1863

**Penobscot Musical Association Minutes of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Sessions**

Penobscot Musical Association

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MINUTES

OF THE

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH SESSIONS,

WITH THE

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT,

REV. A. K. P. SMALL, OCTOBER 2, 1861, 

AND OF

REV. E. W. GILMAN, OCTOBER 15, 1862.

BANGOR:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL S. SMITH.
1863.
OFFICERS OF THE PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION,
ELECTED AT THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION, OCTOBER 4, 1861.

Rev. Albion K. P. Small,..........................President.
Zebulon S. Patten,................................Vice-President.
E. F. Duren,............................Secretary and Treasurer.

TRUSTEES.
President, Vice-President and Secretary, William Arnold, Geo. W. Merrill, Jason A. Crowell, Thomas G. Stickney.
Frank B. Warren, of Bangor,......................Auditor.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

E. R. Alford,.......................Oldtown.
E. L. Fowler,......................Orrington.
Wm. Crocker,......................Hermon.
G. H. Carpenter,.................Waterville.
Thomas E. Kenniston,............Kenduskeag.
John Eames,......................Belfast.
H. N. Newell,......................Bethel.
Jacob Eastman,....................North Bradford.
John J. Colburn,..................Orono.
G. A. Abbott,.....................Dexter.
Joseph M. Curtis,................Guilford.
Joseph B. Farrington,.............Brewer.
J. S. Bridges,.....................Newport.
Henry F. A. Patterson,...........Carmel.
Wm. H. Chase,.....................Jackson.
J. W. Leighton,...................Columbia.
E. G. Thompson,..................Foxcroft.
Henry J. Brackett,..............Detroit.
Albert Hull,......................West Bangor.
Billings B. Farrington,...........Holden.
N. T. Sargent,..................Brewer.
Oliver Coffin,.......................Winterport.
E. H. Harding,....................Hampden.

OFFICERS
ELECTED AT THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION, OCTOBER 17, 1862.

Rev. A. K. P. Small,..........................President.
Z. S. Patten,...............................Vice-President.
E. F. Duren,.............................Secretary and Treasurer.

TRUSTEES.
President, Vice-President and Secretary, Geo. W. Merrill, Jason A. Crowell, Thomas G. Stickney, and Frank B. Warren.
Benjamin F. Bradbury, of Bangor,..................Auditor.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Jacob Eastman,.................North Bradford.
John A. Blanchard,..............Oldtown.
John B. Colburn,..................Orono.
George A. Abbott,..............Dexter.
Edward L. Fowler,..............Orrington.
Joseph M. Curtis,................Guilford.
James R. Farrington,.............Brewer.
Nathaniel T. Sargent,.............Brewer.
John S. Bridges,.................Newport.
John R. Holf,......................Hampden.
J. B. Adams,......................Jackson.
E. G. Thompson,..................Foxcroft.
John Eames,......................Belfast.
Jonas Merriam,..................Camden.
B. B. Farrington,..............Holden.
B. B. Cushing,..................Winterport.
M. C. Elliot,.....................Corinna.
J. N. McMahon,..................Eddington.
Jonas J. Norris,................Bradley.
Samuel Darling,................Patten.
Stillman W. Tucker,..............Bucksport.

Eleventh Annual Session in Bangor, September 22 to 25, 1863, under the direction of Prof. L. O. Emerson, of Boston.
MINUTES.

The Fourteenth Annual Session of the Penobscot Musical Association was held in Norombega Hall, Bangor, Me., commencing Tuesday, October 1, 1861, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The President, Rev. A. K. P. Small, made a few remarks, and read one of the Psalms of the sweet singer of Israel.

A Hymn was sung by the members, and prayer offered by Rev. C. C. Everett, of Bangor.

The President then welcomed the members, and happily introduced Prof. William B. Bradbury of New York, to which Prof. Bradbury responded. The reception by the class, of Prof. B. was cordial.

The time of the forenoon was occupied in singing, interspersed with many valuable suggestions in reference to style, use of the voice, &c.

In the afternoon, the time was occupied in the practice of Glee and Choruses.

Prof. Bradbury sung, "The dear old flag," and the Convention joined most heartily in the Chorus,

"Here we stand to live or die,
The stars and stripes forever."

No one can mistake the true patriotism of the Convention. The attendance was full, and the exercises interesting.

The evening was occupied in the Rehearsal of Choruses. Prof. Bradbury sung a new Patriotic Song, "Up! and away, to arms!"

SECOND DAY.—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2.

The drilling thorough and minute.

Miss Bradbury, a daughter of Prof. B. a mezzo-soprano voice, sung a Ballad, during the morning exercises.

A Business Committee was appointed, consisting of H. F. A. Patterson, of Carmel; Samuel Darling, of Patten; Thomas E. Kenniston, of Kenduskeag; E. R. Alford, of Oldtown; E. F. Harding, of Hampden; Albert Hall, of West Bangor; B. F. Farrington, of Holden; Z. S. Patten and F. B. Warren, of Bangor; C. E. Wilson, of North Bradford; N. T. Sargent, of Brewer; Albert Smith, of Warren; J. Hersey Butler, of Franklin.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Wm. A. Crocker, of Hermon; E. Spofford, of Dedham; J. B. Colburn, of Orono; J. S. Bridges, of Newport; Wm. C. Bailey, of Milford; A. W. Brackett, of Detroit; A. McMahon, of Eddington; J. Eames, of Belfast; C. G. Brackett, of Detroit; J. S. Crowell and G. W. Merrill, of Bangor; E. F. Harding, of Hampden; S. W. Tucker, of Bucksport; G. H. Carpenter, of Waterville; E. G. Thompson, of Farming.
PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

In the afternoon, an address was delivered by Rev. A. K. P. Small, the President, which, by vote of the Association, is published with the Minutes.

The audience assembled to hear the address, were favored with several pieces of music, which the Association were rehearsing.

Miss Bradbury sung, "Dreaming, ever dreaming," by Root,—and Miss Wilder, of Bangor, sung, "Welcome fair wood," by Franz.

Evening.—Chorus Singing.

THIRD DAY. Thursday, October 3, 1861.

The opening session of the day was occupied by Prof. Bradbury, in a most discriminating presentation of the manner of reading music; dwelling more especially on the character of devotional music; with what feeling and expression it should be rendered on the part of those who engage in it.

The subject was one of great interest, and received the undivided attention of the class.

Rev. Edward W. Gilman, of this city, in the forenoon made some excellent remarks expressive of his great satisfaction with this session of the Convention, and with reference to its effect upon the music of our churches. The importance of securing on the part of choirs, and all singers, the idea of worship, was also dwelt upon.

As pastor of a church in which the singing for some years had been exclusively congregational, he could say that that style of music met a demand of the heart as no other style could, and gave general satisfaction to devout worshipers. In his opinion the participation of the whole assembly in song was essential to the completeness of every religious service; and so far as this was impracticable in consequence of a lack of culture, health, or other requisites, the service was not all that it should be. He would be willing to sacrifice much in order to secure the largest possible union of voices and hearts in song; nor did he fear that the people would grow weary of the simplest chorals, provided their great aim was to sing the praise of God.

At the same time, speaking now to an assembly of cultivated musicians, he was free to admit that his idea of a perfect religious service was not met by making the singing exclusively congregational. While protesting against the least abridgment of the right of Christian congregations to employ their best gifts of utterance, he found a use, and a legitimate use for another style of music in the house of God. And so he considered the duty of a choir two fold: first to call out and harmonize the voices of the great assembly, and 2dly, at other times to employ all the power of music for exciting and deepening religious feeling. We have not yet learned the power and the value of religious song, and the work which is entrusted to a choir is no less sacred than that which is committed to the preacher. Let gifted ones sing with the heart and with the understanding, as they find opportunity; let them sing so as to be understood; let them sing for the sake of moving, persuading, comforting, and with the desire that their song should come up as an acceptable service before God; and their offering will not be vain or useless. We need art, we need culture, we need to employ the best gifts, and to consecrate all to Him who gave us being; and who calls on everything that hath breath to praise His name.

Miss Parker of Belfast, sung "My song shall be of thee," by B. August. Piano accompaniment by Miss Wheeler, of Belfast.

Prof. Bradbury sung "The Cradle Song."

In the afternoon several companies of volunteers now enlisting in this city, were invited to be present. They were received with hearty cheers,
PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

and the Association sung several patriotic songs, with which they were greatly pleased, and for which they expressed their thanks most cordially. They will go to the field with firmer resolve than ever, to battle for the right.

The members of the Association received an invitation to visit the Library and Reading Rooms of the Bangor Mercantile Association.

In the evening, a large audience were present at the Concert, of which the following is the Programme:

1. Tremont Quickstep—performed by the Union Band.


7. Patriotic Chorus: "I am a patriot true." W. B. Bradbury.

8. Chorus: "The God of Israel—He will defend us in the battle." Rossini.

9. Overture by the Band.

At the close of this piece, the President, in behalf of Albert Noyes, Esq., presented Prof. Bradbury and his daughter, each, a splendid bouquet, which formed a pleasant episode to the occasion. Music and flowers are fitly associated.


