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For the Musical Review and Advocate.

LINES,

On hearing a Lady sing "The light of other days is faded."

BY RAPHAEL.

Ox, lady! cease that careless song,  
"The mockery to thy sunny brow;  
And founts of sorrow, silken long,  
Are opening as I listen now!  
  
I'm thinking of those "other days,"  
With all that gave their "faded" light--  
The hopes that rose with every morn,  
The dreams that chased the gloom of night.  
  
Sad Memory lifts the time-worn veil  
That hides those pictures of the past;  
And clouded faces, dead and pale,  
And faded as I saw them last,  
  
Look on me with their mournful eyes,  
From out the windows of my home,  
(Dear olden home, left desolate,  
And shadowed with a nameless gloom.)  
  
Now floating from the haunted spot,  
Full many a restless phant'om--  
Fair many plain, and shadowy grotesque,  
Where winds are soft, and flowers are sweet.  
  
How Memory, my constant guide,  
With joyous tone and smiling face,  
Whispered, "Recall that treasured word,  
The hour is passed, but this the place!"  
  
How long ago now the step that led  
From household graves to Love's fair shrine;  
And yet the altar fire is dead,  
No beams from heaven around it shine?  
  
But Hope she sings in the whole  
So sweetly, I have ceased to hear;  
She looks of life beyond the tomb--  
She seems to me a name most dear.  
  
The light, God-given, upon her brow,  
Shines with serene and steady ray;  
And, lo! its beams far onward now  
Are shining all my lonely way!  
  
I leave those quiet graves in peace,  
In faith I leave Love's temple dear,  
And with a spirit calm and strong,  
Press on without a sigh or tear.  
  
And, lady, I will sing no long  
Of joy whose ecstasies will for ever cease  
The mournful notes of one whose song  
Recalls "the light of other days."

For the Musical Review and Advocate.

THE PATTERN ALTO.

The only corner of the gallery occupied by the Pattern Choir, where sensitive bashfulness finds a seat in undisturbed silence, is the corner graced by the presence of the Pattern Alto. The examples of musical assurance, set by the Pattern Chorister, have their effect in inspiring a degree of vocal intrepidity in every rank but hers, yet fall in influence there. In fact, the Pattern Alto is, so to speak, the Violet in that bouquet of musical flowers of which she is a member. She peeps forth from under a big hedge of bass, her form almost concealed, and timidly reveals her face above the leaves before her.

To carry out this undeniably pretty conceit, it might be said that her breath imparts a delightful sweetness to the Air,—meaning thereby, of course, the Soprano.

The Pattern Alto seems fond of flowers, and flowers frequently appear attached to her. So marked is her taste for them, that there is reason to believe she is a member of a Horticultural Society, or else a near connection of some seedsman and florist, in extensive business. In summer she usually brings to church a bouquet of considerable size, upon the roses of which she pastures delicately, while the flock below stairs are fed on still less substantial nutriment, and the bachelor's buttons of which she passes up to be finally stuck in bachelor's button-holes. In winter, when she can no longer provide herself with these blossoms, she is accustomed to produce a parcel of choice seeds. These she lays out in exhibition upon a music book before her; and it is queer to see how unconsciously each hand assists the precious volume in its progress up and down the line of the Soprano. Some, who at other times appear to shelter themselves from the droppings of the sanctuary by spreading the umbrellas of inattention, now, when this distribution-box comes by, are seized with a devout interest in the sermon, and, gazing at the pulpit, clandestinely help themselves, seeming all the while not to let their left hand know what their right hand doth. And thus the seed which the Pattern Alto sows by the wayside, is gathered up by the birds of the Air. Her gleanings from the vegetable kingdom are not confined to flowers and seeds, but edible roots and barks of the palatable kinds are occasionally introduced as a variety. It was with a laudable desire to imitate these generousities of our heroine, that the Pattern Tenor brought to church, the other day, a table-spoonful of Scotch snuff, which he passed around in a brown paper towards the close of a sleepy sermon, the effects of which were observed during the last hymn, in irresistible sneezes and watery eyes among the Alto and Soprano, and in long breaths and curious contortions of countenance among the less sensitive Bassi and Tenori.

Flower language being professedly ambiguous, it is not surprising that the flower we now sketch does not always make herself intelligible. The gentleman who, being asked if he understood the language of flowers, replied that he had often listened attentively, but could never distinguish that they said any thing, may perhaps have intended a sly sarcasm upon the Pattern Alto. Some have gone so far as to say that the lady in question never sings. But this is clearly a mistake. Her music, like the celebrated music of the spheres, though heavenly, is hard to hear; but it is evident that she does sing, and occasionally, when spiritual leafiness takes the form of musical fitness, the conviction is not to be resisted. Her words, however, if audible, are not always distinguishable. This may be partly owing to her bashful utterance, and partly to a refined distaste for the rough sounds of the harsher consonants. Be the

cause what it may, the effect is very curious. For instance, the Missionary Hymn was sung by the choir last Sunday. While the rest of the singers accented to sing the words which were read by the minister as in the hymn book, the Pattern Alto used words and syllables entirely original, and much like the following. We took them down in pencil with great care and accuracy; and if the fair reader will now sing the two verses as we present them, she will recognize in her own voice the echo of the Pattern Alto's utterances.

"From 'tweenlan' airtyn 'twainin',  
d'fry' 'tillye' aeral weat,  
d'Where t'ayn' essant' 'twainin'  
shold' ven thery' 'tween weat,  
From 'm' yah' mawin' 'twainin',  
From 'm' yah' palnry' 'twainin',  
They can' 'm' aual' b'lyes  
They can' 'm' aual' b'lyes  
"Wa', 'twaf' she' w'it' 'twainin',  
An' 'twainin' w'at' 'twainin',  
T'w' kay' aual' b'lyes,  
T'w' 'twainin' aual' b'lyes;  
T'w' 'twainin' aual' b'lyes,  
T'w' 'twainin' aual' b'lyes,  
T'w' 'twainin' aual' b'lyes,  
T'w' 'twainin' aual' b'lyes."

For the Musical Review and Advocate.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

BY SYLVIO.

WHAT should be the object of musical criticism, and what the spirit of a musical review? We make the above inquiry from the fact that so many critiques are penned off upon the music-loving public as independent and honest, that are really nothing but puff *criticismnaire*, without either truth, sincerity, or justice. This should not be, as a critic should never praise even a friend at the expense of justice and truth; and the reviewer or critic should not only be a man of education, but he should understand thoroughly the subject on which he treats. Not unfrequently do we see one critic denouncing the very performance of an artist that another praises extravagantly, while a third, better informed, does himself more credit, and the artist infinitely more justice.

Suppose, for example, an opera is the subject of criticism. One critic praises the execution, another the taste and expression, while a third emphatically condemns the whole rendering; and why is this? The opera is in the Italian language, of which they know nothing, and the plot, given in English, is but a mere skeleton of the opera. Now, we ask, with all due deference, how can a man criticise ably a vocal performance, not knowing a word of the text that is uttered? The voice may be pleasing, the manner agreeable, and the cantilena or song artistically rendered; but as well might the performer use the syllables, *Da, re, mi*, as to sing a composition in connection with poetry when the critic does not understand one word of what is sung? False imitation is easily detected, slovenly execution readily discovered, but without a knowledge of the language, the spirit is wanting, and taste and expression become a dead letter. This is as true of the ballad as the opera, or any other vocal entertainment. In orchestral music we seek to be pleased, to have the ear tickled, to be interested and delighted, while the voice, in connection with literary taste and skill, appeals to the heart. It becomes a language, and comes to the soul like impassioned eloquence.

At present the departments of criticism and reviewing are sadly abused. They are too often in the hands of tyros and inexperienced musicians; in short, in the hands of those who know nothing of music as a science, and who would praise the music

of a street-organ as soon as the most splendid performance of Jullien's band. These are the critics who praise every thing that comes under their notice in the shape of sabbie minstrels who sing to the multitude at low prices; but these warblers have no claims upon the educated and refined circles,—they are the "Mauve noir" ravens of the masses.

We have long watched music in the city in both its onward and retrograde course, and where we have once been pleased we have often been disgusted. We have seen the old Park Theatre crowded to listen to the delicious singing of Mrs. Wood and Caradost Allan—to hear the finished and artistic excellence of Ole Bull; we have listened to the brilliant execution of Jenny Lind and Sontag—to the touching airs of Catharine Hayes; and we have sat under the splendid representations of the operas of Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti, by excellent companies; and now to see the unbounded success of the sabbie minstrels, with their frivolous and silly jargon wedded to vulgar negro refrains, is truly grievous, and shows too plainly the state of music throughout the country. Neither English nor Italian opera can live where the people patronize this style of music; and, in short, the better style of composition, both opera and oratorio, must be voted obsolete. We have sometimes felt that it were better for musical science and honorable advancement, if Ethiopian melodies were banished to New-Guinea, and the troubadour minstrels ruralizing beyond the *Alphonsias*, and on the White Mountains of New-Hampshire.

For the Musical Review and Advocate.

THE MINOR SCALE.

WHAT IS REQUISITE TO ITS EXPLANATION IN A SINGING-SCHOOL.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us "fully to explain the Minor Scale as it should be explained in a singing-school." It would not be difficult to explain the Minor Scale; but from the fact that "a singing-school" is mentioned, we suppose it may be the manner of teaching it that is desired. Now the explanation of the Minor Scale is one thing, and the manner of teaching it is quite another; and this is also true of any other subject in the elements of music. An explanation may be given, very plainly, thoroughly, and carefully given, where but little teaching is done. If our correspondent will refer to the *Cantion Louisa*, (page 18, section 128, and onward,) he will find an explanation of the Minor Scale, brief indeed, but yet sufficiently clear, illustrated also by an example printed in full, both ascending and descending. We do not know that we can now give a better explanation than is here found. In the "Manual of the Boston Academy of Music," p. 219, is to be found another explanation of the Minor Scale in another form. We do not regard it as a matter of any considerable importance in which form it is explained; if it is taught in either form, the pupils will be masters of both, and also of various other forms in which it is used.

