

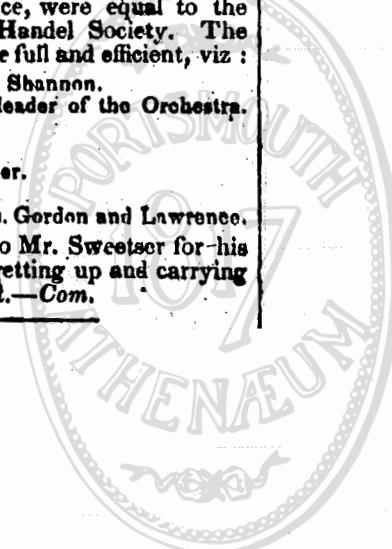
The Oratorio for the benefit of the poor of this town, took place on Sunday evening, at the Stone Church, and considering the short notice given, was well attended. The proceeds we are informed, amounted to \$117 50. The performances are highly spoken of. It is said to be the best Oratorio ever given in this place. The brass instruments were used on this occasion, for the first time, and gave universal satisfaction. The performers belong to this place, and are members of the Franklin Band, and if encouraged, will supply us, at all times, with better music than we have generally obtained from other places. We say nothing of Mr. Ostinelli's valuable services, they being too well known here. Of Miss Shannon, we need only say, that she more than fulfilled the high expectations of her friends. The choir generally, are known. The choruses were such as could be expected of them, and the solos, &c. particularly Miss Hill's performance, were equal to the best times of the old Handel Society. The instrumental parts were full and efficient, viz :

On the Organ, Miss Shannon.
Violin, Mr. Ostinelli leader of the Orchestra.
Tenor, Mr. Sanborn.
Bugle, Mr. Moxa.
Trombone, Mr. Walker.
Horn, Mr. Hart.
Double Basses, Messrs. Gordon and Lawrence.

Much credit is due to Mr. Sweetser for his persevering efforts in getting up and carrying this Oratorio into effect.—Com.

NH 6 A2

8 Feb 1831



State Herald
Mar 24, 1836

ORIGINAL.

For the State Herald,

TO MY SISTER,

While she is writing to her special Friend,

A VE, 'tis a sweet employ, and soothing 'tis
To the lone heart, to pour its ardent wish
Into that bosom, that can ever feel,
As 'twere *his* own, *thy* bliss or woe. 'Twas
When *I*, a wanderer, in far distant lands,
Did thus essay to soothe *my* solitude;
And I have felt how sweet the intercourse
Of souls congenial.

I've noticed often,
How the cloud of care, and thought corroding,
Would sudden vanish from thy brow, and leave,
Instead, a sunny brightness, at the name
Of *him* thou lov'st. And that delighted gaze,
That scanned, so eagerly, each syllable
Of the full page, that weekly blessed thy heart;
And those alternate shades of hope and fear,
That moved across thy features, and did tell—
What thou in maiden pride wouldest fain have hid
From observation—i.e. strong emotions
Of the mind within. All this I've witnessed;
And I envied not; but blessed the moment,
That did make to overflow thy cup of gladness.
Heaven's benison rest on thee and thy loved counter—
May kindliest omens mark your bridal morn, [part;
And joyous flow the current of your days.

Portsmouth, March 23. SELIM.

→ = PM.
J 20 - 15 poem?

EXCHANGE OFFICE, &c.

THOMAS P. MOSES wishes to inform the citizens of Portsmouth and vicinity, that he has commenced business at the office in Daniel street, one door east of Morrison & Willard's, recently occupied by Mr. B. F. Shattuck, where every attention will be paid to permanent and transient customers. Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call. Every favor gratefully received.

July 12.

N H GAZ

12 July 1831

N H GAZ

9 Aug. 1831

Instrumental Music School.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the young Gentlemen of Portsmouth, that he intends opening an EVENING SCHOOL on the first of September next, for the instruction of Instrumental Music, viz:—

The GERMAN FLUTE,
CLARIONETT,
KENT BUGLE, &c. &c.

A subscription paper can be seen at Messrs. N. March & Co's store, No. 7, Exchange Buildings, where the terms will be made known.

THOMAS P. MOSES.

Aug. 9.

9 AUGUST 1831
GAZETTE

Ober

State Herald Aug 11, 1831

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

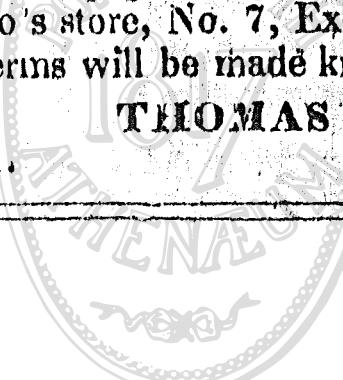
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The *GERMAN FLUTE*,
CLARIONETT,
KENT BUGLE, &c. &c.

A subscription paper can be seen at Messrs. N. March, & Co's store, No. 7, Exchange Buildings, where the terms will be made known.

THOMAS P. MOSES.

Aug. 11.



State Herald
Jan 5, 1832

both

ORATORIO.

By the PORTSMOUTH MUSICAL SOCIETY for
the benefit of the HOWARD BENEVOLENT
SOCIETY.

THE PORTSMOUTH MUSICAL SOCIETY
respectfully give notice, that in consequence
of delay in preparation for bringing forward at this
ORATORIO, the CREATION as was first an-
nounced, they were compelled to postpone the
Oratorio from last Sunday evening, and they now
announce to the public the following, viz:—

PART 1.

Voluntary.

Grand Chorus. { Now elevate the sign of
Judah. MOZART.
Song. 'The Orphan's Prayer.' HOBSON.
Alirs—Solos—Recitatives and Chorusses from
the 1st part of the CREATION.
An Oratorio by JOSEPH HAYDN.

PART 2.

Voluntary.

Grand Double { 'Now the work of man's
Hallelujah Chorus } redemption. BEETHOVEN.
Air Recitative { INTERCESSION, an Oratorio,
and Chorus. } by M. P. KINO.
Air. 'Angels ever bright and fair.' HANDEL.
Solo & Chorus. 'Sound an alarm.' HANDEL.
Duet. 'All things fair and bright are thine,' SHAW.
Chorus. 'Glory be to God on high.' MOZART.
Trio, Chorus { 'We sing his love,'
with brilliant Bugle,
Trombone, &c. ac-
companiments. } DIXON.
Duetts, Recitative { 'Hear my prayer.' KENT.
Solo and Chorus. } HANDEL.
Solo. 'Arm, arm, ye brave!' HANDEL.
Grand Hallelujah { 'Hallelujah for the } HANDEL.
Chorus. { 'Lord God omnipotent reigneth' } MESSIAH.

Which they intend performing next SUNDAY
EVENING, at St. John's Church, precisely at
1-1 past 6 o'clock, assisted by a very powerful Or-
chestra. Tickets at 25 cents each. No Tickets
will be given away.

Leader of the orchestra, Mr. L. Ostinelli.
Mr. Cooper the President, will preside at the
Organ.

The assistance from the out of town members
will be such as to induce the Society to feel con-
fident that this Oratorio will not be second to any
ever before given in this state.

Per order,
WM. F. LAWRENCE, Sec'y.
Tickets for sale at the store of WILLIAM
F. LAWRENCE, No. 6, Market-street.
Jan. 5.

itself to our citizens to assemble on the occasion;
—in the first place the gratification of their own
tastes, secondly and especially, a chance to con-
tribute to the alleviation of the *wants and distresses of the poor*.

to our advertising
that an Oratorio is to
be on Sunday evening.
but a mere word on
Music and of song,
rich feast.—Ostinelli
masters, both in and
it, and will appear
rm. We hope the
moderate fifteen hun-
fold motive presents

Journal Jan 7, 1832

PJ Jan 7, 1832

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The whole number of vessels which arrived at the port of Boston, from foreign parts, during the year 1831, was 166, viz.—American 659, British 88, Swedish 2, French 1, Spanish 2, Portuguese 1, Spanish 1, Danish 1, Russian 1.—The foreign clearances were 692.

Among the list of arrivals we notice 98 from Portsmouth and 88 from Dover.

FRANCE SPOILERS.—The number of petitions and memorials referred to the Select Committee of the Senate on the subject of claims for French spoliations previous to 30th Sept. 1800, is 132, viz.: 8 from Maine, 1 from Vermont, 5 from New Hampshire, 17 from Massachusetts, 6 from Rhode Island, 13 from Connecticut, 13 from New York, 2 from New Jersey, 13 from Pennsylvania, 1 from Delaware, 19 from Maryland, 5 from the District of Columbia, 12 from Virginia, 9 from North Carolina, 3 from South Carolina, 2 from Kentucky, 1 from Ohio, 1 from Alabama, 2 from Louisiana, and 1 from Missouri.—*N.Y. Journal Commerce.*

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—The Georgia House of Representatives have passed a bill to abolish Penitentiary Discipline in that state. Some of the prisoners appear to be of the same way of thinking: 12 of them having made their escape on the night of the 17th inst., taking with them eight guns, and a suit of clothes each. We presume the *Missionaries* were not among them.—*fb.*

We understand that the Musical Society will be assisted to-morrow evening, at their Oratorio, by a large number of gentlemen from other towns, among whom are named Mr. Chipman, President of the Handel & Haydn Society at Dartmouth College, and Mr. Johnson, from the same Society.

We learn also that due attention is paid to have the church properly lighted and warmed, the paths leading to it cleared of snow, and all necessary arrangements made for the accommodation of the audience.

Messrs. Miller & Brewster,—I presume I merely express the opinion of many in town, when I say, I have high hopes of a rich and delicious taste of Sacred Music on the evening of the coming Sunday, (or to-morrow evening.) These hopes, I doubt not, will be realized, when the excellent character of the music selected for the Oratorio, and the competency of the performers, instrumental and vocal, to execute it in good taste, are taken into consideration.

There seem to be four reasons for attending this Oratorio; any one of which may be deemed sufficiently urgent to induce our citizens to patronize the enterprise. One of these reasons, is the very agreeable recreation of the ear of all who may attend—another, is an expression of thanks to those who have made great sacrifices to serve up this musical entertainment—a third, is the service it will render, in the way of encouragement, to the cause of Sacred Music—and a fourth, is the opportunity afforded of gratifying benevolent feelings toward the unfortunate poor. In this view of the subject, it will be matter of disappointment and regret, should there chance to be one seat vacant in St. John's Church, to-morrow evening.

A FRIEND,
BORN TO MUSIC AND THE POOR.

ORATORIO.

For the Benefit of the Howard Benevolent Society.

THE PORTSMOUTH MUSICAL SOCIETY respectfully give notice, that in consequence of delay in preparation for bringing forward at this Oratorio Haydn's CREATION, as was at first announced, they were compelled to postpone the Oratorio from last Sunday evening, to TOMORROW EVENING, Sunday Jan. 8th. At which time, assisted by a very powerful Orchestra, will be performed, at St. John's Church, the following pieces, viz.

PART 1.

Voluntary.

Grand Chorus. 'Now elevate the sign of Judah.' *Song.* 'The Orphan's Prayer.' *HOBSON.*

O Thou! the helpless Orphan's hope,
To whom alone my eye look up
In each distressing day;
Father, for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame,
Instruct this heart to pray.
Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh;
But thine to mark my woes;
No hand to wipe away my tears,
No gentle voice to hush my fears,
Remain to me below.
And if thy wisdom should decree,
An early Sepulchre for me,
Father! thy will be done.
On thy dear mercy I rely
And if I live or if I die,
Oh leave me not alone.

Airs—Solos—Recitatives and Choruses from the 1st part of the CREATION.
An Oratorio by JOSEPH HAYDN.

PART 2.

Voluntary.

Grand Double. 'Now the work of man's Hallelujah Chorus' *redemption.* *BETHEOVEN.*

Air Recitative. *INTERCESSION,* an Oratorio, and Chorus. *by M. P. KING.*

Air. 'Angels ever bright and fair.' *HANDEL.*

Solo & Chorus. 'Sound an alarm.' *HANDEL.*

Duett. 'All things fair and bright are thine.'

Chorus. 'Glory be to God on high.' *MOZART.*

Trio, Chorus. 'We sing his love,' with brilliant Bugle, Trombone, &c. accompaniments. *DIXON.*

Duett, Recitative. 'Hear my prayer.' *KENT.*

Solo and Chorus. 'Arm, arm, ye brave!' *HANDEL.*

Grand Hallelujah. 'Hallelujah for the Handel Chorus.' *by HANDEL.*

'Lord God omnipotent reigneth' *Messiah.*

To commence precisely at 1-4 past 6.

Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. OSTINELLI. Mr. COOPER, the President, will preside at the Organ.

The assistance from the out of town members will be such as to give confidence that this Oratorio will not be second to any given in this State.

Tickets at 25 cents each. Per order, WM. F. LAWRENCE, Sec.

Tickets may be had at the store of WM. F. Lawrence, Market st. Also at Locke & Robinson's, and at the door on the evening of performance.

Pamphlets containing the Exercises and words to sing may be seen as above, and at the Bookstores.

Meeting for Rehearsal this evening, when the members will receive their tickets. Jan. 7.

German Flute Tuition.

THE subscriber would respectfully acquaint those young gentlemen who are desirous of learning to play the Flute in a *correct and proper style*,—that they can avail themselves of an opportunity, by attending his school, which will commence the first of April.

THOS. P. MOSES.

A paper for the reception of the names, is at the shop of Mr. Daniel Ham, (Watch maker) Congress-st. March 25th, 1834.

NE16AS

25 March
1834

GERMAN FLUTE TUITION.

The subscriber would respectfully acquaint those young gentlemen who are desirous of learning to play the Flute in a **CORRECT & PROPER style**, that they can avail themselves of an opportunity by attending his school, which will commence the first of April.

THOMAS. P. MOSES.

A paper for the reception of the names, is at the shop of Mr. DANIEL HAM (watch maker,) Congress Street. March 22d, 1834.

PJ
29 March '34

Flute Tuition,

ON THE PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM.

THOMAS P. MOSES would respectfully acquaint the young gentlemen who have a desire to play the Flute, that he intends for the future, to instruct on the *PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM*, and would remark, that if the scholars will bring with them an *ear*, combined with a *little* natural genius, he will *warrant* them a just reward for their trouble.

A class for beginners will commence at his house in Chapel-street, on the 12th inst.

Terms—\$5.00 per Quarter of 26 lessons—*evenings.*

N. B.—Four or five gentlemen in addition, can be admitted to his advanced Class, which has now commenced.

Feb. 3.

Land for Sale

FLUTE TUITION,

ON THE PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM.

THOMAS P. MOSES would respectfully acquaint the young gentlemen who have a desire to play the Flute, that he intends for the future, to instruct on the Pestalozzian System, and would remark, that if the scholars will bring with them an *ear*, combined with a *little* natural genius, he will *warrant* them a just reward for their trouble.

A class for beginners will commence at his house in Chapel-Street, on the 12th inst.

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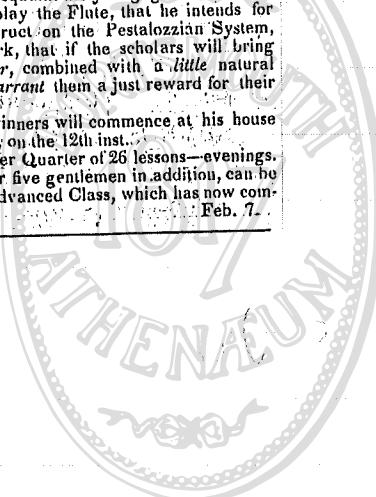
N. B.—Four or five gentlemen in addition, can be admitted to his advanced Class, which has now commenced.

Feb. 7.

NA 6 A 2

3 Feb 1835

PJ 14 Feb '35



Sacred Concert.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Organist of the Stone Church, respectfully announces to the citizens of Portsmouth, generally, his intention to give a **Sacred Concert** in said Church on Sunday evening, Sept. 27, 1835. For which occasion, several of the best performers in this town have kindly offered their assistance. For particulars, see small bills.

Tickets for admission, 25 cents, to be had at the door on the evening of performance. Sept. 22.

NH 62
22 Sept '35

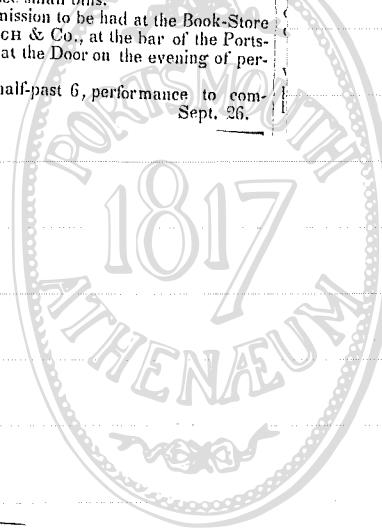
SACRED CONCERT.

THOMAS P. MOSES, *Organist* of the Stone Church, respectfully announces to the citizens of Portsmouth, generally, his intention to give a **SACRED CONCERT** in said Church on **SUNDAY** [Tomorrow] **EVENING**, Sept. 27, 1835. For which occasion, several of the best performers in this town have kindly offered their assistance.— For particulars, see small bills.

Tickets for admission to be had at the Book-Store of **NATH'L MARCH & CO.**, at the bar of the Portsmouth Hotel and at the Door on the evening of performance.

Doors open at half-past 6, performance to commence at 7. Sept. 26.

FJ
26 Sept 1835



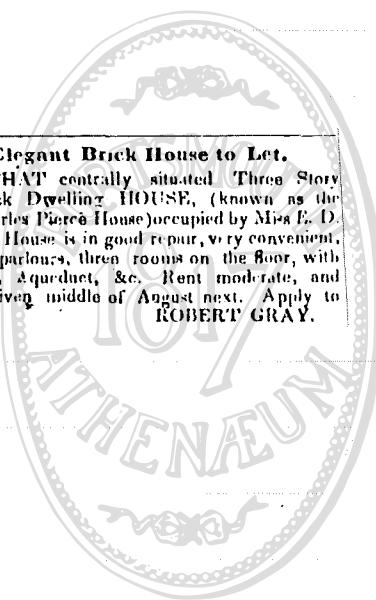
AS Nov 14, 1835

Mrs Louisa Times
"To the Clouds"
from the Amaranth

ORGAN, PIANO FORTE & FLUTE
THOMAS P. MOSES would respectfully announce his intention to give LESSONS on the above named instruments.
Persons who are desirous to play the Piano-Forte and have no instrument, can, if they please, receive Lessons in his Room in Chapel-Street, at convenient hours.
T. P. M. would also offer his services as TUNER of Piano-Fortes.
TERMS for Instruction on Organ and Piano-Forte.
\$10.00 pr. qr.
For Flute, (with suitable books included) 3.00 pr. qr.
He can be found at his residence in Chapel St., from 10 A. M. to 1 o'clock, P. M. July 26.

July 26, 1836

7
An Elegant Brick House to Let.
THAT centrally situated Three Story Brick Dwelling HOUSE, (known as the Charles Pierce House) occupied by Miss E. D. Hall. Said House is in good repair, very convenient, having two parlours, three rooms on the floor, with good Cellar, &c. Rent moderate, and possession given middle of August next. Apply to ROBERT GRAY.



CONCERT.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Organist at the Stone Church, respectfully announces to the public, his intention to give an entertainment of SACRED MUSIC at the Stone Church, on THURSDAY Evening next, (Oct. 13)—For selection of pieces, see small bills on the evening of performance.

Tickets 25 cts. to be had at the Bookstore of Messrs. STOLES & SON—and at the door on the evening of performance.

Doors open $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6—Exercises to commence at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock.

NH 6A2

11 Oct 1836

A CARD.

THOMAS P. MOSES, very grateful for past favor, has the honor to inform the inhabitants of Portsmouth generally, that he intends to repeat his CONCERT on THURSDAY Evening, Nov. 3. (it having been lately ascertained to be grossly immoral to pay twenty-five cents once a year or twice, for listening to the performance of *Sacred Music* Sundays.)

Notice will be given in due season, in what house an audience may be entertained. Tickets FREE.

N. B.—The *extremely refined* and very popular Airs of "Jim Crow" and "Jim Brown" will *not* be introduced on this occasion.—It is confidently believed that the house will be well filled, notwithstanding the determination not to introduce those well patronized and highly favorite Airs above named.

Oct. 18

NH 6A2

18 Oct 1836

CONCERT.—Mr. Moses will give a Concert of Sacred Music at the Stone Church to-morrow evening. Great care has been taken to secure the services of able performers, and it cannot fail to be highly interesting to all the lovers of harmony. Mr. Moses is doubly entitled to the patronage of the people of Portsmouth—he is not only an able performer, but is a *town born child*. These considerations we hope will induce the good citizens to turn out and give him a *bumper*.

NH 6A2

25 Oct 1836

*O give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.—*

H. K. White.

The Flute.

To those who have leisure hours—single gentlemen in particular.

The subscriber respectfully gives notice to such as would be pleased to form an acquaintance with the FLUTE, (a companion whose delightful influence will, when listened to, never fail to dissipate all unhallowed feelings, and fill the bosom with kind and lively emotions;) that he will take pleasure in imparting to them a correct taste in MUSIC, and a proper style of playing this instrument.

Terms \$5.00 for 24 Lessons.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Chapel-st.

Nov. 15.

Nov. 19, 1836.

SECRETARY.

*O give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I am sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.—*

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Terms \$5.00 for 24 Lessons.

Nov. 12. THOMAS P. MOSES, Chapel-st.

CUTTER'S HARDWARE, &c.

NH 6A2
22 Nov 1836

P Journal
12 Nov 36

ADAMS, aged 17, daughter of the late Ebenezer Adams, formerly of Barnstead, N. H.

CONCERT!!

MR. WILLIAMSON, has much pleasure in informing his friends and the citizens of Portsmouth, that having made arrangements to remain in town a short time longer, he will be enabled to comply with their wishes in offering a *CONCERT* of *VOCAL MUSIC*, at the *Lyceum*, on *TUESDAY*, 29th of *August*, when he will be assisted by *Messrs. GORDON & MOSES*, Professors of Music, and several Gentlemen Amateurs, who have in the handsomest manner proffered their services for the occasion.

Mr. Gordon will preside at the *Piano-Forte*.

PART 1.

GLEE. — *Canadian Boat Song*. Messrs. Williamson and Amateurs. *T. Moore*.

BALLAD. — Mr. Williamson. "The Rose of Allendale." *Nelson*.

DUETT. — Two Flutes. Messrs. Moses & Clark. Subject—*Overture to Marriage of Figaro*. *Moz.*

NEW-SONG. — Mr. Williamson. "I've gazed on Beauty's Brew." Composed expressly for him by *T. Comer*.

SOLO FLUTE. — Mr. Moses. Subject—"As I view now those scenes." As sung by Mr. Brough, in the Opera "La Sonnambula." *Bellini*.

NEW-SONG. — Mr. Williamson. "Hope the Sailor's Anchor." *Nelson*.

GLEE. — Mr. Williamson & Amateurs. "Merrily, Merrily, goes the bark." *Willis*.

PART 2.

GLEE — (By request) Mr. Williamson & Amateurs. "Flora's Wreath." *Matzingerhi*.

BALLAD. — (By request) Mr. Williamson. "Oft in the Still Night." *Sir J. Stevenson*.

DUETT. — Two Flutes. Messrs. Moses & Clark. Sub.—*Overt. to Caliph of Bagdad*. *Boieldieu*.

NEW NAUTICAL SONG. — Mr. Williamson. "A Yankee Ship, and a Yankee Crew." Arranged by *T. Comer*.

GLEE — Mr. Williamson & Amateurs. *Song.* — "The toast be dear Women." Mr. Williamson. *Rodwell*.

Solo. — Flute. Mr. Moses. "O'Dolce concerto," with variations. *Mozart*.

FINALE. — "Marseilles Hymn." Mr. Williamson & Amateurs. *DeLisle*.

Performance to commence at 7 1/2 o'clock precisely. Prices of admission,—Boxes 50 cents, Pit 25 cents.

Tickets to be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Foster, and March, Mr. Clark's Jewelry Store, Rockingham House, Eastern Stage House, of Mr. Williamson, at the Mansion House, and at the door on the evening of the Concert.

[ Families wishing to secure Seats, can do so by applying at March & Co's Bookstore where a plan of the boxes is left for that purpose.

Amusements, &c. — Mr. WILLIAMSON will give a Concert at the Lyceum Hall, this Evening. He has the reputation of being a first rate vocalist, and has been greatly admired, both in this country and in England, for the richness and melody of his voice.— Being well known to many of our townsmen, a particular and extended notice of him will hardly be necessary to establish him in their good opinion.— He will be assisted by professors GORDON and MOSES, and several amateurs. The bill is excellent, and offers a pleasing variety. [See advertisement in another column.] The knowing ones prophecy "a good house."

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6 A.M. 29 Aug 1837

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CONCERT!!

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Full particulars in the course of the week, Aug. 22.

CONCERT AT THE LYCEUM.

The lovers and patrons of music will have an opportunity this evening of enjoying a rich repast.— Mr. Williamson's reputation as a distinguished performer, has long been acknowledged. We have known him in the various departments, and what is very remarkable, he excels in all. In the church, or in the *Lyceum*, his taste is felt and admired.

A.

N H 6 A.M. 29 Aug 1837

N H 6 A.M. 5 Sept 1837

A correspondent says the Concert given by Mr. Williamson, on Tuesday night last, was "fully and fashionably attended. The whole arrangement was in exceeding good taste, and our [his] highest hopes were fully realized."

The following are the names of the performers.

June 16.

Tray, N. Y.

INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.—

THOMAS P. MOSES, Teacher of Music, at his Room, No. 4 Exchange Buildings, up stairs, will give lessons in the theory of the Piano-Forte, Flute, Violin, Double-Bass, Clarionet and Bugle.

Scholars, if they wish, may receive lessons privately at almost any hour to suit their own convenience.

T. P. M. will also attend to the tuning and repairing of Musical Instruments. Extra Keys properly added to Flutes.

On application to him at his Music Room, at any moment from ten to twelve o'clock, A. M., further particulars will be made known.

June 16.

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PJ June 16, 1838

Instruction in Music.

THOMAS P. MOSES,

TEACHER of Music, at his Room, No. 4. Exchange Buildings, up stairs, will give lessons in the theory of the Piano-Forte, Flute, Violin, Double Bass, Clarionet and Bugle.

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T. P. M. will also attend to the tuning and repairing of Musical Instruments. Extra Keys properly added to Flutes.

On application to him at his Music Room, at any moment from ten to twelve o'clock, A. M., further particulars will be made known.

June 19.

P3

NA 62

19 June
1838

By Mr Thomas P. Moses's advertisement in another column it will be seen that he proposes giving lessons in music. Mr. M. is a deserving man; being anxious to his profession and worthy a generous support.

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Musical Academy.

THOMAS P. MOSES, at his
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

No. 4 Exchange Buildings, up stairs,
is prepared to give his attention to those of the musical
community who may be pleased to favor him with their
patronage.

Beginners on the FLUTE who do not wish to purchase
expensive instruments can be supplied with new and
good flutes for the sum of \$2.50 each. Advanced
Flutists in this place by availing themselves of this oppor-
tunity for practice, might derive essential aid.

Terms of tuition for a course of twenty six lessons,
\$4.00.

Private lessons given on the ORGAN, PIANO PORTÉ,
FLUTE, CLARINETT, BUGLE, &c.

MR. T. P. M. having been solicited to give instruction
in SINGING begs leave to say, that a class of thirty
advanced in singing can be accommodated two evenings
each week at his Academy for the improvement of
Church Music.

Terms per quarter \$2.00.

PIANO FORTE'S TUNED,

Nov 20

PJ 20 Nov 38



1839-4

Portsmouth Sacred Music Soc.

Established March 25, 1839. Incorporated June, 1839.

President. Elisha C. Crane.

Vice President. John Christie.

Sec. & Treas. John Stavers.

Directors.—Daniel Knight, John L. Hayes, Gideon

W. Walker, John Knowlton, Thomas P. Moses.

Object.—To raise the character of Sacred Music
in the town &c. This society are making efforts to
purchase an organ.



THE CAMENEUM.—The newly arranged and elegant hall of the Portsmouth Sacred Music Society, was opened on Friday evening of last week, with interesting and appropriate exercises.

The Address on the occasion was by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, who gave, in his usual eloquent manner, a concise history of music, exhibiting its various relations to the literature, the manners and the religion of various ages and nations: he showed the mutual benefits resulting to the Church from Music, and to Music from the Church, together with their corresponding obligations to foster each other; and made some very happy allusions to the fact that literature, science and refinement were in *that room* to receive aid from the beautiful and fine toned organ there erected, and from the Society for whose accommodation especially the room had been re-edified.

In this connexion he announced the name, which stands at the head of this article, as an appropriate designation for the Hall in which the audience was assembled. It is a new word, as it ought to be, for it means a new thing, and is legitimately derived from two Greek words, signifying the Home of the Arts and the Muses.

The name was promptly adopted by the Society before the services closed. Its propriety will be clearly seen when it is considered, that the room is to be used not merely for musical purposes, but also for the Lyceum, whose lectures have been held there hitherto, and for which it is vastly better calculated now than ever before. Indeed it is admirably adapted to accommodate a select and fashionable audience of five or six hundred persons, for lectures or literary exhibitions of any description, and is far better calculated for this purpose than any other building we have ever had.

The organ, in its exterior finish and proportions, is admirably well adapted to the interior of the house; presenting to the spectator a most agreeable picture,—and is a fine instrument in tone and power,—reflecting great credit on its builders, Messrs. Barton, Cobb and Norwood of this place. It was particularly described in this paper a few months since, when it was in the process of building. It is very favorably exhibited by the skilful organist of the Society, Mr. Moses.

The Ode, written by Mrs. Barnes, and published on our first page to day, was performed by the Society with fine effect, in chaste, appropriate music, and the whole services were such as to give present pleasure, combined with the best promise for the future.

It is ardently to be desired, as is confidently hoped, that our "Cameneum," the Home of the Arts and Muses, may continue to be the place of most fashionable resort; and exert, upon sacred music, upon literature and science, upon social, moral, and religious improvement, the most extensive and salutary influence.

The following is from a correspondent:

From this ancient temple stood, thru' many a changing day,
While those, who at its altar bowed, long since have passed
away.
'Twas here they met to worship God—to supplicate his grace—
To listen to his holy word—united sing his praise.—
'Twas here they brought their infant race to dedicate to him—
Here they receiv'd the bread and wine—the "emblems of the
Lamb."
But as the "course of time" roll'd on, more stately faces ap-
peared,
And worshippers forsook the hall their pious fathers rear'd;
And then "a change came o'er the scene" when with surprising

PJ 27 June
1839

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But as the "course of time" roll'd on, more stately faces ap-
peared,
And worshippers forsook the hall their pious fathers rear'd;
And then "a change came o'er the scene" when with surprising
The opening chrysalis displayed the gorgeous actors' part.
Short as the insects' summer reign, and those who trod the stage
Gave place to science, and the arts, and learning's varied page.
And still another change has come to dedicate we meet,
Re-edified "Cameneum," to music, sacred—sweet.—
The pealing organ now is heard, with voices full and clear,
Rising in "spirit stirring tones" upon the evening air.—
Again the concurring prayer rises within this dome,
And science, taste and sacred love, seal this "The Muses' Home."

PORTSMOUTH ORGAN FACTORY.—For the first time the present week we stepped into the new establishment of Messrs. Barton, Cobb & Norwood, 25 Pleasant-street. These gentlemen, who are the makers of the organ in the Middle-street Church, commenced their operations here three or four months since, and have evidenced their skill in their profession by the production of several fine toned Pianos and Parlour Organs. They are at present engaged on a large Organ for the *Portsmouth Sacred Music Society*. It is on a more extensive scale than any Organ now in Portsmouth. It is 17 feet high, 10 1-2 feet in front, and 10 feet deep. It has 15 stops. It has about 900 pipes—the smallest three-fourths of an inch,—the largest 16 feet long and about 6 feet in circumference.—Twenty of the pipes are sub bass. The Organ will be completed in about four months.

This manufactory is the first establishment of the kind that has been attempted in Portsmouth, and as the enterprising and industrious young men who have commenced it appear to be in every respect deserving the public patronage, we hope those who are in want of such musical instruments as they make, will have patriotism enough at least to inquire at home, before they send abroad.

The *Portsmouth Sacred Music Society*, for which the above Organ is preparing, is composed of about forty members. They are an association of the best singers in Portsmouth, from the choirs of the different societies. While by their union they are perfecting themselves in the performance of one of the most rational, elevating exercises that men can be engaged in, and preparing themselves as a body to stand forth on all public occasions as an honor to our town,—they at the same time are raising the standard of Sacred Music in the respective societies to which they belong. We understand their first public concert will be given on Christmas Evening, at the Middle-street church.

PJ 7 Dec 1839

*Port Sacred Mus So
Concert*

THE CAMENEUM.

On our first page is a communication from a correspondent on the opening of this new edifice. We advert to it to correct one or two errors. Where the word "Hall" occurs in two or three instances after the *Cameneum*, it should be omitted. In the signature, the *a* should be an *o*.

As the name of the edifice is a novel one, and has occasioned some remarks, we have requested of the President of the Portsmouth Sacred Music Society a copy of a paper prepared for their records, showing the derivation of the word, &c. The appropriateness of the name will be at once apparent.

THE CAMENEUM.—A account of this newly coined word, which has recently been applied to the building, now owned by your Society, may perhaps be considered, as a matter of little moment; but, as the name has been adopted, it may be well to explain its literal meaning, and to state on what principle, it has been formed. The authorities connected with it, show it to be appropriate to the use, to which it has been applied.

It is formed from *Cameræ*, an appellation, which signifies *songs*, and was given, in ancient Mythology, to the Muses, because it was their principal occupation to celebrate in song the actions of their gods and heroes. Plutarch, in his life of Numa, mentions the *Cameræ* of Latium, and says that they are supposed to have shown the sacred fountain to the Vestals—Bryant, in his Annals of Ancient Mythology, vol. 1, page 64, says, that they were the original priestesses, whose business it was to fetch water for illustrations from that stream; for *Caelestis Aria*, he adds, is the fountain of the Sun. The *Cameræ* were named from their attendance on that duty. The hymns in the temple of this god were sung by their women; and hence the *Cameræ* were made Presidents of the muses.

Cameræ, says the Encyclopedia Americana, is synonymous with *Carmenæ*, a propheteas, whose oldest colony, that settled in Latium, under Evander, brought with them out of Arcadia: therefore tradition calls her mother. Others mention two *Carmenæ*, as looking into the past and future, as the goddesses of fate. Numa consecrated to them a fountain and a grove; and, from this circumstance, they became confounded with the Muses. According to Dr. Rees, the Muses were deemed the goddesses of the arts, the first presidents of music and poetry, and the mistresses of the liberal sciences. They originated in Pieria in Thrace, were worshipped from Greece in Italy, and were called by the Romans *Cameræ*, from the latin word *cantus*, to sing. We find that Martial, Virgil, and Horace, apply this word to the Muses. Lemprière says, *Cameræ* was a name, given to them, from the sweetness and melody of their song, and is derived from the Latin words, "Cantus amæno." According to Varro, De. L. Lib. 5, cap 7, the word is derived from *carmen*, a song.

With regard to the orthography of the word, we find the following note on the 59th line of the third Eclogue of the Edition of Virgil, in usum Delphini: "Unde errant, qui scribunt *Camæna*, et deducunt a *cantu amæno*." They are therefore wrong, who write the word, *camæna*, instead of *camæna*; as it is derived not from "cantus amæno", but from *carmine*.—Ainsworth writes the word *Camæna*. There has been a diversity of opinion and practice, relative to the correct spelling of foreign words, having in them the diphthong *æ*. After they have been introduced into our language, the reasoning and authority of Dr. Johnson, in this particular, are entitled to our respect and observance. He says, that the diphthong, *æ*, which is of very frequent use in the Latin language, seems not properly to have any place in the English; since the *æ* of the Saxons has been long out of use, being changed to *e* simple; to which, in words frequently occurring, the *æ* of the Romans is in the same manner altered, as in *equator*, *equinoctial* and even *Eneus*. Usage has generally sanctioned this opinion. It would be thought ignorance, or affectation to spell in the following manner: *Egypt*, *Ethiopia*, *enigma*, *Lyceum*. Sustained therefore by the authority of Johnson and general usage, we would use the simple *e*, and not the diphthong *æ*, in English words. Hence *Athenæum* and *Cameneum*, would seem to be the most correct spelling of the names. The accentuation of each of them should always be on the third syllable, as *Athenæum* and *Cameneum*.

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From the above statements we see that *cameneum* is a term, synonymous with *museum*. As the residence of the Muses in that part of the royal palace in Alexandria, which Ptolemy Philadelphus assigned for his library, was called *Museum*, it would seem perfectly analogous and proper, to apply the same termination, *um*, to *Cameneum*, and, altering the diphthong to a simple *e*, make *Cameneum* to designate the residence of the muses. The word *museum* has been perverted from its original and proper use: and therefore it is desirable, that *Cameneum*, as a classically formed, comprehensive, expressive, and euphonious word, should be employed as its substitute, to mean exclusively the seat of the muses. Hence it is a strictly proper word to be applied to the building, where are to be held the *Concerts* of the Portsmouth Sacred Music Society and the lectures of the *Lyceum*,—where are to be happily combined the labors and delights of *Cadmus* and *Harmonia*.

PT July 11, 1840

TJ

Jan 8, 1841

VARIETIES.

For the *Portsmouth Journal*.

THE MURDERER IN HIS CELL.

Phantoms of ebon wing, away—
Taunt me no more, ye fiends of flaming eye—
Hence—leave me but one hour in peace—leave me.
I awake—the dream is past—'tis all too late,—
With me 'tis finished—I am lost,
Irreparably lost!—Why then reflect—
Can water sprinkled on the parched earth
Be gathered up!—old age return to youth!—
Ripe fruit to green!—Then why reflect?—
But yet a brute may think,—shall *man* do less?—
O, come *Remorse*, with sting relentless, come—
Probe deep—and deeper still, this stricken heart,—
Plunge home, spare not the recreant slave
Who would not heed a mother's love,
A father's counsel,—friends advice; spare not,—
'Tis meet, I quaff thus deep from bitter cup,
But e'er within this arm of murderous nerve,
The burning pulse shall cease to throb, my heart
Must breathe its lone, last, burning lay.
This aching brow, and haggard form,—
A wreck exposed to blasting storm,
Was wont the sinews of peace to wear—
Nor dreamed of fountering in despair.
A favored child, with parents dear,
Where *Affluence* her temples rear,
I tuned my earliest notes of joy,—
My mother's pride—happy boy.
Amid the bowers of classic lore,
Where gems are found, of valued store,
Have I, with studious eye reclined
To shape and beautify the mind.
Pictures of light, and life, were there—
Shaded with skill and beauty rare,
By spirits, soaring now above—
Yet I disdain'd their pens of love.
Bright summer wreaths hung graceful round,—
And *music's* captivating sound
Upon the fragrant evening air,
Was wont to linger sweetly there.
But ah! those scenes—where are they now?
And where those lips that pressed this brow!—
My mother, father, sister dear,
And brother—oh! would they were here.
No, no—I would not have them here—
From kindred eye shall gush no tear;
And none shall sigh for guilt of mine;
Unpitied, here will I repine.
I would not list to warning voice,
But made the 'ruby wine' my choice;
I quaff'd from cup that seal'd my doom!—
From stream which leads to charnel tomb.
With smiling eye and costly sheen,
When all seem'd beauteous and serene,
The *tempter* came, and promis'd bliss—
I did embrace—'twas fatal kiss.
Now, here, these dreary walls within,
I'm shut from light, for loudest sin.—
A murderer!—and my gloomy fate,
In keenest agony I wait.
My wandering spirit backward flies,
And views the past with racking sighs;—
Oh! that I could return again,
To hours my bosom wore no stain:
I'd shun the sparkling, *fatal* bowl,
Where adders lurk to sting the soul;
Would woo fair *Virtue*, drink her breath,
Nor cease to love her, e'en till death.

T.

THE LOTUS.

*Written for the Concert of Portsmouth Sacred Music Society
Jan. 8, 1841*

Words by Miss Louisa Simes—Music by Thos. P. Moses.

*[At the approach of a storm the Egyptian Lotus
is said to hide beneath the wave.]*

There is a flower that lifts its head
Above the wave when sunbeams smile ;
But when the tempest's wail is heard,
It quivers like a wounded bird,
And lays its timid head to rest
Beneath the billow's sheltering breast.

Father—our souls are like that flower,
Too prone the smiles of earth to wear—
Thy voice of love awakes the storm,
Our fondest hopes are overthrown,
And as the Lotus to the sea
We bend, confiding all to Thee.

That flower when the blast is spent
Will lift its tear-bathed head again—
And we, who wounded spirits bear
In meekness, till life's storms are o'er,
Shall rise the brighter from our woe,
A Father's sweetest smile to know !

PJ Jan 8 '41



THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1841.

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

A recent anniversary is an ever to be remembered
For more than three score years its hallowed
not unfrequently been desecrated, by the
'elry of the bacchans, and the shrine of
"Liberty been surrounded by a host
'he influence of the inebriating cup.
to instil pure patriotic and de-
ss gratitude for the mercies of
ce which has exalted our
a high destiny among the
no frequently devoted to
of personal slavery,

in New-England,
nd the number
Temperature

by com-
terest-
ever

by

The following Ode, by Mr. T. P. Moses, was sung

All hail, all hail, ye soldiers bold,
Who've lain the *hydra* monster low;
Plunge the keen spear, nor lose your hold
Till his last fiendish blood shall flow.

Strike *deep*—the tyrant feels your power—
The thousand-headed dragon's down;
Strike *all*—for now's the auspicious hour—
See how he writhes with demon frown.

Daughters of freed Columbia, rise!
And with your sires and brothers dear,
Loud psalms raise o'er to the skies,—
A day of Jubilee is here.

Rejoice!—the mother's found her son,
Long lost in *Bacchus'* darksome bower;
The wife her husband's smile hath won—
For now he scorns the wine cup's power.

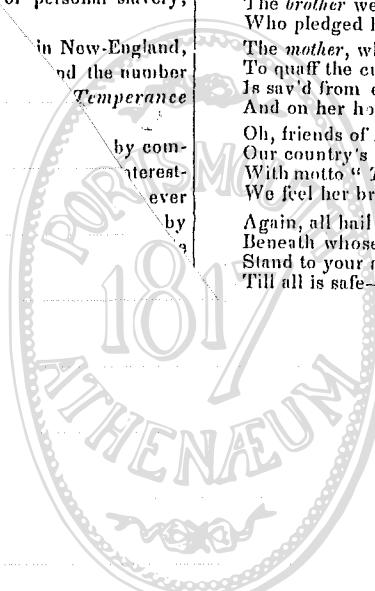
The father is a father now,
Since he has quit the treacherous bowl;—
The brother wears a placid brow,
Who pledged his name, and saved his soul.