12. Cavatina, by Miss Torrens: "O una voce paci la"—"Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains." From the "Barber of Seville." Rossini.

13. This being encored, she sang "Tis the last Rose of Summer." Mendelssohn.

14. Duett—"Greeting." Miss Wilder and Miss Bradbury.

15. "Cradle Song" by Prof. Bradbury, which was repeated by request.

16. Glee Chorus—"The Bird Carol." This gave a beautiful representation of bird singing by the whistling of the gentleman, with an accompaniment of the piano and ladies' voices in the closing of the stanzas. W. B. Bradbury.

17. "Star Spangled Banner"—sung by Mrs. Crowell—Chorus by the class. The audience rising.


Prof. Bradbury accompanied on the piano forte except in No's 6, 12, 13, and 14, which were accompanied by Mr. Davenport; No. 4 by Miss Addie Merrill, and No. 11 by Miss Brown.
FOURTH DAY. Friday, October 4.

Daring a recess in the rehearsals this forenoon, William Pitcher, Esq., of Belfast, President of the "Waldo Musical Association," spoke of their efforts to promote music in that vicinity, and expressed their interest in the welfare of this Association and for the attentions shown them. He made a reference to the death of Lieut. S. H. Chapman, of Rockland, a member of both Associations. He died in defence of his country at Bull Run, an officer in the Fourth Maine Regiment.

Prof. Bradbury made a fitting response in behalf of the Penobscot Association.

In the afternoon, the President referred to the death of Thomas R. Barker, Esq., of Oldtown, who died on the battle field at Bull Run. He was a member of the Second Maine Regiment. The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Alford of Oldtown:

Resolved, That we lament his loss as a friend, a singer and a Christian; that we sympathize with his friends in their affliction, yet we believe that he gave his life for a most glorious cause, and that our loss is his infinite gain; and while they have one more tie to that happy land, we have one more member in the church army above, there forever to join in that chorus which only "angels lips can sing."

Mr. Wilder referred also to the death of Mr. Chapman, and introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of S. H. Chapman, who nobly gave his life to his country, this Association has lost one of its most sincere friends, and the cause of Music a most generous supporter.

Resolved, That we most deeply and truly sympathize with Mrs. Chapman and the "little ones" in this heavy affliction.

The Secretary referred to the death of Rev. Thomas Smith, who took an active interest in the objects of the Association—attending its sessions, and encouraging others to attend. He died, Sabbath eve, April 7, 1861, aged 48.

Also, to the death of Miss Ellen M. Rowe, of Bradley, who died March 18, 1860, aged 18 years. She was an accomplished and useful member of the choir in Bradley, and of this Association.

The President added some appropriate remarks, most tender and touching.

The Class united in singing a Hymn in memory of the departed:

"There's rest in the grave,
Life's toils are all past,
Night cometh at last;
How calmly I rest,
In the sleep of the blest,
Nor hear life's storm rave,
O'er my green, grassy grave."

At a business meeting of the Association, the Officers for the ensuing year were elected. [See page 2.]

The Treasurer's Report was presented, with the Auditor's Report, which were accepted.—Receipts $481.20; Expenditures $414.92; Balance in the Treasury $66.28.

The Business Committee presented the following report, which was accepted—and the Resolutions adopted.

WHEREAS, It is the object of this Association to make the art and science of Music its study and practice, and especially to become correct and artistic performers in sacred music, Therefore

Resolved, That to accomplish this great work we need more of music's...
influence in the family, in the school, in the social circle, and in the house of God, for it is there we love to join the great vocal chorus, plain and unpretending though it be, yet it grapples with the spirit of worship, draws it out and carries it with certainty towards the object of its search.

Resolved, That we earnestly hope and pray that all teachers of whatever name will henceforth give the subject of music their special attention.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the public for their generous patronage, so promptly responding to our call—showing thereby their appreciation of our efforts in the cause of music. And while we thank our friends for their generous support, we will take occasion to say to them, that we furnish a yearly opportunity for them to derive real benefit as well as pleasure by attending the rehearsals as members of the class, thereby improving their style of singing. This we recommend especially for the reason that choir singing is passing away, as an exclusive way of performing that very pleasant devotional part of divine service. It will readily be seen by all, that a service so important deserves to be well done, and excellence in any department cannot be attained without labor and practice.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Prof. W. B. Bradbury for his untiring efforts in our behalf. We thank him for his patience with us, and for his arduous endeavors to impress upon us the importance of a thorough knowledge of Music.

Resolved, That we joyfully extend our thanks to Miss Bradbury for her valuable co-operation and aid. And to all those Ladies and Gentlemen who have responded to the call of Prof. Bradbury and the Committee, in making up the Concerts.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the Union Band for their contributions, adding much to the interest of our concerts.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the Mercantile Association, for generously opening their rooms for our use; also, to Mr. Stone for the free use of his excellent Piano, during the present session.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of those of our members who have been called from among us during the past year, and especially will the names of Chapman and Barker be dear to us,—who laid their lives on the altar of their country, and whose sacrifice was accepted.

Resolved, That we devoutly recognize the good hand of our Heavenly Father, in the preservation of so many of our lives during the year, and permitting us to come together on the present occasion for our annual festival, and the especial favor of the beautifully pleasant weather during our present session.

Resolved, That we are happy to respond to the greetings of the Waldo Musical Association, presented by its President, Wm. Eitcher Esq. of Belfast,—and would express our earnest desire for the prosperity of that, and kindred Associations established for exciting and sustaining an interest in Music.

A vote of thanks was passed to the President of the Penobscot Musical Association, for his excellent address, and a copy of the same asked for publication.

During the afternoon, Miss Lizzie Hodsdon sung “The Star of Love” by W. V. Wallace—Mrs. Crowell, the fanciful ballad “The Captain.” by T. Comer—and Mr. Wilder gave some amusing specimens of music on his “birch bark canoe,”—playing “Yankee Doodle,” and “Tis the last Rose of Summer,” with Piano Forte accompaniment by Mr. Bradbury. Some one remarked, “if one piece of birch bark could make so much music, what would a whole Forest of birch bark trees do.”
In the evening a second Concert was given. The attendance was all that could be desired, and the performances were well received.

PROGRAMME.

1. Medley—National Airs, on Piano Forte, .. by Mr. A. E. Glenville.
2. Hymn Tune, “Carmi,” “Oh! happy day that fixed my choice.” ............................................ W. B. Bradbury.
3. Motette,—“Behold what manner of love.”
4. Song—“Hear my Prayer.” Composed and sung by Prof. Bradbury.
6. Bass Song by Mr. John Eames of Belfast, “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.” This was called for a second time........Knight.
8. Quartette—“O how I love my Mountain Home.” Mr. and Mrs. Crowell, Miss Torrens and Mr. Merrill.
Solo by Mrs. Brown. .........................................T. Wood.
10. Hymn Chant—“With one consent, let all the earth.”
11. Sentence,—“Our waiting eyes are unto thee.”

PART 2.

16. Song by Miss Torrens,—“Thou art so near, and yet so far.” (Repeated.)
20. Glee Chorus,—“The Bird Carol” with whistling accompaniment. (Repeated.) ............................. W. B. Bradbury.
21. Quartette,—“O that I had wings like a dove.” Mr. and Miss Wilder, Miss Hutchins of Rockland, & Mr. O. Pearson. F. S. Davenport.
23. Solo and Chorus,—“The dear old Flag.” ............ W. B. Bradbury.
26. Old Hundred,—“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”—in which the Convention, and the vast audience united.
The Piano Forte accompaniments were by Professors Bradbury, and Davenport, excepting No's 8, 16 and 22, which were by Miss A. V. Merrill, of Bangor.

Thus ended the fourteenth session of the Penobscot Musical Association,—in all respects a success.

Adjourned.

Bangor, October 4, 1861.

E. F. DUREN, Secretary.

Prof. Bradbury remained until Tuesday morning, and on Sabbath afternoon met all the Sabbath Schools in this city, at Hammond Street church, for singing, and on Monday evening at the First Parish church, the congregations in the city who were disposed to meet to sing.—A Grand Chorus. There was a practical and satisfactory demonstration, that Choir Singing and Congregational Singing, could go together,—that one would help the other.

MINUTES
OF THE SESSION IN 1862.

The Fifteenth Annual Session of the Penobscot Musical Association, was held in Norumbega Hall, Bangor, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1862, at 9 o'clock. A. M. The opening exercises were conducted by the President, Rev. A. K. P. Small, who read a portion of the Psalms of David, inciting to praise and thanksgiving.

Rev. Jason Mariner led in prayer, previous to which, a devotional hymn was sung by the class. The President appropriately welcomed the members assembled, and introduced Mr. Marshall of Boston, the leader, who at once entered upon the duties assigned him.

The time was occupied in the practice of hymn tunes, in various styles, and in choruses.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. G. W. Merrill of Bangor, sung a ballad—and other members of the class were desired to sing during the session, such pieces as they have been accustomed to sing at home, or have prepared for the occasion.

