mentioning; to a very sweet voice of good compass he joins a very creditable power of correct declamation and graceful delivery; he is a native of Dublin. Mons. Jullien is going to have a series of promenade concerts at her Majesty's; this forms about the whole extent of our musical intelligence, if it be not the adding of a curious if not distressing fact, namely, that one of the leading English musicians has been obliged to condescend to write light brilliant fantasias for the piano, under cover of a fictitious foreign name, as a means of gaining money; either he is ashamed of his ragouts and hashes of modern opera airs, or—and that seems the more likely reason—he finds that English names will not "go down" with the lovers of light and graceful moreaux. Why should not Messrs. Smith, Brown, and Robinson be as good names as Monsieur Herr or Signor so and so, provided they have the same talent?—which talent, Mr. Chorley of the *Athenæum*, in his never-failing wisdom, denies to man, woman, or child born within the realm of Great Britain. During the great recess something might have been done to do away with a crying evil which every day threatens to become worse—we mean the pitch of the orchestra, which is getting higher and higher, without any reason why or wherefore. It is said the violins are the cause, from the supposition that they gain in brilliancy; but there is a point beyond which it should be known they lose in vibration; the unfortunate brass and wood instrumentalists that come from the continent, are obliged to have their instruments shortened, and even then have to resort to all kinds of maneuvers to play in tune; that a shortened flute, clarinet, or horn has no longer the same quality of tone, is self-evident as well as that it must deteriorate the tone itself. A consequence of the continual raising of the diapason in the orchestra, is further the forcing of the sopranos and tenors, and in fact of the basses and baritones too, out of their natural register, and, if there be no stop put to this malpractice, there is no telling where it will end. We strongly recommend the attention of the conductors of the leading great orchestras to investigate the matter; a select committee of eminent musicians of different countries might be found to consider it, and to fix a general diapason. The matter is of more import than it seems on the first looking at it, and ought to be taken notice of—the great piano manufacturers have made a movement towards it—but it evidently behooves the great orchestras to take the lead in the matter. Some grand performances of Mendelssohn's works are about to take place at Manchester, in the new Concert Hall; Charles Hallé is to conduct, Sainton to lead the orchestra, which is to be selected from the best bands come-at-able. Considering the great number of considerable and populous towns and cities in England, Scotland, and Ireland, there will be a lamentable deficiency noticeable of standing orchestras—orchestral concerts, quartet meetings, if compared with towns of much less magnitude in Germany, and even Holland: this very deficiency proves a boon to the speculators in musical tours, but necessarily keeps the inhabitants of such towns and cities very much in the dark as to art progress—as may be seen by the programmes of the provincial concerts; the only things new there being almost exclusively music-sellers' copy-rights of puffed-up modern trash; and in many instances the whole arrangement of the tour merely is a more effective means of bringing some pieces into notice, than advertising vans or musical commercial travelers' charlatany are capable of.

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## MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 30TH, 1856.—In my last I informed you that the new Free Trade Hall, in this city, was completed, and about to be opened with a series of four inaugural concerts. These concerts came off a fortnight ago, and were extremely successful, not only "pecuniarily," but also as regards the performance, and above all, in proving the large hall to be one of the best, if not the best concert hall in the country for sound. At the rehearsals, myself as well as others, were afraid the resonance would be too great, but the first evening's performance proved that when filled with an audience, the acoustical properties of the room are splendid; the loudest fortissimo, as well as the most deli-

cate piano, can be heard clear, sharp, and distinct. The principal vocalists, one and all, declared that they had never before sung with so much ease in any room of the like size.

On the first evening was performed a cantata, by Macfarren, called *May Day*; this was composed for and first performed at the Bradford Festival, last August; the subject is descriptive of May Day sport, as kept up eighty or ninety years ago. The cantata will, I am sure, be a great acquisition to the library of any of your choral societies of sufficient pretension to attack it; the music, "though none of the easiest," is truly beautiful, and when once mastered, the choruses will be sung with a relish.

This cantata first introduced to a Manchester audience Miss Sherrington, "who sang the part of the Queen of the May." She is a vocalist of very high order, and has already taken a very high position in the art. She has, I believe, been educated in the Brussels Academy of Music, but is by birth one of our "Lancashire Witches," and as such we feel truly proud of her.