We will add a few words on the teaching of the Scale, for we think it most probable that this is what is desired.

The only proper way in which the Scale (major or minor) can be taught, is by a *truthful presentation of it to the pupils*; that is, it must be held up, or exhibited to them, so that by hearing it they will come to the correct appreciation of its tones and intervals. When a person has a right perception of the Scale, or a proper appreciation of it, he has learned it; and the proper exercise of his own vocal organs upon it will soon make it his own available property. In this way only can either Scale (major or minor) be taught or learned.

As it is usual to teach the Major Scale first, we think it safe to say, that no one should attempt to give instructions in the Minor Scale until the pupil has a command of the Major Scale, and can also readily distinguish between the different scale intervals, as steps and halfsteps. When one fully appreciates these intervals, he may without much trouble acquire both a practical and theoretical knowledge of the Minor Scale.

Let the teacher sing it over slowly and carefully before his pupils, and they, if they have made the progress we have supposed, will immediately appreciate the tones and the intervals in their order in either of its forms, and will be able also to produce it by their own vocal powers.

The first question for the teacher who is about to teach the Minor Scale to ask himself is, Do I understand it fully myself? Do I know it as well as I know the way from my own to my neighbor's dwelling—by the road, and by cross-paths—through the woods, and across the plains—by daylight, or in the darkness of night? Am I sure that I give all its tones their exact relative pitch?

The teacher who can answer these questions in the affirmative, or who thus knows the Minor Scale, will find no difficulty in teaching it to others; and any one (a teacher) who does find difficulty in teaching it, has reason to suspect the thoroughness of his own knowledge of it. Whether one is able to explain it or not, is quite another thing; if he is not, we think he will find all the aid required in the books which we have mentioned. L. M.

For the Musical Review and Advocate.

COLEMAN ADDENDA.

MR. ERROR:—Looking over a volume of the *Review* the other day, at a friend's, my eye fell upon an article (Oct., 1851) headed "OSMO M. COLEMAN." As I knew and esteemed that young man, I at once began to read the sketch, when, after a few lines, I could not help exclaiming, with the provincial manager: "That's my thunder!" and so indeed it was. Now the truth is, Mr. Editor, of the incidents detailed by "Laura," I may almost say, as *Aeneas* to Dido, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was;" and they formed a part of that stock of anecdotes of which most garrulous old men have a larger or smaller fund, which they love to retail as occasion offers. Though in the main quite correct, it may not be uninteresting to add some little points to that sketch. With that extravagance of expression I sometimes indulge in, when asked by Mr. C. "if I was fond of music?" I replied, "So much so, I want to be filled with it," extending my arms "to my very fingers' ends." A craving which truly my young friend essayed his best to satisfy. He played the flute, violin, guitar, melodeon, and also the delightful harp; and played them all well; the instruments being, as has been said before, his own construction.

The facts touching his trip to England, and narrow escape from loss of his patent, through misplaced confidence in a sharper, I learned through an authentic source. The English gentleman, his fellow-passenger, whose advice and caution saved him from the designs of his pseudo-friend, was none other than the then Lord Mowbray, now Earl of Carlisle, and brother of the distinguished Duchess of Sutherland. On the passage out, Lord M. became somewhat interested in Mr. C., that he not only gave him a *carte blanche* invitation to his house and hospitalities, but resolved to add him in his design; and to this end, to insure him the *clat* of a professional and artistic reception, soon after their landing arranged, for his introduction to the public, a highly select musical soiree, to which the most distinguished musicians of the metropolis were invited.

A brilliant array of such talent was present, and among them were both the court pianists of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe, the latter of whom happened to be in London at the time. The instrument was exhibited, and greatly admired, sweeping along in one general current of approbation, by its novel effects, and delicate echo-like shading to the piano tones. It was played in masterly style by the Queen's pianist; and at length, among other gems, he chanced to touch the notes of Mozart's Requiem; and as the sweet cadences were given by the Melian, thrilling among the heart-strings, like the fitful breathings of the wind-harp, or the soft floating of distant chimas, the impressive Frenchman, with the impulsiveness so characteristic of his nation, sprang from his seat with tears in his eyes, and throwing his arms round the neck of the player, begged to occupy his seat for but five minutes. "For this," cried he, "is the very instrument, unknown till now, which was in Mozart's imagination when he composed that immortal Requiem!"

Whether the anticipations at first formed of the Melian attachment have been realized, we are inclined to doubt. But in many a Christian family, where the office of praise is regarded as a delightful part of the service of the altar, we know the pure tones of a well-made Melian Piano are held most dear.

SEXES.

LETTER FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

THE BRADFORD FESTIVAL—INAUGURATION OF THE ST. GEORGE'S HALL—A GENEROUS MANUFACTURER—COMPETITION OF BRASS BANDS FOR A TWENTY-POUND PRIZE.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 26th, 1852.

The series of musical performances, to commemorate the opening of the new music-hall in Bradford, commenced on Wednesday, August 31st, and was concluded on Friday, Sept. 2d. It was a stirring time, and the richest musical treat I ever enjoyed.

St. George's Hall contains the finest music room I ever was in, and is acknowledged by all to be one of the most complete and splendid music-rooms in Europe; as admirable for its acoustical excellence as for its architectural beauty. The music-room is 162 feet in length, 76 feet in breadth, and 54 feet high; and, with the galleries, will hold an audience of about three thousand five hundred persons.

The idea of a music-hall in Bradford, first originated with the present Mayor, S. Smith, Esq. In 1848, a joint-stock company was formed, with a capital of £16,000, in £10 shares. The first stone was laid in September, 1851, and the building was only completed a few days before the festival; the total cost for land, building, &c. being £21,000.

The principal singers engaged for the festival were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Pym, Mrs. Lockey, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, and Madame Castellani; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lockey, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliafico, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Wint, and Herr Formes. The band included nearly ninety performers, chosen from the best London orchestras, led by Messrs. Sainson and Blagrove, and conducted by Mr. Costa. Mr. Brownsmith was the organist. The chorus included nearly two hundred and sixty voices, partly from Manchester, Leeds, Halifax, and Huddersfield; the rest being Bradfordians.

The music selected for the three days was as follows: First morning, (Wednesday)—Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus." Thursday morning—"The Messiah." Friday morning—selections from Haydn's "Creation," Handel's "Israel in Egypt," a "Crédo" (MS.) by Mendelssohn, and which had been presented to the Festival Committee, and a "Baptismal Anthem," by Mr. Costa. There was also a concert of a miscellaneous description, on each of the evenings.

The performances were all first-rate; nay, more, they were magnificent,—the band being chosen from the best orchestras in London, and the chorus such as is rarely heard out of Lancashire or Yorkshire. The critic of the "Times" paper, speaking of the chorus at this festival, says, that "for fresh voices, good intonation, and general precision, they are unsurpassed by any provincial body whatever, putting the metropolis out of the question, since there is really nothing in London to be compared with them for these desirable qualities." This is quite true; for I never yet met with a body of chorus singers better able to do their work; no matter whom you sang beside, you found them up to the mark; and any singer knows what a pleasure it is to be at liberty to attend to his own part without having to drag his neighbor after him.

It is unnecessary for me to enter into any detail of the performances, as you may be sure, from the well-known abilities of the professionals, (whose names I have given,) and from what I have said of the band and chorus, conducted as it was by Mr. Costa, that ample justice was done to all the music intrusted to them; and musical authorities all agree that the first Bradford festival at once takes rank with the great and celebrated meetings at Norwich and Birmingham.

A circular to the following effect was folded in all the programmes of the performances: "The committee beg, respectfully, to suggest, that as the music of the morning performances is entirely sacred, the audience should refrain from all expressions of feeling whatever, so that the oratorios may proceed without interruption. And, as far as possible, remain in their places until the conclusion." This suggestion was strictly observed by the audience, so that there was nothing to interfere with the continued enjoyment of the music. But as if to make up for the absence of them in the morning performances, encores were always very plentiful in the evenings; and never shall I forget the storm of applause which greeted the chorus as we concluded Festa's well-known madrigal, "Down in a Flowery Vale." We sang it a second time—if possible, better than the first. At this, the audience, as though music-mad, (ardon the term,) demanded it a third time; and a third time we had to sing it.

The chorus and band had to attend for rehearsals on the Monday and Tuesday previous to the festival. We fully expected long and laborious rehearsals—as it was whispered amongst us, that Mr. Costa had at first insisted upon bringing down some of his chorus with him from London. This the Bradford committee would not agree to, telling Mr. Costa that they considered their own chorus fully equal to perform all the music selected for the festival. Mr. Costa replied, that he had no doubt they could sing loud enough, (or, as some said, "hear" enough,) but that they did not know how to sing piano, &c. However, our first rehearsal convinced him that we could do all that he wanted, and the consequence was, we got off much easier than he expected. In fact, he cut off one rehearsal, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are quite up to your parts; so it is no use wasting time; be on the orchestra in good time, and I feel sure all will go well." And so it did. At the close of the festival, Mr. Costa said (I believe it was to the Earl of Harewood) that he had never conducted a better chorus, and that he should never again go to Germany in search of musical voices, so long as such singers were to be procured in this country.