The following gentlemen were appointed as a Business Committee.


In the evening, the large hall was filled to its utmost capacity, to hear a lecture from Mr. John B. Gough. For nearly an hour previous to the commencement of the lecture, the Musical Association favored the audience with various pieces of music.

The powers of the speaker were never more graphically presented.—The alternate tears and laughter, the stillness and cheers of his audience, testified to the effect his oratory produced. Temperance was his theme—drawing numerous illustrations from the state of the country, from the war, slavery, music, and numerous other topics.
SECOND DAY—Wednesday, October 15.

The Convention has been very diligently rehearsing to day. Mr. Marshall, the Director, though using but very few words, leads them by his voice, his manner, his baton, to just such shades of expression as the sentiment and music require.

Choruses from the Masters were among the selections sung.

In the morning, the exercises were varied by songs from Miss Dunning and Miss Torrens, of Bangor, and Mr. Marshall. During the afternoon and evening, the song, "Robin Red Breast", by J. Holland, was sung by Miss Parker of Belfast. Miss Hutchins of Rockland sung, "She Has told It to the Winds", by G. F. Root—which being encored, she sung "I'm a Merry Zingara", by M. W. Balfe. Mrs. Crowell of Bangor sung the Soprano Obligato, "There is a Stream," by W. O. Perkins. Miss M. L. Webster, of Orono, sung "Chaley Horn," by S. Glover. Mrs. Baker, of Belfast, Miss Hutchins, of Rockland. Misses Baker and Wilder, of Bangor, the Quartette, "Thou Openest Thy Hand." Mr. and Mrs. Crowell, with Miss Torrens, of Bangor, and Mr. J. B. Colburn, of Orono, the Quartette, "Negro Boatman's Song," by L. O. Emerson.

At 4 o'clock, Rev. E. W. Gilman, of the First Congregational Society, Bangor, delivered a timely and excellent address, on the power and use of music. By a vote of the Association this is published with the minutes. See page 20.

The President referred appropriately to the deaths of members of the Convention, which have come to the knowledge of the Committee during the past year, viz:

Mrs. Almira F. Laughton, who died in Bangor, October 9, 1861, aged 42 years.

Dr. John Abbott, of Hampden, November 24, 1861, aged 86.

Rev. J. P. French, Bucksport, August 6, 1862. He entered with ardor, and from a sense of patriotism and duty, into the military service of his country, raising a company for the 14th Maine regiment, of which he was elected Captain. In the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, he was wounded. It was found necessary to amputate his leg, on the next day, after which he was removed to a steamer to be conveyed to New Orleans. On the way, the boat came into collision with another steamer, and Captain French was drowned.

Mrs. John W. Fletcher, died in Chelsea, Mass., August 8, 1862, aged 38 years.

Charlotte Elizabeth Buck, in Orland, Sept. 13, 1862, aged 25 years.

A. H. Baker, of Orrington, a member of the 18th Maine regiment, company B, in hospital at Washington, October 9, 1862, aged 22.

Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Deering, in Brewer, May 1, 1859, aged 32.

Rev. J. K. Mason, of Hampden, made some fitting remarks in reference to cherishing the memory of departed associates and friends, and moved that the following resolution be placed on record, in connection with their names:

Resolved, That while, as the surviving members of the Association, we feel ourselves admonished of both life's brevity and uncertainty, and the importance of a prompt and faithful earnestness in its mission, we desire most sincerely to express our regard, and high personal esteem for the deceased, and to assure the relatives, of our deep and warmest sympathy in their affliction.

Adopted.
Mr. Mason alluded, in the course of his remarks, to the deep interest Dr. Abbott of Hampden, took in music, and to his nice, discriminating taste, continuing to the very end of his long life.

The class sang the following Hymn, in memory of the deceased members:

"O what is Life? 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone,
It flourishes its little hour
With all its beauty on;
Death comes, and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O what is Life? 'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky
We love to see its colors glow,
But while we look, they die.
Life fails as soon; to-day 'tis here
To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is Life? if spent with thee
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care;
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past."

THIRD DAY. Thursday, October 16.

At a business meeting the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year—


Voted, To appropriate a part of the receipts of the Concert on Friday evening to the Sanitary Commission.

Fifty dollars was appropriated by the Trustees.

In the course of the rehearsal in the morning, Miss Fletcher of Skowhegan sung "Three Fishers went sailing," by John Hullah.

Mr. Fred S. Davenport, as pianist, accompanies most of the pieces that are sung.

In the afternoon, the rehearsal was diversified by a Duett, sung by Messrs. Wilder and Warren, from the Opera of Balzario, by Donizetti—"On to the field of glory;" a Duett by Mrs. Campbell and Miss Redman of Cherryfield—"The Murmuring Sea," by S. Glover, and a Piano Forte Solo, by Miss H. A. Cousens of Belfast—"Last thought of Von Weber," arranged by H. Cramer.

In the evening a concert was given, of which the following is the PROGRAMME.

2. Italian Song, by Miss Fletcher of Skowhegan—"Qui la voce"—(It was here in accents sweetest) from Puritani, ......... Bellini.
3. Sentence, by the class—"Come unto me."
4. Duett, by Miss Webster and Mr. J. B. Coburn, of Orono—
"Speed away." .................................................. I. B. Woodbury.
5. Song by Mr. John Eames of Belfast— "My boyhood’s
home." .................................................... M. W. Rook.
6. Glee, Duett and Solo. Miss Gregg of Brewer, and Miss
Torrens of Bangor. Chorus by the class— "The Muleteer’s
Evening Song." .................................................. L. Devereux.
7. Song by Miss Hutchins of Rockland— "She has told it to
the winds." .................................................. G. F. Root.
Reapeted by request.
8. Soprano obligato, by Mrs. Crowell of Bangor, accompani-
ced with chorus by the class— "There is a stream." ...... W. O. Perkins.

PART SECOND.
9. Solo, Duett and Quartette—Mr. Patten of Bangor, Mrs.
Baker of Belfast, Miss Hutchins of Rockland, and Mr. Ba-
kier of Bangor. Chorus by the class. "The eyes of all wait
upon thee, O, Lord."
10. Song by Mrs. Baker of Belfast— "The Marseilles
Hymn." .................................................. Rouget de Lisle.
11. Duett, by Miss Gregg of Brewer, and Miss Hutchins of
12. Song by Mrs. Crowell— "His hand upon the latch." Robert Denton.
forth to the night." ................................................. Kreissman.
14. Song by Miss Torrens— "The New England Girl’s Song,
Our Native Land." ........................................... Thomas P. S. Magoun.
Reapeted by request.
15. Glee— "Come friends, the parting hour is nigh, Good
night." .................................................. I. Willis.

The Piano accompaniments were by Mr. Fred S. Davenport, except
in No. 2, which Miss Fletcher played, and Nos. 4, 5 and 10 by Miss Ad-
die Merrill.

Notice by the Press.— "The Music was well performed, the single parts
exhibiting a variety of talent, and all deserving commendation. We
have good home talent in Bangor and vicinity. The Choruses were well
balanced, and produced smooth and sweet harmony, with the right expres-
sion and force, according to the sentiment. The excellent drilling of the
conductor, Mr. Marshall, was clearly seen."

FOURTH DAY. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17.

During the exercises of this forenoon, Mr. Wilder of this city, sung
"Vieni; La mia Vendetta" (—Vengeance! Waken, my injured honor)
from Lucretia Borgia, by Donizetti; and Messrs. Baker, Patten, Duren
and Laughton, of Bangor, the Quartette, "We wait beneath the furnace
blast," by W. O. Perkins.

Mr. Wilder, by invitation of Mr. Marshall, took charge of the class from
11 to 12 o’clock.
At a business meeting, the officers were elected for the ensuing year—see page 2.

In the afternoon, Mr. Warren of Veazie, chairman of the Business Committee, presented the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved. That we humbly and gratefully recognize the hand of God upon us during the past year; that while many of our friends have been called away from us and their homes, to participate in the great struggle of our nation for its life and prosperity, we are permitted to enjoy this pleasant session of our Association; and that at the next meeting, we hope to see our friends and associates return to us, to participate in the pleasant exercises of the Association, and enjoy the social greetings of their friends, after having accomplished their mission in restoring our glorious Union to peace and prosperity.

Resolved. That we have occasion to rejoice that this Association has been prospered thus far in its efforts to promote the cause of music; and it is our hope, and shall be our endeavor, by these annual gatherings, and other measures, to excite and improve musical talent still more efficiently and widely.

Resolved. That our thanks be presented to Professor Leonard Marshall of Boston, for his able, and to us profitable labors, during our present session.

Resolved. That our hearty thanks are due to all the ladies and gentlemen who have so kindly assisted and aided in every way to make the session pleasant and profitable.

Resolved. That our thanks are due to the Bangor Mercantile Library Association, for their polite invitation to visit their reading-room during the session.

Resolved. That we have had a good time.