The mother, who forsook her child,
To quaff the cup of liquid blaze,
Is sav'd from error's thorny wild,
And on her home can fondly gaze.

Oh, friends of Man, of Heaven, rejoice!
Our country's flag unfurl to-day,
With motto "*Temperance*," Wisdom's choice,
We feel her bright and cheering ray.

Again, all hail ye soldiers bold,
Beneath whose power the monster's chained;
Stand to your arms, nor yield your hold
Till all is safe—the victory gain'd!

Small wood by



PORTSMOUTH WASHINGTONIAN

Uncol

VOL. I.

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 } SAMUEL E. COUES,
 } JOHN L. HAYES.

P

THE ENEMY MUST YIELD.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS P. MOSES,
And Dedicated to the W. T. A. Society.

Daylight is breaking o'er the plain—

Our flag stirs with the moon ;—

Sentry—what of the bye-past night—

Heard you the distant horn ;

It is the foe, now rallying

In yonder everglade,

His banner dare not float above

The ambush where he's laid.

The stirring drum howe'er must wake

The drowsy of our camp ;

'Twere well to watch the lurking foe,

Of devastating tramp,

Daylight is beaming o'er the hills,

Soldiers awake, arise ;

Look to the South, and East, and West,—

Each point your glory lies.

Let us pursue the haughty King,

Nor dread his clash of spear ;—

Nerved be each arm—and resolute

Each heart to banish fear.

Up, up in column firm and bold,

And with the martial lay

Let every foot press eager on

In this propitious day.

Full long 'King Alcohol' has prowld

With desolating sway,

Through city, town, and village bower—

And dared the ocean spray.

This proud usurper still is wont

To boast an army strong ;

Shall we, who've pledged to lay him low,

List weekly to his song ?

No!—be it known through earth's domains,

That the 'Cold Water Band'

Have vow'd no quarter, and will hunt

Their foe, from land to land.

Aye, more—they're pledged to smite to

dust

The King and all his host ;

And, if to conquer, they should fail—

With fire, steel, at their post—

Portsmouth, Dec. 1841.

Up to King Alcohol

, DECEMBER 23, 1841.

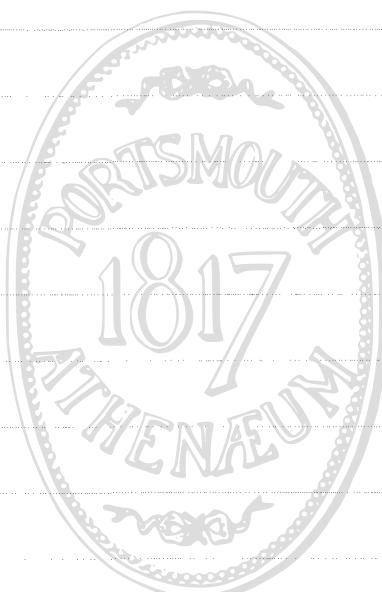
SACRED CONCERT.

THE PORTSMOUTH SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY propose this season to give only a small number of CONCERTS; and to enlist in their performance, not only their own entire strength, but also the most efficient and powerful aid from abroad.

In pursuance of this plan they announce that they have made an engagement with Mr. COLEBURN, a well known and justly celebrated vocalist of Boston, who will aid them in their *First Concert of Sacred Music*, which is to take place on THURSDAY evening, Jan 8, 1842, at the Atheneum.

Jan 8

PS
Jan. 8 1842



THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1845.

For the Journal.

THE DEPARTED.

Dark was the moment when the message came
That she was dying. Sad, and sick at heart,
With hurried step I moved on eager way
To press the hand and kiss the faded cheek,
And hear the plaintive voice of her so dear.
I bent me o'er the calm and patient one,
And heard with tearful eye her faint'ring tones,—
A prayer burned on her lips for all she loved.
Reluctant, those around her restless couch
To view advancing death. *Hope* lingered there
And loving hearts hung long upon her wing.
The chosen of her youth, a husband, kind,
To soothe her fever'd brow, stood at her side
And breathed to heaven a prayer that she might live,
Yet, "not his will, but God's on high, be done."
Fond parents, sisters, brothers, children, friends,
Were near, and each in turn, with heartfelt love,
To save her, strove 'gainst death's remorseless grasp,
But all in vain,—his giant arm prevailed—
She felt his ruthless touch, nor murmur raised,
Gazed on her children dear—call'd one by one
To hear the counsel of a dying friend—
Looked on the troubled ones around her bed
And thus: Why weep ye friends ! I fear not death,
Oh, give me up to rest in Jesus' arms !
Come, sing to me, for I depart in peace—
Bring me sweet strains of music, bring me flowers,
For heaven is bright'ning in my view, I hear
The harps of gold, by seraph's fingers touched ;
I see the living green, and fadeless bowers—
Once more that strain " wast me away," 'tis sweet
E'en though my pulse grows faint, and fainter still.
And I enjoy these flowers sent to me now ;
They speak of God, " sweet flowers of Paradise,"
They speak of friends who know they *too* must die,
They speak of heaven. Oh ! beautiful, bright flowers,
And music, how they come to glad my heart
As I go hence to glorious home.

A moment more—
One last, fond look, and whisper, "bless you all,"

And the bright spirit wing'd its way to heaven.
She sleeps, and we must sigh in vain,
No eye will mark her coming more ;
The 'maciate form among the stain,
Lies still and cold on clayey floor.
They sleep—both mother and her own,
Her infant one, upon her arm ;
And kindred may not cease to moan,
E'en though the lov'd are free from harm.
Her voice seems floating on the air,
Saying, weep not dear friends for me ;
Away your grief and blighting care,
I live—still live ! from sorrow free.
'Tis beautiful—reviving too,
To think the lost we'll meet again
In sunny land, where all is true,—
Where love and joy eternal reign.

Portsmouth, March, 1845.

ALPHONZO.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

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For heaven is bright'ning in my view, I hear
The harps of gold, by seraph's fingers touched ;
I see the living green, and fadeless bowers—
Oh ! it is Heaven I see ! let me depart—
Yet, sing with me while on my throbbing brow
Death's shade is gath'ring fast. My husband, sing,
And sisters, brothers, join, 'twill soothe my pain.
Yes, "Jesus is my Crown of hope," sing on—
Once more that strain " wast me away," 'tis sweet
E'en though my pulse grows faint, and fainter still.

And I enjoy these flowers sent to me now ;
They speak of God, " sweet flowers of Paradise,"
They speak of friends who know they *too* must die,
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Portsmouth, March, 1845.

ALPHONZO.

Jan 20, 1842

PORTSMOUTH WASHINGTONIAN.

[We this day present to our readers, an original Temperance Poem, built on the position that the great waste of bread corn in England, to make beer, ale and porter, is a prime cause of the misery and starvation there.

It contains also this further thought, that the intemperance and luxury of the nobility and gentry, as well as the intemperance of the poor sufferers, swells the tide of misery.

The philanthropy of true Washingtonians is not confined to one shore of the Atlantic—but wishes well to all mankind.]

ENGLAND'S TROUBLE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS F. MOSES.

The chill winds come with wailing sad,
From England's crowded shore,
Where Hunger's driving millions mad,
And threatening crimson gore,
By day, by night, the startling cry,
Of 'Bread or Blood,' is heard,
And desperate millions vow to die,
E'er they retract a word.

The hapless sons of Penury,
And sisters of distress,
Emerging from life's turbid sea
Are gathering for redress,
Redress for smarts they've borne full long,
'Neath bloated tyrants' rod ;
The rod that menaces the throng
Now starving and unshod.

The care-worn matron in her cot,
Pours out a burning prayer ;
Oh, England's Queen, forget us not,—
Save, save us from despair.
And hungry children cry for bread—
But ah! they plead in vain ;
The rich, to costly gems, are wed,
And heed no poor man's pain.
But hark!—the heavy tramp is nigh,
Of armies seeking food ;
They come with lightning in each eye
Demanding *bread or blood*.
And quivering lips, and faces pale
Are wont to shrink away ;—
And lords and princes hear the wail,
Foreboding wild dismay.

A storm is gathering, which, e'er long
Must sweep through England's bowers;
Upton by Hunger's desperate throng
Will be her brightest flowers.
Oh, what shall stay the dreadful doom,
Just ready to pour out,
Upon a nation fraught with gloom,—
Her safety, what restore ?

Let fall the axe, deep to the root
Of that high-towering tree,
Whose every trunk, and branch, and shoot,
Is black as ebony,
That smoking 'hades,' where is roll'd
Into a *deadly pill*,—
Cargoes of bread, which ought be sold,
The hungry mouth to fill.

Hew down the foul Distillery,
And cease 't import the fire.
That burns the breath of Liberty,
And kills the child and sire,
Those cargoes of the 'staff of life,'
Dispense among the poor,
Nor change the *wheat* to liquid strife,
And Heaven will frown no more.

*The drunkard's grave.

(3)

(2)

The warm philanthropist is up
To strike for Britain's poor ;
But aims no blow at that *fell cup*,
Whose draught defiles each door.
Stern pens of fire, day after day,
Are marking England's wrong ;
And faint would Penury's current stay,
But they *mistake the song*.

Who does not see the fatal rock,
'Gainst which, the mighty ship
Old England, feels so keen a shock ;—
Its name is on our lip.
It is *Intemperance* that wakes,
The knell of *poverty* ;
'Tis this that showers in dismal flakes
The source of misery.

Gaze on her army vast, and long
Of victim's to the *bowl* ;—
We count a *hundred thousand strong*
That yearly find their goal*
Shame on proud Britain's titled sons,
So dead to *wisdom's call* ;
Better, ye speaking, thundering guns,
Wage war with *Alcohol*.

England awake! and save thy throne
Which trembles but to fall ;
The ancient Chinese, leave alone
Nor bid them chew thy *gall*.
Look well at home ; and deign to learn,
One truth—one startling *cause*,
Why, thousands dare presume to spurn
Your treaties, and your laws.

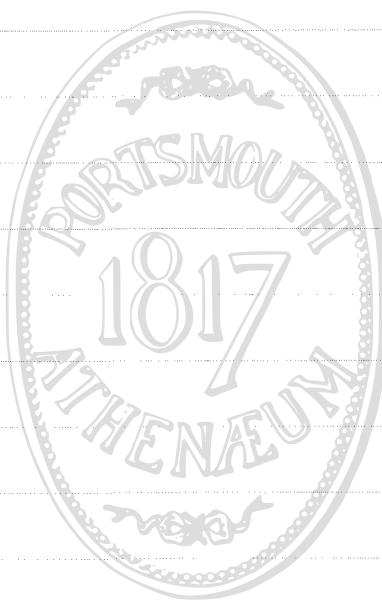
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CONCERT
AND LECTURE ON MUSIC.
THOS. P. MOSES has the honor to in-
form his friends and the friends of music, that a mi-
cellaneous CONCERT, for his benefit, will be given under
his direction at the ATHENAEUM, on TUESDAY evening,
April 12, 1842. Several ladies and gentlemen have per-
tly proffered their valuable aid for the occasion. In con-
nection with the Concert, Mr. Moses will pronounce an
ADDRESS on Music.
Particulars in future papers.

April 2

RJ Apr 2, 1842

1842



PJ June 4th 1842

For beauty and simplicity, the ~~sublime~~ breathed
forth in the following, rarely exceeded.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

SUMMER'S RETURN.

She comes all adorned with bright odorous roses,
And wears a sweet smile that enlivens the heart;
She comes from a clime where the jasmine reposes,
Where the spicebreathing zephyr no'er sigh to depart.

She comes like a maiden of exquisite beauty,
And breathes in our pathway her soul-stirring song;
Oh, why do we slumber while summon'd to duty?
Why choose we the din of the city's rude throng?

Listen, list to the music, as sweetly 'tis falling,
On every soft zephyr it floats to our ear;
The birds of bright plume to each other are calling,
And all is delightfuL for Summer is here!

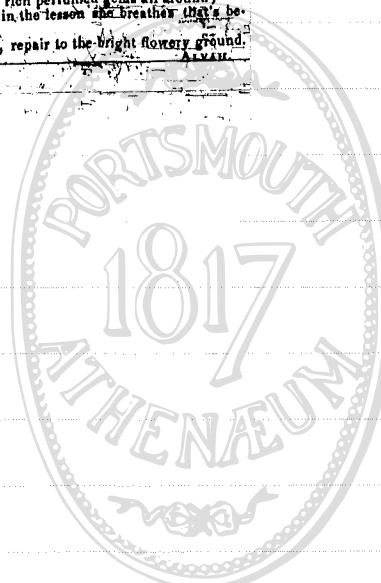
The fields at her touch are bespangled with flowers,
And mountains and valleys rejoice at her call;
Oh! who cannot find in the cool, blossom'd bower,
A charm never met with in fashion's gay hall?

The Summer is here—quite as youthful as ever,
For none cannot furnish her fair, sunny brow;
But she who has wings!—and will hasten to sever!
And yet, she would stay, did the clime but allow.

Then away to the woods while gay nature is smiling,
And tossing her rich perfumed gems all around;
There's nought in the lesson she breathes that's be-
giling;—Oh! come then, repair to the bright flowery ground.

—Ava.

Alvah



VARIETIES.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

PREJUDICE.

Fire, famine, and the reeking sword
That sweep with dismal moan and blasting sway
O'er earth and sea, come not in tones so harsh,
So keen and terrible to greet my ear
As that ungracious, drear, and chilling sound
That speaks the blighting name of *Prejudice*.
Ah, how this prowling fiend is wont to grin,
And toss his haughty head when he beholds
Upon life's ocean tossed, the thousand wrecks,
Made by his cruel blast.—How many fall—
Alas! too soon, to rise no more!
How many worthy hearts have felt full deep
The cold, relentless thrust of *Prejudice*—
And pined away beneath the tyrant's power,
The hapless children of a frowning world—
Unknown, unsung, unwept!

Shame on thy foul and adamantine heart,
And scorned be him who pleads thy vicious part,
Thou *heartless* master, 'neath whose pliant rod
So many bend the knee, and yield a nod!

Why do we bow to thy behest;
Dark image of malignant breast?

Thou creepest like a serpent to beguile,
And willing hearts quaff down thy treacherous smile;
And oh! who feel thy cold and blighting breath,
As well might sleep in the embrace of death!

For life's a wilderness of pain,

Where *Prejudice* is wont to reign.

How shall we find reward for noble deed,
If surly *Prejudice* be not agreed?—
What skilful hand can bid the slumbering lyre
Awake, and breathe with all its wonted fire,
When this rude personage is nigh,
Detractor, of a jealous eye?

Oh, come not near me with thy traitor kiss,
I hate thy visage, green-eyed *Prejudice*;
Headlong adown the cliff of deep despair
I'd hurl thee, heedless of thy struggling prayer:—

For earth is tainted with thy breath

Thou pale-faced fiend of woe and death.

Portsmouth, June 28, 1842.

ALVAN.

PJ July 6, 1842

Alvan

PORTSMOUTH WASHINGTONIAN.

Aug 25 1842

(1) The Temperance Pic-Nic.

Written for the Washingtonian,

BY THOMAS P. MOSES.

The hour we had sighed for, to meet in
the grove,
Dawned on us with beautiful smile ;
And many were dreaming, soon, thither to
rove,
To dispel gloomy care for awhile.
The light pearly clouds high uplifted o'er
earth,
Floated gaily along the blue sky ;
And the wild breathing zephyrs just sum-
mon'd to birth
From the westward came, playfully by.

The birds were attuning their harps in the
shade,
Of the tangled and sweet perfumed
wood ;
And the lamb and its yew were at play in
the glade,
Near the spot where the feast table*
stood.

Fine coaches were out on the innocent
race,
With gay steeds leading forward by
fours ;
And merrily on, for the "Sagamore Place,"
Joyous bosoms were gliding by scores.
But not in delusion, going thither to die
'Neath a Jugurnaut's merciless wheel ;—
It is Temperance they follow, with bright,
eager eye ;
At the shrine of this goddess, they
kneel,

They enter with song of delight, the green
bower
Near the banks of the bright Sagamore,
And tall waving pines, and the wild run-
ning flower.
Such a gathering ne'er witness'd before.
Beneath the cool shade of the high, fes-
toon'd trees,
The loaded feast table stands by ;
And fann'd by the sunner's detectable
breeze,
Are the happy hearts, lingering nigh.

On the moss-covered rock, where the sav-
age once trod
With the tomahawk grasp'd in his hand,
Stands the orator firm in the name of his
God,
Proclaiming good news in the land.

(3) The repast is over—a indulged is each
heart,

With friendship, and love, and delight—
No rude bacchanalian enacted a part
In the scene so enchanting and bright.

Oh, here was enjoyment, and all could but
feel
That this meeting was noticed above ;—
Then humbly at God's holy shrine let us
kneel,
And acknowledge such tokens of love.

*Pic-Nic Table.

§Cold Water.

Portsmouth, Aug. 22, 1842.

(2) And the woods that once shook at the
Indian's rude tramp,
And re-echoed the dismal war-cry—
Now joyfully wave o'er the peace makers,
camp,
For the Savage and Rum are not nigh.

Sweet voices are blended of maiden and
swain,
And matron, and stranger, in song ;
While the birds seem to warble these
notes o'er again,
And thus the sweet music prolong.

The gay smiling damsels of volatile air,
And eyes beaming clear as the sun,
Are seeking bright flow'rets to bind in their
hair
E'er the banquet is broken and done.

Come husband and lady, come Belle, and
come Beau,
Flies a voice through the green wood
along ;
Oh, come,—partake freely,—then home-
ward we'll go,
Sing gaily a temperance song.

Here's refreshment spread out by the deli-
cate hand,
And also, the purest of ale§,
Around the fix'd table united we'll stand,
And sup, in the soft summer gale.

Sept 8 '42

PORTSMOUTH WASHINGTONIAN.

home, though he has long neglected it, when the sweet notes of 'Home--sweet home' strike his ears.

'What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Or 'Auld Lang Syne' is sung ?'

The fascinations of music have nowhere been used to greater effect, than at the convivial table; it has lured many on to intemperance. And no wonder, for some of the old dancing songs are set to grand tunes, which no one can easily hear without delight. Some Washingtonians, acquainted with human nature, have set total abstinence songs to these old tunes; thereby taking one of the best of our enemy's weapon's from his hands, and beating him with it. Let Washingtonians introduce music more generally into their meetings, and they could add a new interest to them, and present great attractions to many minds over whom they now have no influence.

... whom honor is due?—Let

State Temperance Convention.—Col. Palmer, one of the Concord Delegates to the Temperance Convention recently held here, stated that a State Temperance Convention is about to be held in Concord. We are right glad to hear this,—we know less about the progress of temperance in New-Hampshire than in many other places. At the late Convention, the attention of that body was so engrossed, agreeably and profitably it must be said, with the accounts from Maine and Massachusetts, that it got to be almost midnight of the last day's sitting before we began to think of New-Hampshire. We hope the Convention will be held, and would suggest an early day of the coming sitting of the General Court for the purpose.

Extract from an Address on Temperance.
BY THOMAS P. MOSES.

'It may not be amiss to enumerate some of the varied forms in which alcohol is presented to the palate of man, that he may, with more certainty, be seduced and destroyed.

And first—though not the vilest of the train, Comes 'whiskey punch,' the harbinger o' pain; Its pretence is to please, its aim to kill! Alas! it proves too oft a fatal pill.

The next perhaps, that comes in merry train, Is 'Tom and Jerry,' in some shining urn; Of eggs and sugar it is made, and wine Or old 'West India,' labelled superfine:

Delicious is its flavour—but beware! An adder lurks, of deadliest poison there; The fascinations of this pleasant drink, Have lured full many a youth o'er ruin's brink.

And here's mint julip—come my friends, walk up, Fear not, there is no harm within the cup,— Many have tasted of its joys for years And felt no need, I think, for shedding tears. 'Tis false!—for in its vapour rising high Dark, haggard, dancing, fiends you may espy.

There's 'Soda Punch,' a fashionable mead, Of choicest flavour—dainty lips to feed; Touch not its foam, 'tis foe to Adam's race, A viper's coiled beneath its sparkling face.

In gayest mood next comes the clear *Champagne*, Whose fond caress leaves on the brow a stain; The learned, and great, swim in its amber stream, Till real life seems but a shadowy dream.— Spurn the first offering of this polish'd sue, It leads to disappointment, pain and woe.

The 'Milk Punch,' too, so delicate and fine, Made nice and soothing, with the choicest wine; Ladies sometimes its dainty fumes will quaff, It hath the power to wake the merry laugh.— But ah! who touches this pale demon in disguise, May reap reward e'er long in bitter sighs.

Then, Old Madeira, Port, and Sherry Brown, Each with a treacherous smile flung o'er a frown; Who court these *pink-eyed sisters of despair*, May wither in the shade of grief and care.

And there are *cordials* beautiful in name, Arch-demons, made to kindle passion's flame; Sweet and delicious to the eager lip, But mischief lurks in every dainty-sip.

Then, London Porter, N. York beer, and ale, Without which, every noble ship can sail; But, *Bacchus*, trembling sometimes with alarm, Calls up these aids to prop his stricken arm.

There's 'Cognac,' and 'Holland's' I must name, And 'Herd old cider' of a lesser flame; These last, not least, nor *all* the burning train, Must close my rhyme, and spare you further pain.

SINGING SCHOOL.

IN compliance with the desire of several individuals, the subscriber would respectfully announce his intention to open a SINGING SCHOOL at his Music Room, Exchange Buildings, twice a week, (Mondays and Fridays,) to commence MONDAY evening, December 11th, 1842. At this school, a knowledge of both Sacred and Secular Music will be imparted. Ladies and gentlemen having some knowledge of the principles of music, and also those even yet *uninformed* in this particular, may at this School employ their time advantageously and pleasantly, as the subscriber intends to illustrate the science of music upon the Black Board, and also to direct the performance of both Sacred and Secular Music alternately as convenience shall favor the School. There will be ample accommodations for 60 scholars. Papers for the reception of names are left with Messrs. Brown & Clark, Tailors, Daniel-st. and with the subscriber. Terms of admission to 20 lessons, each person, 1.50.

THOS. P. MOSES.

Mr. M. will recommend suitable books on the first meeting, Monday evening, 12th Dec. when all who intend to join the School, are respectfully solicited to be present. Dec. 3.

person, 1.50.

THOS. P. MOSES.

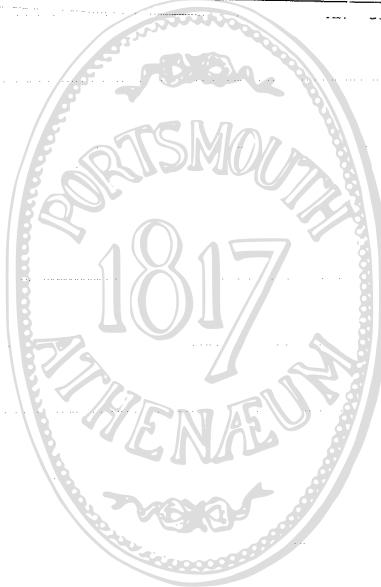
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THOS. P. MOSES.

~~TP~~ PJ
Dec 10, 1842



PJ Dec 11, 1843

For the Portsmouth Journal.
THE LAST INTERVIEW.

We met,—and I waited in silence to hear,
The strain inharmonious, 'twas woven for me;
And in spite of my pride, in my eye stood a tear,
Which unfolded the secret, my heart was not free.

But ah! I had grasp'd at a phantom full long,
And sighed for the wildering dream to be o'er;
Yet, shrinking, I listened to hear the chill song,
That fate so decreed, "we must love never more."

And well I remember that glance of her eye,
'Twas the breathing of language I scarcely could brook;
No words did I ask—and I craved not a sigh,
For the heart was betraying its pain in her look.

Oh! spirit that hovers around me, away—
Nor haunt me with whispers so chilling and drear;
If thou wouldest my future should wear a bright ray,
Then breathe not the name that was treasured so dear.

Enough—my brief joy was a dream—it is o'er,
And the grief of this bosom my tongue may not tell;
The charm is dissolved, we shall meet never more,
Yet I cannot forget the last parting "farewell."

ALPHONSE.

1st

Alphongo



SECULAR CONCERT.—The third Concert of the Sacred Music Society's course for the present season, was given on Thursday evening at the Canieneum.—The performances were fine, and the praises bestowed on them by a correspondent, were well deserved.—The house, too, was well filled, with an audience who were delighted with the general effect. To this, however, there was one drawback, in the song "Stand to your guns," which was sung in the bold and terrible style appropriate to the words, and as a mere performance was second to none: But in moral sentiment it is horrible: and when heard in close contact but strong contrast with the beautiful "Humming-Bird," and the mournful "Wind of the winter's night," it was felt by many of the audience to be unsuitable for this age, for this place, and a refined audience. It belongs rather on board the Somers, where, after the singing and the prayers, the crew were ordered to give "three cheers for the flag," and then "three cheers for God!" We hope it may never be sung again—at any rate not in the midst of a Concert otherwise so beautiful, so delightful, so improving as this. A repetition of this concert,—with some other piece in place of this,—and perhaps some other changes, would doubtless be acceptable to the public.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

THE LATE CONCERT.—The Harmonic Glee Club of Portsmouth, under the direction of Mr. Colburn, of Boston, sung before a crowded audience at the Canieneum on Thursday evening last. The performances were highly creditable to the ladies and gentlemen composing this company. The execution of several pieces justly elicited warm and distinct plaudits, which discovered in the assembly the power of appreciation.

There appeared to be some lack of animation in the first part, which was reasonably exhibited, however, and very well disposed of in the concluding part.—had time and space allowed, it would afford satisfaction to give a fair and impartial review of the whole performance: but it must suffice to say I was highly satisfied, and believe that the very large and fashionable audience would cheerfully endorse this sentiment. It was on the whole a rational and delightful musical entertainment, and we are unfeignedly rejoiced to receive a revival of *feeling* on this pleasant and useful subject.

In music there's pleasure that weareth no sting,
Her charms to the heart are like flowers to the Spring—
Refreshing—and calling bright buds from the ground,
O, where can enjoyment like music be found.

TAN SEIN.

11 March '43

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March 11, 1843
P.J.

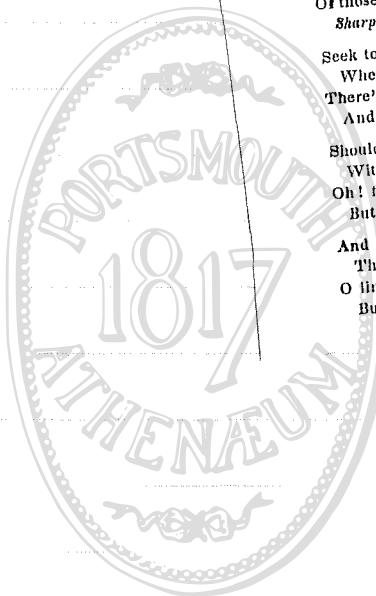
VARIETIES

For the Portsmouth Journal.

TO FLORA'S NEW ALBUM.

Gem of remembrance, pure and fair,
Oft hee I tune my harp to sing;
I love thy modest form and air,
And in thy path bright flowers I'd fling.
Soon thou wilt roam untarnished, free,
Through classic halls and pleasant bower;
And friends will sweetly dream of thee,
While thou art cuiling fairy flowers.
From sparkling gardens pluck with care,
The blushing buds that smile on thee;
Of those that *flatter* most, beware!
Sharp thorns in roses bright may be.
Seek to recline in Friendship's bower,
Where hearts of guile can never beat;
There's in her voice a magic power,
And in her touch a genial heat.
Should *Love* on dewy wing come near,
With whispers pure, and tones divine,
Oh! fly not from a theme so dear,
But round thy brow his garlands twine.
And when from every honeyed flower
Thou hast made up thy jewels rare,
O linger not in foreign bower,
But speed thee home with golden fare.

ALPHONZO.



For the Portsmouth Journal.
THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE COMET.

"Tis night—keen, frosty night.

Nature is chill'd to silence in the grasp,
The blighting grasp of boggard Winter. All
Is drear and solemn as the cable tomb;
But scenes so cheerless I will now forget,
And heavenward lift my eyes, and turn my thoughts.
There I behold ten thousand sparkling gems,
Each in itself a world unknown, sublime,—
And swift almost as mystic thoughts, they fly—
Fly on, and on, through space unmeasurable, save
By Him that drew with his own Finger ethi
And every pathway in whose round exalt
Must run those golden orbs.

But now my eager eyes
Are fixed on one amid the burning train,
Beneath whose light, faint hearts are wont to quail,
And at whose coming, science wakes and knew.
My soul with wonder startles while I ask
From whence thou camest?—whither tendest thou?
I cannot move—thy glory, chains me fast;
But while below, the sinewy temple dwells,
The soul steals out and upward wings its way
To learn thy path and destiny.

Oh! say
Celestial stranger on swift wings of fire,
What in thy mission I shall we joy or fear?
With all thy flashing in thy high-up arch,—
Throughout thy blazing course, what holdeth up?
What saves us from thy heated vapor? Who,
Who, holds the on thy track, wild-flaming star,
And bids thee come not near this ball terrestrial?

No more I ask—
Methinks I hear of harmony a strain
Like "music of the spheres," and as it sounds
Along, my willing ears catch up the sound.
It is a "still small voice" like that which God
Is breathing out to the sons of men,—
And I perceive how grand such the strain
Within a given scope: how planets move
In harmony together through the sky:—
Why these eccentric wanderers on high
That show long tails of wondrous light—why they
With all their sister stars, dare not a wrong
The mark of law Divine.

On—why should not
One's heart be moved that on the Power of Heaven
Why such a visitor—such a comet—should
At once take such a long, and such a low path
Of light, like beams of noon, impregnable
And oh! how grand and glorious the sight.

Portsmouth, March, 1843.

PJ April 1, 1843

P. 3

P. 1

From the Phil. North American.

The Comet.

HAVERFORD SCHOOL, 3d mo., 9th, 1843.

There can be no doubt that a comet, second only in splendour to the memorable one of 1680, is now within the limits or in the vicinity of our system. As this unusual visitor appears not to have been very generally seen in this part of the country, perhaps the following brief statement of observations made at this place on the evenings of the 6th and 7th inst. may not be wholly uninteresting.

The comet, or rather its tail, was first observed here on the evening of the 6th by one of the students. Its appearance then was that of a luminous train, making an acute angle with the horizon, and intersecting it about 15 degrees south of west. It continued visible for about an hour, and then rapidly vanished from sight. This somewhat sudden disappearance, which occurred about 8 o'clock, is easily accounted for from the oblique position of the train, bringing the fainter portions towards the extremity, while the mass of the horizon, soon after the brighter parts nearer the nucleus had descended below it. Very little doubt was entertained as to the real character of this phenomenon, yet as a partial display of general light occurred later in the evening, it was suggested that possibly some concretion might exist between the two appearances, and therefore the return of the strange visitor on the following evening was awaited with much anxiety. On the evening of the 7th the sun descended in a cloudless sky, and about twenty minutes after the train began to be visible, gradually increasing in brilliancy until 7 o'clock, when it presented a most beautiful appearance.

The elevation of the extremity of the tail was now ascertained to be 20 degrees, the length to the horizon 37 degrees, the inclination with the horizon about 33 degrees, and the general breadth by estimation, one degree.

Sam'l. J. Greenman.

For the Portsmouth Journal.
CHANGES.

—On all things earthly, *change* is marked—
The seasons come and vanish, while we stand
With sad lament, forgetting that we, too,
Frail things of time, are passing fast away !
The bud we saw of yester-eve, bedew'd
With genial drops from summer skies—to-day
Has spread its folded leaves, and on the ground
Lay scattered—blighted—dead.

The man of wealth
Whose haughty stride told of a soul within,
Narrow and hard, who paced but yesterday
His carpet walks, and flowery meads, to-day
With eyes deep buried in his hands, falls low
Beneath the humbling pressure of that arm
Which abject *poverty* is wont to bear
Held down upon the sons of earth.
All things are changing—not a tree, or flower,
Or blade of grass, or cloud that floats above,
But wears each day, a different form or hue.
The solid rocks that mock the howling storm,
And look eternal, with the hills—they too,
Though slow the process, change; and time will come,
When they must into countless atoms fall.
Sun, moon and stars, in their unceasing round,
In color, heat, or cold, or brightness, change.
All nature, both inanimate
And animate, oft speaks of tireless change.
But what, throughout earth's wide domain, or high
In yonder blue bespangled arch above,
Is changeable as Man ? Ah, here we pause—
Pause ere we sweep for him the gloomy lyre.
Capricious man ! Moved round by every breath
That fortune or opinion blows. To-day,
With gracious smile, my neighbor takes my hand,
And talks of friendship, love, and heaven—
And one might view him kind and true of heart,
Hating the *thought* of sickleness of soul ;
But meet him on the morrow and observe
How dark a change hath come—he is your foe !
You gaze in silent wonder that

That brow of light,
Those smiles so bright,
That generous hand,
And voice so bland,
That neighbor kind,
Of tuneful mind ;
Your friend so true,
Who thought of you

So kindly on the yesterday,
Now greets you like a thing of clay—
Or passes with a look of scorn !
Instead of bidding you good morn.

Friendship ! it is a pleasant sound, but oh !
How like a bubble is the cherished *name*,
Change cometh over friends as on bright flowers—
Earth has no stable purpose. *Heaven* alone
Is *true*, and *firm*, and *changeless*.

ALPHONZO.

PJ July 29 '43

July 29 '43

="Musing in the Garden."

THE RURAL EXCURSION of the Middle st. Sabbath School, on Wednesday of this week, was devised and conducted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. The spot chosen was delightfully situated, about half a mile from the rail-road station in Greenland, embosomed in an oak grove of tall young trees clear of underwood, appropriately named for the occasion "Fountain Grove," being watered by a fine spring of clear and sparkling water. The teachers and scholars of the school, with many parishioners and invited guests, about 500 in all, spent a pleasant day in listening to appropriate remarks, and joining in prayers and songs; in partaking of bountiful refreshments, and in social rambles and cheerful converse. The music was excellent; from numerous voices, accompanied with instruments. An introductory *ode*, written for the occasion by Mr Thomas P. Moses, is given below.

Within this leafy bower, so cool,
Away from noise and care,
We come, friends of the Sunday School,
To breathe the balmy air.
We come with harps attuned, to sing,
Where summer birds are gay;
And 'neath this rural shade we bring
A joyful feast to-day.

The earth all o'er is green and bright—
Around us blooming flowers;
The festoon'd trees are waving light,
And happy hearts are ours.
A crystal spring is by our side,
With waters gushing free;
In that clear fount we may confide,
No drink more pure can be.

Our snowy tents are pitched around,—
The social board is laid;
And gladsome feet hit o'er the ground,
Within this pleasant glade.
Oh, what with joy like this can vie,
'Tis pleasure free from stain;
The youth, and all that linger by,
Join in a tuneful strain.

Bland voices float upon the breeze,
Mingling with music's sighs;
And sweetly echo through the trees,
As up to heaven they rise.
Angels, methinks are smiling now,
Upon this festive hour;
Joy unalloyed is on each brow
Within this sylvan bower.

Oh, may not this a foretaste be
Of brighter scenes above,
Where spreads the smooth unruffled sea
Of glory and of love;
A land of dewy lawns and flowers,
And ever blooming youth,
And music sweet, and fragrant bower,
For all that love the truth.

PT Aug 5, 1843

= Rural Pic. Nick

OCT 7 '43

THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1843.

PORTSMOUTH MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

At the celebration of the 41st Anniversary on Monday last, the following original Odes, with others selected, were sung. The first is from the pen of Mr. THOMAS P. MOSES, of this town—and the second by Rev. J. G. ADAMS, of Malden, formerly of this town.

PRECEDENCE OF CHARITY TO MECHANIC ART.

From the tall pine and sturdy oak,
Mechanic art the ship may frame,
And in alliance firmly yoke
Far nations by the fragile chain :
Yet human skill, though e'er so great,
To brave the storm, and torrent stream,
Would be to man but poor estate
Did not a higher radiance beam,
Not on the battle-field arrayed,
Does man his noblest calling find ;
Nor 'neath a crown with gems inlaid,
Is truest happiness enshrined.
Not him who boasts of shining gold,
And bids his minions linger by,
Shall find his name highest enroll'd
Within the azure courts on high.
But higher stands the virtuous heart,
That feels for others' grief and care ;
That pleads the widow's, orphan's part—
And in them blessing takes his share.
Such be the spirit here to-day,
United by fraternal love ;
Each guided through life's devious way,
By the Great Architect above.
Sweet Charity ! with cheering voice
Pervade each bosom beating free,
On this bright festal day, the choice
Of a beloved fraternity !
'Tis ours the lofty tower to rear,
And palace hall of dazzling show ;
But they less beautiful appear
Than thy rich path, though hid and low !
Art's glittering domes and towers must fall,
Gay cities crumble with the dead ;
All things must yield to Time's stern call :
Thus the Omnipotent hath said.
But mark the sympathetic breast,
That melts when misery's sons are nigh ;
In golden palace with the blest,
His name shall brightly beam on high.

ART'S MISSION.

Lift up the praising voice

MECHANIC CELEBRATION.

The 41st Anniversary of the "Associated Mechanics and Manufacturers of New-Hampshire," was celebrated in this town on Monday last, according to previous arrangement, by a procession, address, supper, &c.

The day, although unpromising in the morning, became fine by noon, and the procession, (one of the fullest turn-outs the Association has ever exhibited,) marched, to the music of the Newburyport Band, through some of the principal streets, to the Middle-st. Church, where after devotional services by Rev. Mr. Ilsley, and the Reading of their Constitution by the Secretary Mr. Chapman, an ingenious and able Address was delivered by Mr. Alfred M. Beck: The services being interspersed with excellent music by a full select choir under the direction of Mr. T. P. Moses. (For some of the odes sung on the occasion see our fourth page)—The exterior parade of the day was then closed by a return promenade through other streets to Jefferson Hall. But its festivities were yet to come. At 7 in the evening one of the gayest and perhaps of the happiest groups the eye looks upon, assembled in the Masonic Hall, which was crowded to overflowing, by the members, and a lady or ladies with each. At half past seven they all took seats for supper in Franklin Hall, and the two adjacent rooms, where abundant tables were spread on strict temperance principles, to which the company did ample honor. After the cloth was removed the whole company, nearly 300 in all, were seated in Franklin Hall, and the evening passed off most cheerfully with Sentiment and Song, Music and mutual congratulations, happy countenances and good feelings. The ceremonies were under the direction of Mr. Samuel N. Plumer, Marshal of the Association; and were conducted throughout with ease, decorum, and dignity. Among the sentiments suggested on the occasion, were the following, the band accompanying with appropriate music.

The day we celebrate.—Ever memorable, as the birth-day of our institution; may it be to posterity, as it now is to us, a day of freedom as well as of joy.

Our Association.—The bond that unites us in one brotherhood, and inspites our exertions to attain the highest excellence in our respective arts.

The various Trades and Professions.—Which one shall say to the others—"I have no need of thee?"

The dignity of Labor.—No man is truly free and independent, but he who by his labor in some way entitles himself to a living in the community.

The Mechanic Standard.—We know no privileged distinctions in society—no elevation of rank but the elevation by moral greatness.

Our Motto.—"Be just and fear not."

The memory of our late worthy President, JOHN S. DAVIS.—[Received standing.]

Franklin and Fulton.—The former made the lightning his plaything—the latter with fire and water nerve his iron horse. Time with its lightning rapidity will run down to other generations their names and deeds; and after generations will love to cherish their names.

The Education of the Mechanic.—A good education is the only patent of true nobility. Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith, has proved by the acquirement of facts however, that the best

PJ Ap. 6, '44

For the Portsmouth Journal,

Married, in Weld, Me. 2d ult. Mr. MATTHIAS SKEET-
UP, (gentleman of color,) to Miss JERUSAH CARTER, (white
lady,) both of Carthage.

Jerusha, oh ! Jerusha Carter—

Ehon Skeetup's peerless bride;

You've signed the all-important charter,—
Thy bark is on life's hopeful tide.

Say, did thy Mamma back the scheme—
Or was 't thy blushing lover's vow,

That led thee to such blissful dream?

Fly hither, fly one, tell me how.

Am I knowin' many hearts must ache,
When they have learned the thrilling story;
Oh ! why, fair damsel, didst thou take
A theme so dark for future glory?

Jerusha reason'd, (I dare think)

"Variety's the spice of life;"

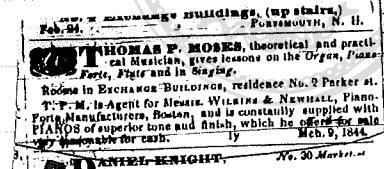
And straightway to her abode Pink,
Now'd she would be his loving wife.

As now effigient morning breaks,
The bride starts forth from love to duty,
Hastens to make some griddle cakes,
While in sweet dreams she's lost her beauty.

Oft times had roamed Jerusha, fair,
Through gardens with bright roses dress'd;
Seeing one day a Poppy rare,
She cried, I love this flower the best!

Portsmouth, April 1, 1844.

ALPHONZO.



THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1844.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

SUMMER.

There's a charm in the name—'tis a theme ever dear,
It can reach the heart's coldness and move it to love ;
'Tis a voice fraught with harmony, sweet to the ear,
As the music of Seraphs sent down from above.
It recalls to fond memory bright youth's sunny hours,
When Joy twined her rose perfumed wreath round the brow,
Of the paths where in childhood I sought the sweet flowers,
And cherished the gems as I do even now.

There are scenes well remembered, too vividly bright
To be spoilt by the canker of manhood's deep care ;
And the ~~beautifull~~ Summer I hail with delight,
As I did when a child of gay, innocent air.
I think of the groves and the flower spangled green,
Where, oft with my brothers and sisters I'd play ;
Where a mother's bright eye, fondly watching, hath seen,
Her lost and lamented, in joy often stray,

And a fay'rite old oak, too, e'en now I can see,
Which for ages hath laugh'd at the storm's fearful roar ;
How rich was the pleasure, with hearts light and free,
In its shade, as we sported on Nature's green floor.
And the deep tangled grove, with its blossoms, and birds,—
Its fresh velvet moss, and its ivy-vines too ;
Its musical rills, and the free roaming herds—
This, this was the play-ground my infancy knew.

Oh, Summer !—how joyous, how dear is the name—
I have said it can waken the spirit to love ;
The charms of bright summer are ever the same,
(If the heart be not callous,) wherever we rove.
The soft swelling zephyrs, the fields ripe with flowers,
The streamlets that sparkle adown the hill side ;
The songs of gay birds in the sweet-scented bower—
Oh ! here is enjoyment no pen may deride. ALPHONSO.