On the Saturday evening after the festival, the committee commenced a series of performances on a cheap scale of prices, under the double title of Inauguration of St. George's Hall, and People's Festi-

val." For these, several well-known vocalists were engaged, as well as the admirable band of the "Orchestral Union," under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon.

In the town itself, during the whole week, all was excitement; business at a stand; bands of music playing and parading the streets; immense crowds of people thronging the thoroughfares; and go into what company you would, the topic of conversation was sure to be the festival.

How shall I describe the pleasant hour or two which we spent each evening after supper? (There were seven of us, all chorus singers, staying at the same inn; two altos, three tenors, and two basses.) How shall I recount the conversation as we talked over the different successes of the day? And then, how each brought out his little stock of glee! for we never felt so tired as to resist the pleasure of a social glee; and so glee would follow glee for an hour or two, always concluding with Wainwright's old glee, "Life's a Bumper," which we made it a rule to sing from memory. I feel quite a glow of pleasure when I think of the Bradford festival.

About a fortnight after the opening of St. George's Hall, Titus Salt, a large manufacturer, opened a large new mill at Salfaire, a few miles from Bradford. He gave a splendid fête to his work-people, and, in the evening, took them to Bradford by special trains, there being a musical performance in St. George's Hall, at his sole expense, to which all his work-people had free admission. Would there were more masters like him!

I had almost forgot an incident which occurred in Manchester about three weeks ago, and which may interest many of your readers. This was a trial of skill between several brass bands.

The proprietor of the Bellevue Gardens (public pleasure gardens, about a mile out of the city, and where the performances took place) offered a prize of twenty pounds to the best brass band, and one or two other smaller prizes to the second and third best. The test was to be excellence of performance, irrespective of the numbers forming the band. The rules were, that they should draw lots as to the order of their playing—the band drawing No. 1 to play first, the band drawing No. 2 to play second, and so on. Each band was to play only one piece of music, the choice of such piece to rest with themselves. The judges were placed behind a large canvas screen, so that they could not see the performers, nor were they acquainted with the order in which they were to play. There were three judges: two of the band-masters of the best regimental bands in the country, and Mr. Ellwood, band-master to the Earl of Ellesmere's band, and himself a most admirable cornet player. There was a large raised platform for the bands to perform upon, each band having sole possession of it whilst performing; the platform was provided with movable music-stands, so that each band could stand in whatever form they chose, some choosing the circular and some the semicircular form.

There were eight bands that entered and played for the prize. I can assure you it was a most interesting scene. It was quite public, there being about sixteen thousand persons present. The music performed was all of a classical character, and such as would tax the powers of the best professional performers. But when I tell you that the performers were without exception amateurs, and almost all working men, and that the music was performed in such a manner as would have done credit to the best professionals, I am sure you will say that the greater praise is due to them.

One or two of the bands performed overtures to operas; others, operatic selections; and two of them,

the chorus—"The Heavens are telling"—from Haydn's "Creation."

The judges awarded the first prize to a band containing the fewest performers. It was a sax-horn band, ten in number—(some had as many as eight men;) they had performed "The Heavens are telling" and the recitative and air which precede it, namely, recitative—"And God said, Let there be Light;" air—"In Splendor Bright." They were the youngest of the bands, but their performance was really splendid, and every one seemed to be satisfied that they had gained the prize fairly and honorably.

After the prizes had been awarded, all the performers, one hundred in number, ascended the platform and joined in playing the "National Anthem," all the spectators standing uncovered. It was truly a magnificent sight.

For the Musical Review and Advocate.

#### MUSIC AT THE WEST.

FRIEND CADY:—According to your desire, I send you a few gleanings of my Western tour. Since the close of the "New-York Normal Musical Institute," I have visited many of my old musical friends in Central New-York; some of whom I had not seen for many years. And I can assure you, friend Cady, we had some rare musical feasts. Among the more prominent and interesting of these, was Morris D. Cady, my first music teacher. He is always engaged in the work. He was, when I saw him, deeply interested in getting up a musical treat for the "Chenango Baptist Ministerial Association." I had partially engaged to assist him; but, receiving an urgent invitation from the Standing Committee of the "Northern Wisconsin Musical Association," to conduct the exercises of their annual meeting, at Fond du Lac, Sept. 13th, I accepted, and left immediately, without his permission. The most I can say in the premises is, that I wish him his usual success on this occasion. Should I meet him again, I will try and bring about a reconciliation, provided my absence was any disadvantage to him. Success to him and his noble lady! May they long live to labor on in their noble calling!

WAUKESHA, WIS.—Here I spent my first Sabbath in the State. It is twenty miles west of Milwaukee, on the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad.

It is the county-seat of Waukesha county; population about three thousand. It is what they call in the West a "smart" place. Would that as much might be said of it in musical matters! I attended service at the Congregational church in the morning. The choir, if it could be called such, consisted of nine persons, six gentlemen and three ladies. The leading soprano presided at the melodeon, and I thought she performed her part well under the circumstances; she being the only one on her part. True, there was another lady who stood by her side, but if she sang, I could not hear her. The third lady pretended to sing alto, but I cannot positively say she did.

Mr. Editor, you can judge of the effect of such singing. One soprano of ordinary powers, encumbered with a melodeon, against six double-breasted masculine genders.

However, it was called good here. In the afternoon I attended the Baptist church, where the singing was still poorer. Here were six ladies and three gentlemen, who constituted the so-called choir. There were three or four other churches in the place, but, as near as I could learn, they had no choirs, or if they had, they were not worthy of the name. I doubt whether there is another place of half its size and importance in the State where there is so little interest manifested in music as this place. I speak from personal knowledge.

FOX LAKE.—I left Waukesha on Monday morning for this place, which is sixty-five miles north-west of the former place. Were it not, friend Cady, for protracting this article to an unreadable length, I would portray to you the beauties and pleasures of staying in this Western country. Suffice it to say, that there were on board our stage thirteen persons, thermometer ranging from 95 to 96 degrees, and dust from four to six inches deep. You can imagine the rest.

Here I found the people all alive in musical matters. They were enjoying the labors of a gentleman from Michigan. I must give you some description of this Prof. Van Scoogins, a designation he has acquired in this vicinity. What his real name is, I know not. He is a fair specimen of a class of teachers infesting the back-woods of the West and South; to say nothing about 'way down East. He came boasting of the superior qualifications and advantages he possessed, having received instructions from all the big men, as he termed it; and was receiving letters every week from Messrs. Mason, Bradbury, Root, Woodbury, &c.; also, that he had a new system of teaching, which had never been introduced into this country. He received it fresh from Mr. Mason last winter, while in London. Well, he called the people together, and proceeded to give his introductory lecture, which was nothing more than telling a wonderful experience. He said he was often called upon to show his papers when he went into big towns; "but," said he, "I tell 'em, if they will come together, I will convince 'em I need no papers to substantiate my qualifications, or my new system."

Well, the result was, that the singing community, be it said to their praise, could not swallow all the man said. And his new system, as he called it, was more familiar to them than himself; for they could put it into practice, and he could not. The system was this: The use of the Italian vessel-sound of a as in farther or far to the fourth and sixth of the scale, and as for the cultivation of the voice, as he said. This was all he claimed to be new, and he read rules more than one hour to prove it to be so. The objections did not lie against his new system that he had received from London, but against the fact that there was no connection between his precept and example.

He had evidently come to the wrong place; they had been too well instructed to become the dupes of such quackery. He had a novel way of tuning the violin, which, I doubt not, will be interesting to most of your readers. It was, to screw up all the strings to equal tension. If, in playing, he thought it did not go well, he would feel of his strings, and see if they were all equally tight. This must be so, for those that have ears say they never heard him play a note in tune.

Nevertheless, he succeeded in getting a school, through the influence of friends, and one or two who had been often silenced in school because they could not sing in tune; yet his style, they said, was particularly adapted to their voices. At the opening of his school, some of the old singers attended, but they soon disappeared, and the celebrated professor was left alone with from three to ten of his own stamp.

The final summing up of this whole matter is this: that the old choir, which had served the church to the satisfaction of all since its organization, were forced to vacate their seats; and the Professor's new one, that he had manufactured in fifteen consecutive evenings, and which, he said, had the true style, took their places.

The first Sabbath, the Professor and his choir took their seats, and sang at the first service, if singing it could be called. In the afternoon the Professor did not appear, and the congregation by the help of the

minister did the singing, and Old Hundred was sung three times in succession. Thus, you see the progress music is making under such instruction. They have some very good singers here; the star of our Convention resides here. She performed the part of the Queen in the cantata of Daniel in a very satisfactory manner.

Prof. Van Scoogins said he should be at the Convention, and would show the teachers of Wisconsin that they were far behind the times. But, unhappily for the cause of music, he left for Michigan without giving us a call. I do the gentleman no wrong in calling him professor, for he always prefixes that title to his name.

FOND DU LAC.—This place is beautifully situated at the head of Winnebago Lake. It has a population of four thousand, and must eventually be a place of much importance. It will soon be brought into the family of cities by that great bond of brotherhood (the railway) that is to encircle and bind together the principal cities of our Union.

But my task is not to dwell on the present or prospective greatness of the cities, or country through which I pass, but to speak of the present state and attainments of music. I was permitted on the evening of my arrival to attend the Fond du Lac Musical Society; and although the evening was forbidding through the inclemency of the weather, yet I was surprised to see the numbers present, and yet more surprised to learn and observe the character and pursuits of those composing this Society. Here are the lawyers, doctors, editors, &c. of the city, blending their voices in sweet and harmonious sounds. And, Mr. Editor, it was a goodly sight, and speaks volumes for the cause of music in the West. They evinced good cultivation and much musical talent.

Sabbath morning, I attended service at the First Congregational Church. Here they have the best Western choir I have found in the State. The choir is large; they have as yet no organ, but a large melodeon, which, considering the size of the house, answers a very good purpose.