At an interval in the Choruses, Miss Torrens, of Bangor, sung the patriotic song, "Shoulder Arms!" by Zel:

"There's a cry sweeps o'er the land—
Who will now a coward stand,
While the country needs his aid!
Shoulder arms!"

The President read the touching lines, "The Old Tunes."

In the evening a closing concert was given.

PROGRAMME.

1. Chorus by the Class: "And the Glory of the Lord," from the "Messiah." .................................................. Handel.


A request was sent from the audience that this should be repeated, but it did not reach the Director in season.


Solo by Mrs. Baker of Belfast ......................... Haydn.

Being encored, she sung,

7. Come when You Will, I’ve a Welcome for Thee.

PART TWO.

8. Chorus by the Class: "For unto us a Child is Born," from the "Messiah." Handel.


Repeated by request.

10. Cornet Solo, by Mr. Harlow of Bangor—"The Light of other days." Balfe. Repeated.

11. Cavatina, by Miss Batchelder, of Kenduskeag—"Twas no vision"—(non fu Sogno) from the Opera of I. Lombardi. Verdi.


Repeated.

13. Cavatina, by Miss Torrens of Bangor—Casta Diva. Being encored she sung—


The audience rising during its performance.

The piano accompaniments were by Mr. Fred S. Davenport, except in Nos. 3 and 9, which were by Mr. T. Bissell, organist at the Catholic Church, and in Nos. 10 and 13, by Miss A. V. Merrill.

Notice by the Press.—"We do not remember that any concert of the Association has given greater satisfaction than this. Mrs. Baker of Belfast, Miss Batchelder of Kenduskeag, Miss Hutchins of Rockland, Miss Webster of Orono, Mrs. Crowell, Miss Torrens, Miss Golden and Miss O’Laughlin, of Bangor, were warmly welcomed, and gave general satisfaction."

The Association adjourned, after a brief social intercourse, and farewell words.

BANGOR, October 17, 1862.

E. F. DUREN, Secretary.
ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT,

AT THE ANNUAL SESSION OF THE

PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 2, 1861.

What should be the *prose* element of a musical festival, at the present time, I am unable to decide. Time was, when *argument* seemed here in place; when your unrecognized claims really needed defence, when the modest and trembling muses, as if half apologizing for having been born, must leave an interval in the midst of their own song, to hear discussed the question of their right longer to live,—the question, whether music was to be among the tolerated sciences and arts.

But, happily, that day is past. As soon would we now stop to argue the right of old Katahdin to a place on the continent, or of the bees to sip sweets from flowers, or of New England gales to thrill the notes of liberty around our mountains. Music has become its own sufficient apologist, and triumphant advocate. It only asked for a hearing that it might outstrip all argument; for having once caught the enraptured ear in its own sweet snares of charm, it convinces the judgment, and wins the heart. It has been heard: and with an argument almost of inspiration, and a logic beyond the measure of mere syllogisms, it has spoken for itself,—it has established its claims, and by unquestioned *conquest*, has taken its place among the dominate powers of the world.

So that now the highest honor is to gain a place among the guests, when it spreads its royal banquet,—an honor, which even the most favored sons of genius can hope to reach, only, by a true artist's action, unless, perchance, it may be by that shorter road to eminence open to only a few of us most lucky, *viz*; the complimentary vote of a musical association. When, by especial divine commission, music holds its place in the temple of God, when it is gladly welcomed at the family altar, and is courted in the best furnished apartments of the most cultivated and refined, when it marches in the front ranks of bravest legions, and has become able to command for a single department of its service, instruments, of one kind,—the piano forte, at an annual, princely outlay of twelve or fifteen millions of dollars, has it not left all argument behind, and all necessity for our prosaic commendations?

Yet, from such a height of attainment, a mere glance at the *past*, the *present*, and the promised *future* of your art, may be fruitful in practical suggestions concerning it. The *past*, in this department, is full of interest and instruction, showing how nature, slowly, unlocks her richest treasures to the searchings of real genius. For Music, in its laws and principles is not the product of any human *invention*.

All the artists in the world can no more make an octave, or create new musical chords, than they can lay out and bespangle a new milky way with stars. Before the ear of man had learned to distinguish sounds, or to know anything of their order, these musical laws were all wrought into the very air that we breathe, and deposited among the unread wonders of Him whose works were perfect, when He called them very good. It has been sufficiently astonishing to find that even in the darkest recesses of the earth, there is no chaotic irregularity; but an arrangement, of strata on strata, with wisdom of plan, and perfection of order.

But how much more astonishing to find, that in the apparent vacancy *above*, which had seemed to be only blank emptiness, the very air is even more wonderfully subjected to laws of order, as if all laid up in so many
waves of a grand musical staff, each one, in all the infinite gradation, capable of responding with a different tone.

So that the entire region of space is as a grand reservoir of prepared tones, enough for the use of all the voices in the world, and held in waiting to see who, with most of skill and ingenuity, can seize upon the happiest ones and combine them into the richest chords for the use of joyful hearts. The first rude trumpets of Jubal were, if we may so say, the first pipes inserted into the great reservoir of sounds, to draw off the first variety of tones. The abundant supply having thus been discovered, all the different musical instruments which have followed, have been as the more ingenious insertion of better tubes, through which new chords have constantly been drawn forth. Or they have been as the reaching up of more delicate fingers, among the finer and higher harp strings, so nicely tuned, in nature's infinite gallery of sounds. And bursting into such a field of wonder, by discovering the inexhaustible susceptibilities of the musical scale for harmony building, and for sublime expression, if for no other reason than to see what could be done, no wonder that those of delicate ear and love of the wonderful should, so soon, begin to revel in all that field of tones, and chords, and harmony, as birds of spring, when discovering the limitless space into which they are let loose, begin to revel through the whole heavens, in every conceivable curve, and twirl, and swoop, as if testing the newly discovered susceptibilities of their own wings. So that under all these showers of musical gallops, and polkas, and mazurkas, and schottishes, and unnumerable feats of the art, which but one in a thousand can understand, sometimes, of course, the uninitiated have asked what it was all for, and what it could mean.

I hope it is no disparagement to the art to say that, in many instances, at least, it has meant just what all the drill movements of our magnificent army have meant, when the army has not been advancing one step toward the enemy. It has meant the bringing out of instruments, and learning what can be done with them.

And though I may not chance to understand all the marching, and countermarching, and drill of the instruction camp, yet, if, by pursuing it for six months to come, our soldiers can become such masters of themselves and their weapons, as to strike the grand national blow in a single day, I can thank God, and perhaps can see the value of intricate tactics afterwards. And useless as may have appeared to me the great proportion of duetts, quartetts, and quintetts, yet if by these “gymnastics of the affections,” masters can become able to make any heart string vibrate at pleasure, and with that acquired skill can, if only once in fifty or a hundred years, bring out one of the sublime symphonies of Beethoven, which can almost silence the discord of earth, and raise our souls to Heaven,—for me, and for the world it vastly more than pays.

Though a large part of the work done by the eminent composers and performers, hitherto, may have been of this preparatory sort, it has been nobly done; for they have opened to the world the possibilities of musical expression, and given to you the heavenly language nearly all translated, and ready for use. But is that all? Have you reached the limit? When the Saviour died, and rose to the Father, was not his religion made complete—so finished that nothing more could be added?

It was finished. It was perfect.

But then its sublime career was just opened. It had just begun to move and inspire the souls of those, through whose instrumentality, its trophies were to be gathered, in uncounted millions of redeemed souls.

And though you have now reached the point, where music is immutably established as a science, wonderfully developed as an art, with masters full of inspiration to lead you on, and thus have fairly in your hands this

"Golden key that
Ope's the palace of eternity,"
or, as Shelley called it,

"The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild—
The softest grave of a thousand tears,
Where their mother Care, like a weary child,
Is laid asleep in flowers."

Yet all this is for what? Has it no future? Though no higher note can be reached, or deeper undertone, has the tune yet been found which begins to toll all the struggling emotions of your soul?

After a painter has completed his masterpiece, that may only fling before his imagination the glowing tints of a more beautiful picture, which, as yet, he has no power to throw upon the canvass.

And though one may have mastered every note of the warbling Oriola, or the enchanted "Singing Bird", though he may sweep the notes of the tuneful "Shawm", and almost burst into the angel's "Jubilee"*; yet, tell me, sir, in the indescribable silence of your own thoughts, do you not sometimes distinctily hear tunes, which you have not yet given to the world?

In that strange hour of inspiration, when some silent thought of loved ones afar, or some echo from the hills, has struck a new key note, has not the whole score of new measures, moving at the rhythm of angel's wings, in chords which no instrument yet has learned to strike, all flashed through your imagination, audible only to the ear of your soul?

The past is the sufficient pledge that some of those are yet to be caught, and thousands of the children of song are all hungry for the feast.

The pious Andrew Fuller, in affliction, once heard a troubled dove cooing to its mate, and he sighed for that triumph of the musical art which could so utter the very pleadings of a bereaved soul.