We have already had two of the cheap Monday evening concerts; they were literally "crammed." The prices for these concerts are: Reserved Seat, 1 sh.; Gallery and Promenade, 6d. At the concert last Monday evening, there were 4000 persons present. This is the way to make music, I mean "good music," popular among the people.

To-night begins a series of six vocal concerts. The subscription to the six is one guinea; reserved-seat tickets transferable. For these six concerts the best talent in the country has been engaged as principal, with a band of fifty and chorus of eighty; so that I consider the subscription very reasonable. To-night we have the *Creation*, ever new; next week a miscellaneous concert, with Grisi, Marie, Gassier, and one or two others as principals; after that we are to have Costa's *Eli*; what the other three will be I do not know yet.

Charles Halle, the pianist, has announced two concerts, to be given in December, with a band and chorus of 300. The old tragedy of *Antigone*, by Sophocles, with music by Mendelssohn, is in preparation at our Theater Royal; the choruses will be sung by a powerful choir; we have been rehearsing it these last eight or nine days; so that you will see we shall have plenty of musical work before next Christmas.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Melody.—"What course would you advise me to pursue in order to become qualified to teach music, both vocal and instrumental?" We can not give advice, except in a general way, unless we know the present conditions, attainments, etc., of the querist. To teach music, vocal or instrumental, or both, well, one must be, in the abstract, a good teacher; to be a good teacher, one must, in addition to a natural capacity for the work, have a good education, and be trained especially for it; there must be both musical culture and general culture. We say, then, study: study the voice, the instrument, the art of teaching, and other things as there may be opportunity. Do not think that a mere knowledge of music will enable one to teach music well; other things are necessary.—"What school would you recommend as the best and cheapest?" Here again it depends upon the condition of the pupil. A grammar-school may be the best, or a school where, in general, the higher branches of a common education are taught. There are good music-teachers and schools in various places, especially in Europe. If one has already acquired general cultivation, and understands music commonly well, we can recommend "The Normal Institute" at North-Reading, the next term of which will commence on the first of June next. Indeed, we know of no other school where teaching is made a study as it is in this class.—"Can a person accomplish much in the cultivation of the voice without the living instructor to give examples?" No; a good style can only be acquired by hearing good singing.—"Do you think there is need of well-qualified teachers of music in various parts of the Western country?" We do, indeed; and not only in the Western, but in the Eastern, Northern, and Southern country, and in all countries. Well-qualified teachers are more needed in the world, in all departments, than any other class of persons.—"Is it not a useful occupation, tending to elevate and refine the feelings?" We believe that a music-teacher's occupation may be made most useful; if he truly understands his subject, and teaches with reference to the great end of music, we know of no more useful department of teaching than this.—"Is it not a great moral agent, to help Christianize and reform the wayward and vicious?" Music may be made a powerful moral agent; and although we do not know that there is anything in mere music to Christianize, yet, if properly applied, it will be a most valuable assistant to them that "preach the gospel of peace;" so, also, if rightly directed, it will tend to reform and reclaim; yet we must not overlook the fact that music may be, and we suppose often is, employed in an opposite direction.—"Is it not the help-meet of the Gospel, and the twin-sister of religion?" It may be made so, or it may be made to minister to the merely sensuous desires of those who seek not their own highest good.—"In short, is it not the exalted mission of music to fit its disciples for a union with the angel choirs of heaven?" No doubt that it is the true mission of music to fit man for his purest, highest, happiest condition; and when this is fully understood and acted upon by all teachers, and all concert-givers, and all choirs and singing societies, and families, and people, its power will be felt and acknowledged to be great indeed. Music is adapted to awaken, express, and train the feelings; a good man's feelings, being right, will be strengthened by giving them expression in music; but we must also remember, that a bad man's feelings, being bad, may also be strengthened in a similar way. Are not good teachers wanted who shall make these things plain and help to lead along in the right path?