RS May 11 '44

May 18 1844

PJ
May 18 1844

For the Portsmouth Journal.

BIRD KILLERS.

Oh! that I were some giant bird,
With claws and poniard beak;
I'd fix them deep, without a word,
Into the gunner's cheek.

And had I wings of iron nerve,
Like Eagles'; bold and strong,
Enger in battle I would serve,
To smite the sportsman throng.

Or e'en a smaller bird I'd be,
With ever-pointed bill;
Never more should heartless gunner see—
Into his eyes I'd drill.

A thousand Vultures' strength I crave,
With Condor's daring wing,
So I could grasp the idle knave
Who'd shoot a harmless thing:

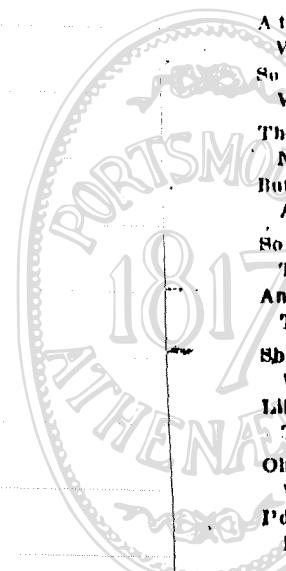
Then would I soar to clouds on high,
Nor heed his wail or woe;
But softly whisper, "friend, good bye"—
And drop him down below.

So soon as feathered minstrels sing,
The hateful gunners start;
And through the grove their rifles ring,
Tearing bright birds apart.

Shame on the selfish, cruel soul,
Who seeks the summer ground;
Like fiend sent out in dark patrol,
To scatter death around.

Oh, that I were some fleet-winged bird,
With claws and fearful beak;
I'd fix them deep, without a word,
In heartless sportsman's cheek. — ALMONZO.

For the Portsmouth Journal.



P 7

June 1744

VARIETIES.

For the Journal.

TO A VIOLET, PRESENTED BY A LADY.

Gem from the mountain side,
Fade not too soon away;
Unfold thy petals wide,
And lend a cheering ray.

Live for the maiden fair,
Who bade me cherish thee;
Her of the silken hair,
Of spirit blithe and free.

Bright flow'ret of the vale,
With face of azure smile;
I list thy pleasant tale,
Thy language hath no guile.

The friend of gentle heart,
Who cull'd thee for my view,
May far away depart
To clime she never knew;

But I'll not deem it wrong
To string my cheerful lyre;
And bid my harp prolong
Her mirth on every bower.

Gem from the mountain side,
Drop not too soon away;
Unfold thy beauties wide,
And smile with me to-day.

Alfonzo.

For the Journal.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS E. F. P.

"Silent as thou art,
one! thou livest still."

**Struck by the blast, in all her charms,
The hopeful maiden bowed and died,
And now within his icy arms,
Death claims her for his youthful bride.**

With health and beauty on her brow,
And hope, and joy, in every breath,
She did not dream that she should bow
So early to relentless death.

A thought so blighting, dark and drear,
To youth, can ne'er be welcome guest,
She knew hot the corroding fear,
That soon in deep cold grave she'd rest.

And when she bade "last farewell"
To friends and school-mates kind and dear,
They little thought her funeral knell
Would sudden ring upon their ear.

Alas! she never can return
To mingle with the joyous throng;
Her young full heart has ceased to yearn
For pleasures which to earth belong.

No more below she'll strike the lyre,
While hearts delighted never near,
Nor join in praises with the choir
That long must hold her memory dear.

We gaze upon the vacant seat,
And list in vain her voice to hear;
Warm pulses swift and swifter beat,
While fancy brings the lost one near.

Oh ! what must be that mother's grief,
While thinking of her play-cold child !
No human gloom can give relief ;
How can her heart be reconciled ?

Life's glowing star of joy is gone—
The fair, lone daughter of her love ;
And bathed in burning tears, in scorn,
The mourner hopes for all above.

E'er 'find the artificial dark despair,
Comes on the breeze a soothing tone,
Like angels, whispering in the air,
"Cease, grief-worn mother, cease thy moan."

How beautiful, and cheering too,
To think, the last we'll meet again
In purer clime, where all is true.

Where joy and love, eternal reign.

Portsmouth, Jan. 1845.

ALPHONZO.

PJ Jan 11, '45

u no mas Adams

W. NEWTON, Esq. Thursday, Jan. 9, Miss ELIZABETH F. PLAISTED, of this town, aged 17, daughter of the late Mr. Elisha P. On awaking Thursday morning she complained of blindness, probably caused by some food she had taken the evening previous. Medicine was administered, but in the short space of two hours she expired. Miss Plaisted was an amiable and accomplished young lady, and her melancholy departure will be deeply felt by by a large circle of friends.—May the solemn providence have a deep and salutary effect upon the young in our community and lead them to prepare to meet their God.—Mercury.

In Newington 31st ult. MARIA ANTOINETTE OPPENHEIMER.

CONCERT.

THOMAS P. MOSES, kindly aided by his Sisters, several members of the Portsmouth Sacred Music Society, and others, is gratified to announce a CONCERT of Sacred and Popular Music, for SUNDAY Evening next, February 16, 1845, at the UNIVERSALIST CHURCH in this town, where a new and powerful organ has been recently put up by Messrs. Barton, Cobb and Norwood of this place, and will be used on the occasion.

PART I.

1. Voluntary on the Organ.		Mozart.
2. Chorus.	Glory be to God.	
3. Duett.	Armyed in clouds.	Shaw.
4. Song.	Rock of the Pilgrims.	Wyman.
5. Song.	The Dove of Noah.	
6. Quar. & Cho.	There is an hour of hallowed peace.	Bradbury.
7. Recitative.	The Great Archangel, and Solo.	
	Must I leave thee Paradise.	M. P. King.
8. Quar. & Cho.	The Lord is risen, indeed.	

PART II.

1. Voluntary on the Organ.		Haydn.
2. Chorus.	Now elevate the sign of Judah.	
3. Song.	Oh bid I wings like a dove.	Haydn.
4. Trio.	The sky lark.	
5. Song.	The Church of our Fathers.	Guyllott.
6. Recita. & Solo.	Consider the Lillies.	Taylor.
7. Trio & Cho.	Let every heart.	Hastings.
8. Song.	Belshazzar is King.	Rev. R. Davidson.
9. Chorus.	Strike the Cymbal (by request.)	Pucella.

Doors open at 6, Concert to commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets 12 1-2 Cents, at the door.

Feb. 16.

15 Feb 45
his Sisters, several
Music Society,
CONCERT of SUNDAY
February 16,
this town, where
a new and powerful organ has been recently put up by Messrs.
Barton, Cobb and Norwood of this place, and will be used on
the occasion.

Mozart.
Shaw.
Wyman.

Bradbury.
M. P. King.

Haydn.

Guyllott.
Taylor.
Hastings.
Rev. R. Davidson.
Pucella.

clock.

Feb. 15.

In Hall.

THE Concert given by Mr. T. P. Moses, on Sunday evening last, at the Universalist Church, was well attended by a gratified audience. Good judges have pronounced it a first rate concert. The organ, recently made by Messrs Barton, Cobb, and Norwood, of this town, is a fine and powerful instrument, breathing in *coelian* strains, and ere long discoursing in thunder tones.

At the request of the Committee of the Howard Benevolent Society, whose funds have been low, Mr. Moses repeats the Concert with many variations, on Friday evening, Feb. 21, at the Cameneum, for the benefit of the Society. The house should be filled.

CONCERT.

IN AID OF THE HOWARD BENEV. SOCIETY.

THOMAS P. MOSES, aided by his Sisters, several members of the Portsmouth Sacred Music Society, and others, will give a MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT at the CAMENEUM, on FRIDAY evening, Feb. 21, 1845; the net proceeds of which will be given to aid the above Society.

Tickets 25 Cents. Doors open at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, Concert to commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

PS 22 Feb 45

For the *Portsmouth Journal*.
THE PROUD SPANIARD'S ANSWER
TO A PROPOSAL OF SUBMISSION.

Phosphorus is my name,
I burn no none may tell;
This spirit who can tame,
To treat it else than well?
I fear no lowering brow,
Or scrutinizing eye;
I sail with daring prow,
O'er seas that tower high.

Ne'er was I born to yield
At threat of haughty foe,
Or fear him in the field,
'Mid crimson gore and woe.
The sanctimonious face,
Sitting in judgment wise,
Who'd brand me with disgrace,
I dare ~~it~~ ^{it} despise.

Bring on your locks of steel,
These sinewy arms to bind;
My flesh may torture feel,
But still is *free* the mind.
Talk of a prison cold,
And call your guard so brave—
Ye vassal minions, hold!—
I will not bow your slave.

Come with the glistening sponge
In mortal glow arrayed,
I ne'er was born to fear,
Nor live to be dismayed.
The torture of the wheel,
And smart of burning lash,
Your skin would bid me feel—
These threats I deem but trash.

Show me your lurid fire,
And bid me dread its heat,
My spirit soars still higher—
Still proud—this heart shall beat.
Stern looks and flashing eyes,
Boots, bars, nor rocking spear
Shall e'er this soul subdue,
No human frown I fear.

But in this stubborn heart
There is a yielding string—
And, touch'd with gentle art
The harp will muse bring.
Away with frowns and spears!
The proud soul will not yield;
Kindness may summon tears,
Love will command the field.

ALMONDO.

PJ. June 7, 1845

FLORAL PROCESSION.

Mr. Brewster.—Why cannot we as well as the citizens of Boston, Salem, and many other smaller places, have a display of the above description on the morning of our ever memorable Independence day.—I know of nothing that would be more charming or acceptable; and it is one in which citizens of all parties, sects and conditions, may harmoniously participate. Will not some kind hearted ladies and gentlemen who know how to arrange this matter, assume the lead and take the proposition in hand forthwith: and Portsmouth can witness the most splendid exhibition ever displayed. Should this project meet with success, citizens from our neighboring towns might be induced to visit us with their scholars, and unite in the celebration. Those persons in favor of the above, old or young, of either sex, are requested to confer immediately with *W. R. Preston*, druggist, who will be happy to lend his aid to carry the object into effect.

PJ Nov 29 '45

For the Journal.

L I F E .

My theme may wear no potent charm,
For hearts unused to pain;
Not one clear drop of healing balm
May mingle with my strain:
Yet, I must hope some thoughtful ear,
Will bend to this lone lay;
And for a moment pause to hear
Of life's beclouded day.

Go stand ye by the cradle side,
Where sleeps the infant boy;
'Twould seem no ill might him betide,
The parents' love and joy.
Bright angels from the azure sky,
Stoop o'er the dreaming one—
A mother's prayer ascends on high,
For blessings on her son.

Perchance the germ of wild dismay,
Lies hid in that young breast;
Some haughty king in proud array
May bow to its behest.
Or, he may be a wiser part,
Than to blood stain the earth;
This *germ* may prove the noblest heart,
That ever had a birth.

Enough, since there's enshrined a *soul*,
Within that casket fair,
Which may aspire to heavenly goal,
Or quail in deep despair.
Enough, the child awakes to learn,
That life's a fickle blaze;
Which may not always steady burn,
Amid earth's dubious ways.

It is an ocean rough and drear,
With quicksands to alarm;
He well must watch, and careful steer,
Who'd save his barque from harm.
Oh, what is life? What binds to earth
A soul that deigns to *feel*?
Nor gold, nor shadowy fame, nor birth—
These may not *heart-wounds* heal.

Then wherefore is the charm of life
For a brief season here;
How may we brave the pain and strife
That make our pathway drear?
Ah,—*Friendship* is an antidote,
And *sympathy* a light;
Oh, angels ye, around us float,
And make our journey bright.

Ye, who the aspiring mind would *chain*,
And make the heart a purse,
To swallow only sordid gain—
Ye bring on life a curse.
Go and reflect from whence the soul!
Nor strive that soul to *sear*;
Write *kindness* on the "pilgrim's scroll"—
This, this will make life dear.

ALPHONZO.

Nov
29

1845

PJ

THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1845.

For The Portsmouth Journal.

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

Oh, where is the Summer—the love breathing queen,
That gave us soft music and flowers;
And spread out her carpet of radiant green,
On the hills, in the valleys, and bowers?

She came upon gold-tinted wings of delight,
With a breath of sweet perfume for all;
The violet, meadow, and woodland grew bright,
At the beautiful queen's loving call.

The dreaming narcissus and tulip awoke,
With the lily and violet blue;
Each flower, and bird, and mild zephyr bespoke
A bright summer of promises true.

The grove and the garden with music were rife,
For the birds caroll'd joyously there;
The lark and the robin sang all into life
Which had bowed 'neath the keen winter air.

She came—and all nature looked up with a smile,
The birds were at sport in the vale,
The blossoms of spring and summer did the same,
Then died in the autumnal gate.

Nay, nay—it were wrong, for no death may come near,
Though the rude breath of winter sweeps by;
Tis but nature reposing, while thou art to drear,
And the heart may not hopelessly sigh.

Adieu, ye old queen, of the rosy twined brow,
Hope whilespur thy genial return;
Of thy lawns and bright blossoms, I dream even now,
What heart for those charms would not yearn.

Oh, sure she will come, with gay birds and sweet flowers,
Upon wings of new promises borne;
Her sunbeams of glory and soft falling showers,
Shall restore the lost beauty we mourn.

ALPHONZO.

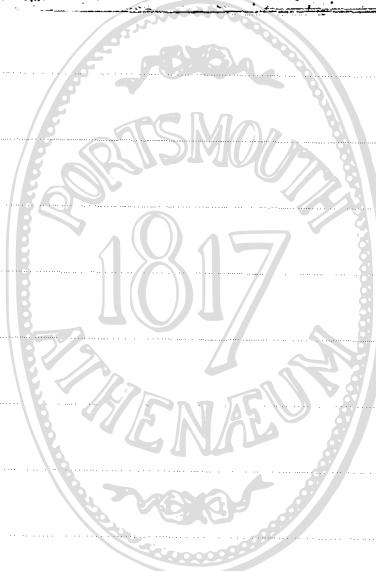
PJ
21 Feb 1846

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Organist and Teacher of Music, is preparing to commence with a Juvenile class. Already have nearly fifty enrol'd their names on a paper at H. H. Ham's Store, Exchange Building. There is still room for fifty more; or even one hundred more, all of whom could be faithfully instructed in one class. Mr. M. feels himself no stranger to the varied temperaments of children, and will endeavor to enforce discipline by a uniform course of common sense, politeness, and kindness. He is too confident that parents will not regret if they avail themselves of this opportunity to learn their children music. The School will be kept on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Fees—\$1.00 per quarter of 24 lessons—half in advance.

Feb. 21.



For the Journal.

On the Death of E. M. S.

I stood beside the coffin'd form,
And gazed with saddened heart,
That one so young and beautiful,
From the sunny earth should part.
In the fashions of life's happiest hours,
In all their spring time bloom,
I'm and to turn the unweared step
Down to the silent tomb.

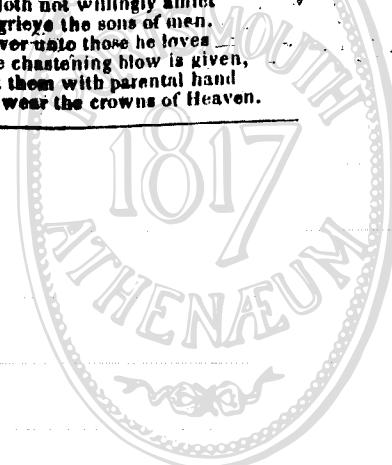
How pale, was the once bright face,
How motionless its rest,
How still the icy fingers lay
Upon the pulseless breast.
How mournfully the dark-fringed lids
Veiled the once brilliant eye,—
I turned awry with gushing tears,
That one so fair should die.

I were sadder still if all were o'er,
If the cold, fearful tomb
Confined the soul, that priceless gem,
With its damp and gloom;
If Calvary's height had ne'er been bathed
With the gushing, crimson tide,—
But now the dying one may hope,
Since the Redeemer died.

Then let us check the starting tear,
And still our grief and pain,
God doth not willingly afflict
Or grieves the sons of men.
But ever unto those he loves
The chastening blow is given,
To fit them with parental hand
To wear the crowns of Heaven.

PJ Ap. 18, 1846

Mrs Eliza Maria
Stevens Dan.
of John Stever
age 17



For the Journal.

FLOWERS.

'Tis early dawn—and all around,
Bright dewy flowers I view,
Uprising from the fertile ground,
Of every form and hue.
The waving ~~vega~~ in silken sheen,
Unfold their blossoms gay;
And on each festoon'd bough is seen,
Young minstrel birds at play.

The vale, and hill, and balyng grove,
With starry gems are bright;
In mountain wilds, wher'er we rove,
Beauty attracts the sight.
The carolling of happy birds,
More joyous make the scene;
And pleasant 'tis to view the herds
Trip round the velvet green.

'Tis morn—I trace the rosy aisles
Of yonder garden rare;
Each dreaming bud seems fraught with smiles
That thinking hearts may share.
The tall carnation pink is by
With breath of incense sweet,
Unfolding splendors to each eye
Deigning its charms to greet.

I sit me by the Tulip mound,
Where Fancy sheds her light;
Here gems of every tint abounding,
In bays of the Valley too,
And the Forget-me-not,
Come forth as stars of light, anew,
To gild the garden spot.

The damask Rose and Myrtle flowers,
Narcissus and Sweet Pea,
With lustre shine in garden bowers,
As stars shine on the sea.
Nature in loveliness appears,
To gladden every mind;
She may dispel our sighs and tears,
True joy in her we find.

'Tis noon—I rest by pearting stream,
Where grows the ivy vine.
Here oft I've strayed in youthful dream,
Pinching the Columbine.
But let me sing of flowers—a theme,
For loftiest pen to dwell;
How faint must weaker efforts seem
Th' old charms divine.

Where is the hand, would crush a flower
Reflecting not its worth?
Him who outpours the genial shower,
Is author of its birth.
Oh, bring me flowers, when the last
Last pulse has told its tale;
They'll cheer the scene amid the blast,
That turns the features pale.

ALPHONZO.

FJ May 30 '46

May 30
(5/30)

PJ May 30
1846
(both)

Juvenile Concert.
THOS. P. MOSER, ^{carefully makes public his intention} to give a CONCERT with his full Class of young Singers,
AT THE TEMPLE,
On the evening of THURSDAY, June 4th, 1846.
The Scholars will be adorned with choice flowers of the season, and will sing in chorus and otherwise several new compositions.
Tickets of admission 12 cents each, to be sold at the door on the evening of the Concert. Doors open 1-1/2 o'clock, Concert to commence 7-1/2 o'clock.
The second term of the JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL, ^{will commence} Saturday, June 6. Terms \$1 per term of 24 lessons, half in advance.
May 30.

For the Journal.
FLOWERS.
Tis early dawn, and all around,
Light gilds the dewy view,
Uprising from the fertile ground,
Of every form and hue,
The waving trees in silken sheen,
Culb'd in blossoms gay :
And on each bough is seen,
Young minstrel birds at play.
The vale, and hill, and baly grove,
With starry gems are bright ;
In every leaf, as we rove,
Beauty attracts the sight,
The carolling of happy birds,
More joyous make the scene ;
And pleasant 'tis to view the beds,
Trip round the velvet green.
Tis noon—I trace the rosy abler—
(Of tender exude rare)—
Each flower and leaf is fraught with smiles,
With thankings loquacious—
The tall carnation pink is by—
With breath of incense sweet,
Extolling subdues to each eye,
Desiring its charms to greet,
I call me by the Twin mound,
Where Faery sheds her light ;
Her grace is on the Twin mound,
And on the Earth as well,
And the Forget-me-not,
Come forth as stars of light, anew,
To gild the garden spot.
The damask Rose and Myrtle flowers,
Scarlet and Sweet Pea,
With lustre shine in garden bower,
As stars shin on the sea,
Nature in bowerland appears,
Toadden's eye,
She may dispel our sighs and tears,
True joy in her we find.
Tis noon—I rest by panting strength—
Where grows the lily—
Here off I've stroyed youthful dream,
Plucking the Columbine,
But let me sing of flowers—athene,
For she is pearl and pearl,
How faint and wan her fruits seem
Their charms divine I say—
Where is the hand, that can touch a flower—
Reflecting not its worth ?
Him who abounds the genial shower,
Is author of its birth.
Oh bring me flowers, when the last,
Last pulse has told its tale ;
They'll cheer the scene amidst the blast,
That turns the features pale.

ALPHONSE.

Dec. 12

13 Market-stra

PIANOS! PIANOS!!
T H O M A S P. M O S E S,
Organist and Teacher of Music.
IS Agent for Messrs. T. GILBERT & CO., Boston.
I offers PIANO FORTES for sale which shall in
every particular give satisfaction to the purchaser.
Mr. Moses has now for sale at his Music Room,
4, Exchange Buildings, a superb **ECOLIAN PIANO**
FORTE, which he will warrant to be of super-
ior touch and finish. His piano
is now in full use, and is
in every respect equal to
the best instruments of
the class.

tone, touch and finish. Price \$350.
The *Edison* Pianos need only be introduced into parlor and their enchanting music will not fail to sweep every prejudice and false representation against them. Of *several hundreds* manufactured and sold by Messrs. Gilbert & Co., not one Piano has ever been returned from dissatisfaction, although the purchaser has privilege to do so and receive the money paid, after a year's trial if dissatisfied.

Mr M. has also a very handsome German made P. of perfect touch and brilliant tone, purchased ten years ago, at the cost of \$360, which he is permitted to now at the low price of \$150—the owner desiring to purchase a new and higher priced instrument.

T. P. M. feeling ever a strong attachment to home of his nativity,

With not a wish his feet again shall stray
To other clime, in search of sunnier day,
would improve this moment to say, that he is never
mindful of the many favors bestowed on him, and
very liberal patronage he has received in Portland,
his native place.

His terms of instruction in Music are, for Organ, \$8 per quarter of 24 lessons—for private lessons on the Flute, \$8 per quarter—for single admittances at his Singing Schools, 24 lessons, \$1 only
tf Dec.

1941 622

Dec 10 1846

19 Jan 1847

Jan 12/10

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

N H GAZ. MARCH 20, '47

POETRY.

For the Gazette and Union,
"The Charms of Winter,"

A REPLY TO "ALPHONZO."

And sayest thou winter charms nor pleasures brings?—
Be mine the theme, the willing task to sing
The joys, that e'en its coldness, sharp, doth fling
In thrills of pleasure through the reins of youth,
Causing the blood more free to flow—and truth
It were to say, that this alone bestows
A source, whence strength and vigor ever flows.

Let me expatiate, and more minute,
Endeavor in these lines somewhat to suit
The thoughts of those who winter love; and those
Who dread its piercing frosts and drifting snows.

When, fair and pleasant, ushered in, the day
Announces to the ear the crowded sleigh,
As borne like music on the clear cold air,
The bells resound and voices of the fair;—
Swift o'er the noiseless snow, the horses pace,
And vie each with the other in the race,
Themselfs full-blooded, lively, strong,
They scarcely heed the weight that skims along.
What though the air be keen and biting cold?
What though your miff snug to your face ye hold?
Is there no joy, no wild, exciting charm,
As swiftly on ye speed. What harm
If ye o'erturn, and in a snowy drift
Are plunged? Is not within your frame the gift
Of vigorous health contained? And well I know,
That more of merriment and fun, and glow
Of cheerfulness, than hurt, it will bestow.

Within you domicil, come, let us peep—
Where happiness its holiday, may keep;
Where social virtues, constant, steady, shine;
Where visitors, unknown, called in to dine.
Ne'er discompose the housewife's even mind,—
And where contentment, peace, you'll always find.
Within, we'll gaze on some cold winter's night,
When round the blazing fire and cheerful light,
The circle sit, and talk, and read, perchance,
The "latest news;" and listeners ears enhance
To him that reads, the pleasure that he takes
Therein—and she, "who all things else forsakes
For him," listens "in silence dumb." But not
Is that fond form, and loved, meanwhile, forgot,
That snugly, in the cradle, fast asleep,
Reelines; with anxious eye close they keep
The children seated round, with her, whose care
And toil maternal reared the group so fair.
"Alphonzo," say, have scenes like these for thee
No charms? But I forget, that *thou*, with me,
Canst not, on *points domestic*, e'er agree.

Didst ever in thy youthful days attend
(Cold winter nights) where song and music blend
In harmony of voice and heart, and where
Bright eyes and merry laughter of the fair
Proclaimed the pleasure of the passing hour?
Think'st thou that *then* stern winter's icy power
No charm imparts? Perchance that "maiden fair,
Of radiant eyes and braided raven hair"
Loved winter best; because of singing school
("Our singing school," of mild and gentle rule)
She thought;—for *beauty* there held sovereign sway,
And bade her subjects *adoration* pay.

But I must hasten on, and lastly say
That earth *must* winter's laws, so stern, obey;
That as the seasons ever constant change,
And *must* while man is doomed this earth to range,
Let us with cheerfulness alike enjoy,
And taste them all—what in them may annoy,
With calm philosophy and patience bear,—
For never yet was *winter, summer fair.*

NEHEMIAH, JR.

TURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1847.

The Portsmouth Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1847.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

THE CHARM OF WINTER.

At Nature's chancery laws I murmur not,

Nor would I cast upon her page a blot;

But, pleasure from her ice and snow-clad men;

My heart never found, nor have my eyes o'er seen,

Yet, winter brings us charms, (so poets say.)

These charms I'll sing, in this my chosen way:

Take heed who hear, and rightly judge my song,

Whatever was, or is, I do not charge as *wrong*.

Come boys, dash on your skates and gaily glide

Adown the hill and o'er the frozen tide;

Miss how ye coast along the creviced bay,

Now, here in air, upon your backs you may—

Ah, be it—why heedless onward start you so?

methinks your pates caught then a dreadful blow,

Now, take, take care—there's no great prize to win,

Obstinate too near, there! there! you are—broke in!

Ob, I like it lively, on a wintry day

Ob, scramble from a cool bath in the bay!

Ob, comes one *maiden*, on your *skates* you may,

Ob, winter now, sweeter than *midsummer* day!

Ob, see the bright trees, frosty'd aliby white,

Ob, birds with warbling birds I do, joyous sight!

Ob, hills and streams, choked by the ice and snow,

Ob, chime smoothed music, as swift on ygo.

Ob, Boreas breathes from out the darken'd sky—

Ob, close your mantles as he rushes by.

Ob, muffs and furrs ring to your faces bold,

Ob, by the mornin' you'll have taken cold.

Ob, take care, ye gallant ones, nor drive so swift,

Ob, lost to return, and stiff in the drift!

Ob, 'tis midnight peal, the sleigh-bells tell the tale,

Ob, Hode speeds the group, half perished in the gale.

Ob, thy lattice maiden, list the lay—

Ob, hove lower through the deep snow ploughs his way,

Ob, and sings, "My boat is by the castle near!"—

Ob, O come to me! it is so bright and clear,

Ob, blue with those eyes, ere far from thee I go;

Ob, in morn come, I'm freezing down below.—

Ob, storms and music, poetry and ice!

Ob, true they blend as virtue's flowers with vice.

Ob, magic Winter with thy bleached locks,

Ob, fields look gay, but not with shepherds' flocks;

Ob, woods are decked with shining, dazzling flowers,

Ob, who would not drink the balm of ice-bound bower?

Ob, Ob, I love *winter*! said a maiden fair

Ob, of radiant eyes and braided raven hair;

Ob, Dances on plenty are, and delights—too,

Ob, I do love winter best, indeed I do!

Ob, For one full minute, silence reigned about,

Ob, I took my hat, and thought of going out.

Ob, She never had mused upon the real vice,

Ob, That winter brings to creatures here below.

Ob, The bitter night—the sailor feels the blast,

Ob, As up he climbs to reef the topsail fast,

Ob, Gaze out, and note the ocean's stormy wall,

Ob, A ship all ice-locked sniffs the freezing gale,

Ob, With shattered mast and canvas torn away,

Ob, Careering low, she's driven through the spray,

Ob, And on the sharp rocks into atoms hurl'd—

Ob, *Never grow all lost—Wake in another world!*

Ob, While dances gay are in the festive hall,

Ob, And hear the loud drum of last and equal;

Ob, They little think of menon periling,

Ob, Whose piercing cries 'mid tempest howlings ring.

Ob, Ah, winter is a laggard, heartless sile,

Ob, For him, ne'er will I string my humble lyre.

Ob, 'Tis winter now, and many are the poor,

Ob, Who feel the pangs of hunger, though on shore;

Ob, Many there are who quaff the bitter bowl,

Ob, Which winter fills, and stings the inward soul.

Ob, Oh, there are groups of honest, virtuous poor,

Ob, Who through the stormy seek aid from door to door;

Ob, Numbers that lie on this and shivering beds,

Ob, With no kind hand to soothe their aching heads.

Ob, Ah, Winter! with old viage grim, away,

Ob, For thee, I cannot weave a single lay.

Ob, When the keen North sends its benumbing breath,

Ob, And seizes the eyes of penury's child in death;

Ob, And dooms the mariner upon the sea,

Ob, To chill and gasp along the rock-bound lea—

Ob, Oh, wake the sympathetic chord within,

Ob, The *thoungless*, *weak* heart no heaven can win.

Ob, Amid the unweary'd, 'twere well to think;

Ob, Of those that fortune leaves far, far behind,

Ob, Trembling and hungering in the wintry wind.

Ob, No, no—not I will ever turn my lyre,

Ob, In praise of stormy Winter, heartless sile!

Ob, Let all who choose dwell on a frozen theme,

Ob, The charms of ice-borgs, is chillly dream. *ALPHONZO.*

Concert.

THE PORTSMOUTH MINSTRELS,
under the instruction and direction of THOS.
P. MOSES, respectfully announce to their friends
and the patrons of Music, that they will give
their first CONCERT at the TEMPLE,
On **TUESDAY evening, May 11th, 1847.**
Doors open 1-4 to 7, Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Tickets at Mr.
Badger's bookstore, and at the door,—price 12 1-2 cents each.
For programme, see small bills. **May 8.**

PJ 6 May 1847

NH 652

11 May 1847

CONCERT.

THE PORTSMOUTH MINSTRELS,
under the instruction and direction of
THOS. P. MOSES, respectfully announce
to their friends and the patrons of Music, that they will
give their first CONCERT at the TEMPLE,
This (TUESDAY) Evening, May 11th, 1847.
Doors open 1-4 to 7, Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Tick-
ets at Mr. Badger's bookstore, and at the door,—price 12 1-2 cents each. For programme, see small bills.
May 11.

DET. COURIER

PORTSMOUTH MINSTRELS.—The performances of this
new musical association at their concert on Tuesday
evening, were gratifying to the large and fashionable
audience, and highly creditable to the young gentle-
men and ladies, as well as to their industrious and
persevering teacher, Mr. Moses.

PJ
15 May '47

NH 652
18 May 47

"**PORTSMOUTH MINSTRELS.**"—This association com-
posed of nine members, under the direction of Mr T.
P. Moses, gave a concert at the Temple, last Tuesday
evening, which was attended by a numerous collection
of ladies and gentlemen. The several pieces were well
executed—especially the parts assigned to the ladies,
the first and second trebles in particular—and apparent-
ly to the gratification of the audience.

MS. Santa Anna

Floral Procession—5th of July.

A N adjourned meeting will be held at CONGRESS HALL, at 1-2 past 6 o'clock, on MONDAY evening next. A full attendance is requested. S. A. BADGER, Chairman. May 29, 1847. C. E. BENNETT, Sec.

Floral Concert.

THOMAS P. MOSES, with his JUVENILE CLASS of about fifty pupils, assisted by gentlemen, for Ballads and Glees, respectfully announces his intention to give a CONCERT at the TEMPLE on the evening of TUESDAY, June 8, 1847.

The children will be decorated with evergreens and flowers. A variety of music, carefully chosen, is in rehearsal, and will be announced in bills as usual.

Tickets 12½ cents.

May 29.

PJ
29 May 1847

1st Floral
Concert

Floral Concert.

THOMAS P. MOSES, with his JUVENILE CLASS of about fifty pupils, assisted by gentlemen, for Ballads and Glees, respectfully announces his intention to give a CONCERT at the TEMPLE on the evening of TUESDAY, June 15, 1847.

The children will be decorated with evergreens and flowers. A variety of music, carefully chosen, is in rehearsal, and will be announced in bills as usual.

Tickets 12½ cents.

May 29.

PJ
5 June 47
change of date

FLORAL CONCERT.—This comes off on Tuesday evening next. Mr. Moses is doing every thing to make it attractive, and he will doubtless have a full house. Youth and flowers are indeed the constituents of poetry and music—all combined cannot fail to light up the smiles of a gratified audience.

The Floral Concert, by Mr. Moses' Class of Juvenile singers and players, was well attended, and the performance highly gratifying to the audience, as well as creditable to the teacher and scholars. The floral decorations were neat and tasteful.

PJ June 12, '47

PJ 19 June 47
Review

... to nothing. *847* *RS*
July 3, 1847
For the *Portsmouth Journal*.

SUMMER ENTERTAINMENTS.

Musical entertainments within doors at a season of oppressive heat, often fail to interest an audience for any considerable length of time, however grand the performance. In consideration of this objection against attending Concerts in close rooms, the several choristers, harpists, and other professional minstrels of the starry plume, have made arrangements to accommodate every lover of pure air, beautiful scenes, and melodious songs, to a "season ticket," with choice to sit or stand in *Nature's Temple*, of the azure dome, and perfumed flowery carpet.

Every morning during June and July, the most enchanting Concert is offered, at the very low price of rising for an hour, and listening. Time of performance, from 2½ to 4 o'clock in the morning; after which hour the chief portion of the minstrels hang up their harps, and roam the field and forest in search of food for themselves and families.

If there are those who love music, and the beautiful, and have never yet gazed in June or July's morn at 3 o'clock toward the mellow tinted, golden eastern sky, nor heard the countless birds and insects praising the Great Dispenser of all the good and the beautiful we may enjoy—if such there are, I would invite them once at least to burst the bands of Morpheus for a time, and if a grove or garden bower be near, to sit by their shaded lattice, quaff the light, sweet odorous morning breeze, and feast the ear and the soul upon the sweetest and most joyous music that ever floated on the balmy air.

The next Concert commences at 2½ or 3 o'clock, A.M. in order as follows:

PROGRAMME—IN ONE PART ONLY.

1. INTRODUCTORY SONG, by White Breast Martin.

Awake my gentle mates of downy wing,
'Tis beauteous, dawn—awake, and sweetly sing.

2. DUETT—Swallow and Sparrow.

We hear the call, and join the early lay,
There's joy and sweetness in the new born day.

3. TRIO—Robin, Yellow-Bird and Blue-Jay.

The zephyrs come, sweet as the breath of love,
With laden wings, from fragrant blossom'd grove.

4. QUARTETTE—The Sky-Lark, Bok-o'-link, Linnet and Thrush.

Fresh are the dewy lawns, and bright the flowers,
And ripe with harmony the festoon'd bowers.

5. SEMICHORUS, by Minstrels of various plume.

The sportsman comes not, to alarm our choir,
We'll tune our harps, and raise the chorus higher.

6. FULL CHORUS of Minstrels and Insects.

The Eastern sky is beaming, tinged with gold,
And Nature doth again her charms unfold;
Who would not know how sweet the morning dawns
O'er placid lakes, and on the silken lawns.

ALPHONZO.

PJ

July 3, 1847

Pianos! Pianos!!



THOMAS MOSES, ORGANIST & TEACHER OF MUSIC,
Is prepared as Agent, to furnish purchasers with PIANOS of
his own selection, at prices from \$50 to \$700, both new and
second hand. He has now for sale a beautiful Rose-wood iron
framed AEOLIAN Piano-Forte, superior to all other improved
Pianos, perfectly enchanting for the Parlour. Price \$350.
Also, just received from Boston, six handsome looking, full
and sweet toned second hand PIANOS, at prices from \$50 to
\$85. Always warranted worth the price set upon them.
T. P. M. at short notice and on reasonable terms, can accom-
modate persons who would hire Pianos for three, six or twelve
months. His friends and the lovers of music are cordially in-
vited to his Music Room, 4 Exchange Buildings, where his
Pianos are exhibiting and rapidly selling off.
Mr. Moses, grateful for extensive patronage, continues to
give lessons on the Organ, Piano-Forte, Flute, and in Singing.
Terms for each branch as above, \$8 per quarter of 24 lessons.
July 21.

PJ July 24
1867



D.109 Leaine Thayer

For the Rockingham Messenger.
THE GIRL WHO CLIPPED OFF HER
SHINING HAIR.

I saw a girl of glowing cheek
And flowing brown hair,
Dancing along but yesterday
As though she knew no care.
She ope'd a pair of radiant eyes
As Egypt's maiden black
With laughing lips that could invite
And then repeat attack.

I heard her voice upon the breeze
As others oft have heard,
And o'er the earth with merry song
She flitted like a bird,
But that which bade my eyes admire,
(I never shall forget,)
Was her long, glossy, beauteous hair,
Black shining as a jet.

Ah, now my heart must sadly moan
And tell its gloomy tale:
Tell what to-day near struck me dumb,
And made me ashy pale.
'Twas this—the youth of wildered brain,
Of summers, sweet sixteen,
Hied reckless to a barber's room
And in his chair did lean.

Now, as though all her senses fled
And phantoms held her charmed,
She urged the *sable shearer*, by,
To "cut, not be alarmed."
He *signed*, or it may be he felt
A sympathy for her,
And asked the maiden fair, to pause—
She bade him not demur.

Says he then, lady, I'll obey—
Old *shears* now do your duty;
There, laughing Miss—your hair is gone!
And with it, half your *beauty*.
Oh! had I stood within the reach
Of the bewildered fair
I'd smote the hand which held the shears,
And overturned her chair.

Methinks I see in yonder sky,
Two spirits looking down—
And hear their deep and blinding sighs,
And see their keener frown.
Sighs for the giddy orphan child,
Lost parents oft enraptured,
And *sorrows* for him who clipped her hair,
At the school girl's request.

Laugh, laugh Zimena, if you will
At such deep error rare,
But oft in *secret* thou wilt sigh
And weep for thy lost hair.
Long *years* must come and pass away
Before those tresses growing,
Can bid bright eyes gaze and admire,
That they are full and flowing:

ALPHONZO.

Portsmouth, Nov. 8th. 1847.

Rockingham
Messenger

Nov 18, 1847

Nov 25 47

~~old~~ p. 4 adv

TPM *Tea* of
organ, piano, flute
& vocal music

W& Exchange

N. 18

For the Journal.

The Sailor Boy, on leaving Home.

"Tis not a dream;

My heart throbs wildly sad—I must away;
The ship is ready,—friends and home, adieu;
Far o'er the trackless sea fate bids me roam.

Oh, if perchance

No more I greet the friends I sadly leave,
Hope shall uplift the heart that falters now,
And I, in fancy w'll behold a land
Of changeless beauty—ever sunny clime
Where saddened spirits joyous meet again,
Feeling that all is faultless youth and love,
And music, such as heaven alone reveals.

Farewell ye bright enchanting groves—ye fields
Enameled with sweet flowers, where oft I've strayed;
Ye warbling minstrels of the glossy plume,
That oft have thrill'd with joy and love, this breast;
Ye crystal streams that leap o'er crag and rock
Murmuring soft music as ye wind along;
Ye playful herds upon my native hills—
And you low cottage, 'neath whose mossy roof
Bright eyes do brighter grow when friends come nigh;
All, fare ye well, I may not come again.

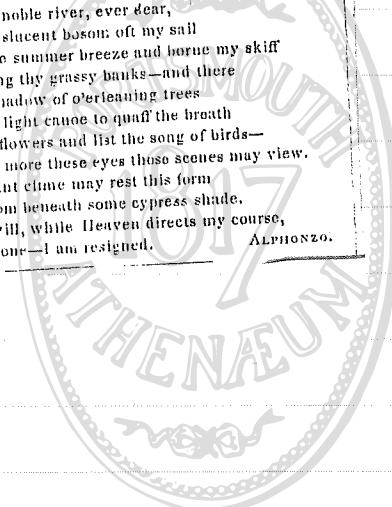
And thou, oh, noble river, ever dear,
On whose translucent bosom oft my sail
Has caught the summer breeze and borne my skiff
Smoothly along thy grassy banks—and there
Beneath the shadow of o'releaning trees
Anchored my light canoe to quaff the broath
Of wildwood flowers and list the song of birds—
Farewell—no more these eyes those scenes may view.
Far in a distant clime may rest this form
In narrow room beneath some cypress shade,
Yet not my will, while Heaven directs my course,
Not mine be done—I am resigned.

ALPHONZO.

RT Jan 29, 1848
P.

Less. Thoughts

p. 136



Abel: West TN (see catz 11/18/48)

Rock. Mass. 1/13/48

• THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
 Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
 Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
 Nobody.

When plunged in dire and deep distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
 Nobody.

When anxious thoughts within me rise,
And in dismay my spirit dies,
Who soothes me with her kind replies?
 Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
And grief distract my fever'd brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
 Nobody.

Then I'll receive, so help me Fate,
To change at once the gloomy state,
And will to Heaven's altar take
 Somebody.

NH GAZ 11/18/48

Rock Message 2/10/48

POETRY.

THE MARRIED MAN'S LAMENT:
IN REPLY TO THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

If I should draw my chair up higher,
And undertake to "poke the fire,"
Who raises up her spunky ire ?

When plunged in deep and dire distress,
Who says "I've bought me a new dress,"
And disappoints all happiness ?

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
Who thinks that I can ne'er feel pain,
Nor cares if I get well again? Somebody.

Then I'm resolved, so help me Fate!
If I get out this double state,
I will to Hymen's altar take
Nobady.

Alphonzo

Joe Rock Messenger
March 2, 1848
(over) →

March
2 '48

For the Rockingham Messenger.
THE BACHELOR'S REPLY TO "SOME-
BODY."

When night outspreads her sable wings,
And sends the "gude man" home,
Who, by forgetting many things,
Makes his wife rave and foam?
Not the "old Bachelor."

When children turn the tea-cups o'er,
And cry, "give me some butter,"
Who says these urchins are a "bore,"
And makes their mother mutter?
Somebody.

When from the oven, servant Nancy,
Outdraws the sooty bread,
Who chides his wife for such a fancy,
Wishing her maid were dead?
Not the Bachelor.

As moves the cat around the room,
With hunger in her eyes,
Who scorns her with a worn out broom,
And pities not her cries?
Somebody.

When timidly the wife hath said,
There's clothes and groceries wanted,
Who wishes he were never wed,
Thus ever to be haunted?
Not the "old Bachelor."