Mozart seemed to have all the gamut of sounds spread before his mind, as fonts of type containing all the letters, are within reach of the printer's fingers, so that whatever his emotion, he could seize the note of his choice, and extemporize the chords to express the thought.

When we are purer and more heavenly, who can say that other octaves may not appear, or combinations as new as if written on other scales, and to key notes not yet discovered; so that all the emotions from the moan of a turtle dove, to the jubilee shout of an angel, shall be within the reach of our expression?

Or, better still, perhaps, may be the discovery, that Nature may be a grand temple, filled with its ever moving song, in which all apparent discord are lost in a higher harmony; for it has been suggested, as a possibility, that when tubes shall be found doing for the ear, what the microscope now does for the eye, we may then catch the perfect music of the spheres. The natural ear of Willis, or at least his imagination could distinctly hear musical sounds and wonderful chords in all the warblings of nature. "I hear it" said he "every hour that I wake."

It is hardly too much to hope for the time when we may literally live in a world of melody.

But in the mean time, I must say—and this is what I wished chiefly to say—you, in whose possession are such rich powers of song, are to hasten that happy time, by being Musical Missionaries.

And even if no farther advance were contemplated, how much you have to do, in bringing what you have already reached to the understanding of those whom you are sent to bless.

A friend of mine, recently spending a few months in Heidelberg, was invited to a student's festival, which he was enjoying with a student's relish, till, to his dismay, he was informed that at the close of the feast, according to established custom, each in turn, must stand up, with a horn of beer in his hand, and sing a song. At the perilous moment, he

* Oriola, Singing Bird, Shawm, and Jubilee, names of musical books, by Prof. Bradford—the musical director at the present session of the association.
fortun[c]ately remembered one song, which, possibly, might save him, and the reputation of his native land, and he ventured with marked success.

An American song in the year eighteen hundred sixty one, of course, they supposed must be grand in patriotism, and the wellkin rung with their cheers for America. But with all their German lore, to this day, they remain ignorant of the fact, that the patriotic words which he sung were no others than those celebrated ones:

“There was an old Niggar
His name was Uncle Ned.”

A just payment, that, thought I, of the first installment, so long due to Prima Donnas from Germany and Italy who, too long, have practiced more senseless tricks upon us with impunity.

Having, once, been set to the task of translating a little German poem, after my best effort I concluded that it must have some real meaning which I was utterly unable to discover. Afterward becoming acquainted with a native German, I asked him to open to me the grand idea of it. He smilingly said it had none. He had heard it, as a simple baby story, with no more sense than the diluted melodies of Mother Goose. And yet, in sober truth, I have since heard those same words of nonsense, scientifically rendered, by a young lady, on this very platform, and heartily cheered by an appreciating Bangor audience!

And I am sorry to say, that when we have been trying to worship in the house of God, musical performers have too often mystified our way to Heaven, by opera feats which may have been full of German, but to our hungry ears, perishingly lean of common sense.

We have most cheerfully given our assent to all the drill of the instruction camp. But woe to him who, on the day of battle, stops to sport with mere target firing. And a more serious woe to those coming into the presence of the Great King, in His temple, on the holy day, who shall make his service a gymnasium of musical tricks, or a gallery show of laughing girls.

Sometimes when humble worshippers are beginning to lip the praises of God, very imperfectly it may be, and when help is most needed, hardly could a greater calamity happen to them, than the appearance, in their midst, of some professional singer, who, because the performance may not be up to the standard of his cultivated taste, preserves the most scornful silence, and thus chills the whole service.

What if our Theological Professors should refuse all religious cooperation with us, till we had reached their standard of Theological culture? Would not true benevolence, here as elsewhere, help those most needy, that all might be raised up and blessed?

Instead of making the praises of God entirely dependent upon such especial scientific tones, as only a few in each thousand can utter, I could rather hope for the time when the grand laws of harmony shall be so familiar to all our minds, and the spirit of devotion so glowing in our hearts, that we shall hardly need any audible tones: when, at the mention of some grand theme from the word of God, our enkindled imaginations shall glide on, like that of Mozart, through all the majestic strains, when it shall be literally true that, in joyful silence the melody shall be, in our hearts, unto God.

And who can do so much toward bringing about such a happy day as you? Next to him who preaches the glorious gospel of the blessed God, you who can take the name of the crucified, in melting strains, to the hamlets of the poor, to the social circle, to the great congregation, have perhaps the highest commission. It is yours to hush rivalry, to pour gladness into the abodes of sorrow, to make real the fable of Orpheus in causing those more stubborn than his mountain ash trees, to bow to the charms of music.
All honor to you then, that no affairs of the world, not even the dire calamities of war, could silence your annual song. Never so much need of singing, and never so much reason in singing as now; for song has always been prominent in the grandest movements of liberty, and has been most hated by minions of oppression. And one has spoken of it, as a significant fact, that all the great reformations were marked by the revival of Congregational singing. The Albigenses practiced it, and, it is said, that a hundred and forty of them sung psalms, while they were precipitated into the flames. And at one time, according to this same writer, to sing Marot's psalms was regarded, in France, a declaration of heretical principles, and Psalmist became only another name for Reformer, Huguenot, and Calvanist.

"Cromwell's soldiers were mighty in praise, as well as in prayers. The psalms were their war songs, and, to the dissolute cavaliers, a great army of Roundheads, chanting the songs of Zion must have appeared, beyond description, terrible, for the sight and the sound awakened fear for both body and soul." How long could your notes be tolerated in Secession? What would be the kind of tune that would exactly breathe forth the spirit of rebellion? Its sweetest chords would be the jargon of Pandemonium, moving to the crack of slave-whips.

Then sing on, ye sons of Freedom. As the contest rages, take up the notes of Liberty to a higher key, in unison with our mountain gales, and shout to our brave legions,

"March on, March on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death,"

and when oppression shall writhe in its last death throes, its bloody sceptre completely broken, be all prepared, with voices tuned, to catch up the grand refrain, which must start from Northern hills, no more to die away amid the groans of dismal swamps, but to echo on, and on, around the world, then to be caught up by angel choirs, swelling the redemption songs of Heaven—the joyful triumphant, and ceaseless anthem of Victory and Peace.

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ADDRESS
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 15, 1862,
BY REV. EDWARD W. GILMAN, OF BANGOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The Committee to whom I am indebted for the honor of addressing you upon this occasion, have given me larger liberty in the selection of a theme than in respect to the time for discussing it. I may go where I will for thoughts and illustrations, but one third of an hour is the largest allowance of time assigned me for the utterance of such sentiments as I may choose to present.

Without further prelude, therefore, I propose to offer for your consideration a few remarks on musical skill, and the uses to be made of it.

There is music in nature; but skill is the endowment of man alone. We hear the chirp of insects, the hum of bees, the rustling of leaves, the song of birds, the whistling of winds, the roar of waterfalls, the cry of animals, and the blending of all the voices of nature in one harmonious tone. But it is the province of man, whom God has endowed with domin-
ion, not only to cultivate his own vocal powers, but also to summon to his gratification and use all the forces of nature, and to evoke at will from strings and pipes of metal and of wood, the sweetest and the loudest tones. It is for man, standing as "the minister and interpreter of nature," first to explore and discover the resources of his domain; then to combine and arrange them as his genius and judgment require; and then to bring out from this combination harmonics and melodies which lift the soul up above the earth and fill it with ecstasies of joy. It is within his province to train and discipline his own organs, and by long culture to attain purity of tone, and volume and compass and facility of execution; but besides this he has control of all mechanism and taxes his inventive power to produce instruments to accompany, support, relieve and imitate the human voice. He tightens a single cord stretched between two points of support, and the wind that sweeps over it draws forth dulcet tones, and upon that hint he makes the lyre, the harp, the violin and the piano. He forces out the pith from twigs of elder and makes the mute reed vocal; he pierces the hollow tube with finger holes, and the whistle becomes a file or flute or clarionet. The conch tossed up on the beach teaches him to construct the trumpet in all its varieties and combinations; and then when he has learned all the voices of song, he combines them in a grand orchestra where hundreds perform their part with faultless harmony; or with equally wonderful and more elaborate mechanism, he builds them into an organ where every kind of voice responds to his own touch upon the keys and stops. And then while sounds die away and are lost, man has power to devise visible and enduring signs for every note and every quality of tone, and to write out the score with such fulness and fidelity, that centuries after he has passed away, his whole conception may be reproduced; the same tones, the same intervals, the same succession, the same cadences, the same choruses, but coming now from different lips or at the touch of different hands.

Who can listen to a chorus of voices and of instruments, without admiring the skill which besides harmonizing and equalizing the parts, has adjusted the weight and size and tension and vibration of all the strings; has determined the dimensions and bent the tubes and placed the keys of wind instruments; and has taught the eye to read and translate written characters, the tongue to imitate and utter proper sounds, and the ear to estimate the fraction of a second and to detect and avoid every jar of discord.