M. K.—We have received a very affecting note from a beloved correspondent or querist, signed with the above initials. She complains of us for having proposed that she (being unmarried) should change her name; we beg her pardon if any offense has been given; and were our heart and hand at our own disposal, we should hasten to make reparation by offering our own name to the dear one in single blessedness, notwithstanding her rebuke. She says, indeed, that no consideration would induce her to change her condition, and thinks we ought to be ashamed of the suggestion. "I have a good mind," she says, "not to ask you another question, but you have always been so very good, that if you are sorry for what you have said, I will do so." Now this is not the first time we have known

a lady to change her mind, so we are very sorry, of course, and on the supposition that you, dear M. K., are also sorry, and that you will not hereafter refuse a good offer, we will answer as usual. 1. "What kind of a chord is that which consists of three minor thirds?" It depends upon its relations; it may be a "diminished seventh," or it may be a "superfluous sixth;" we very carefully abstain from any illustration which would be likely to draw the mind of our fair querist to itself, instead of throwing light on the subject where it is needed, although our delicacy on this point may, perhaps, prevent so clear an understanding of our answer as is desirable.—2. "Do you think that I could learn more by attending a term at the N. Reading Normal Musical Institute than by devoting the same time to private lessons from a first-rate teacher? If you wish to acquire philosophical, logical, or scientific views of the subject, we answer, Yes, vastly more; but if you wish to confine your attention to art, or to playing the piano-forte, or to singing exclusively, you will learn more by taking private lessons, provided you have a good teacher. If your object is to teach, then we say attend the Normal Institute next summer.

W. B., Croton.—We do not know the author of the piece respecting which you inquire. You can probably ascertain by applying to the editor of the work.

"David" came too late for attention in this number; he shall appear soon.

✉ SUBSCRIBERS OF THE JOURNAL, who may not receive it regularly, will confer a favor by sending a written notice of the fact to the office, 27 South Tenth Street.

### THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

ABOUT twenty miles distant from the old city limits, but not more than half that distance from Philadelphia's present boundaries, immediately upon the oldest turnpike road, stands an ancient Presbyterian meeting-house, whose age is beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but from statements handed down to posterity, is, without doubt, considerably over a century and a half old. Many of the grave-stones have become obliterated by time, whilst others are entirely effaced; but here and there traces of dates may be discovered, telling the mark of a fixed spot to the memory of some departed one, as far back as 1701, 1706, etc.

The meeting-house is built of stone, capable of holding about 250 persons, and stands exposed now, to sunshine and storm, like some lonely pilgrim, whose Christian steadfastness, yet declining strength, ever points heavenward. Many, many years ago, the weeping willow, the tall and graceful poplar, the cedar, and other trees of the forest, overshadowed the old meeting-house, and made the old grave-yard a sad though delightful spot for a sojourn from the sultry summer-day; but alas! the scythe of time has produced a wonderful change; the woodman has spared but a single, lonely tree, and that tree is yielding submissively to the winter of age; it, like the fashion of the world, is passing away, and testifying to those who gaze upon its decaying trunk and bruised branches, in the autumnal season, "that we do all fade as a leaf."

But the old church stands, exhibiting about the same original exterior, save the benefit of some mortar and a new roof, as it did in the year 1698, and perhaps prior to that period. In its interior, it has yielded a little to necessary alteration and improvement. We can well remember in our youthful days the old-style sounding-board, which hung just over the pulpit, the pews of ancient style, and the place assigned for the precursor or clerk; but these have all changed; but notwithstanding, it is the old church still. Grave upon grave, beyond any computation, has been dug and filled around the sacred walls—the rich and poor, the great and lowly, the wise and ignorant, the preacher and fellow-Christian, the soldier, the foreigner, the Indian, the farmer, the beggar—all have been buried there; and yet, but little traces of their career; a few prominent yet plain tombstones, and numerous half-buried pieces of stones are visible to convince the stranger that he stands amid the relics of the past, a scene aptly calculated to put the language of Job into his mouth: "If I wait, the grave is mine house."

The old church is surely a hallowed place. It is believed that Whitefield's voice has resounded there: it is known that the Tennents, and others of that day, did occasionally visit the premises, and within its sacred precincts proclaim the Gospel. A little eastward is the old preacher's house, now over 165 years old, rebuilt by its present owner within late years: a few hundred yards south, stands the original dwelling house of the noted astronomer David Rittenhouse, and a rare English box tree planted by his own hands over a century ago; here numerous times Ben. Franklin gazed upon the stars from the old observatory now nearly gone, and in that old church did these worthies listen to the plain, homely teachings of Gospel truth. During revolutionary times, the old church was occupied as a hospital, and the great Washington has at least looked upon the house of God, built and dedicated long before he was born. It is stated that the Penn family occu-

pled a very ancient site, known to the writer, and adjacent to the locality in question: this, however, is perhaps traditional, although it is a matter of published history that the old township,\* from which the old church derives its name, was actually sold by John Penn for £850. Let this suffice for the present.