The church and society are in a very flourishing condition, and are, I am told, about to enlarge their house for their present accommodation; also, are making arrangements to build a large and commodious one next season. There are two Methodist Episcopal societies in the city; one of them have a very fine church for the West. The Baptists are just completing a beautiful house of worship. There is, also, a very fine Episcopal church, the oldest in the place. They all have choirs, but I cannot speak of their merits or demerits, not having heard them.

Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A.M., Sept. 13th, the Northern Wisconsin Musical Association, according to previous notice, met at the M. E. Church, and continued four days. Mr. Editor, I think it may be of some interest to your readers, and the cause of music generally, to give a history of its organization and practical workings and benefits in this part of the State. I do this that others may follow the example; for I do believe that organizations of this kind will do more to advance the cause of music in our land than any one thing. [Nothing more certain.—Ed.]

About one year ago, the friends of music, after consultation, agreed to call a two-day convention to meet at Fond du Lac. Accordingly, a circular was issued; and, on the 20th day of August, a large number of persons from the adjacent counties assembled at the M. E. Church. The interest was so great that it was proposed to organize the new existing Association; which was responded to by all present. They proposed an annual and semi-annual session. They adjourned to meet for the semi-

annual session at Oshkosh, on the second Tuesday of February.

At that meeting, which was very large, and conducted by W. R. Hawley, assisted by other teachers in the vicinity, a constitution and by-laws were adopted, basing the annual meetings at Fond du Lac, and the semi-annual meetings at such places as should be determined by the Association. Its first annual meeting has just closed its session of four days. Now I wish to speak of the benefits of this Association in this region.

When the convention was called one year ago, we proceeded, as is customary in such conventions, to read music at sight; that is, by applying the language. But the convention cried out, No; let us sing the syllables, do, re, mi, &c. We said, No; if you can read them, you should accustom yourselves to sing without; if not, we advised them to learn them as soon as possible. There was much musical talent which had been well trained, comparatively speaking, in the different schools; and before the close of the session, we were able to sing, at sight, many difficult anthems and pieces, in a style very creditable to the convention.

At the present meeting we introduced the Shawm; and after singing psalmody part of the first day, we turned to the Oratorio of Daniel, which we resolved to put under rehearsal, and bring out, if possible; which we did in a very becoming manner. The morning exercises consisted of psalmody, chanting; afternoon and evening, to the Cantata.

There was much interest manifested, and a willingness on the part of the members to take parts in the solos, duets, trios, and quartets, which, considering that none were professional singers, were given in a very commendable style. The choruses were well sustained, and the performance as a whole, gave general satisfaction. I think it was the first oratorio ever performed in the State. And it was truly gratifying to see the amount of improvement made in so short a time, in this vicinity. Two, or, at most, three years ago, there was not a choir or singing-school in the region. All were engaged in frolic and dancing. Now it is impossible to raise a dancing-school; the minds of the young are turned to the cultivation of music as a more lasting and enduring amusement. Thus, in a few words, you see the benefits of such organizations.

On the last and public evening of the convention, we were favored with two very fine pieces from Mozart, by the German Glee Club of Fond du Lac, which were executed in fine artistic style. The club consists of twelve gentlemen. They did themselves much credit.

I had almost forgotten to state that there are connected with this convention some thirty or forty of the Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians; who added much novelty and interest to the meeting. There are some very fine singers among them. They employ the best music-teachers they can get. One of their number, Mr. Cammie, is the author of the Indian Melodies, harmonized by T. Hastings. He informed me that he had another manuscript ready, of which he gave me a specimen. I will send it to you, if you will publish it.

On my return, I spent a Sabbath in Chicago, of which I should like to speak; but I fear my letter is extended already beyond your limits, so I forbear.

M. HAWLEY.

A Musical Dog.—Schneitzhofer, a pupil of Cherubini, had a dog which, in the orchestra of the Grand Opera in Paris, was used as a diapason, since he, upon the command of his master, invariably gave La (A) as correctly as it could be produced by any tuning-fork.

MUSICAL CONVENTION AT JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

FRIENDS CARY:—We have just closed a very interesting musical reunion at the above place. Mr. Root and myself conducted the exercises, assisted by Messrs. Tew, of Jamestown, and Ford, of Stockton. Our session continued three days, closing with a concert of miscellaneous music, together with a part of the Cantata of Daniel. We had a good gathering of singers of the right stamp—singers who are desirous of improvement, and willing to work for it; and they did work most perseveringly and successfully. Wherever the "lay man" might have been, he certainly was not at Jamestown.

As a notice of the convention is promised you from another source, I will not extend this further than to add, that there were several very fine voices heard in that little village; and if their possessors continue to study as perseveringly and zealously as they there commenced, they will certainly take a position as vocalists of which both they and their friends may well be proud. Among this number is the daughter of our old friend, the former editor of the *Choral Advocate*, D. E. Jones, Esq., who was visiting here. Give her opportunities for study, friend Jones, and, with her natural abilities and present attainments, she will not be long in rewarding you tenfold for all your pains. W. R. R.

LETTER FROM MR. TILLINGHAST.

THE ROCHESTER MUSICAL CONVENTION.

C. M. CARY, Esq.—Perhaps your readers would like to be advised of the results of the Musical Convention held in this city during a portion of the past week. The Convention met on the 15th, according to advertisement, in the lecture-room of the First Baptist Church. The exercises were opened with an address by Mr. Mason, on the Origin, Purpose, and Progress of Musical Conventions in this Country. The sessions, during the four days, were occupied mostly with lectures on teaching, and the practice of Psalmody, by Mr. Mason; and Anthem and Glee practice, under Mr. Bradbury. Once or twice the exercises took a social turn, and different members were called up to wield the baton. On Friday A. M., the members repaired, by invitation, to the new church, now nearly completed, in Grove Place, where a couple of hours were spent in listening to Miss McGregor on the new organ just erected by Jardine, to remarks by Mr. Mason on the use and abuse of that noble instrument, and in singing in various choral and congregational styles—Mr. S. R. Parsons presiding in a very satisfactory manner at the organ. I cannot forbear speaking of the effect of a choral, by Mendelssohn, as found on page 203 of the *Slaves*, sung by the united mass of voices (some three hundred) giving the melody, and the full power of the organ (30 stops) playing those magnificent harmonic combinations. It was overwhelming! The effect on the feelings of Mr. Mason was quite apparent, for it called forth one of those eloquent bursts so peculiar to him when moved by something mighty.

On the afternoon of Friday we were treated to a pianoforte performance, by Miss Julia Hill, who resides here, and was met by Mr. Mason in Europe, in company with her father. The sessions closed the same evening by an exhibition at Rev. Dr. Shaw's church; Mr. Mason conducting and making remarks during one part of the evening, Mr. Bradbury the other—Miss McGregor and Mr. Parsons presiding at the organ.

To sum up, as say the lawyers, the results are—1. A good time came; 2. A good time coming; for it is intended to have a larger corps of professors, and a three or four weeks' session, next year.

Respectfully, Wm. TILLINGHAST.  
Rochester, Sept. 21, 1853.

THE MUSICAL REVIEW  
AND  
CHORAL ADVOCATE.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER, 1853.

Special Notices.

New Books.—Two new musical works have been issued during the past month, that claim special attention. From the press upon our columns, however, our *Song Readers* have to be deferred until our next issue. They are *Zandi's Melodion Instruction*, published by Mason Brothers, and *The Whippoorwill*, a juvenile music-book by I. B. Woodbury, published by E. J. Hastings. Both have elegantly illuminated title-pages, which make their external appearance very attractive. The former is the most thorough and complete work ever issued for the beginner. The latter contains music, mostly new, such as Mr. Woodbury is famous for writing. Both will doubtless have large sales, and will receive more attention in our next.

Music-Store at Oswego.—Our old friend, ELLIS HERRMAN, has opened a music-store in Oswego, Tioga Co., N. Y., where he keeps a full assortment of sheet music, pianos, melodeons, violins, and other musical instruments. If our friends in that vicinity wish a good article at the lowest price, they will do well to give him a call; for he is a good judge of what he deals in, is energetic, enterprising, and will not allow himself to be beaten. He is agent for the *Musical Review*.

Mr. JOHN O. BROWN will bear of something greatly to his advantage, if he will call upon, or write, our publisher, Mr. E. J. Hastings, immediately.

TO CHORISTERS AND ORGANISTS.

A FIRST-RATE chorister and organist is wanted by a Congregational Society in a neighboring city. The situation is worth from one to two thousand dollars a year.

For further particulars, inquire of the Editor of the *Musical Review*, No. 23 Park-Row, New-York.

CONTRACT.—In an editorial of last month, entitled "Julien and the Yorkshirman," we represented the Ophitoides as being paid \$3 per week. This would of course be a ridiculously small salary for any one of Julien's solo artists. It should have been \$75. It would astonish our readers if we were to tell them how much some of his soloists are paid per week, besides their traveling expenses, as allowances for board, &c. &c.

Mr. F. LATAE's name was attached to a piece of music in the last number, which was dated at Huntington, Ct. This has raised the inquiry, whether he had permanently left the city. He has not; but has returned to his choir and city—teaching as usual, after having been out a few weeks to recruit.

JULIEN'S CONCERTS.

These delightful entertainments are too significant of musical progress to be dismissed from our columns without a word in reference to their influence and results; though we cannot, in this number, devote to them as much space as they deserve, nor as much as we mean to afford them in our next. They are significant, we say, of progress—progress already made in musical taste; but more especially are they harbingers of future progress, such as shall mark a new era in the history of music in America. They are to sustain the same relation to the development of instrumental music that the coming of Jenny Lind did to that of vocal.