Music is a higher form of speech; and all the skill which we may acquire is susceptible of use: to what uses do we, should we put it? I answer; use it, as you do language, for all noble ends. But it is a higher gift than common speech. For speech we have the rudiments of music; sound, articulation, tones, words, rhythm, emphasis; with these the intellect is content; it does not need melody for its logic, its demonstrations, its numerical calculations. A lexicon would not be improved by being set to music.—Words, with slight changes of intonations, perhaps even in monotone, suffice for definition, explanation, instruction. But emotion calls for something more than that which satisfied the intellect; more earnest tones, more marked inflections, whisperings, shoutings, prolonged sounds, and such variations of voice as are appropriate utterances of joy, fear, anger, sadness. In other words, music is the language of the soul in all its most fervid moods, in the outgoings of its excited feelings. Some indeed are dumb and can neither speak nor sing; others are dumb only in respect to song. The soul does not always have control of the outward, the physical organ. You know how Beethoven would sit at the piano and run his fingers over the keys and bring forth strains of beauty, and enjoy the conception of that music of which he was not permitted to hear one note. So the poet Percival, though shrinking from society with the extreme diffidence, was sometimes induced by his love of music to venture into social assemblies; and once to the amazement of all, he consented to
sing a song of his own. The room was hushed to silence; he sat in a retired corner, bending over his accordion. Soon the motion of his lips indicated that he was singing. But no one heard him; an intimate friend could just distinguish the soft breathing of a melody of his, which he had before heard; the company after waiting some time, supposed he was not ready to begin and resumed their talking; but the bard went on, and when his silent song was finished, few suspected that he had been singing. There was no speech nor language; his voice was not heard; yet his soul had poured itself out in song which he fancied others had enjoyed with himself.*

This incident suggests the first use of musical skill: it facilitates expression, the utterance of feeling; it furnishes a language for emotion; it enlarges the vocabulary by which the soul goes out from its own secret dwelling place. To borrow the terms of arithmetic, every word is raised to a new power by being united to music for the expression of emotion. So men sing for joy, without thinking; and sing they must and will, till something comes in to subdue the feeling or check its utterance.

And under this use, perhaps, we ought to place the best kind of devotional singing. When you pour forth your soul in song without any conscious effort, you are not singing for others; you are not thinking of the melody; you are not concerned about the time; you are not troubled by an approaching accidental; you sing with as little thought for the rules of music, as for the tones of ordinary speech or the rules of grammar; you sing because there is emotion in the heart and it must come out.

A second use of musical skill is for imparting pleasure. It surely is a proper aim to gratify and please, and I am inclined to think it is the most common aim with which musical talents are employed. We are so constituted that music does please us. Sometimes it is the intrinsic excellence of the music; every cultivated ear would be pleased by it. Sometimes it is the intrinsic difficulty to the performer; we are pleased with the lisping song of childhood, making all allowance for imperfections, and reading the promise of higher attainments. We are all pleased sometimes, not because the thing is beautiful, but because it is hard; because like a gymnastic feat, only a few can do it. And musical performances do not always exclude magic and claptrap; impossible thunderings produced by cannon balls; mysterious echoes from under the platform; sudden illuminations as in Haydn’s Creation, when at the words, "Let there be light," the hall, before in semi-darkness, is filled with a blaze and glare of light by the simple process of turning the key and letting on the gas;—these accessories all in their way help to please. Music does not need them; it is fertile in its resources; but the people are impatient, and not always in the mood to be moved or pleased.

I have suggested that musical skill is most generally employed for the sake of giving pleasure. I do not forget that all our congregations assembling for public worship profess to sing to the praise of God, and that such singing should not aim, first at least, to please the multitude. I cannot enter upon any discussion of fact or theory respecting church music; but I recall to mind so many cases where singing or instrumental music is introduced confessedly to enliven and entertain; I find so often that singing, even though it be of sacred songs, spurs on conversation and promotes cheerfulness and merriment; I find the attitude of an audience in a concert room, so generally the attitude of those waiting for gratification and pleasure, with a readiness to respond with boisterous applause even to solemn, pathetic prayer, because it has been—musically—well rendered, that I have little hesitation in saying that so far as my observation goes, musical skill is employed chiefly for the sake of giving pleasure to the audience and the performer. At the performance of an oratorio in New York, a

few years since, the assembly insisted on the repetition of some piece which had gratified them. — The conductor—a foreigner and unaccustomed to such imperious demands—would not comply. The audience continued to encore, and so thwarted every effort of his to proceed, that at last he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, it is not the custom to encore sacred music," and threw down his baton in disgust, and left the stage.

But there is a third province of musical skill, superior to the mere pleasure giving use. It is designed and fitted to move the soul. When a nobleman was paying to Handel some compliments for the entertainments which he had given in a certain town, "My Lord, (said Handel,) I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

This is an honorable use of musical power, to move men to right and noble actions; for while some men are reached by the intellect and reason, first convinced, then persuaded, multitudes are first moved, and then from a new position they see facts and truths in a new light, and their opinions follow in the train of their emotions. Have we not lost sight of this in the past? Have we not been so delighted with the power to please, and with the pleasure derived from song, as to neglect the power of song to deepen right emotions, to stir up the very soul, and call into exercise the noblest feelings? Great crises reveal to men the power of music. Luther found it one of his most powerful aids in advancing the cause of the Reformation. There have been times when kings have feared the songs of the people, and have forbidden them to sing or play the familiar strains of the Marseilles Hymn, and other songs of freedom. And even now God is teaching us also to the connection of song with patriotism; for we see the nation stirred with song; our regiments go forth to the war singing, and those they leave behind are learning new songs of patriotism. "God bless our native land," how many have been stirred up by that song, and moved to new deeds of valor.

And then, too, what adjustment this makes of all questions concerning listening and responding. We see the many not unwilling to listen to the voice of the few; and the few not desiring to monopolize the song of the many. For what is a patriotic song worth, if it does not move to a response, where the voice of exhortation is swallowed up by the multitude? and how much better the response, when in place of inarticulate applause, the words are taken up, and re-echoed in mighty chorus, till the well-knit rings again with the glad shout of men in earnest for God and their native land! I happened to be at a Philharmonic Concert in April of last year, on the day of the great meeting in Union Park after the attack on Fort Sumter. The closing piece was the Star Spangled Banner. The audience rose and with one impulse joined in the chorus, moved as I never saw an audience moved by any song before; there were shouts and there were tears, and they were loth to cease their song and go from the place. The combination of circumstances was peculiar, but it taught me the power of music, as of eloquence, to evoke feeling, to move men to action, and our need of music in patriotism and in religion.

And therefore, I would urge all who have these gifts to cultivate and improve, and then to employ them with an aim and purpose higher than that of simply giving pleasure. We shall be thankful for all the delight we receive; but we will bless you, if by your song, you encourage us in paths of virtue, and godliness, and help us on to noble deeds for our country and our God.
MEMBERS, 1861, and 1862.

Those not otherwise designated, were present both years.

ABBOT.

E. Bates, 1862.

Baltimore, Md.

BANGOR.