Years ago, in boyhood's happy days, the one who holds this pen, would oft wander to the old church. Then it displayed its antique condition, and the venerable, silver-haired preacher exhibited his earnestness of heart, though quaintness of style, drawn out in Gospel simplicity, yet at times immoderately long sermons. In the old church choir, or rather in the company of singers, were to be found some naturally good voices. In particular, may we be pardoned for alluding especially to one. She sat attired exceedingly plain, always a modesty of deportment, amounting to timidity, but whose rich musical voice invariably attracted attention. Ignorant even of the first principles of musical theory yet she could sing either first or second treble with a precision and accordance, as if melody were intuitive with her very nature. Diffident, unassuming, and apparently bashful, yet when some familiar, soul-stirring hymn was announced, then life, fervor, and Christian delight would reflect itself in her delicate countenance, and be heard in striking sweetness in every strain of familiar melody, as it emanated from her peculiar, clear, melodious voice.

After the absence of nearly a score of years, we visited the old church a few weeks since. It was at evening service, and the silvery beams of the moon shone forth brightly upon the ancient house, lighting up the silent and darksome graves with a subdued and quiet gleam. We entered the portals of the old church. Changes mentioned already met our eye: the preacher's voice was that of another. No one remained to represent the former company of singers. Long since, the aged silvery haired minister, and years ago, the harmonious yet unscientific choir of voices, and the treble of Æolian sweetness, bade adieu to earth, and passed away into the spirit-land! Returning homeward, it seemed in imagination that we could almost hear that memorable voice, leading captive at will the voices of others in unison, to the good old tunes of Shirland or St. Thomas, and behold her singing with fixedness of heart:

"Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life—is love."

But the scene is changed: and we look forward to no vain, imaginative thing, when we gaze upward, and press onward for the Christian's rest. Do you inquire where? In the mansions above, in the concert halls of Paradise, there among the spirits of the redeemed at least, will be found the venerable pastor, the sweet-voiced singer, aiding in the songs of Moses and the Lamb, whose chorus is, Hallelujah! That voice, once human, is now angelic; transported from earth, singing and forever singing:

"Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

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### SPECIAL NOTICES.

MASON'S MAMMOTH EXERCISES TO BE PUBLISHED MONDAY, DEC. 13.

We have been Annoyed, Bothered, Crazy, Distracted, Excited, Fretted, Grieved, Harassed, Irritated, Jaded, Kindled, Lectured, Mortified, Nervous, Offended, Provoked, Querulous, Riled, Soured, Tried, Unhappy, Vexed, Worried, Yawed, Zig-zagged, & purgatoried generally by and because of the unexpected and oft-repeated delays in getting out MASON'S MAMMOTH MUSICAL EXERCISES. We fully expected to have it ready several months since, and have expected every four weeks since to complete it, but have been as often disappointed, laboring greatly in spirit on account thereof. At last the book is nearly all printed, and we venture, with fear and trembling, we confess, once again to announce a time for its publication. Barring accidents by fire, flood, famine, and pestilence and all the innumerable mishaps which may and do occur to type-makers, type-setters, and type-users, we hope to be able to furnish this work complete on or before Monday, Dec. 15th.

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MR. ROOT'S CONVENTIONS.

Mr. Root expects to be in Galesburg, Ill., Nov. 11; Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 18; Jerseyville, Ill., Dec. 2; Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 10; Machias, N. Y., (Allegany and Cattaraugus Mus. Association,) Jan. 18, 1857; Cooperstown, N. Y., Jan. 20.

A CARD.

E. Ives, Jr., the editor of the *Musical ABC*, the *Musical Spelling-Book*, the *Musical Reader*, the *Musical Wreath*, the *Mozart Collection*, the author of a *New Method of Teaching Music*, and co-editor of the *Beethoven Collection*, is now on a tour through the country, to introduce his books, and to explain his method to the public. He will be happy to receive applications for a short course of lessons, to be given to any "Conventions," or combined choirs, or schools.

Address E. Ives, Jr., care of Messrs. MASON BROTHERS, Duane street, New-York, where his books are for sale.

MR. BRADBURY'S MUSICAL CONVENTION APPOINTMENTS.

Woodstock, Ill., Dec. 1.  
 Oswego, N. Y., Monday, Dec. 8.  
 Morristown, N. J., Dec. 16.