When exhibitions chaste and rare
Are offered for a penny,
Who says, "I can't afford the fare,
Dear discontented Jenny?"
Not the Bachelor.

When pork, and meal, and fish and bread,
Rise in the market higher,
Who groans as though his friends were dead
While poking his scant fire?
Not the Bachelor.

When Summer comes with charms anew
Like a young rose-crown'd bride,
Who fails, (as once he used to do,)
To take his wife to ride?
Somebody.

When penury with tearful eye
Begs, shivering like a reed,
Who says, poor wretch I'll pass you by,
I've many mouths to feed?
Not the Bachelor.

When done is each day's toil and strife,
And "Sir," wends home his way,
Who sits for hours beside his wife
With scarce a word to say.
Somebody.

The dozy scene now being o'er
The parties cross as Hector,
Who knows he merits more and more,
As rings the "Cruelle lecture!"
Not the "old Bachelor."

And when the baby wakes and screams,
To hear the sermonizing,
Who says, if ever morning beams
I'll flee from such chastizing?
Somebody.

ALPHONZO.

9 1848

B.1

Rock
New

March 9

1848

P 2

For the Rockingham Messenger.
"SOMEBODY'S" REPLY TO "ALPHONZO."

Who in a cheerful mood e'er meets
The hard toil of the day,
Contented that his fireside sweets
His labors far repay?
Not the old bachelor.

Who, as he homeward wends his way,
To get his frugal fare,
Is met with smiles and prattle gay,
From those his love who share?
Not the old bachelor.

Who ever finds his table laid
With viands he approves;
Not served up by a careless maid,
But by the hand he loves?
Not the old bachelor.

Who, when his daily task is done,
Forgets fatigue and pain,
And revels in the joys of home
That crowd on him a main?
Not the old bachelor.

Who spends the evening hours in peace,
In calm content and joy,
And feels that, though his years increase,
His pleasures cannot cloy?
Not the old bachelor.

When sickness bows the body low,
Who hath an angel near
With ready hand to soothe his woe,
With loving words to cheer?
Not the old bachelor.

And when old age comes creeping on
Himself and partner too,
Who hath a staff to lean upon
In children kind and true?
Not the old bachelor.

Oh life hath many joys for man,
We must, in candor, own;
But its best blessings never can
In any way be known
To the old bachelor.

For the Rockingham Messenger.

THE BACHELOR'S DEFENCE, HOPE, AND
REQUEST.

Dark is our doom, my brother "Dow"—
Oh! is it not a pity,
While hope hung on our boyhood's brow,
We had not been more witty.
You well remember Miss Leroy,
The star whose light I chose.
To guide me, e'en though but
'Twas her who scorns

Although I'd seen her
She found me
But, in the d—
For
I slept

See next pg

Recd Mrs March 9 '48

For the Rockingham Messenger.

THE BACHELOR'S DEFENCE, HOPE, AND REQUEST.

Dark is our doom, my brother "Dow"—

Oh ! is it not a pity,

While hope hung on our boyhood's brow,
We had not been more witty.

You well remember Miss Leroy,

The star whose light I chose,

To guide me, e'en though but a boy—

'Twas her who scorned my clothes.

Although I'd seen scarce fourteen years,

She found me something haughty ;

But, in the *dark* I shed warm tears,

For her who was so naughty.

I slept that night,—and in my dream,

A skiff came o'er the water ;

In it I saw, 'neath the moon's beam,

Eve's *second* beauteous daughter.

Methought 'twere well I did not die,

As came this damsel near me ;

Oh, there was magic in her eye !

I ask'd the dove to cheer me.

Alas ! although I strove to win,

With nature's purest art ;—

She said, I never could begin

To charm her lofty heart.

Thus might I have at least a score,

Of *failures* keen and dark ;

And by those false lights, on the shore

Oft ran my luckless bark.

Still buoyant on life's changeful sea,

Anon, I spread my sail ;

Laughing at breakers on my lea,

I'd breast the adverse gale.

I've tuned my harp at moonlight hour

Enacting well my part ;

But even *music's* magic power

Melts not the *icy* heart.

The gay and beautiful I've met,

The amiable and bold ;

And 'mid like scenes I mingle yet,

Nor do I find life cold.

But *Time's* a tyrant, leaving blight

On every "sinner's" brow ;

Hence, while life's taper blazes bright,

The watchword should be, "now."

Still, *darkness* hath *some* gleams of light,

And *chances* yet may be ;

Do not, friend "Dow," these fond hopes blight—

Send dark-eyed "Nell" to me.

ALPHONZO.

March 16 '48

For the Rockingham Messenger.

TO "SOMEBODY."

Who *scarcely* he reads an "old bachelor's" life—

And *professes* his sympathies free,

To one who hath never made *slave* of a wife,

Or *frown'd* when too strong was her tea ?

Somebody.

Who talks about *self* having toil'd all the day—

(The "lord of creation," ha, ha,)

Allowing no time for his *wife*, e'en to *pray* ?

Thinking *rest* only due to *papa* ?

Not the "old bachelor."

Who reckons there is not on earth a true joy,

Like the bliss of his "prattling" ones' songs ;

And *thinks* an "old bach" never meets with a

toy,

Quite as good as his *shovel and tongs* !

Somebody.

Who flatters himself that *no peace* can be found,

Except in a smoky room meeting ;

Where the greasy cook stove, chairs, and tables

around,

Make up his delectable greeting ?

Not the "old bachelor."

Who talks of *retrenchment* each night he goes

home,

To his "own one," who sighs with her "lord,"

When he says, *we can't live like the Emperor of*

Rome ;

Think—wood is eight *dollars* per cord !

Somebody.

Who's *mistaken* to guess, when the bachelor's

ill,

That he lingers *alone* and expires,

Without a kind "angel" to offer a *pill*,

Because he's not one of the *Sires* ?

Somebody.

Who *knows*, that full oft, when old age creepeth

nigh,

The jewels call'd "staff," are *defiled* ;

And down lay the parents in sorrow to die,

At the sight of a prodigal child ?

Somebody.

Still, in "candor" we own there *are* joys for *pa-*

pa,

(And we say not how dear to the *wife* ;)

But no breeze ever bore on its wings from afar

A sweet tale like the *bachelor's* life !

ALPHONZO.

See reply May 30 '48

(over)

Rockport March 20 1847.

For the Rockport Messenger.

TO "ALPHONZO."

Who, having through life endeavoured in vain,
By every means in his power,
From some full score of fair ones a wife to obtain,
Resolves that the grapes are all sour ?

Anybody ?

Who, having grown grey in celibacy's woes,
Gets crabbed while nearing the grave ;
And fancies the husband e'er tyranny shows,
And the wife must be ever a slave ?

The bachelor.

Who often reflects on his ill-natured mood,
And though he for wedded bliss longs,
Yet throws in the balance the high price of wood,
And shudders at thought of the tongs ?

Anybody ?

Who's so vain as to think, while he *single* remains,
Though no one *other* charm he possess,
There'll never be wanting, when tortured with
pains,
Kind angels to soothe his distress ?

The bachelor.

Who unloved and unloving pursues his lone way,
With each kind emotion at strife,
And tells with much gusto, to hide his dismay,
The *sweet tale of the bachelor's life* ?

Anybody ?

True, times there may be when the bachelor
may
Esteem the tale sweet, for ought we know ;
it he'll oftener regret, we venture to say,
That his sire had not been its hero !

SOMEBODY.

Feb 13, 1848

PJ
13 Feb 48

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Tuesday next,

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ive

Next Monday is the Day.

J. F. SHORES, Jr. No. 1 Congress Block,
HAS JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER LOT OF
VALENTINES, which makes his assortment the Largest and
Best in town.

Feb. 12.

Piano for sale.

A VERY handsome and fine toned PIANO,
Rose-wood case, of the most approved
style, about one year old, is offered for sale by
a person moving out of town. For terms, &c.
apply at the Music Room of Mr. T. P. MOSES, Exchange Build-
ings, where the Piano can be seen.

Mr. Moses has also other PIANOS for sale, both new and
second-hand, all of which he can recommend at satisfactory
prices.

Feb. 12.

WINTER PEARLS, for preserving, for sale to



P4

Dec 19, 1848 PT

For the Journal.

THE FORSAKEN.

Fate weaves a gloomy veil that I must wear;
 Oh ! drear suspense—
 Why comes he not?
He knows I lonely wait his smiles to share,
 Is this a mystic dream—love I in vain?
 Can he be false?
 Oh ! he will come,
 Will come and dissipate my bosom's pain.
Alas! hope's stellar ray is fading fast,—
 'Tis hard to brook
 Neglect so keen—
His vow hangs o'er me cold as wintry blast,
 He loves me not—gone is his heart astray,
 He will not come
 To claim his own,
And yet in secret hours for him I pray.
He mocks my gloom, and I am left to die;
 Phantoms are round,
 Hope's light is gone,
Despair is flaunting near with haggard eye,
 Oh, anguish, cease to sting my throbbing brow!
 Oh, heart, aroise!
 Life hath a boon,
 'Tis sweet to *pardon*, and I bless him now.

ATAPHIOZO.



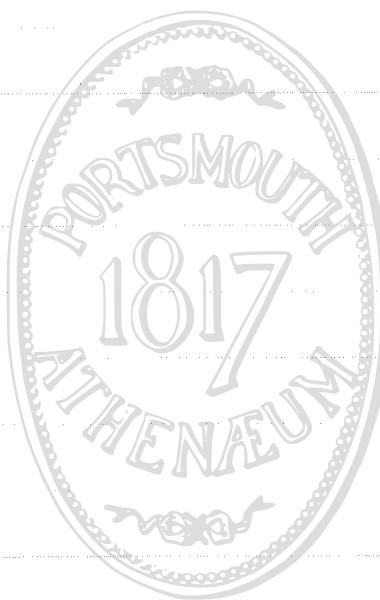
Rock Ness.
Feb 24, '48

p3

For the Rockingham Messenger.
TO Z —

Thou of the shining ebon hair,
Of rosy lips and features fair,
Thou of the dark and vestal eyes,
Rife with language from the skies ;
Thou of the young and joyous soul,
As oft-times grave as thou art droll ;
Thou of the bright carnation cheek,
That Love's pure lip is wont to seek ;
Thou of pure breath, as roses sweet,
Take heed those charms no swain shall cheat.

ALPHONZO

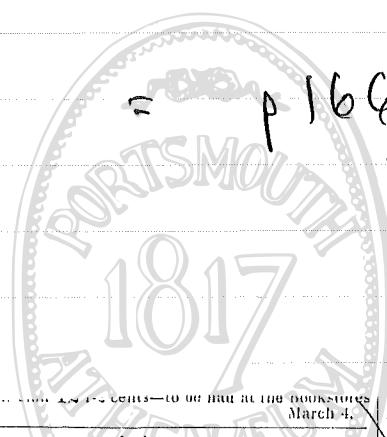


PJ March 4
1848

P 1

For the Portsmouth Journal.
TO LEONORA.

The cheerful lyre I tune to-day,
Sheds forth its music free;
And, lady, though a simple lay,
I tune that song to thee.
May you as cheerfully as now,
O'er life's broad ocean glide;
And not a cloud o'ershade thy brow—
No ill thy life betide.
Along thy path may fragrant flowers
Be strewn in bright array;
And ever through earth's fairest bowers,
May you in gladness stray.
And when the low pulse strikes thy doom
Telling that life is o'er;
May thy light spirit joyous roam
On Jordan's sunny shore. ALPHONSE.



= p 166 Leisure Thoughts
"To a Friend"

and door. 50 cents to be paid at the bookstores

March 4.



Music.

THOS. P. MOSES, Teacher of the Organ, Piano-Forte, Flute and Vocal Music. Rooms in Exchange Buildings, No. 4. Residence No. 6 Court street. Terms for individual instruction \$10 per qr. of 24 lessons.

At the polite request of several parents, Mr. Moses will re-commence a JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL, at his Music Room, (capable of accommodating easily one hundred pupils,) on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS, April 5th, 1848, at 4-1/2 o'clock.— Tickets 50 cents each in advance, for twelve lessons.

T. P. M. Agent, is ever ready to furnish PIANOS of varied description and price, to those who may confide in him—from the manufacturer of Messrs. T. Gilbert & Co. Boston.

March 4.

GW

PJ Mar. 4 48

Red. Nov. 18

March 30 1848

For the Messenger.

THE TYROLIAN MINSTRELS.

The Hauser Family, consisting of a brother and sister with two sons, four of the most charming singers that ever appeared before a Portsmouth audience, gave two Concerts at the Temple the present week. Owing to inclement weather, dark nights, and perhaps to a limited knowledge of the intrinsic merit of these vocalists, but few persons came out to patronize them. Those who love truly exquisite music and did not hear this amiable and talented group of Musicians, have voluntarily rejected an invitation to a musical feast not every day to be met with in Portsmouth, or elsewhere. These artists, separately or collectively, entirely surpass most, if not all the public singers who have heretofore visited us. There is in the amiable and brilliant Miss Therese, a sweet, rich, flexible, extensive, and withal a powerful soprano voice—and her style of performance, as that of the whole family, is free from affectation, natural and beautiful. In Franz, is a pure, full, and liquid Tenor. In Joseph, a soft, flexible and most graceful Alto. In George, a deep, grand and finished Bass.

Their native costume, being simple and attractive, their ingenuous faces, fascinating smiles, and attractive deportment, together with their finely cultivated, equally balanced, and sweetly blending voices, cannot fail to draw attention, and awaken delight and enthusiasm in all music-loving, and appreciating hearts. They accompany themselves with Guitars, and a new instrument called the Cithern, from which goes forth délicate and sweetly harmonious music. 'Tis true they sing in their native tongue, which is unknown to most of us, but the objection granted, merely places them in this particular on a par with many, if not most of our own native Glee Clubs, Ballad singers, and Church Choirs—all of whom too often culpably render themselves quite as unintelligible to a listening audience.

The Hauser Family have sung before nearly or quite all the crowned heads of Europe, and have been overwhelmed with plaudits from the best judges everywhere. All their selections are good, but we would hear again that touching and richly harmonized Quartette "Andreas Hoffer Requim") the playful catch "Who spilt the beer?" and the "Handsome Hunter," by the silver-voiced and pleasant Therese.

It is understood that these charming vocalists design to return and sing in this town next fall, when it is believed that the good taste of Portsmouth will not again permit them to depart without a more general expression of approbation.

ALPHONZO.

POETRY.

I MISS THEE, LOVE!—WHEN?

I miss thee, my love!—when the morning's
bright beam
From the earth chases darkness away;
I miss the soft light of thine eye's gentle gleam,
The sun that lit ever my day;
When the lark his gay matin' chants loudly
and clear,
As he soars far above our faint ken—
When nature delights most the eye and the ear
With her beauty;—I miss thee, love, then!
I miss thee at noon, love! No more through the
day,
Turning labor to love and delight,
Each care still to soften—each toil to repay,
Comes the thought, 'I shall see thee at night!'
Alone, o'er the path where with thee by my
side,
I have wandered the happiest of men;
Dejected—I muse on the miles that divide
Now our footsteps;—I miss thee, love, then.
I miss thee at eve!—at the setting of sun,
When the day with its labor is o'er,—
When its duties and cares and employment are
done,
And weigh down the spirit no more;
And still to that dearly loved spot I repair,
Where together so oft we have been;
The place is the same, but ah! thou art not there,
And I miss thee—I miss thee, love, then,
I never lie down on my pillow at night,
When fancy soars chainless and free,
But clear as the sunbeam—distinct as the light,
Cometh ever a vision of thee!
In dreams, as I meet thee, no more, love, to part,
I kiss thee again and again,
I press thy loved form to this fond, faithful heart,
wake!—ah! I miss thee, love, then.

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Teacher of the Organ, Piano Forte, Flute and
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Rooms in Exchange Buildings, No. 4. Residence No. 6 Court street. Terms for individual instruction, \$10 per Quarter or 24 Lessons.

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T. P. M., Agent, is ever ready to furnish PIANOS of varied description and price, to those who may confide in him—from the manufactory of Messrs. T. GILBERT & Co., Boston.

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Rock. Messenger
13 April 1848

P. 4

PJ 15 April 1848

HALLOW.

Young Children please attend,
While o'er the earth you stray, Come then to school and learn
There's nought you'll find, The precious art;
Like music's voice, It gives delight—
To cheer you on the way, And elevates the heart.

THOMAS P. MOSES, prevented by sickness from commencing afternoon SINGING SCHOOL the 5th of April as advertised, respectfully announces that he will try again on WEDNESDAY, April 12, 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M. at his Music Room, Exchange Buildings, and will continue the class during the summer, if forty or more pupils attend. Terms fifty cents in advance for a course of 12 lessons. April 8.

Juvenile Singing School.

At the request of several friends and patrons, Mr. CLARK will resume his Juvenile instruction on WEDNESDAY, April 5th, at 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Rooms No. 5 Congress street. Terms \$1 for 24 lessons, payable after the sixth lesson. April 4.

Dancing.

Leisurely P.M.

The Portsmouth Journal--Extra.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1848.

VARIETIES.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

AVARICE;

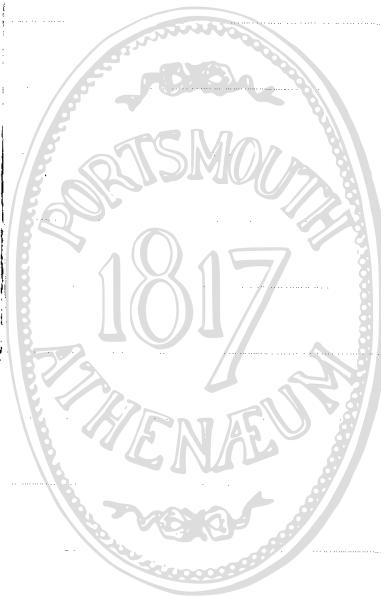
Smitten with illness on lone couch I lay,
Counting the slow and dreary hours away;
Thames worthy of reflecting pen prest on my mind,
Thick as the stars, of varied worth and kind.
I lived on fears, the soul's dire foe,
Nor would I let the happy moment go,
Fast to my will chain'd, I did rebel down,
So he might feel the pressure of my frown.

Now, friend, from deepest gloom of fates art,
Hear what hath in my bosom long been pent.
Thou art the mildew of life's hopeful star,
An idiot giant poised on flaming car—
Stretching thy tank, lean arm the globe all o'er,
Crying, as yeoms the grave yard, give, give more!

I sail the stormy sea ingulfs thy bark,
Thy pirate prow e'en severs her caverns dark;
The lurid furnace melts the blubhorn steel,
But stony gneat lava streams congeal;
The sword hath pierced the steel-clad warrior through—
Thy scaly self realms the keen lasso;
The battering mortar shaketh the mightiest walls,
Yet thou canst brave the hissing cannon balls;
The heaven-tuned harp moves not thy leaden soul—
Gorgo would fail to fire the Arctic pole;
The eloquence out-breath'd by Paul of old
Were worth in thee but one light grain of gold;
He who once wore the crown of piercing thorn,
Still hangs through thee, black demon, thick with horn.

Though sea drown not, nor wild fire melt thee down,
Nor sword nor lance pierce thy batanic brawn;
Though music fail to wake thy miser, art,
And eloquence draws from thine eye no tear—
Though penury, nor orphan's earnest prayer,
Or widow's tear bruis in thee no care;
Though virtue pine beneath thy eager thrust—
Know, there's a God who'll crush thee in the dust.
So now, grim demon Avarice, away,
I'll grate for them for further thoughts to day.

Amherst.



For the Portsmouth Journal.

TREES.

Life dawn'd—and in my infancy
I loved the waving trees;
They seemed like things of life to me,
Dancing to summer breeze.

My boyhood came—I loved them more,
Was happy 'neath their shade;
I placed them round my mother's door,
And watched them bloom and fade.

My manhood came—I could not deem
This love should die away;
No,—'tis a pure and pleasant theme,
To sing of trees to-day.

Earth were a wide and gloomy waste,
Bereft of trees and flowers;
And life less sweet to mortal taste,
Uncheered by fragrant bowers.

There's mellow *music* in the trees,
When summer's breath comes near;
It lightly echoes on the breeze,
It charms the listening ear.

There's sweetness in the trees at dawn,
When rosy June is here;
Their breath perfumes the golden morn,
Their beauty gives us cheer.

There is a *lesson* in the trees,
Whose truth the bosom feels;
Each leaf that quivers to the breeze,
The Deity reveals.

When life's rude storms I've ceased to brave,
And death o'ershadows me,
One favor, friend, I earnest crave:
Plant by my tomb a tree. ALPHONZO.

PJ April 1, 1848

P151 because
Thought

April 8, 1848. J. B. WOOD,

Young Children please attend,
While o'er the earth you stray, Come then to school and learn
There's nought you'll find, The precious art;
Like music's voice, It gives delight—
To cheer you on the way. And elevates the heart.

THOS. P. MONES, prevented by sickness from commen-
encing afternoon SINGING SCHOOL the 5th of April
as advertised, respectfully announces that he will try again on
WEDNESDAY, April 12, 4-5 o'clock, P. M. at his Music-
Room, Exchange Building, and will continue the class during
the summer, if forty or more pupils attend.
Terms fifty cents in advance for a course of 12 lessons.
April 8.

PJ Ap. 8, 1848

June 10.

(G. & M.)

FLORAL CONCERT.

THOMAS P. MOSES has the honor to say that he will give a CONCERT, with his Class of seventy-five Juvenile Pupils, On TUESDAY evening, June 20, 1848, At the CAMENEUM.

Efforts will be made to make the evening's Entertainment worthy of patronage. The room and the scholars will be decorated with flowers, evergreens, &c. No pains has been spared in the selection of appropriate music and sentiment for the occasion. Programmes will, as usual, be distributed in due season.

Concert will commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 12½ cents may be had at the several Bookstores and at the Cameneum door on the evening of Concert. June 10.

FLORAL CONCERT.—Mr. Moses' Floral Concert at the Temple on Wednesday evening was a joyful occasion to the juvenile performers, highly creditable to the taste and skill of the teacher, and gratifying to the parents and spectators. It is very pleasant to add that the audience was numerous and fashionable, and the selection of words and music chaste and delicate.

Floral Concert Repeated.

At the solicitation of many persons, and encouraged by desire of his Pupils, Mr. MOSES announces that he will repeat, with alterations, the CONCERT of Wednesday evening last, on THURSDAY evening, June 29, at the TEMPLE.

The pieces will be so studiously arranged as to allow the Concert to commence at 8, and close at 9 1-2 o'clock at the latest.

The house will be re-decorated with fresh evergreens, flowers, &c. Should the present Queen anticipate dissensions in these revolutionary times, and deem it prudent to "abdicate," an attempt will be made even in this republican land, to place the crown upon another head, which ceremony is thought can take place without tumult or bloodshed.

All who are pleased to believe that the study and practice of Music is a laudable pursuit—healthful both to body and mind, as other branches of study and as worthy of ceaseless encouragement, are respectfully invited to cheer the scene with their presence. Music, like any other art or science, rises and expands in truth and beauty in proportion to the support it receives from its true and indefatigable lovers and a golden stimulus.

Tickets at usual places—12½ cts. June 24.

Card.—Thos. P. Moses with gratitude acknowledges the favors recently bestowed on him and his Juvenile Pupils, in the form of *baskets* and *baquets* of flowers from various individuals, to decorate the Temple for a "Floral Concert." And in particular would be thank those ladies who were so thoughtful and kind as to proffer their valuable aid in co-operating with him to ornament the room for the above named purpose.

Portsmouth, June 24, 1848.

PJ June 10, 1848

PJ June 24, 1848

PJ June 29, 1848



FLORAL CONCERT REPEATED.

At the solicitation of many persons, and encouraged by desire of his pupils, Mr. MOSES announces that he will repeat, with alterations, the CONCERT of Wednesday evening last, on THURSDAY evening, June 29, at the TEMPLE.

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Tickets at usual places—12 1-2 cents.

38

FLORAL CONCERT.—The concert given by Mr. Moses and his Juvenile Class at the Temple on Wednesday evening of last week attracted a large audience, who were highly pleased with the entertainment. The stage was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and each of the little vocalists being supplied with a bouquet, the exhibition was as pleasing to the eye as to the ear. Mr. M. is devoted to the science of music, has done much towards its cultivation by our citizens, and should receive from them a liberal patronage. He will, by invitation, repeat his concert this (Thursday) evening, on which occasion we hope a still larger audience will be gratified with the entertainment.

Floral Concert Repeated.

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Tickets at usual places—12 1-2 cts. j29

FLORAL CONCERT.—Mr. Moses and his Juvenile Class gave their second concert for the season to a large and brilliant audience on Thursday evening. The performances gave general satisfaction, and did great credit to the instruction of Mr. M., whose efforts to improve the musical talents of the rising generation we are pleased to see so well appreciated.

Rock Mess
29 June 1848
P 2

Rock Mess
29 June 1848
P 4

Rock Mess
6 July 1848
P 2

Musical Notice.

THOS. P. MOSES, having procured a life insurance against the "California Gold Fever," will remain in town as usual, for the present, should no other fever or misfortune cause his removal.

Mr. Moses with pleasure embraces this medium to express a manly gratitude towards his numerous friends and patrons, who have been pleased to sustain him so generously and for so long a time, in the career of his favorite and laudable profession; and would respectfully say, that he is always ready and willing to devote whatever talents and means in his possession, to the improvement of pupils entrusted to his charge.

The experience of fifteen years study and practice of music, both at home and abroad, together with a natural love for the art, a close observing nature, and some instruction from the best masters, might afford slight reasons to inspire confidence.

Mr. Moses also announces his intention to resume his Juvenile Singing School early in the Spring.

He concurs with many experienced teachers in other places, in discarding the old, fast expiring, if not wholly impracticable plan of do, re, mi by mutation, and will in future both for children and adults adopt the plan which is deemed certain to take place, wherein the names of do, re, mi, &c. are stationary in all keys, as most successfully taught by Mr. E. Ives, a distinguished professor and teacher of Music in New-York city, and also by others.

Mr. M. has had the pleasure and honor to be presented with a set of valuable books on the subject from Mr. Ives, and by a personal interview with an agent from New-York, and by the books, Mr. M. is ready to explain the easier and better plan.

Feb. 3. 3 w.

Second-hand Pianos for Sale.



THOS. P. MOSES has two very good PIANOS, which are offered cheap for cash. One, made by Stewart & Chickering, of Boston, a good looking, and good toned instrument, price \$110. And one of London manufacture, an excellent instrument of the kind, for only \$45. They may be seen at his Music Room, Exchange Buildings.

Mr. Moses is agent for Messrs. T. Gilbert & Co., and Hallett, Davis & Co. Pianoforte Manufacturers, Boston. Purchasers, having little or no knowledge of the mechanical construction of a Piano, the delicacy of its touch, and uniformity, power, and quality of its tone, who may confide in Mr. M.'s ability to select for them, can in every particular, receive a guarantee that the instrument shall give perfect satisfaction, or the money paid for it, be refunded.

Mr. Moses takes this opportunity to say on his own responsibility, that in buying a Piano of high cost, there may easily be a "takein'" of from \$25 to \$150; that is, \$250 and upwards may be, and often has been, paid for handsome looking Pianos, so defective in touch, in dampers, and in evenness, and quality of tone, that a good and practical musician would consider it a calamity to be presented with the gift of such for his personal use.

3 w.

Feb. 3.

EXHIBITION OF MUSEUM.



ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT.

Juvenile Singing School.

THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces his intended to commence a SINGING SCHOOL for children, from six to fourteen years of age, in his Music Room, Exchange Buildings, at 4-1/2 o'clock, WEDNESDAY afternoon, April 11th, 1849.

Terms, one dollar per quarter of 24 lessons, in advance. Cards of admission \$1 each, at the door.

March 24.

EXHIBITION OF MUSEUM.

PJ Feb 17, '49

PJ. March 24
1849

DODGE & CO.

Cheap and good Piano for Sale.

THE subscriber offers a second-hand Eng-
lish made PIANO-FORTE, of good tone
and touch, for **Thirty-Five Dollars.**

 **THOMAS P. MOSES,**
July 15. *Teacher of Music, Exchange Buildings.*

Boston Academy of Music.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.—The Fifteenth Annual
Meeting of the Teacher's Institute of the Boston Academy
of Music, will be held in Boston, commencing on Tuesday,
August 8, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Tremont Temple—con-
tinuing 10 days, under the instruction of Messrs. MASON, WEBB,
JONSON and Root. Teachers, Choristers and others will find
this meeting a grand opportunity for improvement.

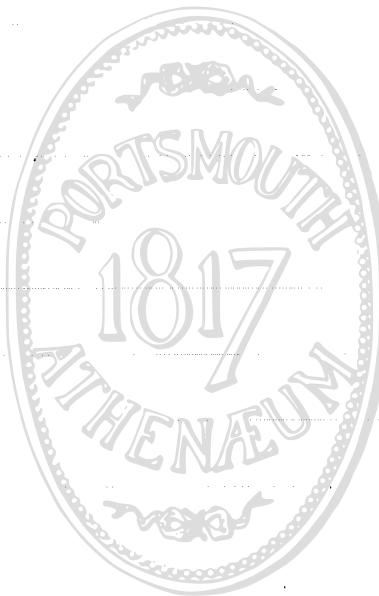
Terms of admission \$5. Members of former classes, who
wish to engage in the exercises, taking a part in the singing,
are invited to attend, with a privilege also of introducing a
lady who sings, free of charge.

Tickets for sale at the Bookstore of TAPPAN, WHITTE-
MORE & MASON, 114 Washington St. Boston.
July 15. **3w**

DODGE & CO.

PJ

15 July 1840



WEEKLY WEDNESDAY

Ten Dollars Reward.

THE above named sum will be paid by the subscriber for such information as will bring to conviction and justice the *midnight emissaries of personified meanness and depravity*, who so courageously and magnanimously,—and with so much wantonness and filthiness of thought, under cover of the darkness and rain of Monday night, August 28th, 1848, besmeared in a shameful, disgusting and unpardonable manner, the sign over the entrance door of my Music Room, Exchange Buildings.

a81

THOS. P. MOSES.

Rose Mrs.
Aug 31, 1848
P 4





Flute Instruction.

At frequent solicitations of young friends who love music, and feeling a personal desire to revive a taste for the beautiful and companionable instrument the Flute, the subscriber is induced to re-open a FLUTE SCHOOL.

In time past, while a sojourner in New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c. the subscriber received careful instruction and lasting impressions of correct flute playing; which advantage, with a practical acquaintance with this favourite instrument from his early youth, inspires him with full confidence as teacher of the same.

Though *all* may have ears to *hear*, it is pleasant and commendable while making the precarious voyage of life, for one sometimes to create good music himself, which not only gives personal gratification, but often adds much to the happiness of others also. The Flute is a pure and gentle solace in life's lonesome hours, besides being useful on other occasions. It is neither injurious to health nor morals. Young gentlemen who make it their "pocket companion" while journeying abroad, will find it of scarcely less value to initiate them into agreeable society than the magic *dust* itself of California.

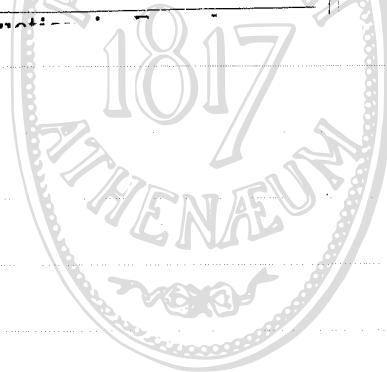
An opportunity is now offered for instruction at only \$5 per quarter of 24 lessons, an hour each, two evenings per week.— Single, private lessons for the same, \$10 per quarter.

A paper is left at the Watch & Clock Store of Mr. Henry H. Ham, Exchange Buildings. Should ten or more names be enrolled, the class may commence at any time in the convenient Music Room of

THOS. P. MOSES.

Sept. 1.

Instrument.



PJ Sept 1, 1849

There are sly traps, and slyer traps,
And traps to catch women;
Some with teeth like the shark,
Others, close, cunning boxes.
There are coon traps and bear traps,
And traps to catch beavers;
And bird traps, and fish traps,
All, ingenious deceivers.
But among all the sly traps
And I reckon the ~~worst~~ is
Is the life-stealing Man-trap,
Into which he is thrust.
Oh young man, and old man,
Why walk you therein?
This man-trap is a RUM-trap!
Beware of its grin!
Stand up with proud ~~firmness~~—
Look with scorn on temptation;
Man, to be a good soldier,
Must maintain honor's station.
Then hear, oh ye brothers
And sisters of clay;
Avoid the sly death-trap,
When set in your way.
But, if ye will challenge
The ruin ye can trace,
Then step in the rum-trap
And bear the disgrace.

ALPHONZO.

Rock Nest. Sept 7
1848

also see traps'
in N H G&E?

in RT June 30, 1849

For the Portsmouth Journal.

TO A MINIATURE OF THE DEPARTED.

Jewel more dear than pearls and gold,
Bright impress of the lov'd and lost;
Thine to my bosom will I fold
While on life's changeful sea I'm lost.

Dear image of a soul refined,
There's inspiration in thine eyes:
And on those lips seem whispers kind,
Like soothing music from the skies.

I gaze upon thy features fair
Till fancy paints a breathing glow:
Thy smile then dissipates my care,
And frees my breast from every woe.

Thy voice seems raised in seraph song
And sweetly echoes in mine ear:
Oh, heart, deem not my fancy wrong,
Still would I dream that voice I hear.

ALPHONZO.

In the last Journal.

PJ Sept 23, 1898

P 3



PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

THE JOURNAL.

For the Journal.

THE FIRM AND TRUSTY GENTLEMAN.

Altered for the occasion, and partly Original.

I'll sing a simple ballad

Which no friendly heart may hate,
Of a brave and trusty gentleman,
Commanding large estate—
Who keeps up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate,
With bosom generous to relieve
The needy at his gate;
Like a firm, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When troubles on our borders came,
The war-cry once more heard,
This brave and trusty gentleman
Breathed no ungracious word;
But left his peaceful mansion,
And o'er his martial band,
With firmness and with prudence, held
In war a high command,—
One of the bravest gentlemen
Of past or present time.

As now the storm is ended,
And peace smiles forth again,
This firm and honest gentleman,
Who ever is the same,
Is called to stand the foremost,
As worthiest to gain
The highest honors of that land
Whose good he'll e'er maintain,
And prove a trusty gentleman,
Worthy of any time.

The day of contest is at hand,
When Taylor's name shall fly,
Echoed by million voices, forth,
Along Columbia's sky.
Wise and foreseeing, calm, and sure,
And bold to lead the van,
THE people's wreath shall grace his brow,
For he's the people's man;
The honest, brave, firm gentleman,
All of the olden time. ALPHONZO.

Portsmouth, Sept'r. 1848.

PJ Oct 14,
1848

For the Journal.

PASSED AWAY.

Night's dreary curtains are withdrawn,
And o'er the lakes and dewy lawn,
Morning outshines the rosy light,
And earth appears in beauty bright.

The song-bird's note floats on the breeze;
In magic sweetness through the trees;
While in the meadow fresh and green
The lamb and kid at play are seen.

Swiftly on golden chariot flies
The sun, toward meridian skies,
Till in the radiant beam of day,
Sweet *morning* hides its smile away.

Noon outpours its melting rays,
And panting herds refuse to graze;
But morn and noon have swiftly pass'd,
And o'er us *evening* shades are cast.

Day, like a spirit fond and true,
Departing, waves a sad adieu;
And hurries with electric flight,
Hiding its charms in ebon night.

Thus lights, and shades, and all things pass,
While ruthless Time holds out his glass;
Ambition, fame, and honors, too,
Ephemeral are as morning dew.

Bright Summer wings herself away,
Leaving her gems to sad decay;
She bore us balm from Ceylon's isle—
Alas, how fainting was her smile!

See Friendship near, with graceful hand,
Writing fair tales upon the sand;
The waves of impulse lash the shore—
Her promises we read no more.

See Love with sweetly winning voice,
Forsook its fond and happy choice,
And fit away on fickle wing,
To slip at some new-gushing spring.

See gorgeous palaces, and towers,
And dazzling thrones, and gilded bower,
And pyramids that pierce the sky—
In Time's relentless grasp they die.

See kindred ties torn by the blast,
In Death's dark whirlpool rudely cast;
Amid the storm and wailings hear,
Of breaking hearts that cluster near.

Oh, 'tis the tempest passing by,
Sent by Jehovah from the sky;
Deep wisdom guides the blighting storm,
That chills the blood once gushing warm.

The fast of th' Eternal One,
E'er suns their round had scarce begun,
Went forth, creating dire dismay,
That "heaven and earth should pass away."

Oh, spirit! oh, immortal mind,
Look up, eternal joys to find;
Let earth and all else fade away,
Pure souls shall pass to glorious day.

ALPHONZO.

For the Journal.
MUSIC.

The Lecture on Music delivered by Mr. T. P. Moses, was highly appreciated by those who heard it, and we regret that there were no more present. It was a chaste production, containing many striking and beautiful passages. The chief object of the address seemed to be to show the power of music, when rightly directed, for the accomplishment of good, and for arresting evil. To sustain this idea, irrefragable evidence has been and can be produced in abundance. We hope the lecturer will be solicited to repeat his remarks, and that the friends of the subject and of good order will encourage native talent by giving him an overflowing house. L.

PJ Dec 16, 1848

Lecture on Music.

Thos. P. MOSES, Organist at the North Church, will deliver a free Lecture on MUSIC, in that Church, on TUESDAY evening next, Dec. 12th. Exercises to commence at 1-4 past 7 o'clock.

Dec. 9.

Dry Goods at Cost!

PJ Dec 9, 1848



Read May
April 5, 1849
P 3

Juvenile Singing School.

THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces his intention to commence a SINGING SCHOOL for children, from six to fourteen years of age, in his Music Room, Exchange Building, at 4 1-2 o'clock, WEDNESDAY afternoon, April 11th, 1849.

Terms, \$1 per quarter of 24 lessons, in advance. Cards of admission \$1 each, at the door.

March 29.

Drawing School.

MISS BROWN proposes to open a drawing school to commence the second week in April, provided sufficient encouragement be given.

A paper will be left for signatures at J. P. Shore's, Jr. Esq.'s Book Store, where specimens of her drawing may be seen.

References...Rev. A. V. GARDEN,

RICHARD NICHOLS, Esq.
ALFRED M. HOITT, Esq.



FLORAL CONCERT.

THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces that he will give a CONCERT with his JUVENILE SINGING CLASS, at the TEMPLE.

On THURSDAY Evening, June 28, 1849.

Cards of admission 12 1-2 cts. each—may be found at the several Bookstores and at the Medicine Stores of Wm. R. Preston and J. Haven Thatcher, and at the Temple door.

Concert to commence at 1-4 past 8. Doors open at 7 1-4.

N. B.—Mr. M.'s SECOND QUARTER for Juvenile Class will commence the first week in July as usual, at his Music Room. \$1 per quarter.

PJ 23 June 1849

crevasse is not yet secure.

THE FLORAL CONCERT.—The Concert given by Mr. Moses's juvenile class at the Temple on Thursday evening was a beautiful display of the flowers of June and of youth. The performances were well executed, and a numerous audience highly gratified.



FLORAL CONCERT.

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PJ 30 June 1849

TRAPS.

THERE are fly traps, and rat-traps,
And traps to catch foxes;
Some with teeth like a shark,
Others, close cunning boxes.

There are coon traps, and bear traps,
And traps to catch beavers,
And bird traps, and fish traps,
All ingenious deceivers.

But among all the sly traps
And I reckon the worst,
Is the life-stealing man-trap,
Into which he is thrust.

Oh! young man, and old man,
Why walk you therein?
This man-trap's a rum-trap!
Beware of its grin!

Stand up with proud firmness;
Look with scorn on temptation;
Man, to be a good soldier,
Must maintain honor's station.
Then hear, oh ye brothers,
And sisters of clay;
Avoid the sly death-trap,
When set in your way.

But, if ye will challenge
The ruin ye can trace,
Then step in the rum-trap,
And bear the disgrace.

M.

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Into which he is thrust.

Oh ! young man, and old man,
Why walk you therein ?
This man-trap's a *rum-trap* !
Beware of its grin !

Stand up with proud firmness ;
Look with scorn on temptation ;
Man, to be a good soldier,
Must maintain honor's station.

Then hear, oh ye brothers,
And sisters of clay ;
Avoid the sly death-trap,
When set in your way.

But, if ye will challenge
The ruin ye can trace,
Then step in the rum-trap
And bear the disgrace.

M.

12 Messenger 9/7/48

LITHOGRAPH OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

THE subscriber has just received a splendid LITHOGRAPH of the HUTCHINSON FAMILY, interspersed with scenes descriptive of some of their most popular songs. Price only 88 cents. For sale by C. L. DAMRELL. Corner of State and Pleasant streets.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

The concert at the Temple, on Thursday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the warm welcome with which our citizens have greeted the Hutchinsons, whenever they have visited Portsmouth, was extended to the "new branch" of this interesting family.

The entertainment was composed of a choice variety of songs, and their execution was very acceptable. The duet of "The Orphan Ballad Singers," especially, was beautifully sung. The ladies have voices of rare sweetness. The comic pieces sung by Dodge made up the spice of the evening. His imitations were excellent.

They sing again on Friday evening, at the same place.

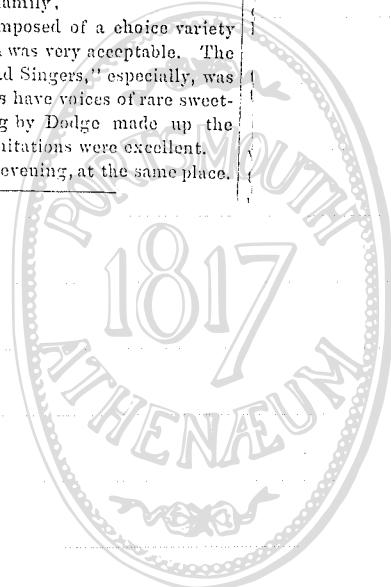
Rock Mass.

Dec 24, 1848

PJ

Dec 23, 1848

(who reviewed?)
===== Moxey?



LEISURE THOUGHTS, in Prose and Verse; by THOMAS P.
Moses, Portsmouth. Published by S. A. Badger, pp. 192.

Such is the title of a volume just issued from the
press. Many of the pieces were published originally in
the Portsmouth Journal, and in other papers; several
pieces have not been before published. They exhibit
an ardent love for the beauties of nature; sympathy
for the afflicted; hostility to intemperance, gossip and
scandal; and have throughout a good moral bearing.

PJ May. 25, 49
P2

New Work.