Edward A. Appleton, 61  E. S. Gorham
William Arnold, 62  J. P. Greeley, 61
W. O. Ayer Jr.  Charles M. Griffin
J. W. H. Baker, 62  George L. Griffin, 61
A. Battles, 61  A. P. Guild, 61
Normal Beacroft, 61  Frank W. Hardy
T. Bissell, 62  Frederic A. Hatch, 61
George H. Bower, 61  Roscoe G. Hersey, 61
William Bradford, 61  Frank Hight, 61
Benjamin F. Bradbury  Spencer R. Hills, 61
E. H. Bradbury, 61  Daniel Holman
Howard Briggs, 62  L. R. Horton, 62
George M. Brown, 61  S. P. Hutchinson, 61
William G. Brown, 61  O. H. Ingalls, 62
John Byrant, 62  Newell S. Jenkins, 61
A. Burnham, 61  Carleton Jewett
Charles D. Clark, 61  Fredc. C. Jones, 62
Jason A. Crowell  Samuel F. Jones, 61
Frank B. Curtiss  John Kimball, 62
J. L. Cutter, 62  J. Kirkpatrick, 61
George E. Dale, 62  John E. Ladd, 62
Samuel F. Darling  Frederic A. Labrador, 62
Robert Davis, 62  Chas. E. Laughton, 61
Fred S. Davenport  Hiram A. Laughton
N. H. Dillingham, 61  A. K. P. Leighton, 62
N. Douglass  John K. Lincoln, 62
Charles H. Dow, 62  J. W. Littlefield
A. Drummond, 62  F. C. Low, 61
E. F. Duren  Moses G. Low, 61
William G. Durens  William E. Mann, 61
J. Eaton, 61  A. D. Manson, 62
B. Emery, 62  Jason Merrier, 62
C. C. Everett, 61  George W. Merrill
Edward Fanning, 62  J. B. McKinley, 62
S. B. Field, 61  George B. Moody, 61
P. B. Fiske, 62  F. Muzzy, 62
Frederic A. Flowers  J. K. Noble, 62
A. S. French, 62  E. F. Palmer, 61
S. S. Gardner, 61  Daniel H. Patten, 61
George C. Getchell, 61  Zebulon S. Patten
E. W. Gilman  H. B. Pearson, 61
Mary A. Alden, 61  Lizzie Bent, 61
S. M. Alden, 62  Mrs. P. M. Blake, 62
Mrs. W. Arnold, 62  Lizzie E. Blood
Victoria Arnold, 62  Clara H. Bowen, 61
Mary Benson, 62  Mrs. A. L. Boyd
Sarah Benson, 62  Mrs. R. C. Boyd, 62
Fannie W. Bent  Helen Bradford, 62
Ora Pearson, 61  N. L. Perkins, 62
George Pierce, 62  C. G. Porter, 61
Augustus E. Pote, 61  Benj. P. Roberts, 62
E. L. Robinson, 61  M. Robinson, 62
Roscoe G. Rollins, 61  Frank S. Rowe, 62
Smith Rundlette  F. M. Sabine Jr., 62
George Sawyer, 61  Henry M. Seavey, 61
Daniel D. Sewall, 62  David Sewall, 62
Ams Stickleck  Frederic A. Shute
Thomas G. Stickney  A. K. P. Small
A. J. Stone, 61  Henry M. Small, 61
M. H. Tarbox, 61  Frederic Smith, 62
B. F. Tefft, 61  H. Gilman Smith, 62
J. F. Tewksbury, 61  W. H. Smith, 61
Martin U. Tibbetts, 62  Amos Stickney
J. W. Torrens  Thomas G. Stickney
Edward Walker, 61  Frank B. Warren
Daniel Warren  James G. Wasgatt, 61
Frank B. Warren  A. S. Weed, 62
James G. Wasgatt, 61  George Webster, 61
A. S. Weed, 62  J. C. White, 62
J. C. Weston  Solon Wilder
George T. Vincent, 62
Mary Brown, 62
Mrs. W. G. Brown, 61
Helen Budge, 62
Mrs. B. A. Burr, 61
Fannie E. Butler, 61
Mrs. J. H. Butler, 61
Lizzie Call, 62
A. A. Chadwick, 62
Emma Chase, 62
Lizzie Cobb,
Lottie J. Collins, 62
Nellie Cook
Augusta Cousins, 62
Mrs. Charles Crane, 62
Mary P. Crockett
Emma H. Crosby
Mrs. Jas. E. Crosby, 62
Emily J. Crossman, 62
Mrs. J. A. Crowell
Mrs. J. L. Cutler, 62
Mrs. A. W. Daggett, 62
Mrs. S. Darling, 61
Helen G. Davis, 61
Eliza A. Deane, 61
Mrs. A. W. Decow
Aroline Dennett
Nellie A. Dickey, 61
Mrs. Wm. P. Dickey
E. A. Dillingham, 61
Mary S. Dodge
Mary H. Downe, 62
Sarah W. Drummond, 62
Carrie A. Dunbar
Clara Dunning, 61
Ellen M. Dunning, 61
Belle G. Eaton
Clara D. Eaton, 62
Mary A. Eaton, 61
Mary Y. Emerson, 62
Mrs. Ellen Emery
Sarah Emery, 61
Addie B. Eastis, 62
Abbie Fellows, 62
Lucretia Fletcher, 61
Josephine Flowers, 62
Maria Flowers
Mrs. Joseph Forbes, 61
Katie E. Forbes, 61
Helen R. Fox, 62
Augusta A. Fuller, 62
Rebecca A. Gallupe
Mrs. J. T. Gilman
Ella F. Godfrey, 62
Agnes Golden, 62
Emma Gould, 61
Fannie Gowen, 62
H. N. Gradley, 62
Mrs. F. J. Grover, 61
Mrs. A. P. Guild, 61
M. Hamlin, 62
Jennie Hardy, 61
M. Hardy, 62
Mrs. S. C. Harlow, 62
Adelaide Hart, 61
Mary E. Hayes, 62
Susan M. Haynes, 62
Maria M. Heath
Louisa M. Hellier
Clara R. Herrin, 62
Mrs. Geo. D. Hersey, 61
Martha Hervey, 61
Emily S. Hill, 61
Ella Himman, 62
Mrs. J. L. Hodsdon, 61
Lizzie S. Hodsdon, 61
Susan Hooper, 62
Lottie Hopkins
Mrs. Albert G. Hunt, 61
Mary D. Hyde, 61
Alice Ingersoll, 62
Georgia Jackson, 62
Sarah B. Jameson, 61
Mary W. Jeffers, 62
Mrs. Stephen Jennings
Anna E. Jewett
Annie M. Johnson, 62
Mrs. T. C. Johnson, 62
Mary E. Kendrick, 62
Addie Lander, 62
Alice Lawrence, 63
Mary Lawrence, 62
Bertie Leavitt, 62
Laura A. Leavitt
Emma J. Littlefield
Lucy M. Littlefield
Bernice D. Lord
Addie Lowell, 61
Ellen F. Lambert, 61
Mrs. J. H. Lynde
Sarah Mallett, 62
Mrs. G. W. Manton, 61
M. Maxim, 61
Addie V. Merrill
Mrs. O. P. Merryman
Lizzie Mills, 61
Emma J. Moore, 62
Mrs. Thomas Moore, 61
Mrs. Wm. Morley, 62
Oliver L. Muzzey, 62
Abbie W. Nash, 61
H. M. Nickerson, 61
Martha P. Noyes
Jennie S. Noble, 62
Kate O'Laughlin, 62
Fannie E. Palmer, 61
Susan Palmer, 62
Alice Patten, 62
Lizzie Patten, 62
Mary D. Patten, 62
Mrs. Z. S. Patten, 62
Annie F. Pearson
Sarah M. Pearson
M. Pendleton, 62
Mrs. N. L. Perkins
Mrs. Albert Piper, 62
E. M. Pond, 61
Mrs. Wm. Rose, 61
Anna F. Rowe, 61
Emma A. Rowe
Mary L. Sabine
Helen Sanborn, 62
Mrs. E. F. Sanger, 62
Helen M. Saunders
Mrs. Addie M. Sawtelle, 62
Ellen M. Seavey, 61
Nellie H. Seavey, 61
Mary E. Severance, 61
Estelle Shaw, 62
L. Shepard, 51
Belle Smith, 62
Fannie A. Smith, 61
M. Smith, 62
S. Smith, 61
Mrs. Sewall Smith, 62
Mrs. W. H. Smith, 61
Emma Stackpole
Mrs. Julia S. Stockwell, 61
Fannie E. Stoddard, 61
Isabel Strange
M. Sturtevant, 61
Ellen Thayer, 61
Fannie Thompson, 62
Mrs. Louisa B. Thompson
M. C. Thompson, 61
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Mrs. Ann S. Tibbetts, 61
Fannie R. Tibbetts
Lizzie Torrens, 62
Etta C. Townsend
Dela Trask, 62
Sarah C. Vezzie, 61
Mrs. G. D. Warren, 61
Mrs. J. G. Waggatt, 62
Mrs. A. S. Weed, 61
Annie M. Whar, 62
Mrs. W. H. Wheeler, 61
Ella Wheelwright, 61
Sophia Whitman, 62
Mrs. Rinaldo Wigg, 62
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Marietta Williams, 61
Sue A. Willian, 62
Mary E. Wilson, 61
Ada Wingate, 62
Helen J. Wingate
Mary E. Wood, 62
Mary E. Woodhull
Elizabeth H. Young, 62
E. S. Lawrence, 62

BANGOR—(NORTH.)

Albert Hall Mrs. Frances A. Hall Mrs. Lyman Tyler

BANGOR—(WEST.)

John Eames William Pitcher, 61 J. Wheeler, 61
Jonas Merriam, 62

Mrs. M. Baker, 62 Delia Parker Ella Wheeler
Mrs. A. J. Morrison Mrs. H. P. Thomson, 62

BELFAST.

Horatio N. Newell, 61

BLUEHILL.

Samuel Bowker, 62

BOSTON, MASS.

Mrs. Mary Dame, 61

BRADFORD (NORTH.)

Jacob Eastman Charles E. Wilson
Emma F. Eastman, 62 Lucia Wilson, 62

BRADLEY.

James J. Norris, 62
Anne Bullen, 62 Lizzie Grey, 62 Clara Rowe, 62

BREWER.

N. J. Bunker, 61 J. C. Holbrook, 62 Oliver M. Nichols
G. S. Farrington, 61 Levi G. Marsh, 62 N. T. Sargent, 61
J. R. Farrington, 62

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S. J. Bissell, 61 Fannie H. Herrick, 61 Mrs. Anna F. Ryder
Mrs. T. W. Burr, 61 Louisa Hinks Mary S. Sargent, 62
Susan Currier, 62 Thebe Hinks, 61 Julia Skinner, 62
Maria S. Curtis, 62 Mrs. P. D. Holmes, 61 Annie R. Tefft, 62
Sarah C. Dole, 62 Caroline Moore, 61 O. Wentworth, 61

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David Godfrey, jr. 61 George A. Pritchard, 62
Annie M. Bartlett Emily S. Hodges, 61 Fannie W. Hodges, 62

BROWNVILLE.