OTHER ENGAGEMENTS.

Binghamton, N. Y.,  
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WM. B. BRADBURY, 108 and 110 Duane st., New-York;  
 and Bloomfield, New-Jersey.

124

A CARD FROM MR. BRADBURY.  
 MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

The subscriber is now under the necessity of asking from his musical friends in all parts of the country a respite from public services in Musical Conventions the present season, after January, 1857, as he will, from that time until the following summer, be occupied almost entirely upon his *New Book of Church-Music*, to be issued next season.

The pressure of applications, many of them coming in late, has been such that it was utterly impossible for him to accommodate all; and if now any who are still expecting him, (but have not completed their arrangements,) are likely to be disappointed by the above announcement, such will please address him at two or three of the places where he is to hold conventions, (see announcement,) and at Bloomfield, N. J.

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|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Away, now joyful riding.           | Lulu is our darling pride.         | The sky is bright.              |
| Annie Lawrie.                      | Love of School.                    | The Star Spangled Banner.       |
| A rosy crown.                      | Little Gipsy Jane.                 | Tell me where do Fairies dwell. |
| Always happy.                      | Let us sing merrily.               | The moon is beaming o'er the    |
| April shower.                      | Lilly Dale.                        | The Quiet Valley. (Take)        |
| A parting song.                    | Let the smiles of youth.           | There's no home like my own.    |
| Blue Juniaia.                      | Let us cherish Love and Truth.     | The Street Organ.               |
| Billy Boy.                         | Merry Heart.                       | The Oaken Tree.                 |
| Bright rosy morn.                  | Meek and Lowly.                    | To the West.                    |
| Charity.                           | My Mother dear.                    | The Light Canoe.                |
| Come this way, my father.          | May Queen.                         | The Little Star.                |
| Coasting song.                     | Merry May.                         | The Honest Boy.                 |
| Come, boys, be merry.              | Morning Song.                      | The Heather Bells.              |
| Come, cheerful companions.         | My boat a' down the stream.        | The bell doth toll, (Round.)    |
| Come, let us ramble.               | My own, my gentle Mother.          | To Greece we give our shining   |
| Come to our trysting place.        | Make your mark.                    | The Sunshine. (blades.)         |
| Comin' thro' the rye.              | Multiplication Table.              | The Child's Wish.               |
| Cheer, boys, cheer.                | Mountain Maid's Invitation.        | The Veteran.                    |
| Come and see me, Mary Ann.         | Maiden and the Rose.               | Temperance Song.                |
| Come and take a sail.              | Ossian's Serenade.                 | Try again.                      |
| Child's wish.                      | Over the Summer Sea.               | Up goes the banner.             |
| Children go.                       | O Boatman, row me o'er the stream. | Vacation song.                  |
| Do they miss me at home?           | 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 warbling waters       |
| Far, far upon the sea.             | Pearly Fountain.                   | Willie Gray. (How)              |
| Far away.                          | Rowan Tree.                        | Why chime the hells so merrily. |
| Fido and his master.               | Revolutionary Tea.                 | We roam thro' forest shades.    |
| Full and harmonious.               | Summer days are coming.            | Where yonder mansion rises.     |
| 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 May.                       | When the golden morn.           |
| Here we stand.                     | Song of the Pony.                  | When the night wind bewaileth.  |
| Home, Sweet Home,                  | Shed not a tear for me, Mother.    | Zephyr of nightfall.            |
| Happy Land.                        | Star of the Twilight.              |                                 |
| Harvest Moon.                      | Shells of Ocean.                   | SACRED PIECES.                  |
| Hail Columbia.                     | Song in motion.                    | America.                        |
| How green are the meadows.         | See the stars are coming.          | Edes.                           |
| Holiday song.                      | Song for exhibition.               | Greenville.                     |
| Haste thee, winter.                | Song of the Robin.                 | God is there.                   |
| I lately watched a hudding flower. | Sparkling Fountain.                | Kingsley                        |
| I love the merry sunshine.         | School song.                       | They will be done.              |
| I'm a merry laughing girl.         | Silently.                          | The Lord's Prayer.              |
| I remember how my childhood.       | Spring's delight.                  | Siloam.                         |
| I love the summer time.            | See our bark.                      | Olmutz.                         |
| Jamie's on the stormy sea.         | Song of the vale.                  | Charity. (Meek and lowly.)      |
| Lake of the Dismal Swamp.          | The sun's gay beam.                | Oh! had I wings like a dove     |
| Last Rose of Summer.               | Tell us, oh! tell us.              | Far away.                       |
| Little Bennie.                     | The black clouds roll asunder.     | Shed not a tear.                |

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# On the Mountain high.