LEISURE THOUGHTS IN PROSE AND VERSE
—By Thomas P. Moses,
just published by the subscriber and for sale wholesale and retail
Aug. 18. S. A. BADGER, 7 Exchange Building.

Portsmouth.



PJ Sept 1, 1849

P3

PJ Sept 15 '49

not in
lecture
thoughts -

~~RECORDED~~

THE JOURNAL.

PORTSMOUTH, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1849.

For the Portsmouth Journal.
FRIENDSHIP.

"O, what is so beautiful half to behold,
As the smile which true friendship bestows?
It is sweeter than incense and brighter than gold,
And as soft as the breath of a rose."

If there is one string more sweetly attuned than all the rest upon the flower-wreathed harp of the soul, it is that which sheds its soft and approbative music to the delightful and reciprocal interchange of mind with mind. No other melody of earth hath charms like this. It is the golden cement of society; it is like soft-falling rain-drops to thirsty flowers; the indispensable balm to human existence;—and he who with unholy thoughts and reckless fingers would snuff this string of inestimable beauty and affection, might justly meritlonely exile in the black caverns of despair. The most soothing thoughts by day, and the fondest dreams by night, are those which in sweet whispers vibrate on our ears, of steady and confiding friendships and affections: whose stellar beams are to the restless children of time, what the sun and stars are to the lone mariner upon the ever-heaving ocean—his hope and joy. Who, of a reflecting spirit, could deem this probationary state else than a safe; weak witness of impious wanderings, without the cheering and soul-inspiring interchange of kindly words and deeds.

ALPHONSO.

Portsmouth, Sept. 15, 1849.



Juvenile Singing School.

THOMAS P. MOSES

RESPECTFULLY announces that he will resume his School as above, on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3d, 1849, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at his Music Room, Exchange Buildings.

It is hoped that parents will encourage their children to avail themselves of this passing opportunity, to learn to sing correctly. What reasonable hope can be cherished that finished, or even tolerable singers can be furnished for future time, to aid in the service of the sanctuary, or to enliven the social circle, if children are not urged to receive the available instruction essential to this branch of their education?

Mr. Moses can easily manage and thoroughly instruct One Hundred pupils at his well ventilated Music Room. Scholars from 7 to 16 years of age; whether advanced or not in music, are guaranteed their ticket's worth of instruction, if they will but receive it.

Terms, \$1.00 for 24 lessons, one hour each. Sept. 15.

PJ Sept 15 149

PT

Oct 27, 1849

Who?

For the Portsmouth Journal.

RAMBLING RHYMES,

ON SEEING A PIANO-FORTE BROUGHT OUT OF A JAIL.

What are the deeds which you have done,
Disgraced Piano-For-te!
That you have thus been pent in jail?
I know that you've been naughty.

Tell me your curious history,
You shameful little elf!
Tell all the funny rogueries,
You know about yourself.

What sang you at the window-grate?
"Since then I'm doomed?"—Ah! well,
I hope your airs seemed grateful then,
And cheered your dismal cell.

What crotchetts, tell me, filled your head,
What jigs learnt you to play,
Before the law its stern cold hand
Upon your strings did lay?

Have you been cheating spooney souls,
With notes too bad to pass?
And when you measured out your goods,
Despised your scale? Alas!

Have you assailed some tender ones,
And driven them to tears?
And taken gents, and ladies, too,
Most rudely "by the ears!"

Have you connived at fingerings,
Reckless or tight, perchance?
Or taught some pleasure-loving wights
The waltz or Polka dance?

Have you beguiled some stupid dolts
To study o'er these letters:
"C, D, E, F, and G, A, B,"
To agonize their betters?

I fear those mystic words, "Ut, Ri,
Mi, Fa, and Sol, La, Si,"
Through you, have been perversely used,
In base conspiracy.

Have you been keeping false accounts,
And sinned in ledger-lines?
And been too sharp for all the flats,
With treacherous designs?

What have you done with all your keys,
Your Major and your Minor?
Have you unlocked some ladies' chests,
And stol'n their hearts and "shinners?"

Did you despising holy tones,
Indulge in evil trickery?
And swallow your richest chords
To Bacchus and Terpsichore?

Did you withhold all homage due
To abolitionism?
And join not in the temperance songs,
To urge toe-totalism?

Or did you about too strong for war?
Or touch too tender strains,
That thrilled through every vein and nerve
Of love-sick, dying swains?

One dreadful thing I think you've done,
You've made young ladies cross:
Who, scolded for not practising,
Pouting, their heads did toss.

What brought you to the prison-bars?
What dars' have you frequented?
Confess, now, your abuse of time,
And say, that you've repented.

What sort of tune have you been in?
What quavers of discord,
Have locked you up, in deep disgrace,
Within that jail, abhorred?

Perhaps I'm wrong; and you, through love,
A comforter may be,
To tune each prisoner's hardened heart,
To heavenly minstrelay.

Speak dolts, pinnacines,
I'll never tell your story;
Then boldly waltz yon treasured strings
To strains of joy and gladness.

PJ Oct 27, 1849

↓
Nov 3 '49

Musical Card.

THE subscriber, entertaining no considerable degree of love, respect or care for secret and erring enemies, has much pleasure in expressing gratitude to his numerous and generous friends, for their voluntary, liberal and extensive patronage to him, for a long time, in the profession of Music.

From various reports that have met the subscriber's ear, of his intention to leave town to reside elsewhere, he deems it not out of place here to contradict such a mistake. He never has been, and never means to be, in a hurry to take a voluntary and final leave of the spot where he was born.

Portsmouth, Oct. 27, 1849. SW. THOS. P. MOSES.

Musical Notice.

THOS. P. MOSES, Teacher of the Organ, Piano, Flute and Singing, from the first principles onward, is always ready to accommodate those who are disposed to entrust themselves as pupils to him, in Vocal and Instrumental Music. He will attend to Juvenile and Adult Classes, afternoons or evenings, as usual, whenever application is made to him.

Terms of Instruction: On the Organ, Piano or Flute, \$10 per quarter of twenty-four Lessons, one hour each. For Classes of fifty or more, in Singing,—Juvenile or Advanced Pupils—\$1 for twenty-four Lessons of one hour and a half each.

T. P. M. is ever ready and gratified to meet any inquiries relative to Music, at his Music Room in Exchange Buildings, or at his residence, No. 10 High street, Portsmouth. Oct 27. SW.

Sample

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL CARD.

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21/49
F.
NO

MAVIN

For the Portsmouth Journal.

Mr. Editor.—The following is a translation. Some reader may find as much point in the Lyric now as it had twenty three hundred years ago. T.

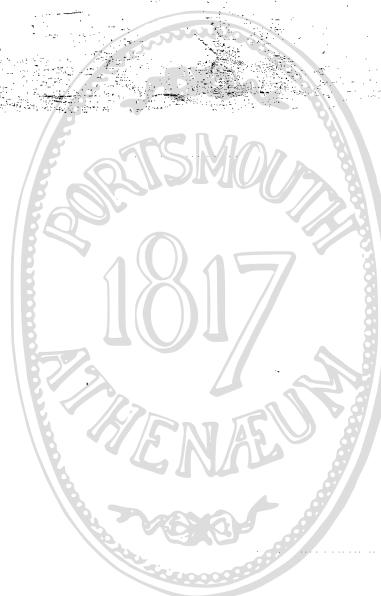
CUPID STUNG.

In the season of maying,
Young Cupid was straying
Among the fair roses and tulips so bright,
But the blind little lover
Could never discover
A bee sleeping there, till she stung him outright.

Then running and flying,
With sobbing and crying,
He came to his mother, fair Venus, and said :
“ Oh, mother, I’m dying !
A serpent came flying,
And bit my poor finger ! O, mother, I’m dead ! ”

Not at all did she linger,
But kissed the sore finger,
Saying ; “ soon ’twill be well ; but I beg you to know,
If it seemed this would kill you,
O how much then will you
Think mortals are hurt by the arrow’s you throw ? ”

PJ Nov 24, 1849



ONE SHOT LEFT.

READ, or let it alone, as you please my friend. For frowns, R who cares? Not I. Better smile than frown. Min' is a dear country—I was born 'neath its flowing banner—nursed by the fair Goddess Liberty—and the free sweet breath of Columbia is my nutriment.

It was not the intention of "that man who smote the rock" to say anything further at present on a subject which has received some slight voluntary notice of the public mind, owing to the delay of the President's Message, and which involves the purity of *that man*, and some half dozen others, whom the public eye may suspect could not *spell anywhere* near that man who smote the rock, for perception of *right*, and daring to maintain it—for candor and natural benevolence of *feelings*—till trodden upon by the clumsy feet of *hypocrisy*, and his living *attempted* to be taken from him by modern Shylocks and designing things of time.

On looking over the Portsmouth Journal to-day, a scriptural quotation appeared to view, in which the name of "that man who smote the rock" stands prominent. And in the brief editorial sentence partly suggested by this text, the name of "that man," is also used in connection with a *misrepresentation* of the editor.

As the Message still lags behind, "that man" is bound to correct all mistakes and falsehoods as far as possible. And when people won't believe the truth, then let them *swallow falsehood and scatter treason*. The matter has been very *properly* presented to the public, begging the editor's permission differing with him in opinion on this point, and he knew that he was a "long time ago" informed *Michael* of *the public*, unless those persons who at first have "caught the arachnial Michael's spirit," should turn about and practice a little *nicro* of the spirit of One whose divine injunctions they *profess* to follow.

To quote the Journal, *that man who smote the rock* "received his full pay and several dollars more than by written agreement he was entitled to." This is ambiguous language, and conveys a great error to the reader. First, there never was a *written agreement* about any payments between the employers and "that man." Second, there was no more money paid than was due, nor as much. After the bill had been paid to "that man," deducting a certain amount, he was, a day or two after, called into the Treasurer's store, and told that the Wardens had met and revoked their order and allowed "that man" the full bill; that they "didn't want any lawsuits," &c. It was not virtue, but fear of a lawyer's advice to "that man," which led to this change in the wise council chamber of the nobles.

As to any more than was due being received, 'tis not true. If any more was paid, it was for furnishing accommodations for the choir's private rehearsals which was no particular favor to "that man." He "who smote the rock," never received a "red cent" over and above his righteous earnings, from the hands of those immaculate ones, who fancy they have at last caught the spirit of an archangel. The generosity and purity of these spirits will ere long be tested by the presentation of a small bill or two, in behalf of "that man who smote the rock."

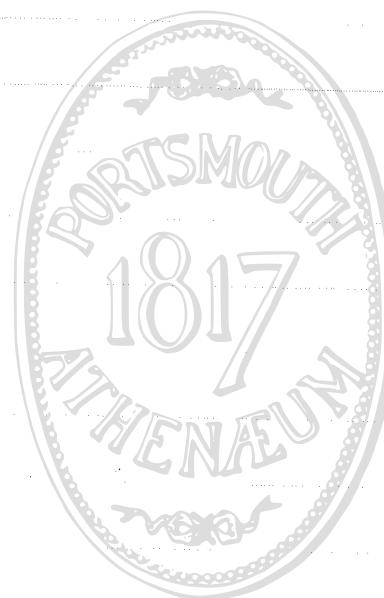
THOMAS P. MOSES,
Ex-Organist and Agent.

dec 22

NH 6A2
Dec 26, 1849

Mr. Moseley's Singing School
COMMENCES WEDNESDAY EVE.
Jan. 5, at 7 1/2 o'clock, at his Music Room in
Exchange Building. Terms—\$1 for twelve lessons of two
hours each. Jan. 5.

PJ Jan 5, 1850



PJ March 23, '50

↓
Ap 3, '50

P 3

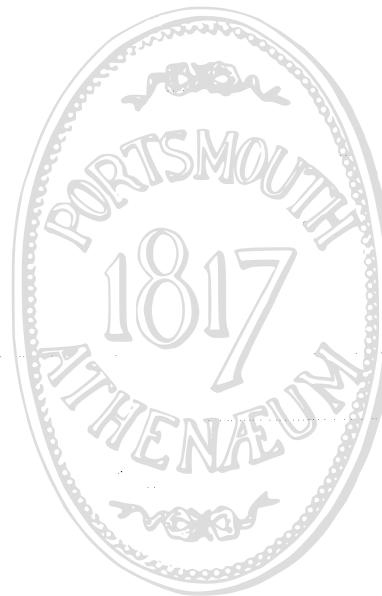
JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

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Terms - \$1, in advance, for twelve lessons. For more definite notice, bills will be circulated in due season.

Portsmouth, March 23, 1850. Jw. THOS. P. MOSES.



1850

FEB. 12.

Who will deny that the present is an age ripe with ~~brave~~ philosophers and good pickles? Read a notice in the Portsmouth Journal of Feb. 9th, and learn the ninth wonder of the world. A writer in these "diggin's" thinks it bad taste in Mr. Hall, leader of a band in Lowell, to accept as a present a gold bugle, and advises him to take a silver one, and pocket "five eagles" a year as long as he lives—the interest of the balance which would be gained in the exchange. The writer (editor) also says, "there is no poetry or music in gold" that the "shrines of the goddess Diana were made of silver." That "gold is of the earth, mere dirt, and untinkling as mud." And he wants to know "who ever heard of golden notes?" And he quotes Spenser, Smart, Milton and Chaucer, to prove that there is "no poetry or music in gold."

If the gentleman ever visits New York he will find silver bugles quite common; and even smaller places than New York can furnish silver bugles. They are becoming too common. I admire Mr. Hall's taste, and not less do I appreciate the generous donors' great gift. A good performer on the bugle *merits* one of gold for the labor it has cost him to learn. I know this by experience, therefore speak with confidence. I say gold is both musical and poetical. Where has brother Brewster been, that he has not heard of golden harps, in heaven, and of earth, too?

"Angels, assist, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps, your harps of gold," &c.

Some people love gold so well that they don't like to see it wasted in such a thing as a glorious bugle. They would call it musical and poetical too, could they but pocket the "untinkling mud." Who'll give me a gold bugle? Don't all speak at once, gentlemen: give us one—and if I never wrote a sonnet before, I'll write one on the bugle's genial face and virgin purity. I must see brother Hall and his admirable, musical, poetical and magnanimous gift. Go away, silver—fetch on your gold, in *any* shape, and particularly when it comes hand in hand with the sweet sisters, Music, Poetry, and Painting. David's harp was gold, and perhaps, Apollo's lyre was gold, or at least the wires. So I reckon. I rather think that, in those days, they made a hit at California. I shouldn't wonder if Solomon had, at least, a golden jew's sharp hanging on the walls of his sanctum sanctorum. Oh, stand away, silver, and doff your little cap—this way, adorable gold!

Now hear Mr. Poet Spenser—quoted from the Journal:

"The silver soundings instrument did meet
With the bass murmur of the water-fall."

I beg pardon now for asking to hear me:

Sweet the g' olden bugle's tone,
By Apollo's brother blown.

And now hear Smart:

"And thou , cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silvery so sweet."

And thus say I:

Thy name, oh angel Gratitude, in rhyme,
Fit's the warm heart like the gold bugle's chime.

Thus said Milton:

"And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow."

The Gold Bugle Rock Nest.

Feb 3, 1850

Thus say I:

And let your golden bugle chime,
Melodious and in perfect time,
To blend with heavenly echoes high.

Thus the ancient Chancer says:

"Cupid, the king, tinkling a silver bell,
Which men might hear from heaven into —."

Thus say I:

Let Cupid but the golden bugle sound,
And angels would come dancing to the ground.

But the Journal says "gold is of earth, mere dirt, and untinkling as mud." Pehaw! what's the man talking about? Where does "silver" come from? Fetch on your gold, gentlemen—stand back, silver. Mr. Hall, though I never saw you, I like your taste; but should you ever get tired of that wicked "untinkling" gold bugle, please to remember that there is a customer down this way who would be happy to take it off your hands on the same conditions which you received it. Come this way next summer and fill the editor's ears with golden strains, and he will never again quote those old-fashioned poets about silver strains.

ALPHONZO.

For the Messenger.

The Gold Bugle vs. Golden Calf.

"Alphonzo in the Messenger differs from us in opinion on the great value of the Gold Bugle, and asks us if we never heard of golden harps in heaven. Certainly, and we have heard too of golden sunset—both to us mortals equally tangible. We have heard also, of an animal of gold in the desert of Arabia, whose horns, for all we know, were made of two gold bugles,—at the sight and horrid sounds, Moses broke all the commandments at once. *Portsmouth Journal*, Feb. 16.

Alphonzo does not think, after all, that the editor of the Journal differs greatly from him in regard to the real value of gold, even in the terrible form of a Bugle.

In order to test his principles, gentlemen of Lowell, just send one of the sort to him in token of esteem for his talents and skill in music, and he will never more pronounce the adorable metal, "untinkling as mud." No, no, gentlemen; it is another kind of idea which gave impulse to his pen against the taste of Mr. Hall in receiving a gold bugle. The fact is, the editor was never blessed with talents to judge of correct musical performance, and has little or no sympathy with those who struggle with many difficulties to play well upon an instrument. Nor do I believe that he has ever seen, as the ancient prophets and lawgivers saw, the inestimable value of music to the human family, to say nothing of its controlling power over beast, bird, and reptile. His idea is to pocket the gold (as if there was not enough for all purposes, in California) and give the musician, an instrument of silver, perhaps he thinks one of German silver, or corroding copper, ought to answer the purpose, on all occasions.

Talk no more of golden swords for the illustrious chieftain; of golden speaking trumpets for the brave mariner; of golden vases for the great statesman; of gold watches, lockets and bracelets for the "swiss nightingale"; of gold chains, pencils, bosom pins and rings for the elegant actress of fantastie toe; of golden cups, chaplets and jewels for the poet or poetess who flatters the absorbed politician, in rhyme if not in reason—talk not of gold for all these purposes, if the precious metal be withheld from the child of Orpheus. If anybody merits gold, in any form, it is the liberal, natural, studious, and often tormented musician.

The Journal also says, that "golden harps and golden sunset are equally tangible to us mortals." Admitting this to be true, we know that we have seen golden sunset, but we have never seen

with the natural eye, or heard with the natural ear, golden harps in heaven.

From the writer's remarks I infer that "golden harps" is simply a poetical idea, and the same rule leads to the inference that heaven itself is "intangible as the sunset hues, and merely ideal." What hope then for bigoted zealots and blustering hypocrites, to find at last a resting place? or what prospect for those who live only as Honorius lived, to make earth a hell, in hopes to merit a high beatitude in heaven? We must wait a little longer to learn the truth in this particular, which to "us mortals" is shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

As to that animal in Arabia, about which the editor has heard, and for aught that he knows had two "gold bugle horns," at the "sight and horrid sounds," Moses broke all the commandments at once (smart fellow) I would say that he has conveyed an error to those unacquainted with the *calf* story. He makes it appear that Moses was not only a very active man, but a very bad man, when in reality he simply broke the *tables* upon which the commandments were written or engraved. And what caused him to break them. "It was not the noise of war in the camp, nor of them that shout for the mastery, nor for them that cry, being overcome," nor even from the horrid noise of the *calf's* golden bugle horns, nor from the strange music of "cocoa nut" bugles; but it was for other reasons that he appeared unamiable. We have all heard that Moses was a poet and musician, as well as a great guide to the children of Israel. Possessing refined sensibilities and great wisdom he could not tolerate *calf* worshipping, bad music, or *nonsense* of any sort. In addition to the offensive spectacle of the *calf* worshipping, he heard *singing*, which, from the nature of the occasion, was undoubtedly intolerable *croaking* and *discordant* to his refined ear, and taking the whole occasion in view, he was mad—breaking up the *tables* of stone, as a safety valve to his passion. For aught that we know, Moses was about to quit the country in disgust, when the Lord met him and said, "I have seen the *calf* worshippers, and behold they are a stiff-necked people, let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them, and I will make of thee a great nation."

ALPHONZO.

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

THE subscriber respectfully announces that he will, sometime in April, open his Music Room in Exchange Buildings, for his usual Summer Term of Juvenile Instruction in Singing. It is his intention to instruct two different Classes on the same days: the first Class to be composed of those who have attended singing-school before, to commence at 2 1/2 and close at 5 o'clock, P. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays; the second Class to commence at 4 1/2 and close at 6, for those who have not attended such a school before.

New and choice Books will be ready for every pupil, *free of charge*, provided the scholar continues through the season.

Terms \$1, in advance, for twelve lessons. For more definite notice, bills will be circulated in due season.

Portsmouth, March 23, 1850. 3w. THOS. P. MOSES.

PJ March 23
1850

Music Instruction.

THOS. P. MOSES, Teacher of Music, gives lessons as usual. Pupils from the country may have his attention at stated times to suit their convenience, by calling at his Music Room, where they can receive instruction on the Piano.

Price of Tuition on the Piano, \$10 per quarter of 12 lessons, one hour each.

Private lessons on the Flute, do. do. In classes of 6 or more on do. \$6 per quarter.

Private lessons in Singing, \$10 per quarter.

Music Room, Exchange Buildings, up stairs, Residence, No. 10 High street. m6

Ross Hess
March 13, 1850

p 3

COMING OUT.

For the Messenger.

MR. WHITTEM:—Permit me, through the Messenger, to notice a book lately published and circulated through this City, entitled "a sketch of the life of Thomas P. Moses, &c., all written by himself." In doing so I shall not speak of the wisdom or folly of a young man's writing his life, but shall confine myself to the charges the gentleman sees fit to put forth to the public concerning myself;—charges so numerous and so often repeated, and occupying so large a space of his ninety-six pages, that one would almost think that the gentleman imagined himself writing the life of another—a compliment which, with all the gentleman's poetry and elegant diction, I must beg leave to decline for myself.

My object in noticing this book is to deny, once and for all, the truth of the charges, here preferred against me. And I do so, in the most positive language; declaring them, from beginning to end, a tissue of downright falsehoods, misstatements, malicious and villainous slanders—too gross and too palpable to receive the slightest credence of any one in this community, where the history and life of the Author is much better known to the public than to himself, if this book be taken as the measure of his *self*-knowledge. And here, with a simple denial, I might rest the whole matter. But I will state a few facts.

I am held up to the public as the gentleman's stereotyped enemy; and through my instrumentality, as the gentleman would have it, all or nearly all of his present calamities have come upon him. I am the author of his wrongs. But what are the facts? I have uniformly treated Mr. Moses with kindness and courtesy. I have frequently invited him to my house. He has eaten at my table and shared my hospitality. I have at his earnest request gratuitously aided him in musical concerts for his pecuniary benefit. I always and most cheerfully aided him in all his efforts to secure good music at the North Church while he was organist there. I voluntarily resigned my seat in the choir for the sake of peace at a certain time, when without cause he became so angry with me that my situation was anything but pleasant. And I should never have troubled him further with "bad time" or with my presence, had he not fully apologized for his wrong done me and earnestly solicited me to return, and when he was "unceremoniously kicked" (as he says in his circular) from his six years post, so far from advising the wardens thus to kick him, or procuring it, I earnestly requested, some weeks before, their consent to forever withdraw from the choir, offering to relinquish my last year's salary if they would allow me to do so.

And now does any one ask why I am in particular selected by the gentleman, or whom the vials of his spleen most especially be poured? The reason is this. I have for the last two winters, at the very earnest solicitations of numerous friends (I never advertised my services) given instruction to the best of my ability, to a hundred and fifty or more ladies and gentlemen in vocal music. This is the sum and substance of my offence. If any one wants proof, let him read some of the gentleman's silly and disgusting advertisements, and note his frequent cronings, about the "dollars laid on my portals." And here I would ask the gentleman who seems so thankful to heaven for the freedom of the press, if men are not just as free to sing and play—and if they please, to teach others to do so?

This, I repeat, is the offence I have committed against this native genius. This modern Don Quixote, "not easily to be conquered on his native soil; and this is my *only* offence; yet, with a full knowledge of all these facts, the gentleman with an *audacity*, or rather I should say *mendacity*, bordering on *insanity*, has put forth to the public this lying pamphlet, purporting to be a sketch of his life, or at least the first volume of it. Should he feel himself impelled by that "*something rattling*" in the empty chambers of his "*injured*" cranium, to give the public a second volume, I would advise him to adopt the prayer of the Scottish bard, in the first degree applicable to himself:

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"Oh that the Gods the gift would give us
To see ourselves as others see us."

ISRAEL KIMBALL.

We hereby certify that the statements made by Mr. T. P. Moses in the sketch of his life, page 48, in relation to Mr. Kimball's seizing upon the occasion of his sickness, &c., to take charge of the music at the last celebration of the Mechanics' Association, are entirely without foundation in truth. We of our own accord engaged Mr. Kimball to take charge of the music, and authorized him to engage Mr. Clark to play the organ; and we further state that Mr. Kimball would have cheerfully resigned the whole matter again to Mr. Moses, had we consented to it.

THOMAS NORTON,
GEO. W. PENDEXTER.

Extracts from T. P. Moses' letter of apology, dated Nov. 8, 1840:—

Mr. Kimball—Sir:

A committee have waited upon me and talked over the whole of that Wednesday evening affair.

You know my state of mind on that evening. It may suffice to say that I did not intend to insult any person on that evening.

If I did I regret it.

But the act done cannot be recalled. Perhaps you are willing to forget the circumstances of that occasion, as I wish to do. It was chiefly my aversion to Clark's playing the organ that called me out while yet weak and sick.

And now, Mr. Kimball, permit me to say that I did not wish you to leave the *seats*. I cherish no kind of ill feelings for you. In conclusion I would say that I wish to meet you again in the choir, where it has been (with very few exceptions) pleasant to meet together. I make whatever explanation or apology I have to the committee and yourself, not from any fear of removal as organist, or from any fears whatever, but from a sense of *manliness* and *right*.

With due consideration of the subject,

I am respectfully yours,

THOS. P. MOSES.

We hereby certify that the wardens of the North Parish alone are responsible for the removal of Mr. T. P. Moses from the organ, and we have no knowledge that Mr. Kimball knew anything of our intentions; that he never advised to it, nor in any way influenced us to do so; that all such charges against Mr. Kimball are without the least foundation in truth; and furthermore we certify that so far from asking or wishing to become the leader in the choir, he has repeatedly in the last year solicited our consent to leave the choir before the expiration of the term for which he was engaged. The numerous false statements respecting the wardens we do not deem of sufficient importance to notice. The only thing in which we now feel conscious of having erred is in a too extended forbearance.

JOHN KNOWLTON,
CHARLES W. BREWSTER,
J. N. HANDY,
FREDERICK W. ROGERS,
BENJ. CARTER, Jr.

Portsmouth, March 26, 1850.

Se Mess

March 27, 1850

P 3

PT

March 30 '50

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Mr. Kimball—Sir.—A committee have waited upon me, and talked over the whole of that Wednesday evening affair.

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But the act done cannot be recalled. Perhaps you are willing to forget the circumstances of that occasion, as I wish to do. It was chiefly my aversion to Clark's playing the organ that called me out while yet weak and sick.

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JOHN KNOWLTON, F. W. ROGERS,
C. W. BREWSTER, BENJ. CARTER, Jr.
J. N. HANCOCK, Wards.
Portsmouth, March 26th, 1850.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

JUVENILE SINGING.

Mr. Editor:—Of late years, there seems to be less and still less disposition manifested by our citizens to encourage and cultivate a taste for music and develop the musical talent existing among us, and good singers are becoming more and more scarce—hardly one can now be found where were formerly large and excellent choirs. This lamentable fact—which probably no one will contradict—is rendered the more prominent and surprising when we consider how much greater are the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the delightful science now than formerly.

This great falling-off in the number of our singers cannot be ascribed to any decrease of native musical talent, for children now catch and sing by "rote" much music that was formerly considered difficult; nor to a want of competent teachers, for the proficiency made by the few who avail themselves of their instruction, amply proves the ability of the instructors.

Years ago it was customary to have at the close of a term of singing-lessons in the parish-school, an "exhibition" of the musical power and progress of the scholars, and the best singers were selected to "swell the choir" of the parish; which induced all to exert their musical powers, and gave a zest to the exercises which is now lacking.

The principal cause, however, for this very evident decrease in the ranks of vocalists, is to be found in the neglect of juvenile instruction. Music should no more be left out of children's education, than bread from their diet. And well would it be to have it taught in all our public schools, where its healthy influence has (in other places) been too thoroughly tested to admit of a doubt. "Its soothing character well prepares the mind for the duties in which it is about to engage, and serves to promote that quiet and harmony so essential to the success of a school. Were music more generally taught the young—had it become an habitual exercise in the school and the family circle—far less occasion would there be for the use of the rod and ferula. Sweet music can no more harmonize with anger and strife than holiness with sin. Cultivate music in the family circle and the public school, and an important step will be taken towards the social and moral improvement of the rising generation."

But these would be, at best, but primary and auxiliary means of musical instruction; and in addition to them, the juvenile singing-school is all-important and should be well sustained; even though it may be true, as is contended, that young children can learn nothing of music save by rote. Many persons think that if their children attend for a "quarter" or two, that is all sufficient; and some are unreasonable enough to expect the whole science to be mastered in so short a time—perhaps withdrawing the dullest scholars because they make no more rapid progress, and imagining the musical education of the more proficient complete at the close of the second term! For my part, I consider no money more wisely spent than that which is paid for children's attending singing-school, whether they acquire a knowledge of the science or not—the influence of music on any child cannot but be beneficial; and there is no good reason why instruction in this should be more limited in duration than in any other branch of education. Far better would it be for the moral as well as physical health of our youth, were the singing-school, the glee-club and the choir more fully attended, to the detriment of the bar-room, the bowling-alley, and immoral resorts.

We have several talented teachers of music located among us, and it is to be hoped that the children may be allowed to avail themselves of their aid in cultivating their taste and developing their power for participating in the enjoyment and benefits of almost the only unalloyed earthly pleasure, and again fill our choirs as formerly.

THEOPHILUS.

PS 6 April 1850

For the Rockingham Messenger.
"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE"

*Caustic, touched to tender places,
Will create distorted faces.
Pigeons, wounded, always flutter;
So will bears, when shot at, mutter.*

The Messenger and Journal of last week contain a self-applauding, but utterly false and infamous notice of a pamphlet just issued by T. L. Moses. Affixed to the notice is the name of Israel Kimball, who takes upon his shoulders the sins of his five particular, purified endorsers, but they had better put some sharper horns to a calf they worship, thereby to insure a more substantial defence against the unflinching rod of "that man who smote the rock." When low, cunning, meanness and rascality, connected with false dignity, moneyed pride and vanity, become entrapped and entirely "cornered," the last desperate resort is to impeach the evidence, if possible. The conceited clique under consideration, who made the first encroachment over the bounds of propriety, right and honest feelings, seem sworn to crush their long provoked and single antagonist; but his humble pen is shielded by the impenetrable armor of truth, and the "glove of defiance" is before them. It is self-evident that a broadside from the "moleskin Don Quixote's" battery has made a "shaking among the dry bones," which are flying about like the ghost of Hamlet, beckoning every fragment of aid to the succor of the wounded stag and his coadjutors. Kimball unequivocally declares that a large portion of the sketch of my life (for sale by Mr. Morse) is a tissue of downright falsehoods, misstatements and villainous slanders, and calls on the public to give no credence to the "lying pamphlet," as though he were commissioned by some grand hierarchy to compel belief in his high born veracity and immaculate purity. After so elaborate a discharge from his unsentimental brains, I think his spinal column must now support an "injured and empty cranium," and henceforth something will probably "rattle" in that thick and hollow shell. It appears that he has in some way procured the names of two gentlemen (against whom I cherish no ill feeling) in addition to the exposed warden, to fortify him in his "nudacity, if not mendacity, bordering on insanity," in saying that I am a "liar and infamous slanderer." What is this but a clear case of libel? The story concerning the Mechanics' Celebration in 1846 was spoken of in my sketch of life as a passing historical truth; and though the phraseology which I used may be such as to warrant an equivocal denial (but not an *absurd* one), that Kimball was in any wise officious in the affair, or *unfriendly* in the matter, Messrs. Norton and Pendexter know that my account in the main is matter of *fact*; and why did they permit their names to be sullied with the superremely mean persons towards me—those with whom I feel it a positive duty to combat in self-defence? I would here state that this subject is of the *smallest* consideration of all which I have made of the North Parish, and is disconnected with the chief complaint. They say that Kimball "would have cheerfully resigned the whole matter to Mr. Moses, but that he wouldn't consent to it." State clear facts, gentlemen—my memory and veracity may be as good as yours; besides, I have several witnesses who were within hearing on that evening of the "muss." Did not Kimball say that he wouldn't sing for your occasion if I took the organ after "he had engaged another man?" Was not Dear Knowlton present, and was not he the chairman of your committee,—and did he not turn the scale for Kimball, as he does now? Did I in any way notify you that I would not fulfil my agreement to conduct the music for you? Had I no right to adhere to my previous engagement with you? Do you mean to say that

and I will name some, of whom I challenge contradiction. John N. Handy himself, while member of the choir and warden, came in person to my sage after Sunday service and said, in sarcasm, "Mr. Moses, I wish you would speak to Kimball—he makes such a roaring and racket I can hear nothing and do nothing." Said I, "Mr. Handy, there is prejudice enough against me already. I had rather not say anything to him." Mr. Daniel Knight also will not deny that he, too, talked to me about Kimball's boisterous singing, and advised me to give him some "gentle hints" about it, as I was leader of the choir. I replied about the same as I did to Handy. One of the wardens, also, often complained, and advised me to say something.—"No," said I, "all of you complainers must speak to Kimball yourselves; I should only receive displeasure and hate if I suffered myself to be set on thus. I do not wish to make it appear that I am desirous of making the slightest trouble. I do asseverate that such things are facts, and I will bring out unquestionable evidence to many others of similar nature, not over agreeable to the parish, if I am publicly to be called a "liar," and privately traduced by those who I will prove, have many times wronged me, for no just provocation. I tell gentlemen they have mounted the wrong steed; if they spur too hard, they will be badly thrown. Now for Kimball's self lauded hospitality to me. One might really suppose I had been a beggar at his door and a recipient of his opulence and astounding beneficence. (Ha, ha; boy, take my hat.) Once only do I remember ever being at his residence; if he will make out his bill for the provisions I consumed on that festal occasion, I will try to pay it. And his great assistance for my pecuniary aid at concerts! again I laugh—(boy, give me some water)—Once only can I remember that he ever sung for me and I repented inviting him. It was a concert ~~five~~ or ~~six~~ years ago, my nett amount of proceeds was ~~was~~ eight dollars?—If my public benefactor will hand in his bill for a fair proportion, I will, "amid my present calamities," try to cancel it. In regard to his amiable friendship, and his coming at the inference that I am basely ungrateful, I would remind him that some of the most amiable lady singers in the choir, over which he at present sways the mighty sceptre, know considerable of his friendship toward me. It was not, perhaps, on account of music, that I dropped his acquaintance long ago. Kimball states in a pitiable and most pathetic manner, that, the "only crime he has committed against me is to call forth my spleen and villainous slanders upon him is that he kept a large singing school." Whew, lubber! There is no serious breath of allusion made to any such small business, either in the "circular" or sketch of life—it is a preposterous idea—a miserable subterfuge like the Mechanics' celebration story—loop-holes in which the man is squeezed to death by crawling through—neither of them having any particular bearing upon the real causes which drew forth the ink of indignation and ridicule upon a club, the frequent unavoidable mention of whose names, fills me with disgust and loathing. I have not yet taken myself to a market so small as to esteem Israel Kimball a fearful or worthy competitor, either in music, or logic. It is possible that those "silly and disgusting advertisements," might have contained some allusion to his manner of hooking the prey. In closing, I do not deem it necessary at present to beg or steal names for "the rescue," though I can procure enough whenever it becomes expedient. I would advise Israel Kimball and all his champions, especially his devoted wardens, before saying any more on a subject which blackens deeper and deeper upon them as it is fanned, to adopt the "prayer of the Scottish Bard" (who despised hypocrites) "In the first degree applicable" to themselves—

Oh that some power the gift would give us
To see *ourselves* as *others* see us;
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion!

THOS. P. MÓSES.

THE LAW directress to the Board of Portmanouth and Old Bailey, a joint and irreconcileable Bridgeman and Samuel Badger, and the under, by leaving it at 10, Dade & Co., No. 44 Marlborough Street, on the day of April 1, 1851.

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

PJ, 4 May 1850

MR. MOSES'S PUPILS' CONCERTS.

"Where should this music be! 't the air or the earth?
That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

To the lovers of music and the beautiful, there has seldom been presented in Portsmouth so much attraction as in the two concerts given at the Temple on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, by seven little misses under the tuition and care of Mr. T. P. Moses. Though much of the music performed was of a most difficult character, each sustained her part, whether in song, duet or chorus, with the utmost precision and correctness. The extreme youth of the performers was no hindrance to their singing songs and selections from opera music of the highest order with heartfelt, correct expression and beauty of finish. Their pronunciation throughout was uncommonly distinct, and their time surprisingly accurate. The concluding chorus,

"O what joy, what joy and pleasure,
As we sing in cheerful measure,"

was peculiarly appropriate for a *finale*, and it was very evident that the sentiment was well adapted to the feelings of all the little songsters.

The stage at the Temple has rarely if ever been fitted up with such artistic skill and beauty as on these occasions — the decorations and the wreaths of artificial flowers adding much to the entertainment. The whole exhibition was highly creditable both to instructor and scholars, and in the first concert, *for the pleasure of the public*, *to see present*

JUVENILE CONCERT.

Mr. Editor — We are very glad to see that Mr. J. W. Clark has announced his intention of giving a musical entertainment at the Temple on next Wednesday evening. Mr. Clark has succeeded, we learn, in obtaining a large and flourishing Juvenile School, and we have no doubt but that his concert will be well worthy the patronage of all lovers of good music.

As a musician, Mr. Clark, by his diligence and perseverance, accompanied with a natural genius for music, has attained to a very high rank in his profession. — Besides being thoroughly versed in the principles of music, his performances evince an exquisite taste, a

CONCERT!

May 18.

IN consideration of the unanimous and intelligent expressions of approbation, both privately and publicly manifested by those who were pleased to attend the recent Concerts by

SEVEN YOUNG TALENTED VOCALISTS
UNDER THE EXCLUSIVE INSTRUCTION OF

THOMAS P. MOSES,

He would respectfully announce that another Concert of the kind will be given by him

AT THE TEMPLE,

On **WEDNESDAY EVENING, May 22nd, 1850,** on which occasion vocal music of a high order will be executed in the most scientific manner and with correct and approved taste, by the young minstrels, such as no other children of their age (if any at all) in Portsmouth have ever approached with any hope of performing: among which are the beautiful songs, "Napolitaine;" "You say we part forever," as sung in the opera of *Fra Diavolo*; "I'll pray for thee," in *Lucia di Lammermoor*; "Farewell, ye fairy fountains;" Irish ballad, "Eileen Achora;" "The Willow Song;" the celebrated difficult and thrilling Duett, (to be sung by two sisters only ten and eleven years of age,) "Hear me, Norma," as performed in Bellini's opera, &c. &c.

Tickets 12 1-2 cents, for sale at Wm. R. Preston's, Sam'l A. Badger's, and at the door.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

For further particulars, see small bills.

May 18.

PJ 18 May 1850

Rockingham Messenger

Wednesday Evening, July 3.

THE CELEBRATION.

The all-engrossing topic among our citizens at present is the celebration of our National Anniversary, and there is every indication that the day will be observed to-morrow in a manner which will do credit to our city. The saw and hammer is heard in all directions, the joiners being busily engaged in the construction of arches and other ornaments, which taste and ingenuity will be called in requisition to beautify and adorn. Parents and teachers are entering with spirit in the work of decorating their children for the Floral Procession, and a public spirited corps of ladies, aided by a committee of gentlemen, are doing a good work in getting up devices and decorations. There is the best possible feeling prevailing among our citizens at large at the present time in relation to the celebration, the few grumblers in our midst have ceased their murmurings, and everything indicates that the whole affair will be one of which our citizens will have reason to be proud.

We have heretofore given an outline of the order of exercises for the day, but as some new arrangements have been decided upon the past week, we may venture to give it more at length, without fear of being blamed for the action.

The day will be ushered in by the ringing of bells and a national salute from the booming cannon.

The pupils of the public and private schools of the city will assemble at their respective school houses at 6 1/2 o'clock in the morning, prepared to join in the Floral Procession. At their schools they will be met by marshals delegated to escort them to Court Street, where the procession will be formed at 7 o'clock, and march in the order laid down by the Chief Marshal, whose programme we publish in the next column. The march determined on is but short, and it is confidently anticipated will be concluded by 9 o'clock, before any of the children become weary of the exercise. There is every reason to believe that our schools generally will be well represented in this exhibition, that the neighboring towns will send us good delegations, and that the Procession will be a very beautiful and imposing one.

All who have flowers will confer a favor by sending a supply for the Floral procession early on Thursday morning to the Caienneum.

At ten o'clock the City Procession will form in the order and march through the streets designated in the programme of Chief Marshal

which will be found in our columns, meeting at the Universalist Church in Pleasant Street, where an oration is to be delivered by Hon. Levi Woodbury, and other exercises will be performed as elsewhere designated.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

PORTSMOUTH CITY

CELEBRATION.

FLORAL PROCESSION.

JULY 4th, 1850.

The Chief Marshal of the Floral Procession would respectfully announce the following as the order and route determined upon for their portion of the display.

The scholars of the public and private schools of the city will assemble at their school rooms as early as half past six, decorated with flowers and evergreens, where Marshals will be in readiness to conduct them to Court Street, where the procession will form, and move at 7 o'clock. The procession will form in the following order:

ESCORT BY THE YOUNG "CONTINENTALS."

BAND. Aid. Chief Marshal. Aid.

Chr. of Fairies. Marshal. First Section of Misses. Marshal. Italian Flower Girls, bearing baskets on their hands.

A Car containing the Graces, Faith, Hope and Charity.

2d Section of Misses and Boys, with Marshal. Banners. Marshal.

A Car containing old Time and Seasons. Aid. Marshal. Aid.

[On Horses.]

Four boys, bearing Crosses and Wreaths. Marshal. 3d section Boys and Girls. Marshal.

A CAR CONTAINING A PARTY OF REAPERS.

School Delegates from neighboring towns.

Arbor of Bouquets, by 4 boys.

TRUTH.

Personated by a Girl under a Canopy of White and Silver, bearing Cross and Bible.

ALTAR.

Borne by 4 boys.

4th Section of Girls and Boys, with Marshal. Banners. Marshal.

THE OLD MOSS COVERED WELL,

Borne by 4 Boys.

The Little Fairy, drawn by Boys.

THE GARDENERS.

Aid. Marshal. Aid.

[On horses.]

The route of the Procession will be as follows: Form in Court street, the right resting on Middle; pass through Middle, Summer to State, down State to Pleasant, countermarch at the corner of Washington and Pleasant, through Pleasant, State, Chapel, Daniel, Congress and Summer streets to Mason's Hill, where the procession will be dismissed.