Of progress already made.—Who would have believed that New-Yorkers had sufficient love for instrumental music, or music of any sort, in fact, to throng Castle Garden and Metropolitan Hall, as they have done, for forty-one consecutive nights; that, too, not only without diminution, but with a marked increase of enthusiasm? If farther proof is required of the improvement of musical taste, it is to be found in the fact, that the crowd has been the most dense on the evenings set apart to the music of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. On some of the last of the classical nights, hundreds went away without being able to gain admission; and so great is the enthusiasm now, as Julien is about to leave for Boston, that we have no doubt these concerts would

be as steadily patronized for three months to come, if he would remain, as they have been for the past eight weeks. And yet, when he first came and proposed to draw an audience every night, those who were supposed to be *au fait* in such matters, threw up their hands in astonishment, and assured him that, at his prices, (fifty cents for promenade, and one dollar for reserved seats,) it would be impossible. The result shows that Jullien neither over-estimated his own genius, the abilities of his monster orchestra, nor the musical appreciation of New-York. His concerts have been above and beyond the reach of all other attractions. It seemed to make no difference with his audiences, when Gottschalk, Sontag, the Italian Opera, &c. have offered such attractions as to crowd Niblo's Garden, Saloon, and every other place of amusement in the city. He has been, especially during the latter half of each series, the musical monarch to whom crowded houses have nightly paid their homage. So much for ground already gained.

*These concerts are the harbingers of great advancement in the future.*—Without stopping to consider their influence upon the improvement and prosperity of the Philharmonic Society, and upon the music of New-York generally, it is not too much to say that they will exert a powerful influence upon the development of musical taste throughout the country at large. When Jenny Lind first came to this country, such was the lack of vocal cultivation, that sopranos were scarce in rural churches who could take and sustain G above the staff. Now voices may be found in almost every choir that readily go up to B flat. This is a result of the emulation awakened by the furore and talk that were spread throughout the country about her wonderful vocal feats. This influence was felt by thousands who never heard her sing. Just so will the influence of Jullien's orchestral triumphs affect the development of instrumental music in all parts of the land. Amateur orchestras will spring up in many a village, to second the efforts of the vocal associations that were formed by the Jenny Lind impulse, and thus will they act and react upon each other, to the improvement of their music, the cultivation of musical taste, and the general advancement of the art, till we shall not be inferior, even in musical culture, to the older nations of the earth. There are some details in Jullien's concerts which we do not like; but those we leave to such of our contemporaries as, mole-like, cannot see beyond them, whose highest ambition is to criticize the turn of a lady's arm and the misleuts of Jullien's toilet and rehearsals. He will contrive to get on without their assistance or advice, and will show, by the success of his campaign in this country, not less than by the marked impulse he will impart to American musical improvement, how immeasurably superior he is to their carriages.

**THE GERMANIA SOCIETY.**

Ten celebrated company of instrumental performers have returned to Boston from their southern tour, in which they have been very successful. At Philadelphia they were especially popular. The German singing societies gave a grand fete in honor of them. The ladies presented Mr. Bergmann, the conductor, with a splendid diamond ring, and they were on all sides pressed to make the Quaker city their winter-quarters; but they chose, wisely we doubt not, to spend the winter in Boston, where past appreciation is a guaranty of future patronage. They commenced their series of exquisite performances in the *New Music Hall* of that city, Oct. 22. The *Germanians* have been in this country five years, during which time they have given 680 public concerts, and more than 100 private soirées and majnettes. At their

concerts they have performed Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* 250 times, and Spohr's 4th symphony, *Die Weihe der Töne*, 26 times. Their concert and traveling expenses for the past year have been nearly \$20,000. As classical performers, they are unrivaled by any orchestra of their number in this country. *Congnoisseurs* who have heard them, never fail to grow enthusiastic at their mention.

**THE AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE COMPOSITION.**

The following letter, by its allusion to the "U" enclosed in the envelope, of which none but the author of the Prize Composition (besides the Committee and ourselves) could know, establishes the writer's claim to the Prize, if any thing more than his statement were required, which is not:

October 6th, 1852.

To Messrs. W. V. WALLACE, J. G. MAEDER, and J. ZWENK, Prize Composition Committee.

GENTLEMEN:—The Glee which you have chosen from the many offered in competition, and honored by deeming it worthy of the prize of one hundred dollars, is my composition. The envelope contained, besides the words quoted in your report, a C thus marked U. I sent in my name some time in July, I believe, but as it was not accompanied by music, I presume it was not numbered, and, consequently, not opened.

Why I did not send my name with the compositions, or why I had my compositions copied by other hands, I can hardly explain. It was a whim, arising, I think, from a desire to have an unprejudiced opinion of my writings, when compared with some strong names which I knew were arrayed against me in competition. This desire, combined with a vague, but now I find false idea, that the competitors names would all be known to the Committee, induced me to withhold my name; so that in case my compositions were equal with the rest, no personal bias (which friendship will unconsciously exert) should cast the balance in my favor.

That I did not by this course—a foolish one, perhaps—intend to throw the shadow of a doubt upon the honor of you, the gentlemen of the Committee, or upon the editor of the *Musical Review*, the relations of personal friendship and good feeling which I hold with all should alone be sufficient to prove, and I disclaim any such intention promptly and decidedly.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,

HENRY C. WATSON.

142 Bergen street, South Brooklyn.

As this settles the question of authorship in reference to the Prize Composition, a few words about "Whose compositions were regarded by the Committee as next best?" will satisfy a good deal of curiosity. The large number of talented composers who competed for the Prize, renders this course as honorable towards those whose names may be mentioned, as it will be interesting to our readers. It is due to our Contributing Editors to state, before doing this, that none of them were competitors.

The first careful examination of the competing compositions by the Committee, (no trifling task, as our readers may well suppose,) resulted in the selection of eight, as being not only grammatically correct, but possessed of merit superior to all others offered. These were the following:—Nos. 9, 11, 28, 33, 34, 39, 44, and 45. These were then reexamined, and 28 and 45 were decided to be the best of the eight. It remained for the Committee to decide upon the better of these two. Another examination resulted in the decision made known in our last, that 45 was the best of all. Since learning that Mr. Wat-

son, of Brooklyn, is the author of 45, which we present in this number, we have opened envelopes accompanying other compositions. We find that Mr. J. L. Essig, of this city, the accomplished organist of the Tabernacle, and late Secretary of the Philharmonic Society, is the author of 28, which is, *par excellence*, "next best," since it was only after the third examination that the Committee were prepared to decide that 45 was superior to it. Mr. Essig's composition is an Anthem, the 13th Psalm, which in good time will be laid before our readers. The remaining six of the best eight we speak of without pretending to indicate their comparative merits by the order in which we mention them. These six are all from the South, which speaks well for the quality of musical talent scattered through that section of our country. They are as follows, viz:—

No. 9. *A Te Deum*, extending to the words "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ," by Henry Schwing, Rogersville, Tenn.

No. 13. Anthem, *O Lord our God*, by Benjamin P. Lanneru, Charleston, S. C. This gentleman, we learn, is not a professional musician. The talent displayed in this admirable Anthem, should, we think, induce him to devote himself to music. We hope to hear from him again.

No. 28. A quartette, *Lullaby*, by H. S. Saroni, the translator of Marx, now of Nashville, Tenn., but formerly editor of the *New-York Musical Times*. This is an easy, graceful, and beautiful composition, which will, we predict, be very popular.

No. 34. Anthem, *The Lord is my Shepherd*, by Rev. F. F. Hagen, Friedberg, N. C., who speaks of himself as pastor of a "little church within the wood." This is an elaborate and rather difficult composition, and exhibits not only a good deal of talent, but great familiarity with musical resources. In alluding to its scientific character, he says:—"Less science should, in my humble opinion, be found in no composition competing for the Prize, if it were only to save the American musical character." We hope Mr. Hagen will at some time favor our readers with his views on *Church Music*, and the means to be employed for its improvement.

No. 39. *O Music, gentle Music*, by Charles H. G. F. Loehr, a celebrated pianist, who gave concerts through the South last winter, whose compositions have frequently appeared in the *Musical Review*, and who is now professor of music in the Judson Female Seminary, Marion, Ala. This composition is very creditable to him.

No. 44. *A Te Deum*, complete, by Dr. Henry Dielman, St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. This is a very elaborate and meritorious composition, but is too long for insertion in the *Review*, as it would occupy eight or ten pages. We therefore, at his request, return it to the author. The others will probably appear in this and the next volume of the *Musical Review*, as thus as due regard to variety in our music-pages will permit. There are still others among the competing compositions that deserve notice and a place in our journal, which we must defer for the present, but we hope their authors will be patient, as we shall come to them as soon as possible. Among these are very creditable ones from New-Haven, Andover Theological Seminary, Albany, Rochester, Binghamton, N. Y., Montreal, Washington, D. C., St. Louis, &c. Two very good ones are received from St. Louis, which are unfortunately in German, and therefore not available to the mass of our readers. On the whole, we cannot but congratulate the musical public on the generous and able rivalry that has been provoked by the "Hundred Dollar Prize," and flatter ourselves that the *Musical Review* has by this means done no little good to the cause of American music.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**

There are quite a number of splendid musical instruments in the American department of the Crystal Palace which we intended to notice in this number, but are obliged to defer a large portion of our jottings till our next. Among these are a few to which we call special attention now.