IN THE STYLE OF ALPINE MELODIES.

ALLEGRETTO.

SOPRANO—One or more Voices.

G. F. ROOT.

1. On the moun - tain high he's roam - ing, In the bright and glo - rious morn - ing, To the cha - mois fleet give  
 2. When the shades of eve are fall - ing, And the mel - low horn is call - ing, Then my hunt - er, home re-

TENOR.  
 La la la la la la, la la la la la la,

SOPRANO and ALTO.  
 La la la la la la, la la la la la la,

BASE.  
 La la la la la la, la la la la la la,

warn - ing, For my hunt - er's brave and true. La la la la, la la la la, la la  
 - turn - ing, Glad - ly joins our mer - ry lay, La la, &c.

la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la la,  
 la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la la,  
 la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la la,

la la la la la la, la la la la la, la la la la, la la la la la la  
 la, la, la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la la la - la la la la la la  
 la, la, la la la la la la la la la, la la la, la la la la la la la la la

la. On the moun - tain high he's roam - ing, In the bright and glo - rious  
 la la la la la. On the mountain high he's roaming, La la la la la la la, In the bright and glo - rious morning, La la  
 la la la la la. On the mountain high he's roaming, La la la la la la la, In the bright and glo - rious morning, La la

morn - ing, To the cha - mois fleet give warn - ing, For my hunt - er's brave and true.  
 la la la la la, To the chamois fleet give warning, La la la la la la la, For my hunter's brave and true, brave and true.  
 la la la la la, To the chamois fleet give warning, La la la la la la la For my hunter's brave and true, brave and true.

# Ohio, S. M.\*

E. B. M. and C. M. C.

**TENOR.**  
 And shall I sit a - lone, Op-pressed with grief and fear? To God, my Fa - ther, make my moan, And he re - fuse to hear?

**ALTO.**

**SOPRANO.**  
 And shall I sit a - lone, Op-pressed with grief and fear? To God, my Fa - ther, make my moan, And he re - fuse to hear?

**BASE.**

\* We have changed the name, because when tunes are thus designated, good taste requires that *proper names* should be used.

# Marino. L. M.

MODERATO.

By WILLIAM U. BUTOHER.

TENOR. *mf*

1. Je - sus! thy robe of right - eous - ness My beau - ty is— my glo - rious dress; 'Mid flam - ing worlds, in

ALTO.

SOPRANO. *mf*

2. When from the dust of death I... rise To claim my man - sion in the skies, E'en then shall this be

BASE.

this ar - rayed, With joy shall I lift up my head, With joy shall I lift up my head.

SOPRANO. *mf*

all my plea—"Je - - sus hath lived and died for me, Je - sus hath lived and died for me."

# Silber Spring. 7s.

MODERATO.

© R. M. Washington D. C.

TENOR.

1. Lord, be - fore thy presenee come, Bow we down with holy fear, Call our err - ing footsteps home, Let us feel that thou art near.

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

2. Wand'ring thoughts and languid powers, Come not where devotion kneels; Let the soul ex - pand her stores, Glowing with the joy she feels.

BASE.

# Tread lightly where the loved One sleeps.

QUARTET.

W. O. PERKINS. Nov., 1854

**TENOR.**

1. Tread light - ly where the loved one sleeps, A - mid the gen - tle flowers ;.. Sweet sym - bol

**ALTO.**

**SOPRANO.**

2. The bound - ing step no more—no more The mer - ry laugh is heard,.... To cheer his

**BASE.**

of his spir - it's bloom, In bright - er lands than ours. Ye can not feel the weight of grief, In

play - mates on the lawn, Like ca - rol of a bird. And lone - ly is the hearth at home, Where

tears a - bove him shed ; A moth - er there her vi - gil keeps Be - side her youth - ful dead.

stands the va - cant chair, The book, un - op - ened, that he prized—The loved one is not there.

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(Signed) Wm. G. Boardman, Sec."

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(Signed) Wm. Hague."

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CHAS. D. MOORE, Chorister."

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