SAMUEL R. CLEAVES,
Chief Marshal.

THE CITY PROCESSION.

FIRST DIVISION.

BAND.

MILITARY ESCORT.

Aid. Chief Marshal. Aid.

Committee of Arrangements. Aid.

Orator, Chaplain and Reader of Declaration of

Aid. Independence. Aid.

City Marshal. Aid.

Mayor of the City of Portsmouth.

His Excellency the Governor of N. H., and

Marshal. Suite. Marshal.

Rev. Clergy of this city and vicinity.

Members of the State Legislature.

Aldermen and Common Council and Clerks.

Assessors and Overseers of the Poor.

All other City Officers.

Rock Mess
July 3, 1850

4th Section of Girls and Boys, with Marshal. Banners. Marshal.

THE OLD MOSS COVERED WELL,

Borne by 4 Boys.

The Little Fairy, drawn by Boys.

THE GARDENERS.

Aid. Marshal.

[On horses.]

he route of the Procession will be as follows: In in Court street, the right resting on Middle; pass through Middle, Summer to State, in State to Pleasant, countermarch at the corner of Washington and Pleasant, through Pleasant, State, Chapel, Daniel, Congress and Summer streets to Mason's Hill, where the procession will be dismissed.

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His Excellency the Governor of N. H., and

Marshal. Suite. Marshal.

Rev. Clergy of this city and vicinity.

Members of the State Legislature.

Aldermen and Common Council and Clerks.

Assessors and Overseers of the Poor.

All other City Officers.

SECOND DIVISION.

BAND.

Company of Continentallers. Aid.

Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, in Carriages.

Officers of the U. S. Navy and Army.

Officers of the U. S. and State Courts and City Justices.

Collector and Deputy Collectors of the Port of

Portsmouth.

Postmaster and Navy Agent.

Surveyor and Naval Officer of the Port.

All other Officers of the Customs.

Members of other City and Town Governments.

Odd Fellows' Lodges.

THIRD DIVISION.

BAND.

Rechabites' Tents. Aid.

Sons of Temperance.

Cadets of Temperance.

Delegations from other Cities and Towns, and

Subscribers to Dinner. Marshal.

Citizens generally.

Grand Cavalcade. Marshal.

Aid.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT CHURCH.

LUNATRY ON THE ORGAN, — "Mt. Vernon

March, composed for the occasion by

Thos. P. Moses.

PRAYER.

SOC BY CHOIR—“Sound an Alarm,” Solo

and Chorus from Handel's Oratorio of

Judas Macabæus.

THE FLORAL PROCESSION

The anniversary of our country's independence was celebrated in this city on Thursday last in a manner which elicited general admiration. It was, as it should be, no party celebration, but was participated in by men of all parties whose patriotic impulses moved them to join in an expression of their appreciation of the blessing of that liberty for the attainment of which their fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, and which pledges they nobly redeemed.

The weather, which had been dull and rainy for several days, appeared rather unpropitious at an early hour in the morning, but the rising sun soon cleared away the mist that hid his shining face from our view, and during the day smiled benignantly upon the freedom-worshipping multitudes. As he rose from his ocean bed the bells from all the churches in the city rang merrily, while the booming cannon awoke to consciousness those of our citizens whose slumbers had been proof against the continual discharges of crackers and small arms which the boys had kept up for some hours previously.

THE DECORATIONS.

The numerous arches of evergreen and flowers across our streets and bridges gave a gay appearance to our city and much satisfaction to the citizens. Two at the intersection of Cabot and Austin streets, crossing each other, heavily trimmed with spruce and evergreen, tastefully adorned with roses and bearing two appropriate mottoes, called forth general admiration. A large one thrown across Congress street, from the front of Congress Block, was ornamented with numerous flags and banners, prettily decorated with flowers, and bearing on either side a patriotic motto, gave a fine appearance to our widest thoroughfare. Another across Market street, at the foot of Deer street, was well got up and adorned, and called forth much admiration. Fourth in point of size, but first as regards beauty, we notice the one across Market street, from the store of Mr. John Wall to that of Mr. J. A. Grace, at the entrance from Market Square. This was gothic in form, its apex bearing our country's shield, over which floated the star-spangled banner. The sides were also embellished with appropriate mottoes, and the whole arch beautifully adorned by roses furnished by fair hands, and small flags and banners with patriotic inscriptions. A fine arch, tastefully decorated, was also thrown across Water street, near the head of Long Wharf, another across the same street, from Mr. Solomon Holmes's residence, one across High street, from the periodical and confectionery depot of Josiah F. Adams, two across Mill Bridge and one across Liberty. The posts and sign-boards at the railroad crossings were also tastefully decorated, and many stores and dwellings in the city bore unmistakable evidence of the taste, liberality and patriotism of their occupants.

At an early hour in the morning the bustle of children gaily attired and the hurrying of Marshals, mounted and on foot, denoting busy preparation, called forth our citizens in great numbers to witness

Rock, Mass
July 10, 1850

THE FLORAL PROCESSION,

universally admitted to be the most beautiful and pleasing pageant of the day. Notwithstanding the muddy streets and the unfavorable appearance of the weather, the joyous-hearted and rosy-cheeked juveniles had arisen, decked themselves in gay attire, and donned the decorations prepared for them by parents and teachers, and hastened to their respective school-houses, ready and eager, at the time appointed, to join in this soul-cheering manifestation of the love and liberty and the blessings it has secured to them—one of the greatest of which is that of the free school system. About seven o'clock the delegations from the several schools were attended by marshals to Court street, where the procession was formed, under the direction of Chief Marshal Cleaves, and whence it moved about half past seven, passing through some of our principal streets, as laid down in the programme we published last week, arriving at Mason's Hill at nine o'clock, where it was dismissed.

Our powers of description are unequal to the task of doing justice to this beautiful exhibition, acknowledged by all who witnessed it to be the most attractive display ever presented in our city. We can only allude to some of the most prominent objects of attraction.

The procession was escorted by the Young Continentals, a company of twenty lad dressed in the old Continental uniform, consisting of cocked hats, long blue coats turned out with buff facings, long buff-colored vests, breeches of the same color, black stockings, and shoes fastened with large buckles. They were commanded by Marshal Thomas Aldrich, bore a banner inscribed "Our country's Birth Day," and made a unique and gratifying appearance.

Next came a rustic car, containing four misses with silver crowns, dressed in white, representing fairies. Their banner was inscribed—"Teach your children to love the beautiful."

The first section of misses followed, in white dresses trimmed with myrtle, their heads wreathed with flowers, accompanied with a banner on which was painted a little flower girl—"Purity" its motto.

Fourteen young ladies, mostly from the female high school, representing Italian flower girls came next—a very pretty feature in the procession. They were attired in scarlet bodices and white dresses, bearing baskets of choice flowers on their heads, and a banner inscribed "Excelsior."

Next in order came a chariot containing three misses appropriately dressed, representing the three Christian graces—Faith, Hope, and Charity—the first bearing a white cross, the second holding what a more covetous eye could hardly desire, a basket, her right hand extended with a leaf.

Read mess.

July 10, 1850
P 2

The second section of misses, tastefully decorated with wreaths and flowers, was accompanied by a banner with the inscription—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

A large car followed, appropriately decorated, with representations of Old Time and the Seasons. The personator of Old Time was shrouded in white, long white hair falling over his shoulders; he carried an hour-glass in his hand, and leaned upon a scythe. A banner over his head, on which was painted the rays of the sun, bore the inscription—"Eternity." Spring was represented by a fair miss in a white dress wreathed with myrtle, Summer by a second in white trimmed with roses, Autumn by a third in blue decorated with grain, and Winter by a fourth in red trimmed with swan's down, white hat and feathers.

Following next in order was the second section of boys, carrying various devices, the most prominent of which was the moss-covered wall, and over it suspended the old oaken bucket.

A personation of Truth, by a young lady bearing a Bible, followed. The representative wore a dress of pure white, and on her head a wreath of white roses. Over her was borne a canopy of white and silver, and in front a banner inscribed—"The Truth shall make you free."

The third section of misses, in white dresses and wreaths of flowers, had borne in their midst a neatly constructed arbor, tastefully covered with evergreen and decked with roses.

Following these came a company of seven misses representing fairies, with white dresses and golden crowns, each armed with a fairy's wand. In the centre, guarded on either side, in front and in rear, by her attentive subjects, appeared the Fairy Queen, wearing a dress and wings of pink gauze spotted with gold, in a miniature chariot drawn by boys. Preceding the chariot was borne a banner with the inscription—"Hail to our Fairy Queen."

Then followed the third section of boys, bearing elevated crosses and wreaths, and in their midst a large pure white cross, tastefully wreathed with myrtle.

THE CIVIC PROCESSION.
This was formed under direction of Chief Marshal Labour, at 11 o'clock, in the order of the programme published last week. The escort was composed of the Portsmouth City Greys, Capt. Towle, Company K, U. S. Artillery, Lieut. McNeil, and the Rockingham Guards, Lieut. Whidden—the whole preceded by the Portsmouth Brass Band. Following the escort appeared the chief Marshal and two aids on horseback, the committee of Arrangements, the Orator, Chaplain, Reader of the Declaration and the Mayor of the city in carriages, state and city officers, &c.

The second division was headed by a marshal and two aids, the company of Continentals, a carriage containing three revolutionary patriots, officers in the United States and State employ, and delegations from Odd Fellows' Lodges.

The third division, preceded by the Newcastle Band, an assistant marshal and his aids, was composed of delegations of Rechabites, Sons of Temperance (of which order we noticed nearly a hundred from Kittery), subscribers to the dinner and citizens, the rear being brought up by another marshal and aids.

The procession marched through the several streets specified in the programme, and arrived at the Universalist Church about twelve o'clock.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH.

These commenced with a voluntary on the organ by Thomas P. Moses—"Mt. Vernon March"—composed for the occasion by the talented organist. Prayer was offered by Rev. G. S. Fletcher, followed by Music by the choir,

GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

The Mendelssohn Sacred Music Soc.

RESPECTFULLY give notice that they will

give their FIRST CONCERT

AT THE NORTH CHURCH.

ON SUNDAY EVENING NEXT,

August 18th.

J. W. CLARK, Organist and Conductor.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

1. Extempore Fantasia on the Organ, introducing an Adagio and Minuetto, from a Concerto by Pleyel.

2. Chorus. Now Elevate the sign of Judah.—Uaydu.

3. Duet. God is love.—Webb.

4. Triumphal March and Grand Chorus, from the Oratorio of David. Entry of the Army of the Israelites into Gibeath. The Army approaches in the distance, in a joyful yet measured, marching strain. The people meet them and join with them, and the rejoicing increases in loudness and in fulness, continuing the same subject, until the Army arrives—when the subject is changed, and the whole join in the shout, "Hail! to Saul and David!" Amidst this shout, voices are heard apparently dissatisfied with Saul, and giving David the preference—but very properly in the minor key; and they are soon drowned in the general cry of "Hail to Saul and David!"

5. Solo and Quartette.—From "Mose in Egitto."

6. Duet. The Barren Fig Tree.—Beaumont.

7. Chorus. Let their celestial concerts all unite. From the Oratorio of "Samson."

PART SECOND.

1. Recitative and Solo. "Father, thy word is past," & Chorus. "The Multitude of Angels," from the Oratorio of the Intercession.

2. Duet and Quartette. Children of Zion.

3. Solo and Chorus. Child of Mortality, (by particular request.)—John Bray.

4. Chorus. The Great Jehovah.—Handel.

5. Solo and Chorus. The Marvellous Work.—From the Oratorio of the Creation.

6. Song. Must I leave thee, Paradise.—From the Intercession.

7. Grand Hallelujah Chorus.—From the Oratorio of the Messiah. When this Oratorio was first performed the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the Chorus struck up, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all, with the King, who happened to be present, started up and remained standing till the Chorus was ended: and hence it became the custom in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing.

Mr. Clark takes this opportunity to state that the above music has been selected with great care, and if this Concert should be well attended it is his intention to give a series of First Class Sacred Concerts the approaching season.

Tickets 25 cents—five for one dollar. To be had at the Bookstores, W. R. Preston's, Dr. Kimball's, J. H. Thacher's, and at the Church Door on the evening of the performance.

Doors open at 7, concert to commence at 8 o'clock.
Portsmouth, Aug. 17.

CONCERT!

THE patrons of Music are respectfully invited to pass an hour
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, August 21st,
AT THE TEMPLE,
where a

JUVENILE CLASS

under the instruction of

Mr. T. P. MOSES,

Will sing.—Doors open at 6 3-4, Concert commences at 7 1-2 o'clock.—Tickets 12 1-2 cents, for sale at Wm. R. Preston's, S. A. Badger's, J. F. Shores Jr.'s, and at the Door. Aug. 17.

C. M. Meinert.

PS Aug 17, 1850

MENDELSSOHN SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

This Society is composed of singers from most of the choirs in Portsmouth, who meet for mutual improvement, and a better preparation to perform their pleasant duties in their respective churches. They have, under direction of their talented leader, Mr. Clark, had many rehearsals, and been sometime in preparing for such a concert as every lover of good music will be gratified in attending. By the advertisement it will be seen that their Concert takes place on Sunday evening. As it is a matter in which every religious society has a like interest, we trust that interest will be manifested by a full attendance.

FLORAL CONCERT.

 THE PATRONS OF MUSIC are respectfully invited
AT THE TEMPLE
ON THURSDAY EVENING, Sept. 19th, 1850,
when a Floral Concert will take place by
SEVEN MASSES
under the instruction of
THOS. P. MOSES,
To commence at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets 12 1/2 cents. at the
usual places. Sept. 17.

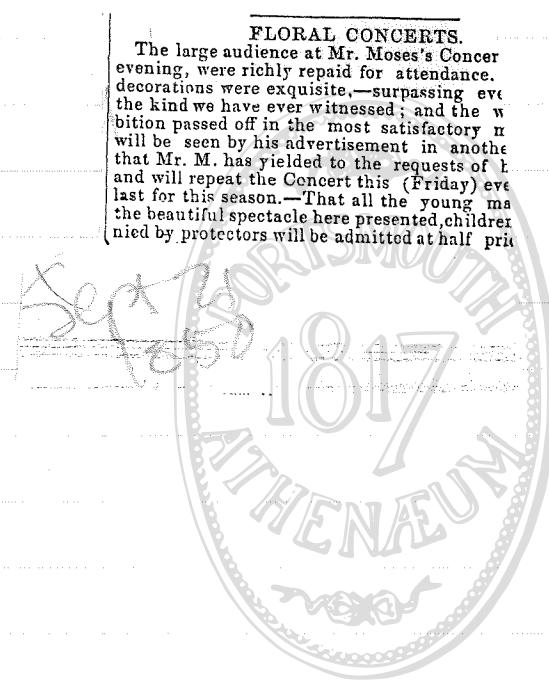
P 3 Sept 14
1850

p 3

FLORAL CONCERTS

The large audience at Mr. Moses's Concert evening, were richly repaid for attendance. decorations were exquisite.—surpassing even the kind we have ever witnessed; and the exhibition passed off in the most satisfactory manner. will be seen by his advertisement in another that Mr. M. has yielded to the requests of his friends, and will repeat the Concert this (Friday) evening, for this season.—That all the young, and the beautiful spectacle here presented, children, and by protectors will be admitted at half price.

PJ Sept 21
1858



Juvenile Singing School.

MR. THOS. P. MOSES will re-open his Music room, Exchange Buildings, for Juvenile pupils, on

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, April 2d, 1851, at 2 o'clock.

Mr. MOSES has ample convenience for one hundred scholars, from six to fourteen years of age, who can receive thorough musical instruction. Tickets of admission one dollar each for 24 lessons of one hour, twice a week, will be for sale in the Watch and Clock Store of Mr. H. H. Ham, directly under the Music Room of T. P. M.

Scholars will please to enroll their names on a paper already for them at the store of Mr. Ham, and thus save time and trouble on the day of commencement.

March 8
1851

PJ

March 8
1851



SACRED CONCERT.
THERE will be a Concert of Sacred Music
 IN THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
 On SUNDAY EVENING, April 27th, 1851,
 [And not on the 20th, as heretofore announced.]
 UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Mr. THOS. P. MOSES,
 THE ORGANIST.
 The whole Choir and other valuable Vocal talent have kindly proffered their aid for the occasion.
 TICKETS 12 1-2 Cents—at Dr. Preston's, Dr. Wall's, H. H. Ham's Watch-Store, and at the Church Door.
 Portsmouth, April 19, 1851.

PJ April 19
1851

Mr. MOSES' CONCERT, on Sunday evening last, at the Universalist Church, was very fully attended—and the good music well repaid those who were present.

PJ May 3 '51

CONCERT
 OF
SACRED MUSIC.
THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces to his friends and the musical public that he will give a Concert of Sacred Music
 AT THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
 On SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, June 8th.
 Efficient aid will sustain the vocal performances.
 TICKETS 12 1-2 cents—may be obtained of Drs. Hutchings, Preston and Wall, and at the Church Door in the evening.
 Doors open at 7—commences at a quarter before 8 o'clock.
 Portsmouth, June 7th, 1851.

PJ June 9, 1851

Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

June 14.

SPLENDID FLORAL CONCERT!

M R. T. P. MOSES

HAS the honor to inform his friends and the public that he will give a FLORAL CONCERT with his JUVENILE CLASS of nearly ONE HUNDRED Pupils, INCLUDING "THE SEVEN MISSES,"

On THURSDAY Evening, June 19, 1851,

AT THE TEMPLE.

Mr. MOSES, the originator of Floral Concerts in Portsmouth, does not hesitate to promise the lovers and patrons of chaste, interesting and useful exhibitions, an Entertainment of Floral and Musical taste combined, that shall totally eclipse all similar occasions hitherto observed in the vicinity of "Old Strawberry Bank."

In addition to other efforts and expense essential to render this exhibition particularly inviting, Mr. M. has planned and incurred the cost of a CURTAIN to enclose the entire stage, with the decorations and the pupils. At 8 1/4 o'clock the Curtain will be drawn aside, when the sweet and spirited warblings of canary birds will be heard among the shrubbery and flowers, while a host of beautiful children, from seven to fourteen years of age, all wreathed, and attired in white and scarlet, will advance beneath two festooned arches, and pass through a fancy evolution to their respective positions, and sing the Opening Chorus,

"Sparkling and bright, as morn's first light,
Are the dreams of youth before us."

Doors open at 7 1/4—Commences at 8 1/4.
TICKETS 12 1/2 cents—may be found at the Stores of W. R. Preston, B. Hutchings, J. H. Thacher, S. A. Badger and J. Wall, and at the Temple Door.

Programmes will in due season be distributed. June 14.

PJ June 14, 1851

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the community.

THE FLORAL CONCERT.—No concert ever given in Portsmouth has exceeded in beauty the concert given by Mr. T. P. Moses at the Temple on Thursday evening. Mr. M. has a fine artistic taste, and he far exceeds

SECOND FLORAL CONCERT.

M R. THOS. P. MOSES, grateful for the very liberal patronage of last evening, respectfully announces that in accordance with his previous arrangements, he will give another (and the last) Floral Concert, with his JUVENILE CLASS OF NEARLY 100 PUPILS, INCLUDING "THE SEVEN MISSES."

THIS (FRIDAY) EVE, June 20, at the TEMPLE. Doors open at 7 1/4; Curtain draws at 8 1/4 o'clock. Tickets 12 1/2 Cents—may be obtained at the Stores of Brackett Hutchings, John Wall, Wm. R. Preston, S. A. Badger, and J. H. Thacher—also at the Temple Door.

NOTE.—The next Term of Mr. Moses' Juvenile Class will commence in his Music Room, at 9 o'clock on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, June 25,—and not July 2d, as before stated. TERMS—In advance, \$1 for twenty-four lessons of one hour each, twice a week, as usual.

PARADE DE LAINES. JACONETS.

PJ June 21, 1851

PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1851.

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSIONS.

THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

No public celebration in Portsmouth of the Anniversary of our National Independence has passed off with more gratification to the public eye, and satisfaction to those who were engaged in it, than that of the last week. There was a novelty about the matter which seemed in no degree diminished even to those who had devoted much labor in completing the arrangements. Many strangers from the principal cities of our own country were present, and some also who had witnessed the pageantry of the opening of the World's Fair, and had been present at the great displays of the like character on the continent of Europe, who acknowledged this display, for its extent, inferior to nothing they had before witnessed.

One who had been a close scrutinizer of those various foreign scenes remarked,—although they might be vastly more extensive in numbers, and in the display of liveries more gorgeous, yet nothing had he seen which exhibited so much heart-feeling of the people, uncontrollable by any jealous public censorship, as the grand processions of this anniversary. For beauty of conception, good taste in arrangement, and excellent spirit in which the whole was carried out, the day will be long remembered by our citizens.

In consequence of the storm on the morning of the 4th of July, the movements of the Processions and Fireworks were postponed to the 6th. The several salutes, ringing of bells, firing of crackers, &c. were performed on the 4th as usual. The Woodbury Light Guards, attended by the Great Falls Band, marched through the principal streets, and the display of even a stormy 4th was much greater than it had sometimes been on a fair day.

"But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky,
A frether green the swelling leaves display,
And glittering, as they tremble, cheer the way."

The morning of the 6th was beautiful, and the day exactly such as to please every body. Good order prevailed, for all seemed desirous to make the occasion joyful.

The Floral.

First in order came the Floral Procession. How beautiful is the idea of associating the splendid flowers which nature to enliven our way has strewed in our path, with the celebration of the most joyful event in our national history. The day is a green spot of the year almost wholly a desert of labor and business perplexities. How fitting is it to display on this oasis the cheerful bouquet, and acknowledge in it the goodness of him who might have made a world without flowers, but is pleased to bless his creatures so bountifully by such displays of his goodness. The Messenger gives a good account of the celebration, of which we avail ourselves in part in preparing the following:

At about 9 o'clock the procession moved—Chief Marshal B. B. Swasey, with his aids, Messrs. P. H. Goddard and S. B. Cleaves, leading off, followed by the Portsmouth Brass Band and the Continentals, under command of Master Thomas B. Aldrich. This company is composed of thirty-eight lads of about 12 years of age, dressed in the uniform of the Revolution. They wore black cocked hats, blue long coats, long yellow vests, breeches, with knee and shoe buckles. They bore no hostile arms, but each with the arm of friendship extended to the shoulder of his companion, fitly represented the bond of union which held their prototypes together.

This was followed by Mr. Moses's Juvenile Singing School, beautifully attired and decorated with flowers.

The girls bore more baskets filled with flowers, and the boys carried each a musical instrument. They also bore a number of beautiful banners with appropriate devices and inscriptions, among them the following: "The genius of wisdom will preserve our union," "Music and poetry: strong agents in freedom's cause," "July 4th, 1776: the birthday of liberty," "Flora and the muses: beautiful images of our study," "The fine arts indispensable to civilization," "Singing birds of the starry plume: destroy them not," "Washington lives in our memory," "Temperance essential to a nation's safety," "We strike the harp for liberty," "Jenny Lind: Sweden's brightest jewel." On one banner was an elegant figure of a harp, and a picture and bust of Jenny Lind graced another.

A car decorated with evergreen, representing SPRING, followed, containing a party of young misses appropriately attired, and following this a party of young gardeners in a very pretty costume, carrying implements of the art they represented.

Next came a representation of SUMMER, in a car richly festooned with roses, and containing a number of smiling misses appropriately attired and decorated. The car was followed by a large party of misses representing Italian flower girls, attired in scarlet bodices and white skirts, and bearing on their heads baskets of flowers.

A miniature load of hay followed, on the top of which rode several boys with rakes and pitchforks. The cart was drawn by a donkey, and the axiom "Persuasion better than force" was forcibly illustrated by a boy coaxing the donkey along by carrying before him a handful of hay.

Next followed a representation of AUTUMN. The car was appropriately decorated with grass bouquets, and the misses it contained bore similar representations. Following this was a car containing a party of harvesters with their implements, followed by a party of reapers on foot.

Next came the car of WINTER, driven by a boy carefully wrapped in a great coat, comforter, fur cap and mittens, and with a pair of snowshoes on his feet. The boy, however, was not really obliged to use them, as he occasionally remark about the thermometer denoting ten degrees below zero. The car was appropriately decorated, the floor being covered, in imitation of ice, and bearing dry trees, apparently loaded with snow. Following was a party of wood-choppers on foot.

A car representing Domestic Education in 1776, came next in order. The car, Mr. Thomas Meehan, one of our more venerable and worthiest citizens, with his wife, lady, appeared seated at a table, the former occupied in reading the Almanac, and the latter busily engaged in carding flax, which a young lady representing a servant was employed in spinning at an old fashioned wheel. The party acquitted themselves admirably, and the exhibition gave great satisfaction to the spectators, who frequently cheered them.

Then followed a car abounding in a decided contrast with the former, delineating Domestic Education in 1851. In this appeared a young lady fashionably attired, lolling upon a lounge and reading a yellow-covered novel, and another receiving lessons on the piano from a much-tutored French music teacher. All well performed their part, and the lesson was well received.

Following came a large number of pupils on foot, attired and decorated in a becoming manner, among them a little Fairy Queen, drawn by boys, in a miniature phaeton, followed by a personification of Truth, by a young lady reading a "Bible" under a canopy of white and silver.

Then came a car representing a School House of 1776,

followed by Mr. Moses's Juvenile Singing School, beautifully attired and decorated with flowers. The girls bore more baskets filled with flowers, and the boys carried each a musical instrument. They also bore a number of beautiful banners with appropriate devices and inscriptions, among them the following: "The genius of wisdom will preserve our union," "Music and poetry: strong agents in freedom's cause," "July 4th, 1776: the birthday of liberty," "Flora and the muses: beautiful images of our study," "The fine arts indispensable to civilization," "Singing birds of the starry plume: destroy them not," "Washington lives in our memory," "Temperance essential to a nation's safety," "We strike the harp for liberty," "Jenny Lind: Sweden's brightest jewel." On one banner was an elegant figure of a harp, and a picture and bust of Jenny Lind graced another.

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A miniature load of hay followed, on the top of which rode several boys with rakes and pitchforks. The cart was drawn by a donkey, and the axiom "Persuasion better than force" was forcibly illustrated by a boy coaxing the donkey along by carrying before him a handful of hay.

Next came the car of WINTER, in which was a young lady leaning on a moss-covered anchor. Six misses with anchors covered with evergreen followed.

A car containing a representation of CHARITY was next in order. It was drawn by a young lady carrying a loaf of bread and a basket. The car was followed by a number of misses representing Sisters of Charity, bearing bread, medicine, &c.

Grand Floral Concert,
At the Temple, WEDNESDAY Evening, Oct. 1, 1851.
MR. THOS. P. MOSES, with his Ju-
venile Class of seventy Pupils, including the
"Seven Misses," will give a Concert as above, at the
close of his present term. More particular notice will
be given in due season.
Mr. M.'s next term of Juvenile Singing School will commence
on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, at his Music Room as usual. Tickets
\$1, payable at the end of the quarter of 24 lessons. School
hours 2 o'clock Wednesdays and Saturdays. Sept. 20.

PJ Sept 20, 1851

Mr. Moses' Concert on Thursday evening was attended
by a large audience, who were pleasantly entertained
with chaste music and tasteful decorations. The per-
formance is to be repeated this (Friday) evening. The
beauty and finish of the children's singing shows great
industry and skill in their training.

PJ Oct 4, 1851

THE LAST FLORAL CONCERT.
BY urgent request, Mr. THOS. P. MOSES
will REPEAT the CONCERT of Thursday evening,
THIS (FRIDAY) EVENING,
AT THE TEMPLE.
Doors open at 6 3-4—Curtain draws at 7 1-2. Tickets 12 1-2
Cents—at usual places.
The tasteful Decorations and fine music on this occasion, met
the full approbation of a discriminating and crowded house,
and are pronounced by those disinterested superior to every
other similar exhibition in Portsmouth; and they cannot easily
be equalled.
Oct. 3, 1851.

NOV. 1.

6w is

Fine Chance for two Pianos.

A PERSON about leaving the city, has for sale a beautiful German made PIANO, round corners, modern style, of the finest touch and tone. Price \$135.00.

Also, another of Boston make, uncommonly good for the price, only \$65.00. No better chance, either here or in Boston, can be found where Pianos so good as these can be obtained at ~~so low~~ a rate. Any one disposed to purchase, will be wise to call immediately on THOS. P. MOSES, Agent, who will warrant them to be well worth the price.

Residence 13 High street, Music Rooms 4 Exchange Buildings.

Nov. 15.

PJ Nov 15-28

1851



Musical Instruction.

THOS. P. MOSES, native of Portsmouth, having been for eighteen years a successful Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music, and also an observer and attentive hearer of the most distinguished singers and players of Music, deems it not out of place "once in a while" to reassure his friends and patrons that he, being in good health and wide awake, continues to give lessons on the Piano, Organ, Flute, and in Singing,—and when required, he will also give lessons in musical composition. Terms for either to a single pupil, ten dollars for 24 lessons of an hour each, whether at his Music Room or at the pupil's residence.

March 27.

PT Apr. 10, 1852

Musical Notice.

THOS. P. MOSES would inform the Parents and Guardians of children in Portsmouth, that his Summer Term of Juvenile Singing School will commence at 2 1-2 o'clock on WEDNESDAY, the 7th of April, 1852, at the usual place, No. 4 Exchange Buildings.

Mr. Moses takes pleasure in stating that he has recently renovated, ventilated, and beautified his Music Room for the accommodation and pleasure of Pupils and others, as well as for himself.

Besides the proper arrangements of his windows for light and air, he has opened a large sky-light, which is not only a medium of light, but will be used as a ventilator, and will let off all impure vapour even should the room be crowded with persons. In fact, there is no Music Room like this in New-Hampshire, it being spacious and airy, and ornamented with paintings and statuary, is calculated to elicit the pupil's love for Music and for the beautiful.

Parents will do well to improve this opportunity by sending their children for instruction to one whose large experience and repeated tangible proofs, must have convinced beyond cavil, of ability inferior to none in this branch of his profession. After the first two weeks of the school, Parents will be invited to witness Mr. M.'s mode of instruction.

Pupils will need to purchase cards of admission for the term of 24 lessons, at the door of the Music Room Price One Dollar in advance.

March 27.

PT
March 27, 1852

P 23
April 17
1852

THE
PORTSMOUTH AMPHIONS,
THOS. P. MOSES, Conductor,
B EING united as aids in the cause of Music,
both Sacred and Secular, will give their first
CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC,
On SUNDAY EVENING, April 18th, 1852, at the
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

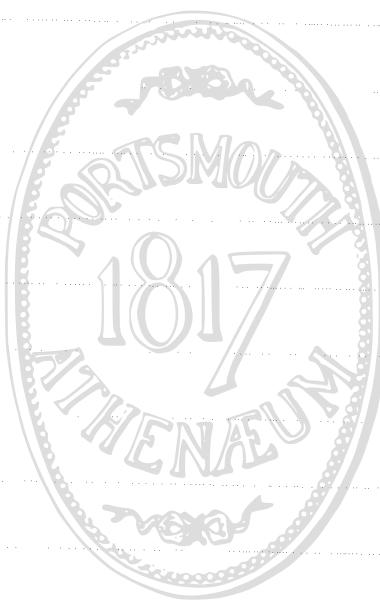
In connection with the Organ, a Piano will be
used to accompany the lighter pieces.

A glance at the Programme will show the selec-
tions of music to be of a high order.

Tickets 12 1-2 cts.; to be had of Dr. Hutchings,
and at the door.

Doors open at 1-1 of 7; Concert commences at
1 2 past 7.

April 17.



Concert.
THE PORTSMOUTH AMPHIIONS.
 THOS. P. MOSES, CONDUCTOR,
 WILL give a Concert of SACRED MUSIC
 AT THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
 On SUNDAY EVENING, April 25, 1852.
 For particulars see bills already circulated
 TICKETS at Dr. B. Hutchings' Store, and at the Church
 on the evening of the Concert, 12 1-2 cents. April 24.

PJ April 24, 1852

THE AMPHIIONS.—The Portsmouth Amphions gave their first Concert (of sacred music) on Sunday evening last, to a fashionable and tasteful audience. There are seven vocalists, who evinced the most thorough and careful rehearsal of their pieces, by going through them all without mistake—and their ability to give excellent concerts is placed beyond description. These modern Amphions, with their skillful teacher and conductor, are worthy of the name they bear.

CONCERT.
THE PORTSMOUTH AMPHIIONS.
 (THOS. P. MOSES, Leader.)
MR. RESPECTFULLY announce that
 they will give a CONCERT of SECULAR
 MUSIC at the TEMPLE,
 On the Evening of THURSDAY, May 13, 1852.
 On which occasion a variety of Popular Music will be introduced, some of which has never been sung here, together with many Original Compositions by the Teacher and Conductor.
 Tickets 12 1-2 cents—at Drs. Preston's, Hutchings', Wall's, Thacher's, and the bookstore of J. S. Harvey, and at the Temple door. Doors open at 7 1-4—Concert at 8 o'clock.
 May 8.

PJ May 8, 1852
 (S-519)

CONCERT.
The Portsmouth Amphions,
 THOS. P. MOSES, Leader,
MR. RESPECTFULLY announce that they will give a
 Concert of Secular Music at the TEMPLE on
 the EVENING OF MONDAY, May 17th, 1852, on
 which occasion a variety of Popular Music will be
 introduced, some of which has never been sung here, together
 with many original compositions by the teacher and conductor.
 Tickets 12 1-2 cts.—at Drs. Preston's, Hutchings', Wall's,
 Thacher's, the bookstore of J. S. Harvey, and at the Temple
 door. Doors open at 7 1-4; Concert at 8 o'clock. May 15.

PJ May 15 '52

AS
May 22
1852

THE AMPHIIONS' CONCERT.

The Portsmouth **Amphions** gave a good Concert at the Temple on Monday evening, but did not have an overflowing house. The lovers of music who were present had a treat; but those who staid away, did not hear that grand Scottish song "When the blue bonnets came over the border," nor the Martial Song and Chorus from the opera of *Gustavus*. Those wh^o did hear them have only one opinion about them, that is, they were spirited and beautiful. The duett "Come wander with me," and the Glee in praise of June, had beauty of another sort, the beauty of sweetness.

A correspondent sends us the following notice:

For the Portsmouth Journal.

Mr. Editor,—Like many other Bostonians, I am a frequent visitor of your pleasant city, and feel interested in the welfare of the place, not only in regard to the agricultural, mechanic and commercial pursuits, but also in regard to matters of taste and beauty in every sanctioned department and variety.

Music is most certainly a refining and essential element to the life-current of a business community. Withdraw entirely this captivating, soothing and intellectual agent from among us, and sad indeed would be our degeneracy.

I am led to these remarks, from having attended a concert at the Temple, by the "Portsmouth Amphions." I was there surprised and highly pleased with the accuracy and admirable style of performance of this company of seven individuals. The selections of sentiment were chaste and instructive, and the music beautiful; all worthy of an intelligent and appreciating audience.

The soprano of this interesting band is brilliant, energetic and powerful, and with more culture will stand high as a cantatrice; the alto, though not powerful, is sweet and accurate; the tenor, true bright and lively; and the bass well-balanced and above mediocrity. The Solos, Duets, Trios, &c. and in fact all the pieces were *timely* and otherwise well expressed. Among the songs those sung by the teacher were given with uncommon force and pathos, and though a stranger to the company, I was glad to perceive, in the strong and unyielding *encore*, a just appreciation of his thrilling and eloquent style of singing.

Aside from their leader, the "Amphions" seem to possess considerable musical ability, and must if they continue practising under their present scientific and tasteful pianist and teacher, become very efficient performers. Altogether, this club would in regard to distinctness of enunciation, accuracy of time, purity of tone and chastity of style, put to the blush many companies of much greater pretensions. My only regret while at this concert, was that *more* of the intelligent, appreciating and music loving citizens did not avail themselves of an entertainment so acceptable.

AMATEUR.

Floral Concert.
THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces
that he will give a FLORAL CONCERT with his
NIGHTINGALE CHAPEL, in the TEMPLE,
On TUESDAY evening, 22d June, at 8 o'clock P.M.
Programmes will be circulated as usual. Tickets at usual
places—12 1/2 cents. June 19.

PJ June 19

1852

P3

(both)

PORTSMOUTH COMMON is now a common topic, not only giving a subject for the tongue, but also for the pencil. We this week saw in Mr. Shores's window a handsome fancy sketch of the Common in anticipation, drawn in colored crayon, by Mr. T. P. Moses. The picture is well designed, executed with much skill, and does great credit to the artist, who promises to stand as high in this new branch, as in his favorite science of music.

The design locates the Common on the Elwyn fields, opposite the Universalist church. A bridge is thrown over the South Mill Pond, and the fine display of forest trees which appear, shading inviting avenues, render the idea of a Common very popular. It will be recollect that two or three years since Hon. John Elwyn generously offered to give the city an avenue through his fields eight or ten rods wide, from the pond to the South road, making some four or five acres. The condition was, that the city should build a bridge to connect the premises with Pleasant street, near the Universalist church. This offer, we understand, has not been withdrawn. This avenue would be of sufficient width to allow of a carriage way on both sides, and for planting trees between. As a public avenue, it would doubtless in a few years become valuable to the city. This road would be in an almost direct line from Market Square, passing on the east side of the Auburn street Cemetery, to the Sagamore bridge. The present generation would not complete the road, but the next may.

There are other localities around Portsmouth perhaps as desirable as that referred to, for a Common. It would be well for those who have ownership of such to make known the lowest prices for which they can be obtained, for our City Fathers, like John Gilpin's spouse—

"Though on pleasure they are bent,
Are of a frugal mind."

Morn Chrch Feb 15
1869

A Bridge over the South Pond has always been the talk for many years, and Mr. Hoyt drew a plan of one leading to a Common beyond, as now designed, twenty years ago or more, from actual survey; as also did Mr. T. P. Moses from imagination, several years later. Whether a Bridge will be built now, remains to be seen,—but we have faith that there will be some footing provided for, there, more substantial than Peter failed to walk on, ere the snows of another winter come to chill all such enterprises. One gentleman of wealth, enterprise and artistic taste, (a combination not common in this ilk,) offered to contribute \$1000 for this object, several years ago. If he will do it now, the thing is done; and at any rate, there are no doubt several wealthy Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth, in town and out, who would contribute handsomely toward it.

CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Floral Procession was a work of much labor to those who engaged in it, and was a truly gratifying sight, although some of the display being the same as last year, was lacking in novelty.

The escort was handsomely performed by the Woodbury Light Guards, and the Portsmouth Brass Band did honor to themselves.

The Indian Warrior, Lawguillaume, was a true representation—his dress was perfect throughout, and he rode as handsomely as though he had spent his days in chasing the buffalo on the Prairies.—The Indians which followed in a canoe were worthy such a chief, and the active young Indians in camp, which followed in another car, showed that our boys, had they opportunity, could easily be taught to be savages.

The Landing of Columbus was one of the most attractive features in the procession. Columbus was represented in the full Spanish costume of 400 years ago, and his boat was manned by seamen in costume. There was much interest taken by the public in this display—so well sustained in every part as readily to carry us back to the days of the of the real discovery. [The remainder of the account we copy from the Messenger.]

Next in order came a delegation of farmers and fishermen on foot, representing the habits of the early settlers of the New England colony.

Then came the entrance of Washington into Trenton after the war—the car representing the daughters of America strewing flowers in the path of their country's deliverer. The company of Contingentallers, acted as the body guard to Washington in this display, and added much to the beauty of the picture.

A car representing Peace, called forth much admiration, and a genuine Yankee soldier in uniform carrying a banner inscribed "Go tell the world America is free," whose grotesque appearance convulsed the spectators.

A liberty car, containing the Goddess of America, was a beautiful affair. The car was painted in the colors of our national flag, and in it was borne a beautiful female supporting a liberty cap. Following this came a bevy of fair misses, in beautiful array, bearing on their heads baskets of flowers. A car representing Faith, kneeling before an altar before the cross, with children following bearing crosses—Hope leaning on an anchor—and Charity distributing her bounty to the needy, and followed by six sisters, were all beautiful representations, and added much to the beauty of the display.

The Car containing the Nightingale Songster, elicited universal admiration. A spacious boat was placed on wheels and decorated in most beautiful style, covered with most appropriate mottoes and devices. In it Mr. T. P. Moses and his Nightingale choir of songsters appeared, the latter most beautifully attired. Mr. Moses presided at the piano, and the Nightingales, as they passed through the streets, charmed all listeners with their melody.

"Excelsior" was beautifully portrayed on a car on which was represented a rocky mountain height.

PJ July 10 1852

Aug. 27 Sept. 2 1852

Aug. 28

**Furniture,
PIANO, PAINTINGS & STATUARY
FOR SALE.**

 THE subscriber, intending to leave town, offers PARLOR FURNITURE, the PIANO which he now has in use, handsome OIL and CRAYON PAINTINGS, and large size STATUARY, at bargains, for Cash, until the 1st of October next.

THOS. P. MOSES,
Exchange Buildings.

Aug. 28.

1817
ATHENAEUM

JULY 14 - 1875.

Sept. 25. In behalf of the Portsmouth City Greys.

Grand Floral Concert.

THOMAS P. MOSES, yielding to many solicitations to give one more FLORAL CONCERT before he leaves the city, has the honor to announce that he will give a Concert as above,

On TUESDAY EVENING, Sept. 28th,
on which particular occasion his advanced and favorite Classes,

"THE FIFTEEN NIGHTINGALES"

"THE SEVEN MISSES,"

will unite in the entertainment. The house will be more thoroughly decorated than usual, with spruce, evergreen statuary, paintings, banners and flags; and the pupils will appear in beautiful attire.

It would be difficult to find similar classes of Misses who can perform such music as the programme will show, in a scientific and tasteful a manner. Further particulars in circulars.

Sept. 25.

PJ Sept 25 '52

ENTERTAINMENT THIS EVENING.
Grand Floral Concert.
THOS. P. MOSES, yielding to many solicitations to give one more Floral Concert before he leaves the city, has the honor to announce that he will give a Concert as above,
AT THE TEMPLE,
THIS (Tuesday) EVENING, Sept. 28th,
on which particular occasion his advanced and favorite Classes,
"The Fourteen Nightingales"
and
"The Seven Misses,"
will unite in the entertainment. The house will be more thoroughly decorated than usual, with spruce, evergreens, statuary, paintings, banners and flags; and the pupils will appear in beautiful attire.
It would be difficult to find similar classes of Misses who can perform such music as the programme will show, in so scientific and tasteful a manner.
TICKETS 25 CENTS—Children half price, to be had at the Temple Door exclusively, from 2 to 5 o'clock this afternoon, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 this evening. Doors open at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7; Concert commences at $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8.