H. P. Perham

BUCKSPORT.

Enoch Avery, 62 James B. Crawford, 61 Stillman W. Tucker
Maria Abbott, 62 Ellen M. Hall, 62 Mrs. M. A. Sanford, 62
Sarah C. Grant, 62 E. F. Lampher, 62 Hattie Smith, 62
Charlotte A. Ginn, 61

BURLINGTON.

Mary Woodman, 62

CAMDEN.

S. F. Chase, 62 Andrew J. Meriam, 62 L. B. Wetherbee, 62
Sarah Alden, 62 Sarah Buchanan, 62 Frances M. Meriam, 62
Sarah Berry, 62 Georgie S. Eaton, 62
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CARMEL.
H. F. A. Patterson, 61
Mrs. E. M. Johnson, 62 Evelyn Johnson, 62 Annie Ruggles, 62

CASTINE.
J. H. Jarvis, 62

CHERRYFILD.
Selden Wentworth, 62 Lizzie Campbell, 62 Catherine Redman 62

CHINA.
Charles Boyles, 62 Henrietta Boyles, 62

CORINNA.
Melville E. Elliott, 61

CORINTH.
John W. Eddy, 61 F. M. Oakman, 61 Clara Dexter, 61

CORINTH (EAST.)
Avilda Cochran, 62

DEDHAM.
E. B. Bates, 62 Mrs. Julia Bates
Eben Spoffard, 61 Emma Pearl, 62 Mrs. Martha P. Todd

DEER ISLE.
William Babbage, 62

DETROIT.
Ansil L. Brackett, 61 Charles C. Brackett, 61 Mrs. Isaac Birney, 61

DEXTER.
H. G. Mower, 61
Mrs. G. B. Clough, 62 Mrs. E. A. Mower, 62 Sarah Perkins, 62

DOVER.
Addie Sawyer, 62

EDDINGTON.
Albert McMahon, 61 Mrs. S. J. Hatch
Gustavus B. McMahon, 62 Anna Mason, 62 A. F. McMahon, 62

ELLSWORTH.
Maria McMahon, 62

ENFIELD (WEST.)
Alice E. Dutton, 62 Nancy M. Dutton, 62 Mrs. J. S. Lord, 62
Mrs. Minnie Young, 61

EXETER.
Charlotte L. Jones, 62

EXETER (EAST.)
Mrs. Marcia S. Smith, 61

FRANKFORT.
Marcia S. Tibbotts, 62 Mrs. Sarah G. Worth, 61

FRANKLIN.
Julia Call, 62 Mrs. J. A. Powers, 62

J. Hervey Butler, 61
Elbridge G. Thompson, 61
Boadicea A. Thompson, 61 S. A. Thompson, 61 Mrs. S. B. Thompson, 61

GREENBUSH.

C. S. Weld, 62

HALLOWELL.

Mary Lizzie Gilman, 61

HAMPDEN.

John Abbott, 61 Charles Emery, 61 J. K. Mason
S. H. Buswell, 62 Erastus F. Harding, 61 J. H. Sewall, 62
Frances Atwood, 61 Flora Hinkley, 62 Mrs. Persis Spratt, 62
Annie E. Curtiss Isabel Holt, 62 Lizzie H. Stetson, 62
Sarah C. Curtiss Mrs. J. R. Holt, 62 Emma Stewart, 62
Clara C. Dudley Abbie Kilburn Sarah M. Swett, 62
Marion Dunn, 62 Katie Pierce, 61 Amelia Twitchell, 62
Sarah Emery, 62 Rosabella Pierce, 61 Clara C. Young
Clara Hill Mrs. Annah S. Reed, 62

MARY BARTLETT, 62

HARTLAND.

M. Blake, 62 Mrs. M. Burbank, 62

MARY F. BROOKS, 61

HERMON.

William A. Crocker M. T. Emerson, 61 William H. Kimball, 61

HOLDEN.

B. B. Farrington B. F. Farrington
Melitiah Chase, 61 Mrs. B. F. Farrington, 62 Julia A. Fisher
Nancy J. Fisher, 61 Sophia C. Freeman

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Isaac B. Adams, 62

KENDALL'S MILLS.

Fanny Nye, 62

KENDUSKEAG.

* Thomas E. Kenniston, 61 Abbie M. Bachelder Julia D. Case, 61 Ellen E. Waugh

KENNEBUNK.

Ella F. Lord, 62

LEVANT (SOUTH.)

Daniel Hall, 61 Meriam M. Hall, 61 Sophronia R. Hall, 61

MILFORD.

William C. Bailey, 61

MILLBRIDGE.

Mrs. H. M. Knight Lizzie Wallace, 62

MINOT.

Myron W. Jones, 62
Amelia Knight, 62

Jonas B. Lambert, 62  P. White, 62  H. A. Gould, 62

Annie Whitney, 61

J. S. Bridges, 61  Calvin S. Ireland, 61  M. B. Watson, 62

P. T. Burgess, 61  S. B. Dexter, 61  Mrs. M. A. Perkins, 61

M. W. Sewall, 61

Rebecca Farrar, 62

E. R. Alford  John A. Blanchard  E. P. Chapman, 61


J. W. Pollard, 62

Mrs. J. A. Blanchard, 62  Mary Braley, 62  Mary F. Brown, 61

Emily A. Davis  Frances E. Davis  Mrs. L. E. Duven, 62

Maggie Getchell, 61  Jennie Hatch, 61  Lilly Hopkins, 61

Lillie Jenkins, 62  Rachel C. Norris, 61  Mrs. George Oakes, 62

Allie Partridge, 62  Mrs. W. T. Partridge, 62  Ellen M. Pierce

Fannie E. Pollard  Carrie Smith, 61

M. Avey, 62  J. B. Colburn  George P. Gilman, 62

N. L. McDonald, 62

Lucy Allen, 62  Helen M. Gilman  Emma Lunt, 61

Emma Mayo, 62  Mary A. Webster

Orono, (Upper Stillwater.)

S. A. Jameson, 61  R. E. Rogers, 61

George A. Emerson, 62  C. M. Powers, 62

Orrington.

Arctus H. Baker, 61  E. L. Fowler, 62  Ard C. Godfrey, 61

Wellington Newell, 61

R. A. Brooks, 62  Mrs. E. L. Fowler, 62  Charlotte A. Phillips, 62

Mary W. Smith, 62

Anna Holmes, 62

Samuel Darling, 61  Mrs. S. Darling, 61  Mrs. S. E. Leslie, 61

Sarah J. Atwell, 61  Pittsfield, (East.)

Mrs. A. M. Brown

Eliza Parsons

Portland.
PENOBSCOT MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

ROCKLAND.
Ada Ames, 61  J. A. Fessenden, 62  Mary E. Hutchins

ROCKPORT.
George G. Winslow, 61  S. G. Harkness, 62
Fanny Fuller, 62  Josephine S. Harkness, 61  Mary A. Winslow, 61

SANGERVILLE.
Lucilla Fowler, 61

SEARSFORT.
Mrs. S. F. Nickerson, 61

SKOWHEGAN.
Nellie Fletcher, 62  Helen Maria Rowell, 61

STOCKTON.
Emma Hichborn, 62  Faustina Hichborn, 62  Mrs. M. T. Hichborn, 62

SULLIVAN.
Mary Ingalls, 62  Lizzie Simpson, 62

THOMASTON (SOUTH.)
C. M. Lewis, 61

VEAZIE.
William S. Howe, 62  Nahum Warren, 62  Mrs. N. Warren, 62

WATERVILLE
G. H. Carpenter  W. A. Coffrey, 62  E. R. Webber, 62

WINCHESTER, MASS.
Emily D. Freeland, 62

WINTERPORT.
G. C. Wilson
Anne Allen, 61  Sarah Coffin, 62  Annie Mantur, 61
Louisa Morgan  Clara Pope, 61  Carrie M. Rich, 62

***

SUMMARY.

Gentlemen, - - - - - - - - - 220
Ladies, - - - - - - - - - 381
Total, - - - - - - - - - 601

Seventy-six towns represented.
THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION
OF THE
Penobscot Musical Association,
WILL BE HELD IN
NOROMBEGA HALL, BANGOR,
COMMENCING ON
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1863, AT 9 O’CLOCK, A. M.,
and Continuing in session four days, under the direction of
L. O. EMERSON, ESQ.,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. EMERSON is author of the “Golden Wreath,” “Sabbath Harmony,” “Harp of Judah,” and other musical Publications, and has had several years successful experience in the conducting of Musical Conventions.

An Address by Prof. Emerson, at 4 o’clock Wednesday afternoon.

TICKETS FOR THE SESSION,
Including the Rehearsals and Concert..................$1.00
To be procured of the Secretary, Hammond Street, opposite City Hall.
Application for board at reduced rates, may be made to Mr. G. W. Merrill, No. 66 Main Street.

E. F. DUREN, Secretary.

BANGOR, AUG. 12th, 1863.