1. The grand Gothic Double-action Concert Harp, by Mr. J. F. Browne, (Class 50, No. 4, Division A.) In another column will be found a full description of the double-action harp.\* This harp, exhibited by Mr. Browne, is nearly seven octaves in extent, commencing with double C flat in the bass, and embraces every improvement in its construction. The exterior is well proportioned and beautifully modeled; painted with ultramarine blue, and its exquisite designs finely gilded. Its mechanical arrangements are perfect, preserving the enharmonic differences of the scale throughout, while its tone is remarkable for volume, sweetness, and brilliancy. It is accompanied by a neat music-stand with brass mouldings and sconces, and so arranged that it can be taken to pieces and packed in the case with the harp. Altogether, this instrument is highly creditable to American manufacture. Mr. Browne's harps are justly regarded as the finest made in this country, if, indeed, they do not surpass any made in the Old World. Not only are they so regarded by amateurs, but also by Bocha, the most distinguished harpist we have ever had in America.

2. A French Grand-action Piano, of seven and a quarter octaves, in double serpentine case of crutched and mottled maple, with carved pilasters, such as we alluded to in our April number. As we predicted, this is a splendid style of piano, and is no less remarkable for the purity, brilliancy, and power of its tone, than it is for its grand exterior. The manufacturers of this instrument (Messrs. William Hall & Son) are remarkably successful in uniting in their pianos all the qualities of a first-class instrument. The tone is neither muffled and softened to secure softness; nor is it, on the other hand, rendered hard and metallic to insure brilliancy; nor, yet again, do their pianos lack power and volume. They thus avoid the three extremes, towards one or more of which all second-rate pianos verge. Messrs. Hall & Son make no low-priced pianos; and their instruments can be had only at their store, 239 Broadway, as they can only supply their own customers, and, therefore, do not sell to the trade. If our friends want a splendid instrument, we advise them to call at this establishment.

3. In the same Division is a very fine square piano, of T. Gilbert's make, with Æolian attachment and an extra pedal. There is nothing striking in its exterior; but in tone and action it is admirable. An article in another column alludes to this instrument. That it does not answer all the extravagant expectations that were at first entertained of it in England, may be very true, without invalidating the fact that, when kept in tune, it is capable of a great variety of delightful effects, and is specially adapted to sacred music. Exhibited by Horace Waters, 333 Broadway.

4. We have been very much interested in some violins of a new model, exhibited by W. S. Mount, inventor, patentee, and granger, Stony-brook, Long Island. They are, instead of being convex in the back, highly concave. This renders a waist unnecessary, since the belly of the violin rounds off so rapidly from the bridge that every string can be bowed without touching the woodwork. As a consequence, this style of violin is very simple of construction, requiring only twenty-eight pieces, whereas the common requires fifty-eight. We have not had an

opportunity to test its tone, but hope to, soon. We are told, however, that its tone is superior to that of violins as commonly modeled. Mr. Mount, besides being a gentleman and what is termed "a real good fellow," must be a good deal of a genius; for our readers will recognize him as the painter of "Just in Tune," "The Power of Music," "Catching Rabbits," and other popular paintings exhibited at the Crystal Palace.

We in this connection take occasion to call the attention of those who visit the Palace, to the Bells in the east nave, from the factory of A. Meneely's Sons, West Troy, N. Y. There are here bells of various sizes, and for various purposes, all of them of such remarkable purity and sonorosity of tone as to bring them within the circle of musical instruments, and recommend them to all who wish to make the summons to church and school attractive.

**WOLFGANG GOTTLIEB MOZART.**

(Continued from page 152.)

MOZART, after his return to Vienna, occupied the remainder of the year 1768 in writing music, both sacred and secular. The following year he addressed himself almost exclusively to the study of the Italian language.

At the close of the year, Mozart, with his father, set out for Italy. In a concert given at the house of Count Zünger, young Mozart succeeded most triumphantly in the hazardous experiment of playing a difficult concerto at first sight. Verona, Mantua, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, successively heard the young artist, and expressed their admiration with an enthusiasm known only beneath a southern sky. Poets sang his praises; medals were struck off in his honor, academies opened their doors for his reception, and the most learned of Bologna and of the seven-hilled city viewed him with astonishment. While at Rome he wrote out the *Miserere* of Allegri, without missing a note, after only twice hearing it performed. Such was his prodigious memory. He was hardly fifteen years old, and yet the worthy Martini, the best-educated musician of Italy, called him the illustrious master. Adolphe Hasse, the greatest dramatic composer of that age, and surnamed by the Italians the "divine Saxon," said of him: "This child will make us forget every thing;" and the Milanese, in a transport of rapture, cried out: *Erevis il maestro!* Four years more were spent in composing music of every degree of elaborateness, and in extending such triumphs as we have just glanced at; and now the career of the man begins. Mozart is now nineteen years old; his boyhood is ended; but what a boyhood! He has already composed one German opera, and three in Italian; one oratorio, two masses, two cantatas with orchestral parts, one *Passion*, one *Stabat*, thirteen symphonies, twenty-four sonatas for the piano, and a large number of fugues, anthems, and motets, besides marches, solos for the violin, violoncello and flute, trios and quartets for stringed instruments, and concertos for almost every instrument then in use; and all this he had accomplished, while the greater portion of his time was occupied in studying music and the modern languages, and in travelling and giving concerts!

"Well, at any rate," exclaims the reader, "such unexampled talent and industry must have made him rich by this time; he cannot have suffered from the fangs of poverty, as did Haydn, and as have hundreds of other young artists!" Would that it were so! Would that golden opinions were always synonymous in the experience of the talented and the worthy with pecuniary success; but how often does the one go through the world seeking its fellow without ever finding it! We need not go to Europe,

nor back to the last century, to find illustrations of this. Gottschalk, the distinguished American pianist and composer, might tell of a certain young artist who gave concerts in our great metropolitan city, to crowded and enthusiastic auditories, and yet did not take money enough to pay his expenses; and Pafu Jullien, the boy, and yet the master violinist, who is the idol of the public wherever he appears, might surprise our good people if he should tell them how he has suffered for lack of bread since he has been in this country.

Mozart, at the age of twenty-one, acknowledged by the first musicians of Europe to be the greatest composer of the age, failing to receive the place of chapel-master at Salzburg, as he had expected, was forced to set out in search of a situation in which he could earn his daily bread! He went to Munich, Augsburg, and Mannheim, giving concerts to pay his expenses; but finding no place that promised him even a decent living, he betook himself to Paris, where he arrived in the spring of 1778. In his attempts to establish himself here, he had to contend with the jealousy of rival musicians, who did all they could to prevent or mar the performance of his music, while from the great he only received empty praise. Some of his trials under this head may be gathered from a letter to his father, dated Paris, May 1st, 1778, in which, among other things, he says:

"Here the people pay you a great many compliments, but nothing else. They request me to visit them on such a day; I play. They exclaim, *Oh! he is a prodigy! inconceivable! amazing!*—then, 'adieu,' and that is all. I have already spent a great deal of money in coaches, and very often for net meeting people. But I am here, however, and must submit. God grant that I may come out with a pure and healthy taste! I pray every day to the Eternal to grant me courage, that I may do honor to myself and Germany,—that I may earn money, and relieve you from your present distressed state. When shall we meet again, and live happily together?"

At length his mother, who accompanied him on this tour, after months of travel and anxiety, felicitated herself on his finding a school in Paris so generous as to pay him *three louis d'or* (about \$15) for twelve lessons.

But just here he was called to meet the severest affliction—the loss of his mother. The beautiful guardian of his childhood; she who had watched with all a mother's pride and solicitude his expanding genius, died when his sky was overcast with clouds and darkness, when penury and want stared him in the face, when the great refused merited aid, and sleepless jealousy sought his overthrow. How bitter were the tears he shed for the loss of maternal love! For, in addition to all else, they were dragged with the vain wish that she could have lived to see the success which he felt conscious he deserved, and with the hope of which, with all a woman's faith, she had been wont to cheer his hours of sadness and disappointment. Disheartened by this blow, and wearied by his fruitless efforts to gain for himself a suitable position in Paris, he returned to Salzburg, his native town, and in 1779 accepted the place of organist to the court, and the year following, that of organist at the cathedral. Happily for him and the world, the most powerful motives, love and ambition, remained to stimulate him to the utmost exertion. He had for some time been passionately attached to Mlle. Constance Weber, already a celebrated actress and fine pianist; but owing to his hitherto unsettled mode of life, her parents refused consent to their union. It remained for him to convince them that he possessed in his talents the means of an honora-

\* Crowded out. Will appear in our next.

his independence. In November, 1780, he was called to Munich to compose a serious opera in three acts. He left Salzburg, went to Munich, and entered upon the composition of *Moses* at once. By almost incredible activity, he was enabled to put the first two acts in rehearsal the first day of December. It was produced the following month, and created a very great stir, especially among musicians, for they could not fail to perceive that it must result in a complete transformation of the art. Its melodic character was neither purely Italian, nor did it belong to the German school, formed under the influence of Grann, Hasse, and Benda, nor was it in the French style, nor yet again was it a modification of the style of Gluck. It was in almost every respect original. Mozart drew from his own resources; and this work, as the result, was a new type of music, as new in its expression, in the disposition of its phrases, and the development of its principal ideas, as it was in its modulation, harmony, and instrumentation. One striking feature of *Moses*, *Don Juan*, and other subsequent works of Mozart, is the prominence given to the orchestra. Hitherto the orchestra had been employed as a mere accompaniment to the voice, but Mozart made it a complete whole, a rich substratum upon which the vocal part is built. The effect of this has been very great on the development of the orchestra. Rossini carried the matter still further, and introduced solos for different instruments; and the French now make their orchestra so prominent, that none but singers with stentorian lungs can hope to rise so far above its din as to attract their proper share of attention.

To be concluded in our next.