Daily Chron
Sept 26⁵²
p. 2

ENTERTAINMENT THIS EVENING
Grand Floral Concert
REPEATED.
REDUCTION OF PRICE!
THOS. P. MOSES, yielding to many
tations to give one more Floral Concert
before he leaves the city, has the honor to announce
that he will give a Concert as above,
AT THE TEMPLE,
THIS (Wednesday) EVENING, Sept.
on which particular occasion his advanced
favorite Classes,
"The Fourteen Nightingales"
and
"The Seven Misses,"
will unite in the entertainment. The house
will be more thoroughly decorated than usual,
spruce, evergreens, statuary, paintings, banners
and flags; and the pupils will appear in beautiful
attire.
TICKETS 12½ CENTS—to be had at the
Door exclusively, from 2 to 5 o'clock this
noon, and at 4 to 7 this evening.
Doors open at 4 to 7; Concert commences

Daily Run
Sept 29, 1852

(over)

— *where they may be purchased.* —

THE FLORAL CONCERTS given by Mr. T. P. Moses on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were well attended. The increase of the price of tickets served to give an increased interest, and the audiences left highly gratified. There was good taste manifest in the decorations and in the whole arrangement, but the best part of the exhibition was the skilful performance of the select class brought forward for the occasion.

Mr. Moses must feel flattered at the audiences which his closing concerts here have brought forth. He is a musician and artist of no common grade and he has, too, all those sensitive feelings which belong to his class; less of it would probably better promote his pecuniary interest, although it may all be essential to the development of his taste as an artist and performer. He is purposing soon to take up his residence in New-York.

AJ

Oct 2 1852



Musical Notice.

THOMAS P. MOSES, having reasons for changing his intentions in regard to leaving Portsmouth permanently at present, respectfully acquaints the Musical public that he will continue to teach Vocal and Instrumental Music as usual. His office No. 4 Exchange Buildings—residence 12 High street.

Mr. Moses will teach evening adult classes in Sacred and Secular Music the coming winter. Also, Juvenile Classes, as usual at his Music Room Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2 1/4 o'clock, to commence in November.

For Piano instruction and select Singing \$10, twenty-four lessons. Flute do. single pupils, \$10.

In connection with Music, Mr. M. intends also, in a few months to give lessons in sketching from nature, and in Crayon Drawing on Marble board, which is fast becoming the most fashionable and beautiful of all drawings. He hopes his young friends will be pleased to await his commencement, when he will aid them to make rapid advancement in this exquisite branch of human accomplishment.

Portsmouth, Oct. 23, 1852.

Oct 23 Nov 2 1852

Vive le Cameneum!

THINGS animate and inanimate their seasons have of glory. Day and night alternate come and go. Summer reluctant flies away, and the keen autumnal frost with blighting touch falls on the forest oak, and it sadly throws off its genial summer dress—slumbers awhile in grim loneliness, until gently patted on its bare cold arms by the soft warm palm of the golden orb of the "sweet spring time," when it again assumes its primeval fulness and captivating beauty.

Thus for a period of time fell the chill frost of fate upon the pleasant and classic features of the well remembered Cameneum, paralyzing its active limbs, and casting it into the sombre shade of neglect and listless apathy, until breathed upon by the vivifying breath of grateful remembrance, and touched by the restoring hand of courage, energy and taste—when it lifted its oriental eyelids, to signify that its long deep sleep was not unto death; promising again to wear the bridal blush and dazzling drapery, such as originally attracted earth's happy sons and fairest daughters to its open and winning arms.

Wiping now the pen, perhaps too deeply dipped in "Fancy's Dew,"—the subscriber, with the aid of a different phraseology, respectfully announces that he has bargained with the proprietors of the Cameneum, and has assumed the responsibility of resuscitating, renovating and beautifying the interior in particular of the Building as above—painting, whitening, lighting with gas, furnishing with paintings, statuary, and a splendid seven-octave powerful Boston Piano, &c.—rendering the house ~~building~~ and every way worthy the best patronizing visitor.

The Cameneum will accommodate five hundred or more persons—is now nearly ready, and intended for Lyceums, Lectures, Levees, Musical Soirees, Fairs, Sacred and Secular Concerts, and all well ordered and respectable exhibitions.

Preparations will be completed and the Cameneum Re-opened with a Concert on the 9th of November next. Particulars hereafter.

EVENING SINGING SCHOOL.

The subscriber would particularly inform his musical friends and the public generally, that he will ~~open~~ an ADULT Evening Singing School.

IN THE CAMENEUM,
for the scientific instruction and correct practice of Sacred and Secular Music.

On MONDAY-EVENING, Nov. 15,

At half-past 7 o'clock.

The heavy and splendid Piano, with extensive and beautiful accommodations for singing, and for promenading during recess time, with an experienced and well known teacher, may be some inducement to encourage a full attendance.

TERMS \$1 for the course of Twelve Lessons, on Monday Evenings. Tickets for sale by Mr. M. and Mr. J. H. Head.

JUVENILE CLASS.

A Juvenile Class will also be commenced on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Nov 17, at the subscriber's Music Room, Exchange Buildings, at half-past 2 o'clock. Should the pupils number too many for the Music Room, they will be transferred to the Cameneum.

TICKETS \$1 for Twenty-four Lessons, Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons, to be had of the Teacher or at Mr. Head's.

THOS. P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, Oct. 23, 1852.

HURD IN LETTER & IT PUBLISHES

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

DJ? / Chron?

Oct 18,
(852

Oct 29 '52

THE CAMENÆUM.

This hall, the name of which signifies "The Home of the Arts and Muses," is now undergoing such renovation and repair as to make it worthy of its name; and is to be used again for such purposes as to make it once more the resort of beauty and fashion, art and elegance. The best lyceum we ever had was located there, and flourished too, when we had much less population than now. No better room for *sound* can be found in this place, and but few anywhere. It was always a cheerful, popular house; and in the hands of Mr. Moses cannot fail to be more attractive than ever.—The energy, skill, taste and experience of the present lessee, guarantee success in this new enterprise. All will read his notice with pleasure.

THE CAMENÆUM.

This Home of the Arts and Muses has been thoroughly refitted and rejuvenated, by the enterprise and taste of Mr. Thomas P. Moses, and is now one of the most convenient and beautiful Concert and Lecture Rooms to be found anywhere. Without the Gallery it will seat 450 or 500 persons, and the gallery will hold 100 more.

It is an excellent house for sound—is brilliantly lighted with gas—and is entirely fitted to accommodate a genteel and fashionable audience.

We understand that the Portsmouth Lyceum will use it for their lectures this season;—and we doubt not every ticket holder will be gratified with the tasteful and elegant arrangements.

Johnson
Nov. 24, 1852

Grand Concerts. CAMENEUM.

MR. MOSES,

WITH the valuable assistance of Mr. W. Wheelock and Miss JULIA WHEELOCK, and other kindly proffered aid in town, respectfully informs the Musical public, that the FIRST Concert will take place at the Cameneum,

On Wednesday Evening.

November 24th, 1852.

The SECOND CONCERT on THURSDAY evening, Nov. 25th, at the same place.

Miss Wheelock is an accomplished Vocalist; though young, is familiar with the most difficult music; the "Subi Mater," by Rossini; *Handel's Messiah*; *Haydn's Creation*, the most popular operatic songs, &c., and will give tangible proof of her skill in the beautiful Cavatina, "Robert, Robert' ton qui t'aime" from the opera of Robert Le Diable.

~~as sung by Parrot composed by~~
Daugi Ricci. "I know that my R. deour Liveth" as sung by Jenny Lind; Composed by Handel, &c.

All the choruses are selected from the most popular operas, and will be well sustained.

Doors open at quarter before 7. Concert commences at 7½ o'clock.

TICKETS 15 CENTS,
To be had at Ticket Office, Cameneum, on the afternoon and evening of Concert.

~~as~~ We understand that the Portsmouth Lyceum is to be opened for the winter, at the Cameneum on Tuesday evening, November 30. But we have received no direct information (or intimation) that such is the fact—and therefore can't vouch for it.

Johnson
Nov. 22
1852

GRAND CONCERT. CAMENEUM.

MR. MOSES respectfully informs the musical public that, with the valuable assistance of Mr. and Miss WHEELOCK, and of several musical friends in Portsmouth, he will give a Concert at the Cameneum,

On WEDNESDAY Evening, November 24th, 1852.

Miss Wheelock is an accomplished vocalist, though young; is familiar with the most difficult music; the "Nabat Water" by Rossini, *Handel's Messiah*, *Hayden's Creation*, the most popular operatic songs, &c., and will give tangible proof of her skill in the beautiful Cavatina, "Robert! Robert! ton que Jamie," from the opera of *Robert Le-Diable*. "Alfin Brillo" as sung by Parodi, composed by Luigi Ricci. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as sung by Jenny Lind; composed by Handel, &c.

All the choruses are selected from the most popular operas, and will be well sustained. The Concert will open with overture on Piano—the "Two blind men of Toledo," arranged for four hands.

Doors open at quarter before 7. Concert commences at 7 1/2 o'clock. Tickets 18 cents, indiscriminately, and to all parts of the house. For sale at the Ticket office, Cameneum, on the afternoon of the Concert. Further particulars in Programmes.

Nov 20.

PJ Nov 20
1852

P 3

CONCERT.

THOS. P. MOSES respectfully announces

that the
"CAMENEUM"
is now completely prepared with rehearsal-
ers and otherwise fitted for a concert, lecture, and exhibition
room; and will be reopened with a

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,
on TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 9, 1852.

Among the beautiful Glees, Trios, Duets and Solos, will be
several from Operas Massaniello, Fradiavolo, Il Giuramento,
&c. Particulars in programmes.

Box and Parquette tickets 25 cents; children 12 1/2 cents;
gallery 15 cents; to be had at the Ticket Office, Cameneum,
from 2 to 5 o'clock, A. M., day of Concert—and as usual on
the opening of the doors. Boxes of fourteen and eighteen
seats, and slips in box circle of ten and twelve seats can be
reserved on reasonable application at Ticket Office.

PJ Nov 6
1852

President Pierce in Portsmouth.

IT is currently reported that on his next visit to Portsmouth President Pierce will attend a GRAND CONCERT at the

CAMENEUM.

This exhibition-room, under the supervision of MR. MOSES, has recently undergone another great improvement. The chandelier lights, which hung down to the annoyance of many eyes, are removed, and the gas-burners directed around the gallery and side-walls of the house. The old and heavy fixtures upon the stage are entirely removed; lighter framing and improved scenery, mostly new by MR. P. A. Butler, takes the place of the old, and is altogether and at once movable whenever occasion requires. The unnecessarily wide stage is reduced, leaving greater room for seats in the parquette. The stage is now illuminated with brilliant foot-lights, which add a new charm to the scenery. The fine drop-curtain is enlarged, and can be "brailed up" quick as the mainsail of a fairy barge. Paintings and statuary also adorn the room; and it may not be too much to say that the Cameneum is now the most beautiful and desirable hall in New-Hampshire for concerts, lectures, panoramas, and all sorts of respectable exhibitions.

A small, talented theatrical company would find this house well adapted to their wishes. It has the finest conveniences of any house in the State for such purposes. For tea-parties and fairs it is the most beautifully-adapted room in these parts. For lyceums and lectures of any kind, it is the place that everybody likes. For panoramas, large or small, it is before all other rooms in this latitude. It will contain easily an audience of six hundred persons, all of whom could readily see the picture. The form of the room will at once prove this assertion to be no fiction. For Chinese, Egyptian, or Yankee sleight-of-hand wonders, it is unequalled in its accommodations and social-appearance by any other in the whole Granite State. In the grand tableaux, young gentlemen could exhibit themselves to the finest advantage, as the scenery is right, and the stage can be lighted and darkened instantly at pleasure of the performers. The Cameneum is in the best location; it is the *ne plus ultra* of halls in this region of territory for any of the above-named purposes.

For further particulars and immediate attention, address April 9. - 3^o **THOS. P. MOSES**, Portsmouth, N. H.

PJ

April 9, 1853

THE CAMENEUM.—This building has been still further improved, by a new arrangement of the stage, enlarging the floor, and improving the appearance of the house.

25 March 1853

ap29 No. 12 Market square, PORTSMOUTH.

CONCERT

OF SACRED MUSIC.

MR. C. E. KINGSBURY, RESPECTFULLY announces that he will give a Concert of Sacred Music

ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 1st,

AT THE CAMENEUM,

On which occasion he will be assisted by Mr. T. P. MOSES and other musical friends.

Two Piano Fortes, will be used to accompany the choruses. The music is selected from Rossini, Newcom, Himmel, King, &c.

Doors open at 7, commence at 73 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at W. R. Preston's, J. H. Foster's, J. F. Shores's, and at the door.

CARL MEINERTH,
WILL OPEN A NEW AND PERMANENT
SCHOOL OF DESIGN,
(Original Drawing School,) FOR LADIES, on the
2d of May next.

Drawings, fees of the School, Terms, &c., may be had at the Bookstores of Messrs. Foster, Shores, and Harvey.

ap22tm2

PJ

Spring school.

April 30, 1853

PJ May 21, 1853

Vocal Concert.
THE PORTSMOUTH QUINTET CLUB,
UNDER the direction of T. P. MOSES,
respectfully announce that they will give a
Local Concert
Choice Music on TUESDAY EVENING, May 24, 1853,
at the CAMENEUM.

PROGRAMME.

PART 1.

1. CHORUS—"When the morning sweetly breaking."—
From Opera, Italian in Algiers. *Rossini.*
2. SONG—"Jeanie O' the Glen." Scotch. (Miss Plumer.)
3. DUET—"Moonlight, Music, love and flowers". (Miss
Plumer, Miss Miller.) *J. Barnett.*
4. SONG—"I'm afloat." (Mr. Plumer.) *Russell.*
5. QUARTET—"Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean".—
(Company) *Storage.*
6. SONG—"The Sea Fight, or stand to your arms." (Mr.
Moses.) *U. C. Hill.*
7. SONG—"The Bird at Sea." (Miss Miller.) *Meinke.*
8. SONG & CHORUS—"The Clarion now sounds to the
field." (Mr. Reynolds.) *G. G. Maeder.*
9. SONG—"Major Andre's Request" (Mr. Moses.) The
Music by *T. P. Moses.*

PART 2.

1. NATIONAL SONG & CHORUS—"Our Future Land."
(Mr. Moses and Company.) *Heinitz.*
2. SONG—"Up and o'er the border." Scotch. (Miss
Plumer.)
3. SONG—"Come brothers, Arouse." (Mr. Plumer.) *Russell.*
4. DUET—"Hear me Norma." Opera Norma. (Miss
Plumer, Miss Miller.) *Bellini.*
5. FAVORITE SCOTCH SONG—"All the blue bonnets
are over the border." (Mr. Moses.) *Braham.*
6. SONG—"Would I were with thee." A beautiful Ro-
mance, written by Miss Norton. Composed by
(Miss Plumer.) *Enelia Lanzlott.*
7. CHORUS—"When the Summer rain is over." From
the Opera L'Elsire D' Amore. *Donizetti.*

Tickets 15 cents—at Dr. Preston's and at the Camenecum.
Doors open at 7 1-4—Concert at 8 o'clock. May 21.

Exhibitions, Meetings, &c.

VOCAL CONCERT.

THE PORTSMOUTH QUINTET CLUB,
UNDER the direction of T. P. MOSES,
respectfully announce that they will give a
CONCERT AT THE CAMENEUM,
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1853.

PROGRAMME.

PART 1.

1. CHORUS—"When the morning sweetly breaking." — Rossini.
From Opera, Italian in Algiers.
2. SONG—"Jeune, O the Gleit". (Miss Plumer.) Scotch.
3. DUET—"Midnight, Music, love and flowers". Miss Plumer, Miss Miller.
4. SONG—"I'm afloat." (Mr. Plumer.) Russell.
5. QUARTET—"Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean"— From Opera of the "Pirates," by Cobb, composed by Storace.
6. SONG—"The Sea, the open sea." (Mr. Moses.) Neucomm.
7. CAVITINA—"The Gipsy's Invitation." (Miss Miller.) V. P. Knight.
8. SONG—"The Ivy Green" (Mr. Reynolds.) Russell.
9. SONG—"Major Andre's Request" (Mr. Moses.) The Music by T. P. Moses.

PART 2.

1. SONG—"O Charming May." (Miss Plumer.) G. H. Rodwell.
2. CHORUS—"O, hail us ye free.") From Opera "Ernani," by Verdi.
3. SONG—"Come brothers, Arouse." (Mr. Plumer.) Russell.
4. SONG—"Sentimental. "Never give up." (Mr. Moses.) Jones.
5. DUET—"Hear me Norma." Opera Norma. (Miss Plumer, Miss Miller.) Bellini.
6. SONG—"Would I were with thee." A beautiful Romance, written by Mrs. Norton. Composed by (Miss Plumer.) Emilia Langlotz.
7. SONG—"The Pirate's Serenade." (Mr. Moses.)
8. Beautiful Scotch Ballad. "Up and o'er the border," or "Oh, Mother Donald's gone away." (Miss Plumer.) Scotch.
9. CHORUS—"When the Summer rain is over." From the Opera L'Elsire D'Amore. Donizetti.

Tickets 15 cents—at Dr. Preston's and at the Cameneum.
Doors open at 7 1-4—Concert at 8 o'clock. May 28.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

THE QUINTET CONCERT.—Last Friday evening we listened with much pleasure to the harmony of our Home-made singers at the Cameneum, and were almost as much delighted as though they had fallen to us from the stars. Indeed we do have some star songsters amongst us. We could hardly tell which to admire most—the sweet full voice of the treble or the soul stirring majestic bass. Both were excellent, and with such a truly musical accompaniment, what else could we have but a most pleasing entertainment.

PJ
May 28, 1853

P3

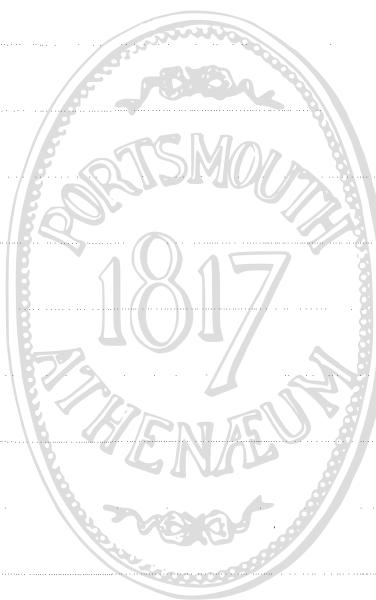
PJ
June 5, 1853

P3

COLORED CRAYONS.—Some fine specimens from the hand of Mr. Thomas F. Moses, teacher, are now to be seen in the window of Mr. Shore's book-store. The scene from the "Voyage of Life" will bear a close examination. It preserves the chasteness of the fine engraving issued by the Art Union, while additional beauty is given to the scenery by the coloring.

PB

July 2, 1853



Mom Choy

Aug 26

1953

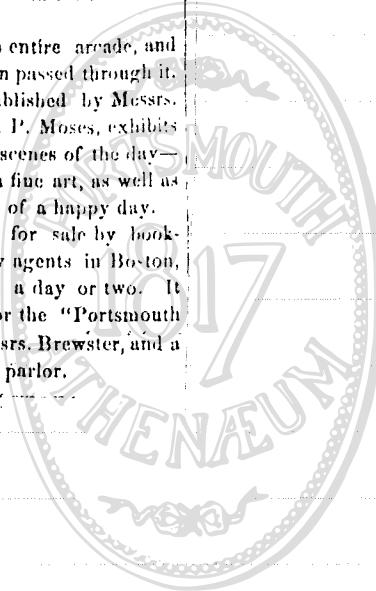
LOCAL.

OLD PAVED STREET.

We have just been looking at a beautiful engraving of Old Paved Street, as it was dressed with evergreens and adorned with arches on the Fourth Day of July, 1853, at which time the traders therein took account of stock.

The view embraces the entire arcade, and was taken as the procession passed through it. The picture, which is published by Messrs. Albert Gregory and Thos. P. Moses, exhibits one of the most imposing scenes of the day—and is a fine specimen of a fine art, as well as a most agreeable memento of a happy day.

The engraving will be for sale by booksellers in this city, and by agents in Boston, New York, Lowell, &c., in a day or two. It will be a fit companion for the "Portsmouth Jubilee," published by Messrs. Brewster, and a beautiful ornament for the parlor.



Sept. 10.

mouth Journal Office.

Celebration of the Sons of Portism.
ENGRAVING OF MARKET ST.

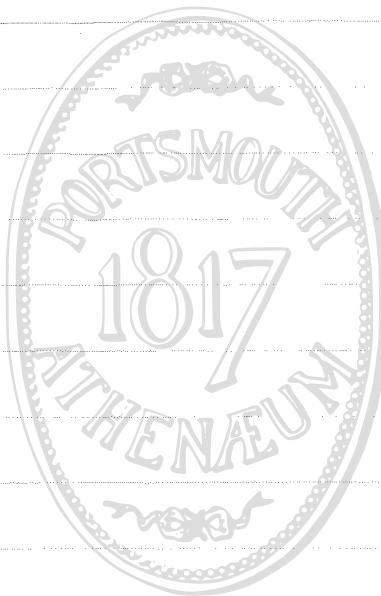
THE beautiful engraving of Market street, Portsmouth, N. H. with its triumphal arches, and grand procession of the Sons of Portsmouth, July 4th, 1853, lithographed by J. H. Bufford, Boston, from a Daguerreotype by Gregory, is now being issued. This picture represents one of the most beautiful features of that eventful occasion, and is published by Messrs. GREGORY & MOSES as a pleasing memento of the "glorious gathering." The above will be for sale on Saturday, this day, or Monday next, at the bookstores, and by the publishers in Portsmouth. And arrangements will be immediately made for the sale of them in Boston, New York, Lowell, &c. — Prices of single copies 50 cents—for six copies \$2.50—per dozen \$4.00.

French Engraving

THE JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1853.

THE ROMANCE OF SUCCESSION



A FINE PICTURE.—The attention of passers-by has been attracted for several days to a colored crayon drawing in the window of Mr. J. F. Shores, Jr. Congress Block. It has been exocuted by our townsman, Mr. T. P. Moses, since his residence in the vicinity of New-York. The picture is a gorgeous sunrise view on the Hudson, ninety miles above New-York, near the village of Roundout.—Mr. M. has done himself much credit by the production of this most finished piece of crayon-drawing that has ever met our eye. The floods of light which are spreading around, the beauty and variety of the scenery, the shrubbery and flowers standing out as though they might be plucked from the landscape, show the hand of a skilful artist. We notice but one imperfection, an oversight in presenting the size of the water-fowl. This, however, does not mar the effect; for almost every one who casts an eye upon it exclaims, "O how beautiful!"

The picture, we learn, has been purchased by Ex-Mayor Toppa.

PJ July 1, 1854

For the Chronicle.
FINE DRAWINGS.

The writer passed three pleasant hours, a few evenings since, in the study of Mr. T. P. Moses, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. M., since establishing himself in that city, has produced several pictures vastly superior to anything he has shown his Portsmouth friends; and one especially, a sunset scene, will compare favorably with the most exquisite pastel drawing we have ever seen. There is a richness of tone pervading his landscapes, a delicacy of tinting which seems peculiar to himself. The manner in which he applies the crayon, is such that while it gives trees, rocks, &c., the requisite roughness, they will still bear as scrutinizing an examination as the finest of oil painting. The writer pretends to be no "critic," but he has an intuitive perception of the beautiful, be it in flowers or in human eyes. And he is proud of old Portsmouth and those she sends forth to enrich other cities and "go down unto the sea in ships." He wishes every success to one who has displayed such talent in the beautiful art of translating thought to color. The writer is not one of those who deem painting and the sister arts frivolities; each has its own high uses; but fine souls only can comprehend them and their beauties, for it is "hard for the non-elect to understand."

Mon. Chron

July 4, 1854

Music and Painting.

THOS. P. MOSES, on temporary absence from New-York, will give lessons in MUSIC, and in all varieties of CRAYQN PAINTING during his stay in Portsmouth. He has prepared many for teachers in both branches. He will be particular with those who would blend Nature with Art by correct principles and true taste --and become teachers.

TERMS—\$6 for 12 lessons on the Piano.

\$8 for 12 lessons in Painting, including material.

\$4 " " for beginners in classes of 4 or 6—Pencil Drawing.

\$6 " " on Flute.

\$1 " " Juvenile Singing Classes of 20 or 40 scholars.

Those desiring a course of 12 lessons in either branch of the above will please leave their names at Mr. Harvey's Book Store, Exchange Buildings, or apply to Mr. Moses at the City Hotel.

Mr. Moses has taken rooms up stairs in Cheever's Building, Market street.

Aug. 19.

PT Sept 23 154

PJ

Aug 19 1854 (Bell Sept 2nd)

Music, &c.—Mr. Pearson opens his Juvenile Singing School this (Saturday) afternoon, as will be seen by his advertisement. He is recommended to us as a competent and popular instructor, taking much interest in his young classes.

Mr. Moses, too, advertises his temporary return, and the devotion of his time to instruction in music and drawing. We trust his talents in these branches will give him many pupils.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT



Music and Painting.

THOS. P. MOSES, on temporary absence from New-York, will give lessons in MUSIC, and in all varieties of CRAYON PAINTING during his stay in Portsmouth. He has prepared many for teachers in both branches. He will be particular with those who would blend Nature with Art by correct principles and true taste and become teachers.

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scholars.

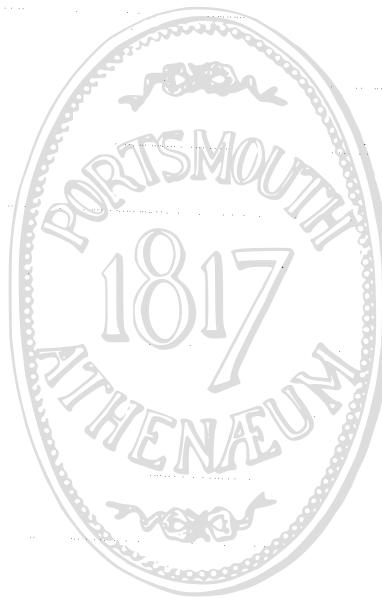
Those desiring a course of 12 lessons in either branch of the above will please leave their names at Mr. Harvey's Book Store, Exchange Buildings, or apply to Mr. Moses at the City Hotel.

Mr. Moses has taken rooms up stairs in Cheever's Building, Market street.

Aug. 19.

PJ

Aug. 19, 1854



Concert & Lecture on Music.
TEMPLE—WEDNESDAY EVE, Jan. 18th.
THOMAS P. MOSES respectfully announces to the public, that he will deliver a Lecture on MUSIC, in connection with a VOCAL CONCERT of Glees, Songs, &c. at the TEMPLE on WEDNESDAY evening, Jan. 18th, instead of Thursday, 19th, (as announced on the tickets) 1854. On which occasion, among other fine music, the celebrated *Casta Diva* in full, will be introduced by a talented young pupil of Mr. Moses.

Tickets can be had of Mr. M. and at the usual places. For further particulars see programmes to be circulated.

Doors open 6 1/2 o'clock.

Jan. 7.

PJ
Jan. 7, 1854

DOORS open at 6 1/2 — Lecture commences at 7 1/2.
Concert & Lecture on Music.
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Doors open 6 1/2 o'clock.

Jan. 7.

PJ Jan 14, 1854
1854

Music and Painting.

THOS. P. MOSES, on temporary absence from New-York, will give lessons in MUSIC, and in all varieties of CRAYON PAINTING during his stay in Portsmouth. He has prepared many for teachers in both branches. He will be particular with those who would blend Nature with Art by correct principles and true taste—and become teachers.

TERMS—\$6 for 12 lessons on the Piano.
\$8 for 12 lessons in Painting, including material.
\$4 " " " for beginners in classes of 4 or 6—Pencil
Drawing.

\$6 " " " on Flute.
\$1 " " " Juvenile Singing Classes of 20 or 40 scholars.

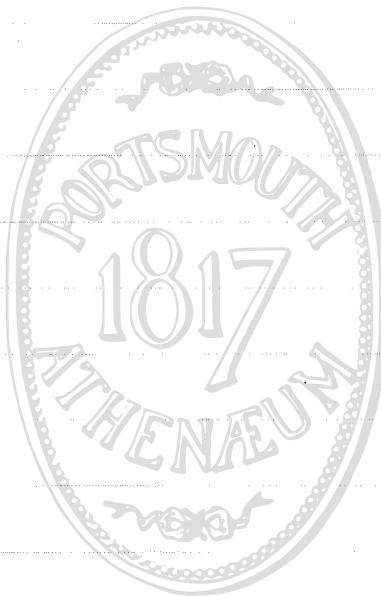
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Mr. Moses has taken rooms up stairs in Cheever's Building, Market street.

Aug. 19.

PJ

Aug. 19, 1854



CONCERT.
A VOCAL CONCERT will be given at the
TEMPLE, on
FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 16th.

T. P. MOSES, CONDUCTOR.

Twelve young lady Vocalists, including that
favorite class the "seven," will appear.

Tickets 15 cents.

P. Mon Chron
Sept 14, 1854

CONCERT.—Mr. Moses announces a vocal
entertainment, at the Temple this evening.—
The performers are twelve young ladies, in-
cluding that favorite class "The Seven," who
have often appeared before a Portsmouth au-
dience, and always with high favor. Others
of our most talented lady vocalists will also
assist. Everybody will expect a first-rate con-
cert; and they will get it. Mr. M. never
gives any thing but the best.

Mon Chron
Sept 15, 1854

VOCAL CONCERT.—We understand that
Mr. T. P. Moses, with his "Nightingale
Troupe" of twelve young ladies, from Ports-
mouth, will visit Newburyport the first week
in October, and give a Concert at the City
Hall. Several members of this favorite com-
pany have friends in this city, and doubtless
they will be highly gratified at the idea of a
concert from them. Visitors from New York
and Boston, at Portsmouth, have highly
complimented the performances of the "Night-
ingales," and the musical community of this
city may depend on receiving one of the rich-
est treats of the season.—*Newburyport Herald.*

This concert is to come off on Thursday
evening of the present week.

Mon Chron
Oct 4, 1854

Music and Painting.

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Aug. 19.

PT Sept 23 1541



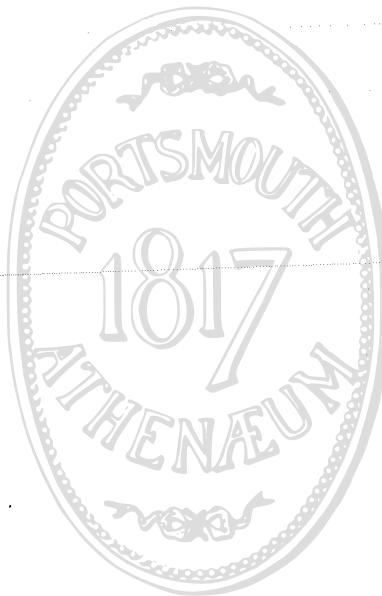
PJ

Aug 19 1854 (Bell Sept 2nd)

Music, &c.—Mr. Pearson opens his Juvenile Singing School this (Saturday) afternoon, as will be seen by his advertisement. He is recommended to us as a competent and popular instructor, taking much interest in his young classes.

Mr. Moses, too, advertises his temporary return, and the devotion of his time to instruction in music and drawing. We trust his talents in these branches will give him many pupils.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF THE COUNTRY



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VOCAL CONCERT.—We understand that Mr. T. P. Moses, with his "Nightingale Troupe" of twelve young ladies, from Portsmouth, will visit Newburyport the first week in October, and give a Concert at the City Hall. Several members of this favorite company have friends in this city, and doubtless they will be highly gratified at the idea of a concert from them. Visitors from New York and Boston, at Portsmouth, have highly complimented the performances of the "Nightingales," and the musical community of this city may depend on receiving one of the richest treats of the season.—*Newburyport Herald.*

This concert is to come off on Thursday evening of the present week.

P. Mon. Chron

Sept 14, 1854

Mon Chron

Sept 15, 1854

Mon Chron

Oct 4, 1854

THE JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1855.

PJ ↓

Ap 28
55 →

PJ
June 16
1855

For the Portsmouth Journal.

TO LANZA.

"My bark is out upon the sea"
The moon's not found;
The sun's no heart for you or me,
The storm's around.
I'll reef my topsails close to-day,
Not fear the gale;
My bounding bark shall split the spray,
With shortened sail.
Think of me as I mount the wave
Of life's dark sea;
Hope's taper beckons on the brave,
Give prayers for me.
On yonder rock a beacon stands—
My eye is there;
My bark will clear the rocks and sands
By watchful prayer.

New-York, March, 1855.

ALPHONZO.

PJ May 26, 1855

For the Portsmouth Journal.

PRAISE OF THE DEAD.
Hold back your trumpet tones when I am dead,
"Tis too late then for spirits to rally;
Screw not your bright flowers over my head,
When I've passed through the dark trodden valley.
Strike not your cymbals to echo my name,
When my ear heeds no musical tones;
Hang up the harp that would lisp of my fame,
When I sleep in the sod all alone.
Pause o'er the glass ere my memory you drink,
When I'm powerless to chide your mistake;
From the goblet that sparkles my spirit would shrink,
Then strive not my slumbers to wake.
Pull down your half-masted banners of grief,
For the heart you bewail is now broken;
They flutter too late in the breeze for relief—
Of your love, the dull grave heeds no token.
Beat not the crepe-muffled drum to my tomb,
Nor call out the dirge-playing band;
The dead cannot rise from the dark narrow room,
To give you his heart and his hand.
Hold back your match from the deep minute gun,
When my nerves have no care for the sound;
Chant not your lays, that my journey is done,
When I sleep in the cold dreary ground.
But while I am lashed amid life's deafening roar,
And my bark is near wreck'd in the gale;
Come then with relief e'er I'm lost on the shore,
Nor tarry, my fate to bewail.
For Death is a tyrant who mocks all your tears,
And laughs at your pomp and parade;
Be wise then, and give to the living your cheers,
Whom virtue and honor have made.

BOSTON, May 17, 1855.

ALPHONZO.

For the Portsmouth Journal.
MARY'S PET CANARY BIRD.

Alone, but not sad, in his prison so airy,
Incessantly warbles her sweet little fairy;
She cannot look sad if she would when he's by,
There is so much of joy and of love in his eye.
She calls him by names most endearing and fine,
Nor guesses the caged one may ever repine;
He listens an instant, then trills forth a tune
More sweet, Mary says, than the free bird of June.
She raises the latch of her bird's palace door,
And beckons him out to her cool parlor floor;
Confiding he ventures a circuit to take
Round the room on the wing, for his kind Mary's sake.
He is perched on her hand to receive her warm kiss—
For what else can give "little Dick" so much bliss;
Then away to his golden barred castle he speeds,
To sip from his fountain and crackle his seeds.

Of the broad wing of Liberty ne'er has he heard—
He is calm in the thought thus to be a pet bird;
But Mary oft whispers in playfulness, "go!"—
Still the joyous young minstrel seems chanting, "no,"
Then he tunes his lone harp to a less merry strain,
And bids it discourse not of joy, but of pain;
Until Mary assures him she did not mean "go!"—
Which brightens his heart and dispels it of woe.

O would that all captives such care might receive;
From those having power to crush or relieve;
Enough to lose sight of fair Liberty's dawn—
I know not how captives can joy they were born.

But Mary's sweet songster seems happy and free,
As any bright birdling that flits through a tree;
Yet sometimes will selfishness dim our true sight—
We oft think all is well, when we're far from the right.

BOSTON, June, 1855.

ALPHONZO.

PJ

July 14
1855

For the Portsmouth Journal.

COME ROAM WITH ME.

Come ram with me to yonder hills,
There's health and beauty there;
We'll list the purling of the rills,
And quaff the balmy air.
Come view the fields and meadows green,
Where playful are the herds;
All o'er the ground bright flowers are seen—
All round are joyous birds.

Come with me in my light canoe;
And move on gentle wave;
My sail so swift none may pursue—
Haste with me, and be brave.
We'll speed away to yonder Isle
Out in the waters deep—
No voice shall there come to beguile;
No cause be there to weep.

But if yon Isle thou may'st not dare,
Let's to the forest glade,
Where music trembles on the air,
In the sequestered shade:
There scent the breath of roses wild,
And feast on berries sweet;
'T is a charming spot for nature's child,
Where hearts in union meet.

There is a lone and mossy mound
Far in the forest glade;
No carpet like the flowery ground,
No seat so softly made;
Tall pines and oaks entwine their arms,
Like lovers e'er they part;
And there, beneath soft rural charms,
Can echo heart with heart.

Then roam in rural haunts with me,
While fresh the perfumed flowers;
Nature unfolds her charms for thee—
Come view her sylvan bowers.
There is no hidden danger near;
All is peaceful now—
Then with me to those scenes so dear,
And cheer my shadowy brow.

Dorchester, Mass. July, 1855.

ALPHONZO.

PJ June 23 1855

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Bright Summer, with her genial dews and rain,
And fragrant gems of beauty, comes again:
'Tis early dawn—the balmy breath of June
Steals through my lattice—I enjoy the boon.

The orient sky unveils its golden light,
And all the hills are bathed in beauty bright;
Sweet tones are floating on the morning air
From song-birds on the wing, of plumage rare—
To cheer our hearts and banish useless sighs,
Chanting like cherubs from the upper skies.

The buds and blossoms, moist with early dew,
Exhale their odour sweet for me and you;
The bees fit playfully from flower to flower,
And music dwells in every tree and bower;
Each joyous minstrel of the feathered throng
Strives bravely to outdo his mate in song.

The gentle breeze of morn bears to the ear
Full many varied tones of life and cheer:
With bounding lambs and prating fowls are seen
The echoing herds down in the valley green;
These, with the countless insects humming gay,
Hail each with joy its own the new born day.

The lowland streams, meandering on their way
O'er sticks and pebbles, chime a pleasing lay;
And the low murmurs of the clear cascade
Invite the roamer to the rural shade.

Here, "sermons breathe in stones," and wild flowers
bloom,
And "trees with tongues" speak not to seal our doom;
But like a thousand sweet Aeolian lyres,
When the soft zephyrs kiss their magic wires—
The green woods trembling to the breezes bland,
Breathe mystic music soft as angel band.
The full heart throbbing, owns true Nature's power,
And echoes music in the sylvan bower.

ALPHONZO.

PJ
May 19, 1855

BEAUTIFUL CRAYON PAINTINGS.—There may be seen at the present time in the windows of Mr. J. F. Shores, Jr. and Mr. P. Wenzell, some of the finest specimens of colored crayons which have been seen in Portsmouth. They are by our former townsman, Mr. T. P. Moses, now residing at 116 Myrtle street, Boston, and there devoting his time and energy to this branch of the fine arts, in which he already stands prominent. His Segamore moonlight sketch, taken by himself, is rich and truthful—displaying some of our home scenery of the accuracy of which all can judge. His view of Wauchusett Mountain, in Essex county, Massachusetts, is a splendid display of mountain and forest scenery. The various shades of coloring of the trees—the bark of the old pine in the foreground, and the dead limbs, are so natural—and the fine net work of the trees on the forest edge are so true to nature, that we can feast the eye again and again without being weary.

These crayons owe some degree of their richness to the use of the marbled board, which Mr. Moses has used exclusively,—it never having been used for this purpose by any one before Mr. M. discovered its value for the purpose. From deficiency in this respect, no other painter has yet learned to crayon so smoothly and effectively.

One of our citizens purchased a \$25 picture last week, and we trust the others will be speedily taken up.

PJ
Sept 7,
1867

For the *Portsmouth Journal.*

MONEY.

First of charmers art thou, Money !
Casting all else into shade ;
Sweeter to the taste than honey,
Beautiful as *Venus* made,
Dressed in fascinating robe —
Holding thy bedazzling wand
In every portion of the globe
Where men obey with manners bland.

I turn me East, I turn me West,
North, South and every way :
And find thee a congenial guest —
Oh Money ! of seductive sway !
Huge mountains tremble at thy glance,
And high in air shoots forth the tower ;
Thy smile makes all the nations dance,
Thou ruling King of worldrous power.

Rough iron turns to curd and whey,
Running like water from the fount ;
Old rocks become like pliant clay,
And laden ships on pinions mount,
Great nations alternate in strife —
Now are triumphant, now are bold ;
Marking a value upon life
Just as thou wilt, all conquering Gold !

The lands of thorns and thistles wild
Into ambrosial gardens change ;
Long roads with rocks and stubble piled,
Into a level beauty range.
Strange nations with each other join
In pleasant converse every hour ;
And all for reason — that the *Coin*
Is crown'd with universal power.

Illustrious Gold ! all full of grace,
At whose gay shrine made millions bend ;
For thee, too many in the race
Sipe wormwood to the panting end —
Smile thou on me — but this I say,
Come not with charms beyond control
To cast my wandering bark away —
To rob me of a generous soul.

Portsmouth, Aug. 1867.

ALPHONZO.

Set Me Day
as
"Coming From
The Newell"
Delect

Sept 22 '55

RT Oct 13 '55

FOR THE VOLKSBLATT JOURNAL.

THE CLOUDY HEART.

It is a weary, dreary day,
Though birds are round me singing gay—
Though clear the sky and soft the air,
And all the outer world seems fair—
Still, in my heart hope's star is dim,
My cup of grief's wet to the brim.

How can I live, how can I die,
Where none may come to heed a sigh ;
How long kind heaven am I to bear
These spirit wounds and not despair ?
Dim is the blue sky of my soul
And thicker clouds seem on to roll.

I feel a rending in my heart,
As though life's tendrils were to part;
There is a burden in my breast,
That fills my being with unrest.
So keen the anguish of my brain,
I cannot from hot tears refrain.
So dark the prospect to my view,
Life's journey I can scarce pursue.

My bark is struggling in the gale
With timbers rent and shattered sail;
The signal at half mast is torn,
And on, my bark is madly borne:
The storm increases o'er the main,
And hope for safety seems in vain.
No pilot hears my signal gun,
Or, hearing, fears the risk to run.
Now bounds my bark upon the wave,
Now threatened with a briny grave.
'Tis midnight darkness where I be,
No sun, no moon, no star I see.

Once in my path sweet flowerets sprung,
Where now with thistles I am stung.
Soft was the lawn where erst I strayed,
And sweet my thoughts in sylvan shade.
Now while those walks and bow'rs I trace,
My heart's deep sadness clouds my face;
But nature still on me doth shine,
Which fills my heart with love divine.
Each tree, and plant, and flower I see,
Unveils the face of Deity!

