



VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

The open meeting of the Society took place on the 17th, in the St. James's School-house. We think it a pity that the labours of the conductor, and the talent and industry of the Society should be marred by holding their performances in a room so unfit for singing. On no open meeting has there been such a judicious selection, and the bill of fare was duly appreciated by a very numerous audience. In the sacred choruses the greatest precision was evinced. Mozart's "Praise the Lord" was very good, and was much better adapted to the room and the powers of the Society than Handel's grand Hallelujah Chorus, which requires some hundreds of voices and a room suitable for such a volume of sound. There was no piece which more distinctly evinced, by correctness and taste in the execution, the praiseworthy exertions of the Society; but still, it lacked power, and failed to please as much as some of the less ambitious pieces—such as Pergolesi's "Oh, sing praises," and Blockley's "Oh, strike the silver strings." "Oh, come with me," by Mr. Clarke, met the fate it justly deserved—a hearty encore, and was one of the hits of the evening. The rest of the performances were very pleasing. We have much pleasure in announcing that the programme of the Annual Concert will contain

"The Lord is King." "Creation."

"And the glories of the Lord"—*Hadyn*.

"Lo, He cometh"—*Mozart*;

and that there are whispers afloat that three stars are likely to shine on that occasion—two of which, on a former occasion, lent their aid to the Society; the benevolent exertions of the other, in aiding the intentions of the Cricketers' concert, are too well known to require further comment. If there be truth in the report, we shall indeed have a treat.

NEW YORK.

ALBONI.—This accomplished Contralto seems to draw equally well as at first;—we see no diminution in her audience, which is not a very large, but still, we suspect, a paying one.

A new feature in her concerts is Mademoiselle *Camille Urso*, a child violinist of considerable cleverness. She is rather a counterpart of Sontag's *Paul Julien*, and seems to have been educated in an equally careful and thorough school. She plays tenderly, delicately and well; she has not the scope of young Julien, the volume of tone, or the depth and strength of sentiment: she is a girl and Paul a precocious boy—such a disparity therefore is, of course, to be expected.

MADAME SONTAG.—On Thursday evening of last week, Mr. John Zundel, the accomplished organist of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, gave a concert in the church edifice, when he was assisted by Madame Sontag, Sig. Pozzolini, Carl Eckert, and, as the advertisement announced, "a select chorus, comprising the best vocal talent in the city." The concert was really given by Madame Sontag, for the benefit of Mr. Zundel, who formerly gave her children musical instruction in St. Petersburg, and was intended, on the part of Madame S., as a testimonial of respect for, and a public recognition of the professional worth of the former instructor of her children: and the delicate manner in which the concert was announced, it being stated simply that "Madame Sontag would assist Mr. Zundel," must have given additional value to the compliment.

The gem of the evening was "Home, Sweet Home," by Sontag. When we heard her sing this and other English songs at Metropolitan Hall, we thought she would do well to avoid them in future; but her exquisite—touching—perfect rendering of this hacknied ballad on the present occasion completely reversed our judgment. As usual, she introduced a few ornaments. It was simply the musical expression of the heart-sympathies and yearnings of a tender, trusting, loving home-spirit;—it was not only a declaration, but it appealed to one's very consciousness as an irrefutable proof, that "there is no place like home." The piece was re-demanded by the most enthusiastic applause, and the last verse was repeated without any diminution of the first effect.

The following Musical Publications are recommended for purchase:—

Zingarelli. "See the bright flower." Duett. 25cts. Hall & Son, New York. A neat duett for two sopranos, somewhat Italian in style.

Buchel, Ed. "Paulinen Polka." 25cts. G. W. Brainard & Co. Louisville. Pretty fair.

Gloyer, C. W. "I cannot pretend to say." Song. 25cts. Oliver Ditson, Boston. A naïf, and extremely taking song.