### Musical Intelligence.

#### DOMESTIC.

**NEW-YORK.**—So much musical intelligence is embraced in our foreign and western correspondence, that we are forced to content ourselves with a mere summary of what has transpired in our own city. Foremost in public attention and patronage, have been JULIAN'S CONCERTS at Metropolitan Hall. They closed the 21st ult., the house being crammed to its utmost capacity, notwithstanding the storm that prevailed. Julian has created a more profound excitement than any thing since the Jenny Lind furore. He has brought out several distinguished soloists at Metropolitan Hall. Among these are Dubois on the alto-violon, who has a marvellous execution; the brothers Mollenhauer, whose violin duos have been received with great applause; and Oulinet on the flageolet. He has still other soloists in reserve, so as to offer new attractions when he comes again. Indeed, Julian has steadily been growing in our estimation ever since his first appearance at Castle Garden, and we do not pretend to have measured his full stature yet. He has given us new and valuable renderings of classical music, taking particular success in slower, some others faster; seemed unerring before. He is to begin a series of concerts in Boston as we go to press, (Nov. 24) returns to this city and gives one concert the 25th inst.; after which, he begins a series in Philadelphia, upon the conclusion of which he is to return to New-York again, where he will be sure of a hearty welcome. **MARINA BOOTHA**, assisted by Robert, Balthus, Fossati, Boon, Paul Julian, and others, has given three or four concerts in New-York and Brooklyn, for benevolent objects, which were admirable, and well attended. **GOTTSCHALK** gave a very successful concert at Niblo's saloon, the 13th ult., assisted by Mr. Aptomas, a young, but very talented Welsh harpist, whom we hope to hear again; Pylowski, the Polish pianist and composer; and Mlle. Belcredi. **MAX MARSTEN** has been building his own at Niblo's Garden, in a second-rate rendition of those Italian operas. We must not forget, however, to give him credit for bringing out *L'Amharic*, which is not yet stale.

**MELBAE BARTRICK** begins a series of her popular concerts at Niblo's Saloon, Oct. 23d. **THE HERRINGSONS**, Judson, John and Ann, begin their inimitable entertainments at the Tabernacle, the same evening. **THE HARMONIC SOCIETY** are rehearsing the *Messiah*, under Mr. Geo. F. Rowson, and are hoping soon to secure Madame Bonny's assistance in its public performance.

**BOSTON.**—**GOTTSCHALK** gave concerts here the 12th and 13th ult. His first concert was not well attended, the Boston press complaining that his tickets were too high (\$1), though that is the price at which his concerts have been filled in New-York. For his concert on the 13th, he reduced the price of admission to 50 cents, with what result we have not learned. The 13th ult.,

he received a telegraphic dispatch from New-Orleans, announcing the death of his father. The Germans gave their first concert the 20th; Julian begins the 26th. "It never rains, but it pours."

**FOUR DE LUXE, Wis.**—An interesting convention took place here on the 12th of September, continuing four days, under Myron Hawley, Esq., the report of which we are forced to crowd out of this number. Some of their resolutions are very able, and will not spoil by keeping.

**MONROEVILLE, O.**—We have promised to meet our mutual friends in a three or four days' convention at this place, beginning Oct. 15th.

**GREENE, Ind.**—A permanent Musical Association was organized in this place on the 16th of September, under the name of "The Greene Philharmonic Society." The officers elected were as follows:

- A. B. GREEN, President.
- J. W. ZYDER, Vice do.
- B. FRANK JACOBI, Secretary.
- B. A. GREEN, Treasurer.
- J. L. FORTNA, Musical Director.
- J. SHARPLES, ASSISTANT Director.

We are informed by a correspondent from that place, that they are looking, with prospects of success, toward a rapid development of musical talent. Success to the Greene Philharmonic Society!

#### FOREIGN.

**LONDON.**—Marie and Grisi have deferred their visit to America till next season.

**FRANKFURT.**—We are informed of the recent death, at this place, of Mendelssohn's widow, aged 25.

**PARIS.**—It will be remembered that Miss Hensler, a young and promising vocalist of Boston, was a few months since enabled, through the generosity of friends, to visit Europe for the study and practice of music. She went to Paris, was admitted to the Conservatoire, and after only six months' study, entered the list of competitors with more than a score of others, for the prize offered for the best vocalization. She did not expect a prize, but succeeded so well, that the second one out of the five offered was awarded to her. A correspondent of the Times writes that she has left Paris for Milan, where she will probably pursue her studies for two years to come. On her way, she visited the village of her parents in Switzerland. She was asked to sing for the benefit of the new hospital there. She did, and the proceeds are to be applied to the purchase and endowment of a bed which, after its founder, will be called the "Hensler bed." It is early for an actress to begin her career of benevolence at seventeen years; but it will give her courage, perhaps, when three years later she makes her débüt on her own account.

**DRESDEN.**—Madame Jenny Lind will next season visit England to give concerts. Dresden, the composer, has gone to see her at Dresden, and to stand godfather to her son.

#### NEW MUSIC.

Only such about music noticed as we can recommend for purchase.

Published by Wm. Hall & Son.

**MY MOONING.** By W. V. Wallace. A duet for Soprano and Contralto. 50 cts.

This is somewhat difficult, (requiring a contralto voice extending from G sharp below the staff to F sharp, fifth line,) but is most exquisitely beautiful. Wallace's superiority as a composer is as manifest in this composition as in his piano-forte music.

**O TUNE DISAPPOINTMENT.** Sacred Song, written by Henry C. Watson, composed by W. V. Wallace. 50 cts.

There is a largeness, a sublimity about this song, both in its words and music, that especially commends it to the lovers of the sacred and the beautiful. It is adoration calm and simple, yet rapt and glorious.

**PASSED AWAY TO HEAVEN.** A Ballad, also by Wallace. 50 cts.

This is very beautiful, and yet within the capacity and range of voice of the most ordinary singer. We have derived the greatest pleasure in looking over the three foregoing compositions. They are really unique, but they so abound with genuine inspiration, that it quickens one's pulses to contemplate them; and makes reviewing a pleasure, instead of a task.

**LET NO BODY KNOW.** By Walter Maynard. 25 cts.

An arch, pretty song, with a handsomely engraved title-page.

**THE DAWN OF DAY.** Words by G. C. Clayton; adapted by Wm. Swadlow, to music from Julian's celebrated FAUNA SONATA. WALLACE. 25 cts.

Every body has been, since Julian's arrival, whistling, humming, and playing the charming little melody that Keats plays from this WALL, and Mr. Clayton has done us good service in applying it to musical and appropriate words; while Mr. Swadlow has exhibited his usual good taste in his arrangement of a piano-forte accompaniment.

**SCENTED.** A Ballad, by George Linley. 25 cts.

This is a flowing, easy ballad, in Linley's charming, graceful style.

**COVERS POLKA.** By Johann Muzek. 50 cts.

**WOODLAND SCOTCHTUN.** By Johann Muzek. 25 cts.

**THE QUIET FAMILY POLKA.** By Francis H. Brown. 25 cts.

Each of these three piano-forte pieces is ornamented by an elegant and appropriate vignette. They are all easy, meritorious, and destined to be popular.

Published by T. S. Berr.

**WILL HE COME, or Little Katy's Dying-Bed.** Words and Music by W. J. Wallace. 25 cts.

This is a song and chorus based upon the touching little "Hot Corn" tale in the Tribune. A great many productions have been called forth by this tale, but we have seen none that please us so much as this one. The melody is simple, but not trite; easy, but expressive; while the chorus is pious and effective, and the whole in excellent taste.

**WILLIS DEAR.** By Charles Leslie. 25 cts.

This is a beautiful, pleasing little ballad; sentimental, but not silly, with one quaint little simile which in it that pleasantly reminds one of something bygone—something in the dim, joyous past that he cannot recall.

**OH, CALL ME HOME AGAIN.** Written by Alice Vernon. Music by C. Paul Vincent. 25 cts.

A sympathetic home-song; easy, flowing, and, in words and music, meritorious.

**THE PRINCE'S BOSS, with Chorus.** 25 cts.

The music of this work expresses the dashing character of the words, which is readily inferred from its title. We think it would have been more in keeping with the character of the song, if the chorus had been arranged for male, instead of mixed voices.

Published by G. W. Brainard, Louisville.

**KATT DARLING.** Quartette. Arranged by Henri Vasseur. 25 cts.

This is a good and serviceable arrangement of this very popular song.

Published by W. C. Perry & Sons, Cincinnati.

**GRAND CONCERT FANTASIA UPON THE BELL.** By W. V. Wallace. \$1.50.

If the charming melody needed any thing for its preservation, it is certainly found in the notes of Wallace's variations in this fantasia. We fear, however, that pianists less gifted than Gottschalk, Strakosch, or Madame Wallace, will find like pressing the simple further, and say that it is not only unobtainable, but laid away in a scrapbook, where it is inaccessible to all but a favored few. Only think of a skip of more than two octaves in the right hand, when you are executing thirty-two notes on the measure, in *bruno* style! Nevertheless, it bears the unmistakable impress of its distinguished author; and to continue we earnestly commend it, as one of Wallace's most brilliant efforts.

**THE CAMELIA POLKA.** By F. Werner Schindler. 25 cts.

This is simple enough to have been written by "the little Mary," instead of being dedicated to her. For thirty fingers, however, it will doubtless be a pleasant and profitable study.

**LEONA WALTZ.** By Madame C. Hink. 25 cts.

Easy, but meritorious.

**MY HEART AND LOVE.** Arranged as a Ronde by C. L. Peterson. 25 cts.

This beautiful melody is here cleverly arranged.

**DANCE POLKA.** By Lewis H. Weiss. 25 cts.

A very pretty piece of dance-music.

**THREE WILLY NEVER MEET ME MORE.** By "K. N." 25 cts.

We hesitated about noticing this, but at length concluded to do so. The words are beautiful, but what is intended to be the melody, reminds us of people we sometimes meet, whose faces are as distinct of expression as their heads are of ideas. It would answer just about as well for any other words.

### Advertisements.

J. R. SMITH,  
MAKER OF  
**CARHART'S PATENT MELODEONS,**  
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"I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT I HAVE BEEN AND EXAMINED a large Melodeon, constructed by J. RUFFE SMITH, ADRIAN, and that the tone is full and even, while the touch is easy and prompt. The finish of the instrument is decidedly good. I respectfully recommend these Melodeons to the public."  
"GEORGE B. FULTON,  
"Prof. of Music, New-York."

#### NEW INSTRUMENT OF MUSIC.

**GOODMAN & BALDWIN, OF NEW-HAVEN, CT.,** HAVE lately invented an entirely new instrument of Music, destined to supersede the smaller class of Organs. Two kinds or size of Keys, Stops, Swells, Couplers, and Sub-Bass, are most happily combined in this instrument. Its power and other qualities make it admirable for Churches. Price, with full-Size \$200. All instances of the **CARHART PATENT MELODEON** also manufactured.  
Wholesale, wholesale and retail, solicited.



floats around, around me like a dream, It floats around, It floats around, floats around me like a dream; I see the smile of  
floats around, around me like a dream, It floats around, It floats around, a - round, It floats a - round; I see the smile of  
floats around, around me like a dream, It floats around, It floats around, It floats around, around like a dream; I see the smile of  
floats, It floats, It floats around, It floats, It floats around, floats around me like a dream; I see the smile of

beau - ty in her bowers, And clustering lamps a - bove me shine; I hear the voice of mer - ri - ment sweep  
beau - ty in her bowers, And clustering lamps a - bove me shine; I hear the voice of mer - ri - ment sweep  
beau - ty in her bowers, And clus - tering lamps like stars above me shine; I hear the voice of mer - ri - ment sweep  
beau - ty in her bowers, And clustering lamps a - bove me shine; I hear the voice of mer - ri - ment sweep

by, But wake no e - choing murmur in my breast; I know that light and happy hearts are nigh, But feel mine own with  
by, But wake no e - choing murmur in my breast; I know that light and happy hearts are nigh, But feel mine own with  
by, But wake no e - choing murmur in my breast;  
by, But wake no e - choing murmur in my breast; I know that light and happy hearts are nigh, But feel mine own with

AND CHORAL ADVOCATE.

*Rit. e Dim.*  
 hea - vi - ness, with heavi - ness oppressed! I know that light and hap - py hearts are nigh! Light and

*Rit. e Dim.*  
 hea - vi - ness, with hea - vi - ness oppressed! I know that light and hap - py hearts are nigh! Light and

*A tempo.*  
 I know that light and hap - py hearts are nigh! Light and

*Rit. e Dim.*  
 hea - vi - ness, with heavi - ness oppressed! I know that light and hap - py hearts are nigh! Light and

*ff* hap - py hearts are nigh, But wake no e - - choing glad - ness in my breast. *PP* *Tempo Primo.* The air is hea - vy with the *pp*

*ff* hap - py hearts are nigh, But wake no e - - choing glad - ness in my breast. *PP* *Tempo Primo.* *PP* Mu - sic

*ff* hap - py hearts are nigh, But wake no e - - choing glad - ness in my breast. *PP* *Tempo Primo.* *PP* Mu - sic

*ff* hap - py hearts are nigh, But wake no e - - choing gladness in my breast. *PP* Mu - sic

*fp* breath of flowers, hea - vy with the breath of flowers, like a dream, like a dream, like a dream. *PP*

*fp* floats, like a dream, floats around me like a dream, like a dream, like a dream, like a dream. *PP*

floats, like a dream, floats around like a dream. *PP*

floats, mu - sic floats a - round me like a dream, like a dream, like a dream, like a dream. *PP*

# The Source of Joy.

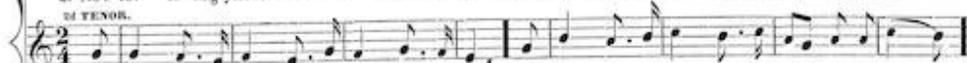
G. F. ROOT.

1<sup>st</sup> TENOR. MODERATO.



1. Oh! seek not for joy in the depths of the bowl, Nor quench in its poi - son the fire of the soul;  
 2. No! rev - el - ling yields not the bliss we de - sire, Though po - ets have sung in its praise to the lyre;

2<sup>d</sup> TENOR.



3. It is found in the peace and the com - forts of home, It is lost to the heart when in ex - ile we roam;  
 4. Be kind to thy neighbour, but stern to thy-self, Grant free - ly to wretch - es the aid of thy self;




Each draught leaves a seed that will quick - en and bear, A U - pas to with - er with grief and des - pair.  
 True hap - pi - ness flows in a still, si - lent stream, Not whirl - ing in ed - dies, as some fond - ly deem.



It is glimpsed in the smiles of the fa - ces we love, Like a star beam - ing forth from its sta - tion a - bove.  
 Press hope - ful - ly for - ward—the trea - sure is thine— A trea - sure more pre - cious than lurks in the mine!



## "Sabbath School."

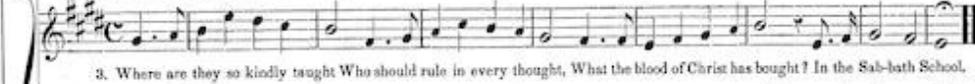
L. MASON. Arranged for the Musical Review by a Friend.



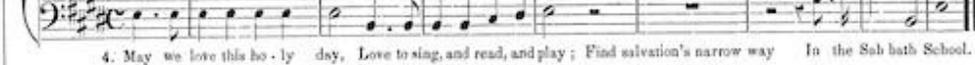
1. Where do children love to go, When the wintry breezes blow, What is it attracts them so? 'Tis the Sab - bath School.



2. Where do children love to be, When the summer birds we see Warbling praise on every tree! In the Sabbath School.



3. Where are they so kindly taught Who should rule in every thought, What the blood of Christ has bought? In the Sab - bath School.



4. May we love this ho - ly day, Love to sing, and read, and play; Find salvation's narrow way In the Sab bath School.

READY AT LAST!

# Zundel's Melodeon Instructor.

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# Monthly Musical Bulletin ;

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## NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1853.

**VOCAL.**

GEO. F. ROOT. Annie Lewis. Song and Quartette, as sung by Wood's Minstrels. 25  
 " Mother, sweet Mother, why linger away? Duet for soprano and alto. Words by Miss Frances J. Crosby. 25  
 " Mother, sweet mother, why linger away? Voices in sorrow are chiding your way: Sad is our dwelling, and cheerless our hearth, Faded our earth-star, and silent our mirth."

This beautiful duet is having a great sale. It is easy, yet with beautiful flowing melody, well adapted to the voice.  
 GEO. F. ROOT. Early lost, early won. New Edition. Poetry by the Rev. Dr. Bethune. 50  
 This celebrated and beautiful poem of Dr. Bethune's has been most appropriately set to music by Mr. Root, and the subject is such as should make it command a place on every piano. The title is appropriately and beautifully illustrated.

GEO. F. ROOT. Dearest Brother, we miss thee. Written by Curtis H. B., and affectionately dedicated to her absent brother. 25  
 G. F. WURZEL. Poor Robin's growing old. Song and choruses as sung by Wood's Minstrels. 25  
 " On old Potomac's shore. Composed for, and sung by, Wood's Minstrels. 25

WM. DRESSLER. The Dawn of Day. Words by C. O. Clayton. Music from Jullien's celebrated Prima Donna Waltz, sung by Mlle. Anna Zerr. 25

This may be called the popular song of the day. The Prima Donna Waltz has been one of the most successful of Jullien's pieces, and the beautiful song adapted to the melody is no less important feature in these wonderful concerts of the great lion of the age.

WM. UCHIO. Land of the West. Song written by the author of Rockaway. 25  
 This is a sweet and meritorious parlor song, and destined to become very popular.

H. A. OSBORNE. Love's first step is upon the rose. Poetry by Mrs. Emma C. Embury. 25  
 W. V. WALLACE. Passed away to Heaven. Ballad written by Anson G. Chester, Esq. 50

The musical world will welcome this gem of Wallace, and together with his three hymns, "Searcher of Hearts," "When o'er the distant eastern hills," and "O! thou Christiaan," forms the finest collection of sacred songs ever yet published in America.

W. V. WALLACE. Old Friendship's smile. Words by Phil- bull, transposed and simplified to key of D. 50  
 Persons wanting good ballads of the higher order of musical composition, will find this a real gem.

W. V. WALLACE. Romanza Napoletana. For voice mezzo soprano. Composed for Sig. S. Martinis Alboni. 50  
 It is but rarely that a really fine Cavatina for mezzo soprano voice can be found, and this one is among the best ever published.

**FOR THE GUITAR.**

MAEDEL. Erin weeps forsaken. Arranged by Bateman. 15  
 W. V. WALLACE. Adieu, fair land. " Saugan. 15  
 A. NELSON. Music at nightfall. Duet. " Bateman. 15

**JULLIEN'S MUSIC.**

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**DANCE MUSIC.**

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 W. V. WALLACE. Winter Polka, or Recollections of a Merry Single-ride. 50

CARL ECKERT. Heuriska Polka. 25  
 J. PSYCHOWSKI. Bohemian Polka. 25  
 E. E. FLECKROT. Czecquet Schottisch. 25

WM. VINCENT WALLACE. The Lotus Leaf. Valse brillante de Salon. 75  
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