Then why, my soul, despondest thou?
Why thus these shadows on thy brow?
O spirit! rouse and break the spell
That seems to sound my dying knell.
Arouse, oh heart! and "conquer fate,"
Nor deem that effort is too late.
O soul! no more in darkness plod,
But grasp the promises of God!

Sept. 1855.

ALPHONZO

For the Portsmouth Journal.

BRASS.

I've tuned my harp to various themes,
But ne'er before to Brass;
Have racked my brain with many schemes,
To claim through life a pass.
But Nature made my face of clay,
Which seems misfortune dire—]
A brazen front we need each day
To help us to aspire.

A man untaught with the ore

Should not be left at large;
He may not earn enough on shore
To pay his rough charge.

'T is folly in this flaunting age,

To show a modest face ;
Brass is the clown, and Brass the rage ;
It leads off in the chase.

The cabbage grows the daisy down—
Poppies out-scent the rose;
Brass dignifies the brainless clown,
And gives him great repose.

The pumpkin far out-swells the peach—
The burdock scorns the pink;
Brass often fancies it can teach
Real flesh and blood to think.

Then why may I not bravely sing
In praise of staring brass;
It seems, in this mad age, the thing
To raise to power an—ass.
The voice of *gold* breaks on the air,
And says, “I’m King of Earth;”
But *brass*, which hoots down all despair,
Claims prior right by birth.

Brass stares unflinchin' in the face
Of e'en "Old Nick" himself,
And mocks all modesty and grace
While clamoring for pelf:
He wears a self-sufficient look,
And swings with such an air!
I've half a mind to write a book
On *Brass*!—It would be rare.

Yes, I have sung on many themen,
But not before on Death;
Have racked my brain with many schemen
To claim through life a place—
But Death made my face of day,
Whose words misfortune dire,
A broken front makes clear the way

BOSTON, October 1855.

ALLEGHENY.

THE JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1855.

PORTSMOU
At the meetin
House by the E

Variety.

For the Portsmouth Journal.

WINTER.

'Tis creeping and stealthily neaging each door,
To blight the last flow'rets and menace the poor ;
With heads more than Hydra, all haggard and grim,
It is coming to make the bright landscape look dim.
Its thousand long, link, frosty arms we behold
E'en in the perspective, and shudder with cold.
Its hollow voice soon will be heard o'er the main, —
Already the mariner dreads its wild strain,
Already the mountain tops feel its embrace,
And we know 'tis approaching with ice-brownning face.
The breath of its nostrils will stiffen the land,
And wo to the ships it shall drive on the strand.

The vineyards and bowers are forsaken and sore,
And the birds have all laid by their barks for the year,
The gloom-singing cricket is chilled into rest,
And the squirrel is eagerly storing his nest.
The yeoman 's preparing for storms and for cold,
And thinks of his cattle, his harvest, his fold.
The grim speculator is piling his wood,
And storing his loft with desirable food.
Ah! soon as the *needy* with hunger shall cry,
Speculation will harden its heart to a sigh.

Oh, thus is the winter of life stealing nigh,
We feel it, we fear it, and from it would fly —
But the hot blood that plays in our youth's sunny morn
Has limits, and cools as the streams through the lawn.
The winter of life checks the haughtiest pride,
For none can in reason its warning deride ;
It steals o'er the form once so stately and fair,
Nor feels our deep sorrow, our fears, or despair,
It breaks down the spirit that braved every storm,
And freezes the casket of beautiful form.
How false is the thought, while the sun 's high at noon,
That we never shall need the dim light of the moon ;
How deep the mistake that our life will be May,
All blooming with roses forever and aye.
Though the sun dawns upon us each morning anew,
As surely each evening he sinks from the view.
The new born of earth that we hail with delight,
Be its race ne'er so long, must be hushed in death's nig.
Oh, wild is our race for the phantom below,
And reckless we leap after pleasure and woe —
Scale mountains and press on so daring and bold
To gain the bewildering, the infectious prize, *gold* !
But the winter of life cools the madness of man,
'Til he feels that at most his frail life 's but a span.
Then why should we dash on from North to South Pole,
Forgetting the culture and price of the soul !

Boston, October, 1855.

ALPHONZO.

DEATHS.

In this city, 3d inst. Mr. SAMUEL R. CLEAVES, aged 36, son of Hon. Samuel Cleaves.
Adult CHARLES FRANCIS, aged 6 years and 3 months.
Mr. Wm. Conn.
15, Miss SARAH J. SIDES, aged 19, daughter of
William and Sides. Funeral, Sunday afternoon, at the

NORTON DRUM, MR. JONATHAN PEAVY, aged 47.

DIED in this city on the afternoon of the 3d inst. SAMUEL R. CLEAVES, aged 36, son of Hon. Samuel Cleaves. Thus has passed away from us in the midst of his years one who possessed an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and whose refined taste has so often contributed to adorn the city on public occasions. He seemed to possess by nature a soul alive to every shape and color of beauty in nature and art. The form and hues of a common flower, the foliage of a tree, and even the spire of grass at his feet revealed to him beauties that were hidden from the ordinary observer. This taste found expression in the cottage, with its little enclosure, which was his earthly home, and which will remain to those of us who have known him, a sad but pleasant memorial of his genius. The disease by which his life was closed was protracted and painful—but the suffering was borne with unmurmuring patience. The nature of his disease was such as made the result certain to himself and his friends for months before it came, and gave his thoughts an earnest direction towards another life and a preparation for it. By the study of God's word and fervent prayer he sought to find the way of a sinner's acceptance with God, and felt a consciousness that he had found it. From that time, with an intellect unclouded and a heart free from all fear and agitation, he calmly looked forward to the hour of his dismissal. The testimony of his last days evinced a heartfelt appreciation of the worth of a christian hope. With a thoughtfulness and composure, such as would be expected in one preparing only for temporary absence, he gave the minutest directions in regard to his funeral and burial—and then passed away.

PJ Dec 8, 1855

Samuel R.
Cleaves

Dec 3
1855

For the Portsmouth Journal.

REMEMBRANCE OF S. R. C.

"Mortality's thick gloom
Hangs o'er a sunny world."

There comes unbidden to my eye a tear
Full-freighted from pathetic memory's shore;
There seems a voice, like one that oft was near,
Which tells my heart, he comes no more—no more!

O, spirit genial, ere thy sun had passed
Meridian splendor, darkness dimmed the sky;
Disease insidious stole upon thee fast,
And laid the casket cold and silent by.

How oft with mutual voice we've told the tales
So deeply writ in stones, and trees, and flowers;
And praised the fragrant breath of gentle gales,
With kindred hearts, at summer evening hours.

At Nature's altar we can kneel no more—
Alas! no more in life's fast closing page.
'T is hard to strand upon Death's icy shore,
Ere the full voyage is up of ripened age.

Mysterious fate! deep, trackless sea!
Ocean unfathomed by the searching brain!
Firm let us cling to *Immortality*,
And cherish hope, that friends will meet again.

BOSTON, Dec, 11th, 1855.

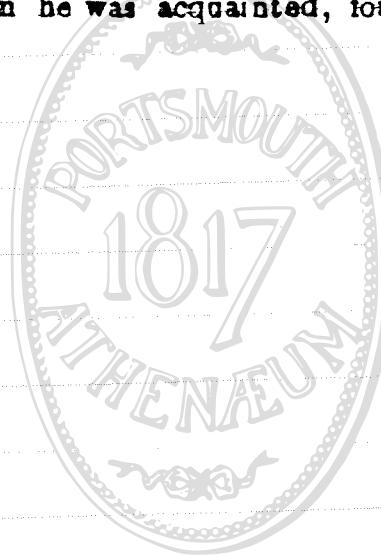
" ALPHONZO.

~~15~~ Numerous friends of Mr. Thos. P.

Moses, of this city, will be glad to learn that he has been heard from. The first tidings received by his family for many months, recently came to hand through a son of the planter, with whom (he writes) Mr. Moses still resides in South Carolina. This son was a rebel lieutenant in Hood's army, and was wounded and captured by Gen. Thomas at Nashville; and being destitute, he sent to friends of Mr. Moses here, with whom he was acquainted, for aid—

Chronicle

28 Jan 1865



Morning Chronicle

Dec 13, 1866

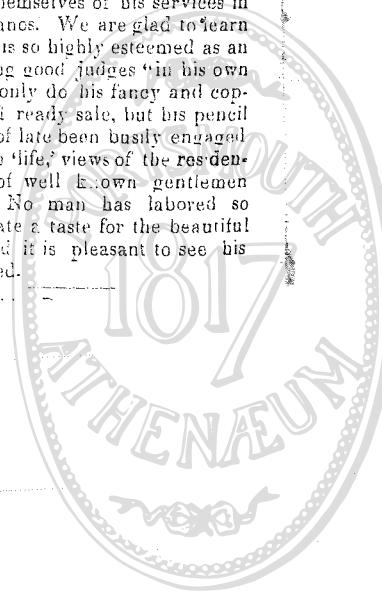
"We understand that Mr. Thos. P. Moseley, of this city, the well known musician and artist, who has recently returned home here after an absence in the South of several years — is soon to return thither, to take charge of the musical Department of a new Seminary in Georgia. We hear that some of his friends propose to tender him a complimentary benefit concert, before he leaves. Well, no man ever labored more diligently than he in times past for the dissemination of a taste for music and the beautiful, and no doubt hosts of his old friends would be glad to meet him in the concert and lecture room once more."

Mr. T. P. Moses has taken the room in Mercantile Library Building, over Mr. Head, for his studio and music room, and advertises a fine piano as just received there. His long experience and well known skill in such matters, give great weight to his opinions, especially when supported by the guaranty of such an extensive and responsible house as Hallet, Davis & Co.—Probably there are more pianos of their make, than any other, in this city; and we are very sure they are in all respects "as good as the best," as Mr. Moses' advertisement well says. No doubt many of this gentleman's old friends and former pupils will be glad of the opportunity to patronize him in this resumption of his old business, and avail themselves of his services in selecting nice pianos. We are glad to learn also that Mr. M. is so highly esteemed as an artist, even among good judges "in his own country." Not only do his fancy and copied paintings find ready sale, but his pencil and brush have of late been busily engaged in sketching from life, views of the residences of a couple of well known gentlemen in the suburbs. No man has labored so hard to disseminate a taste for the beautiful in this region, and it is pleasant to see his efforts appreciated.

NH 642

May 25 1867

PZ



"COMING FROM THE NAVY YARD."—A beautiful scene on the Piscataqua, represented on canvas by T. P. Moses, may be seen at the Music Store of Mr. Joy. Fifty applications have been made for this picture, but the author being a great lover of his native home scenes retains it for the present for its peculiar associations. He intends, however, at the suggestion of individuals of Boston and at home, to issue a large and splendid fac-simile Lithographic Engraving of this picture, when subscriptions will warrant the expense.

A paper is open at the Music Store of Mr. Joy. Price only two dollars and fifty cents per copy.

PJ

Sept 7, 1867

PORTSMOUTH NAVY YARD.—In the ship-houses in the Portsmouth Navy Yard, in process of building at the present time, are the Alert, a third rate screw steamer of 831 tons, to carry ten guns, the Illinois, a screw steamer of the first class and 3177 tons, to carry 23 guns; the Passacaway, an iron-clad steamer of the second-rate, 8200 tons, and carrying 4 guns, ready for plating, on which work is suspended.

Lying at the wharves are the Minnetonka, a first rate screw steamer of 3177 tons, carrying 23 guns, launched the 8d of July; the Comstock, a second rate screw steamer of 2848 tons, carrying 18 guns; and the Piscataqua, a first rate screw steamer of 8176 tons, carrying 21 guns—both the latter fitting for sea.

Lying in ordinary are the Galena, made memorable by her contests with rebel batteries on James river; the Maratanza; the Muscoota, last attached to the Gulf Squadron; and the Speedwell. From this yard since its first establishment, have been launched 2 ships of the line, 2 frigates, 4 sloops of war, 12 steam sloops, 4 steam frigates, 1 iron-clad, and 2 screw steamers of the fourth rate.

PJ Aug 3 (7)

They Have Never Been Beaten

They Have Never Been Beaten



The PIANO FORGES manufactured by Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & CO. of Boston, have never been excelled. They are well made, and used them for

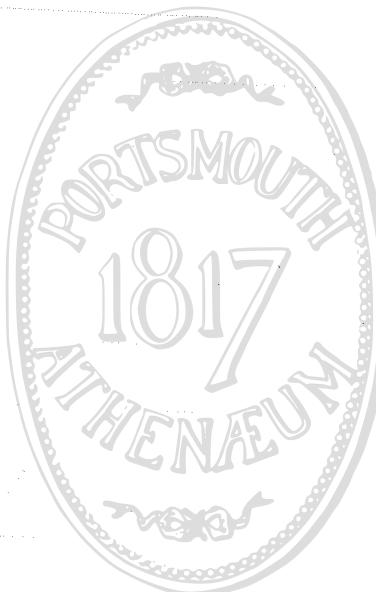
The subscriber has sold and used them for many years, and they have proved equal in all respects to any other make, and superior to most.—Pianos which I sold to parties in this city from FIFTEEN to TWENTY YEARS ago, are giving perfect satisfaction to-day.

A splendid new 7 octave Instrument, fresh from their mint, may be seen at his

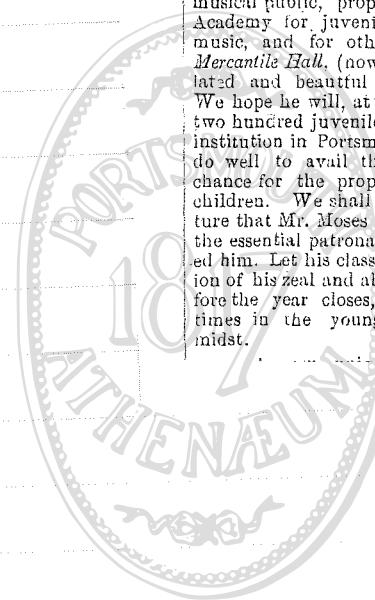
MUSIC AND PAINTING ROOM,
Mercantile Library Building,
Over Mr. J. H. HEAD'S Store, which is for sale
at the Manufacturers' Price, and which his
friends and the public are invited to call and ex-
amine. n^o 27 T. P. MOSES.

Mon Choy

Nov 27 '67



....It will be seen by our advertising columns, that Mr. Moses, with his usual energy and hopeful trust for the co-operation of the musical public, proposes at once to open an Academy for juvenile instruction in vocal music, and for other musical purposes at *Mercantile Hall*, (now vacated,) a well ventilated and beautiful room for this purpose. We hope he will, at the start have a class of two hundred juvenile pupils. It is a needed institution in Portsmouth, and parents will do well to avail themselves of this rare chance for the proper instruction of their children. We shall need the singers in future that Mr. Moses will surely develop, if the essential patronage to this end is awarded him. Let his classes be full, and our opinion of his zeal and ability assures us that before the year closes, we shall have stirring times in the young musical world in our midst.



5519
Jan 1868 3

It is not often that a man is at once a mechanic and an artist. Mr. T. P. Moses of this city, is well known to combine great talent in both these regards, if indeed the two can be separated or distinguished where they exist. Without having learned the use of tools except for the love of them, he has turned out many a beautiful specimen of boat, work-box or picture frame; and his skill in music and painting is greater than that of most men.

Therefore, when such an one, with his long and large experience, expresses an opinion as to a Piano, for instance, it would seem to be more weighty than almost any other testimony. Mr. Moses advertises a new and superior Piano for sale at his Music and Painting Hall; and we have no doubt many of his old friends will be glad to purchase of him—especially seeing they can scarcely do better elsewhere.

N.H. 6A2

Dec. 7,

1867

P 5



See over!

15—Mr. Thomas P. Moses has acceded to the desire of many parents in the city, and proposes to open a Juvenile Singing School in a few days, as per his unique advertisement. There are several hundred children in the city, who ought to attend such a school, and at least 200 should be gathered immediately. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"—and what can add more happiness to life than music and the knowledge of it?

Juvenile Singing School.

THOMAS P. MOSES, of great experience and success as Music Teacher in Portsmouth and elsewhere—respectfully announces that he is happy in yielding to the polite request of many, to open a SCHOOL as above. Solicits one hundred names—these being received, he will commence in MERCANTILE HALL, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Mr. E. A. JOY voluntarily resigning his position, any pupils of his can receive lessons due them from him, in this class, gratis.

Mr. Moses returned home the past year from South Carolina, where it is publicly known that he was always successful in his ten years' teaching in the Seminaries. Presuming that his former position in Portsmouth, his Floral Exhibitions, discipline and easy management of a great number of children and youth, are not forgotten; he hopes to rekindle an interest in the Musical Education in this interesting portion of the community. It is the true way to obtain material for good Congregational Singing in churches, so much desired by many.

Mr. M. will show no lack of his former zeal, energy and taste in this department of his teaching. Parents are assured of steady attention and kindest usage of those entrusted to his charge.

Boys and girls from six to sixteen years of age may join this class. A simple and judicious selection of Elemental Lessons will be explained from the blackboard, and Singing with Piano Accompaniment, as usual.

Come, then, young folks, and make up a full class; and if you do well, the teacher promises you a beautifull FLORAL CONCERT next June, and perhaps a PIC NIC.

In music there's pleasure where lurketh no sting, Its charms to the heart are like showers to the Spring,

Refreshing, calling bright buds from the ground, O, where can enjoyment like music be found?

A Subscription Paper is at the Music Store of Mr. E. A. JOY, where names are invited at early convenience. One hundred or more being registered, the school will open. One dollar in advance for a term of twelve lessons, payable the first lesson. The day to be named hereafter.

THOS. P. MOSES, 16 Pleasant St., up stairs.
N. B.—The "Forest Choir" will be used, as it is understood many scholars here have this book.—Also for sale at Mr. JOY'S Store.

ja14

Morn. Chrys

Jan. 14, 1868

(Weth)

Morn Chrys

Feb 25, 1868

Musical Card.

HAVING recently advertised a JUVENILE SINGING School to commence when one hundred names were secured, the subscriber presents his acknowledgement to parents and children for the genial response already evinced in the enrolment of Sixty or Seventy Names upon his subscription list, and in view of the large army of children in Portsmouth needing Musical Instruction, hopes to even double this number for his class.

The Price of Tuition in this department of Music is only about oneeighth of private individual instruction—hence, in this particular, beyond objection. Only a large School can remunerate a Good Teacher for devoted services. Scholars inclined to swell the list can do so, from the ages of five to twenty years.

If the required number for this class is obtained, it is the Teacher's intention, after two terms of twelve lessons each, to prove ability on all sides at a Public Exhibition, in June. Such an opportunity is rare;—be interested, then, young folks, and add your names in season, that you may share in the anticipated Musical, Floral, and Poetical JUBILEE, when Summer comes again with singing birds and fragrant flowers.

The School will commence on WEDNESDAY Afternoon, Mar. 11, at 3 o'clock, at Mercantile Hall. All who intend to come, will please, if possible, be present for an organization. Terms One Dollar in Advance for an Entrance Ticket—can be found at Mr. Joy's Music Store, and at the door on commencement day.

The first day will determine whether the number of pupils will meet the proposition to continue.

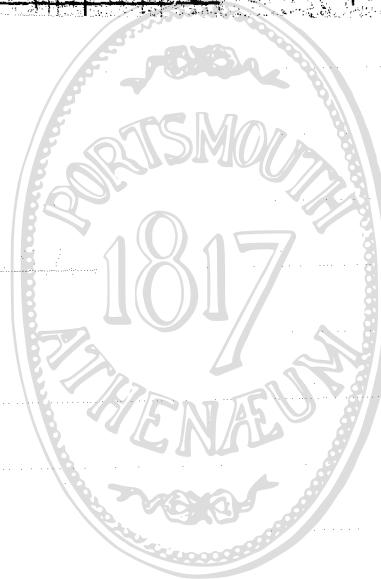
THOS. P. MOSES,

16 Pleasant Street, Portsmouth.

Feb 22

Mr. Thomas P. Moses has acceded to the desire of many parents in the city, and proposes to open a Juvenile Singing School in a few days, as per his unique advertisement. There are several hundred children in the city, who ought to attend such a school, and at least 200 should be gathered immediately. "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined"—and what can add more happiness to life than music and the knowledge of it?.

PJ
Jan 18, 1868



Chron

151 1868

Variety.

Juvenile Singing School.

THOMAS P. MOSES, of great experience and success as Music Teacher in Portsmouth and elsewhere—respectfully announces that he is happy in yielding to the polite request of many, to open a SCHOOL as above. Solicits one hundred names—these being received, he will commence in MERCANTILE HALL, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY Afternoons. Boys and Girls from six to sixteen years of age may join this class. A simple and judicious selection of Elementary Lessons will be explained from the black-board, and Singing with Piano Accompaniment, as usual.

Come, then, young folks, and make up a full class; and if you do well, the teacher promises you a beautiful FLORAL CONCERT next Spring, and perhaps a Picnic.

A Subscription Paper is at the Music Store of Mr. E. A. JOY, where names are invited at early convenience. One hundred or more being registered, the school will open. One dollar in advance for a term of twelve lessons, payable the first lesson. The day to be named hereafter.

THOS. P. MOSES, 16 Pleasant St. pp stairs.

N. B.—The "Forest Choir" will be used, as it is understood many scholars here have this book. Also for sale at Mr. JOY'S Store.

Jan 16



M. Cheron

Feb. 26, 1868

~~✓~~ The grand Concert by the Portsmouth Cornet Band, at the Temple this (Wednesday) evening, will commence at half-past 7 o'clock. Doors open at half-past 6. No tickets for sale; and ticket-holders only admitted.

~~✓~~ The grand Presentation Concert given at the Temple Wednesday evening by Messrs. Moses and Joy, (with music by the Portsmouth Cornet Band,) passed off finely. The 1500 tickets were all sold beforehand, and the managers' names are guarantee for the fairness of the thing. The audience filled the house; and it was the first concert here, we guess, at which no tickets were sold at the door. The Piano was awarded to ticket No. 1359, the of which is Mrs. Alfred W. Haven.

Mom Cheron

Feb 27, 1868

P. J. March 14
1868

APPRENTICE RECORD.

"There are four practical printers now living in Boston, all upwards of seventy years of age, who were apprentices together at the same time in the *Journal* office at Portsmouth, N. H., viz., George W. Bazin, Nathaniel Greene (late postmaster of Boston,) Thomas Spinney and Thomas H. Granville. What city can equal this quartette of veteran typos? Search the Wide World over, and we think there is not another printing-office that can boast of turning out a better set of apprentices than the good old *Portsmouth Journal*, if we do say it."

The above we copy from the "Wide World," printed in Boston by one of our boys. Some have shown a desire to know who have been Apprentices in the Portsmouth *Journal* Office, and as the record will be of interest to them, we give the names of those who come to our recollection. It will be seen that the proprietors of eighteen newspapers have been apprentices in the *Oracle* and *Journal* office.

The above were apprentices before we entered the office, and another still living might be added who was an apprentice at the same time, Mr. Stephen B. Ives, who was for many years one of the publishers of the *Salem Observer*. Dr. John S. Rinald of Barrington, and Benjamin Patterson of Portland, were also apprentices. Our fellow apprentices were John T. Gibbs, publisher of the *Dover Gazette*, John R. Reding, publisher of the *Haverhill (N. H.) Democrat*, and M. C. George Wadleigh of the *Dover Enquirer* and William Wiggin, publisher of the *Nashua Telegraph*. George W. Bazin was for many years publisher of the *Boston Trumpet*. Nathaniel Greene (whose name was Peter N. Greene when an apprentice) was industrious with his pen, and made anonymous communications to the *N. H. Gazette* and replied to them in the *Oracle*. He became publisher of the *Haverhill Gazette*, then of the *Boston Statesman* and *Post* for many years, and was Postmaster of Boston. He has made some show in the literary world. Thomas H. Granville when an apprentice bore the name of Thomas Ham. Of our apprentices we can recall the following names:—
Jonathan W. Hayes, merchant, resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.
Thomas P. Moses, artist and music instructor of this city.
Charles B. Denett, formerly of the firm of Tuttle & Denett, Boston.
Charles W. Reding, preacher of the gospel.
William H. Brewster, formerly publisher of the *Newburyport Herald*—now of the *Boston Traveller*.
Leonard Huntress, formerly publisher of the *Lowell Courier*—Postmaster of Tewksbury, and Commissioner of ~~Mass.~~—C."

ge.

Prof. T. P. Moses, with his school of nearly one hundred Juveniles, will very soon give a Floral Concert in this city. Mr. Moses' concerts ten to twelve years ago were unsurpassed by any exhibition of the kind in this vicinity, and we have no doubt he and his class will be honored by an overwhelming house.

friends. He was discharged to skirt for himself. June 9 '68 *Dixey Tim*

MUSICAL ITEMS.—Amateur musical entertainments generally please, and attract larger houses than professionals will do. Portsmouth seems likely to have plenty of amateur performances. The vocalists, both young and old, are rehearsing for an "old folks' concert," which is to come off at the Temple Sunday evening, June 14th, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. Nearly all the church choirs in the city will participate. A floral concert is also to be given during the present month by the children of the city, under the direction of Mr. Moses. Extensive preparations have been made, and a correspondent gives a glowing description of the elegant and varied designs; the emblems, banners of musical and poetical signification which are now in readiness to adorn the platform. The little folks are full of enthusiasm, and enjoy the rehearsals hugely.

June 15. *Old Folks Concert
at the Temple*

BOARD OF TRADE.—The Portsmouth Board of Trade effected a permanent organ-

Dixey Tim

June 9 '68

July 1 1868
Daily Eve Times

will move in this matter?

Mr. Moses' Floral Concert comes off this evening. The Temple has been decorated in an elaborate manner, and the great variety and profusion of ornaments will be made more gorgeous by the introduction of colored lights in various parts of the performance. The tickets are selling like hot cakes.

July 2, 1868
Daily Eve
ITEMS.

The Floral Concert last evening drew a goodly crowd to the Temple. All agree that the children sang beautifully. It is unfortunate for Mr. Moses that he should so err in judgment as to insult one half his patrons by "adorning" the stage with the picture of a man who has during the past two years rendered himself obnoxious to those who were once inclined to look favorably upon him. Mr. Moses is the only one that is injured by this indiscreet proceeding, and we regret it on his account. The performance this evening will probably be the last, and it is hoped the children will see a full house. The spectacle of beauty is alone worth thirty-five cents, if one does not stop to hear the white throng sing their sweet songs.

III

Floral Concert!

THOS. P. MOSER respectfully announces that he once more, as in former days, offers an Entertainment as above, to continue two nights,

AT THE TEMPLE,
Wednesday and Thursday

July 1st and 2d,

One night being inadequate to give a fair Exhibition of his

Juvenile Class of 75 Pupils.

No pains or expense will be spared to make this occasion one of general interest. Twelve unique and elegant BANNERS, designed and made expressly for this Entertainment, will be borne by TWELVE YOUNG LADIES of his Advanced Class, who will march on the stage at the head of the School, forming a line the entire length of the stage.

The Banner Girls will open the Concert with Song and Chorus, "Our Native Land." Before singing, one of the young ladies will make a brief SPEECH, as she salutes the audience with her leading flag.

After the first Song and Chorus, the Banners will be arranged to form a glowing back-ground to the beautifully dressed children.

The House will be handsomely DECORATED with Evergreens, Flowers, Vases, etc.

An ADDRESS ON MUSIC, of five minutes' time, will be spoken by a pupil.

The author has labored assiduously with new scholars during the past three months, and otherwise toiled severely in this cause, and hopes to meet with reward for his large expense of time and money.

Different Programmes for the two nights will be issued.

TICKETS of Admission, 35 cents to all parts of the House. Children to 13 years of age, 20 cents. Tickets at Mr. JOY'S Music Store, and at other usual places.

To commence at 8 o'clock.

Deely See Tomy
June 26 '68

Daily Chron /
June 27, 1860

FLORAL CONCERT!

THOS. P. MOSES.

Respectfully announces that he once more, as in former days, offers an Entertainment as above, to continue two nights,

AT THE TEMPLE,

Wednesday & Thursday, July 1st & 2d,

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JUVENILE CLASS OF 75 PUPILS.

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The House will be handsomely DECORATED with Evergreens, Flowers, Vases, etc.

An ADDRESS ON MUSIC, of five minutes' time, will be spoken by a Pupil.

The author has labored assiduously with new scholars during the past three months, and otherwise toiled severely in this cause, and hopes to meet with reward for his large expense of time and money.

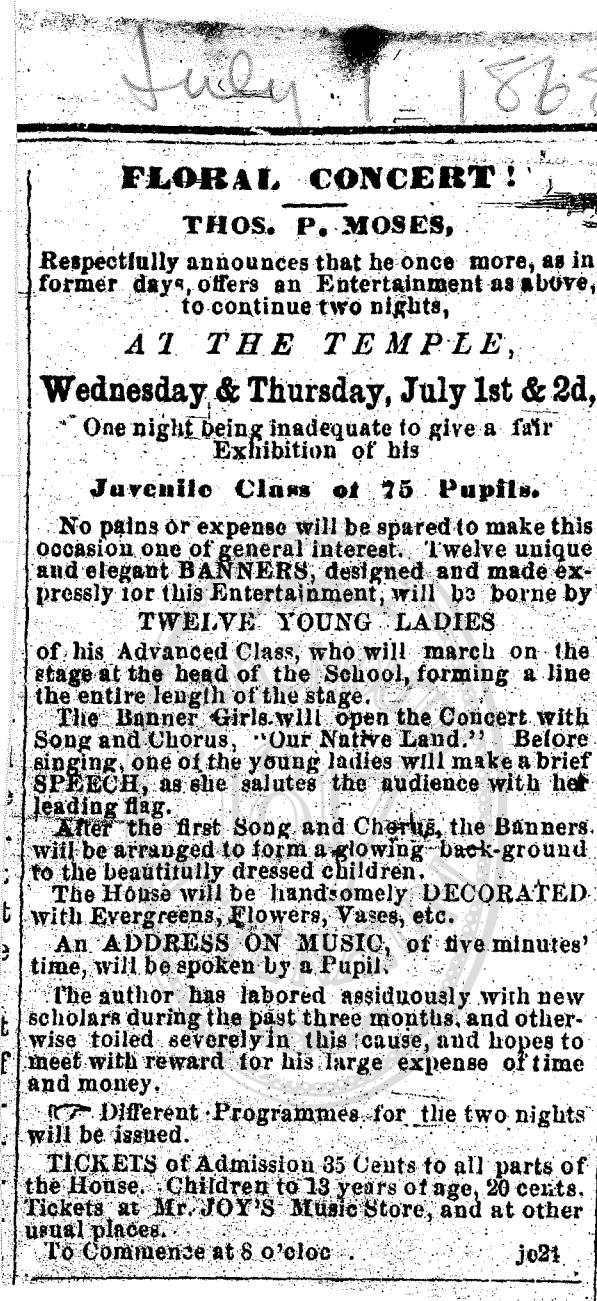
Two Different Programmes for the two nights will be issued.

TICKETS of Admission 35 Cents to all parts of the House. Children to 12 years of age, 20 cents. Tickets at Mr. JOY'S Music Store, and at other usual places.

To Commence at 8 o'clock.

je21

Deely Chon
July 1, 1868



Mr. MOSES' FLORAL CONCERT.
We are pleased to give the advertisement of our fellow-townsmen, Mr. F. Moses, announcing, after many months of earnest preparation, his Juvenile Concert. From his past success in this line we know what is in store, and we speak from knowledge when we say that the music to be given is not belied, and the school will give evidence of excellent natural talent as well as good instruction in the rendering of the fine programme of solos, duets, choruses, etc. To do justice we should not particularize, but we cannot forbear to give our readers an idea of some of the "feasts of transformation" in them, so unlike anything ever before seen in our city. We mention as a speciality the "Banner of Peace" with its beautiful and unique emblems wrought in such artistic taste; also banners emblematic of Music, Summer, Union etc., etc., the beauty and originality of which are above equal to the price of admission. The Temple will be elaborately decorated in evergreen, spruce, mottos &c., and with the gaily dressed children, the inspirations of music, and the novel attractions to be offered, will be like pages of sunshine. It will well repay all lovers of the beautiful to make an effort to be present, and thus show an evidence of regard for our townsmen's self-denying efforts in time, labor and expense, for their little ones.

Mr. Moses' Floral Concert passed off finely last night; it was a most elaborate and beautiful entertainment, and the appreciative audience were delighted. To-night a new programme will be presented; and while many who witnessed the first will also desire to attend this second, we advise all others that the opportunity to witness so fine a display of the sort will be rare indeed. Both music and decorations are unusually perfect.

Courtesy of the Portsmouth Athenaeum, Portsmouth, N.H.

P
June 27, 1868

Daily Chron
July 2, 1868

P3

The Concerts by Mr. Moses' Musical Class, evince not only much originality and exquisite musical, mechanical and artistic skill and taste, in the conception and carrying out of their multitudinous details; but also show marvellous skill as a teacher of singing and elocution, in his thus bringing to comparative perfection, pupils of but a few weeks' or months' study. The general order of performance was very high; and young Misses Akerman, Bowles, Burtt, Locke, Varrell, Swasey and others, did exceedingly well. With a few hundred children in the hands of such a teacher constantly, the result would not be such a lack of church choirs and public singers as now. We regret his pecuniary success was not commensurate with his deserts.

Daily Assoc

July 4, 1868

P 3

bright.

July 7, 1868 Daily Eve Times

T. P. Moses' series of concerts did not pay the expenses by a large amount.

and last obtained

The most

July 8, 1868.

ITEMS.

Mr. T. P. Moses and his friends who are lamenting that his Floral concert did not pay, must remember that they have but themselves to thank for it. The concert was an attractive one. The young ladies did nobly. Everybody was pleased with their fine music. Mr. Moses is entitled to great credit for the indefatigable manner in which he trained the fair singers, and he ought to have been liberally rewarded. The one great reason why the enterprise was a financial failure was that Mr. Moses saw fit to decorate (?) the stage with a large picture of H. U. Grant and surround the same with garlands. Had any stranger visited the Temple when the children were off the stage, his first thought would have been that arrangements had been made for a Grant meeting of some kind. Mr. Moses was advised by his friends not to thus insult one-half his patrons, but he persisted in his folly; hence the financial failure.

Why cannot we have the streets sprinkled during this dusty term? It is a dis-

THE CONCERT TO-NIGHT.—Aside from the consideration that the musical entertainment at the Temple this evening will be of the best character, such as to warrant a general attendance of all who love vocal and instrumental music, (and who does not), we ask our citizens to remember that the Portsmouth Cornet Band deserve a rousing benefit. They are an honor to our city. No better band can be found in the State. And we must consider that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It requires an immense amount of work to bring a band to that state of perfection as musicians, in which this company is found to-day. To be sure when they play for the public they are well paid for it, but this does not remunerate them for the days and weeks they practice in private. Of late they have provided themselves with an entirely new and superior set of instruments. These cost a large sum of money. They are also expected to wear uniforms that will enable them to make a creditable appearance. Hence we say that they are deserving of and should have this evening, substantial encouragement.

Daily Chronicle
8 July 1868

Local:

Communication:

Messrs. Editors:—Believing that every good object should receive the support and sympathy of every community, allow me to occupy a short space to make mention of the three grand entertainments recently given by our townsman, Mr. T. P. Moses, with his Singing Class. Mr. Moses long ago established an enviable reputation as a successful teacher and concert-giver, and his recent attempt surpassed everything ever before seen or heard in our city. Where the performances of all were so good, it will seem, perhaps, unfair to discriminate; and yet we cannot forbear particularizing some of the voices which struck us as being particularly fine and musical, and the exercise of which elicited such hearty applause.

The rendering of the recitation and song "Consider the Lilies," by Miss Florence Bowles, was superbly done, and won merited applause, as did her capital rendering of the Swiss air "They've Sunny Lands." We can hardly refrain an allusion—which seemed to be so general—to Miss Bowles' wonderfully sweet and clear voice.

"The Hunter's Lay," by Miss Gertie Burtt, who possesses a strong and musical voice; the duet "Soft fades the glow of even," by Misses Bowles and Swazey; the quartet "Come and see the ripe fruits falling," Misses Bowles, Locke, Swazey and Ham,—were beautifully sung, (the blending of the voices being very fine); as was the "Mocking Bird," by Miss Nellie Locke, a lassie of only 10 summers. The address on "Music," spoken by Miss Gracie Akerman, was rendered with remarkable precision, and would have done credit to an experienced speaker: also, a poem on "Summer," delivered by Miss Alice Swazey, was gracefully pronounced for one so young.

In alluding to these particular portions of the programme, it should by no means be understood that others were void of merit. Every piece sung and address delivered gave evidence of much study and skill on the part of the performers, which only requires careful cultivation to bring out and perfect.—Mr. Moses has won for himself our high regard by the surprising power he has exhibited, not only in disciplining the voice, but in adapting his selections to its particular forte.

We pay this tribute to Mr. Moses unsolicited. He has earned it, and far more; and yet we much regret to hear it said that, peculiarly speaking, the concerts were not successful. Is it that the greater part of our community are better satisfied with roving bands of negro minstrels? All efforts which seek an ideal in the beautiful, such as these just given, should receive more generous and genuine applause, and have over us something of that magical power of the Philosopher's stone of old, "to turn everything into gold." LYRA.

Deer Soc Times

July 11, 1868

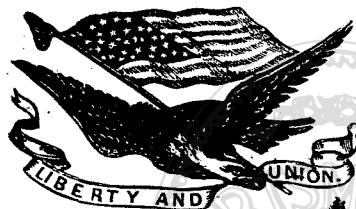
ITEMS.

Thos. P. Moses takes exceptions in the *Chronicle* to our remarks about sticking up the portrait of Grant on the platform during his recent exhibition at the Temple. Very well, we are glad he now sees the impropriety of dragging the radical candidate into an affair of that kind. It was wholly out of place, as he must see if he possesses only ordinary good sense. Perhaps Mr. Moses, for whom we have nothing but the kindest feelings, has now learned a lesson which will profit him in the future.

The Democracy at Christian Shore are to have a flag raising this evening between seven and eight o'clock. The Portsmouth Cornet Band will be in attendance and furnish good music for the occasion. The Democracy of that neighborhood are wide awake for Seymour & Blair.

The Daily Evening Times.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1868.



DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

HORATIO SEYMOUR,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR.,

OF MISSOURI.

THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE UNION.
Tullock.

HABITS OF GEN. GRANT.

Under ordinary circumstances, the question whether Gen. Grant is a man of intemperate habits, would be of sufficient public importance to justify its discussion in the newspapers. During the war, so much depended upon his sobriety, and it was so material that he should be always in the possession of all his faculties, that it has ever been a source of astonishment that his known propensities should not have been made the subject of more grave animadversion. It was a matter of record that he had been driven out of the army on account of his irregularities; and when the exigencies of the country made it necessary that the services of every man of military education and experience should be called into requisition, persons familiar with Grant's career entertained serious doubts of the prudence of entrusting him with a responsible command. But we had incurred such terrible reverses in consequence of the incapacity, or something worse, of many of our general officers, that any manifestation of bravery, or other soldierly qualities, induced the government to look with much lenity upon the alleged excesses of men supposed to be capable of directing important operations in the field. And when Mr. Lincoln was informed that the battle of Shiloh was saved by the skill and coolness of Buel, after being nearly lost through Grant's intemperance—with characteristic levity he proposed to send his other generals such whiskey as Grant was accustomed to drink. The country acquiesced in the necessity of employing every competent man, and Grant's notorious drunken frolic in New Orleans, when he tumbled from his horse in the streets, was overlooked from considerations of expediency and the necessity of the case. McClellan had been sacrificed because of his great popularity with the army and the people: the grievous failures of Burnside and Hooker, involving much national disgrace and a frightful loss of blood, took place; the country was discontented and alarmed, and Grant seemed a last resort—hence the general acquiescence in his elevation, and the prevailing reluctance to inquire too curiously into the mode of his private life. The rebellion collapsed. Lee and Johnson were crushed by the mere force of numbers; and although Grant lost in a single campaign more men than were contained in both the Confederate armies, there was such universal joy at the termination of the bloody struggle, that military criticism was drowned in the glad acclaim, and nobody appeared to care whether Grant was drunk or sober.

But he is now a candidate for the highest office in the country, and his daily habits become a proper subject for investigation: more than that, even. We are not quite clear in the opinion that in his present position, where he exercises almost supreme authority, in violation of the Constitution, being made by Congress independent of the President of the United States, whom that instrument declares shall be Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy—it is not certain, we say, that under these circumstances perfect immunity should be given to the General, and he be allowed to drink immoderately, even if he did not aspire to the Presidency. There may be a difference of opinion on this point, however.

The Stars and Bars still insists that Mr. Moses' Concert was "a financial failure" because Gen. Grant's portrait was displayed therein. As if there were any music, poetry, art or science in copperheadism! But two home concerts which receive nearly \$200, cannot be called failures, even in a money sense; for although the skilful and tasty projector got little or no direct "pay" for his arduous labors,— the more's the pity; still this was rather because the expenses were very large, than the receipts really small. At any rate, we don't believe a dollar was kept out of the house by Gen. Grant's shadow.

Communication.

Messrs. Editors.—Your correspondent's article in reference to Mr. Moses' Concert, and the qualifications of the performers, was a well-merited eulogy on their first public efforts. But why one of the brightest stars of the select class entirely ignored in this criticism? I refer to Miss Mary Varrell, who opened each performance with her introductory speech, given in a clear tone of voice, and in a style of elocution commendable and praiseworthy. Her rendering of select songs was, to be sure, not so much above mediocrity as some others,—she having had less practice; but we heard a good critic remark that she had the richest and strongest voice of the class, and by tuition and practice might stand high as a soprano singer.

CORRECTOR.

Daily Soc. Chron.

July 10, 1866

Musical Instruction.

THOS. P. MOSES, Teacher of the Piano, Organ, Flute, and Vocal Music, has the pleasure of announcing that his

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL
will re open on

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16th, at 2 1-2 o'clock,
at Mercantile Hall. Girls to eighteen years, and
Boys to twelve years of age will be received.—
He hopes all those connected with his last Floral
Concert, and many more, will attend, as he pro-
poses to give a Splendid Exhibition in October.

TERMS only only One Dollar for a course of
twelve lessons, payable the first day. Seats can
be secured by registering names at Mr. Joy's
Music Store, or with the Teacher.

Mr. M. will take select Juvenile Classes of a
dozen, at convenient hours, for five dollars each,
—twelve lessons. For single pupil in a true style
of Solo Singing, eight dollars—twelve lessons,
one hour each. The Piano, 15 dollars for 24 les-
sons. Would take a class of twelve, somewhat
advanced, on the Flute, 6 dollars for 12 lessons—
evenings.

Also, a class of thirty or more young Ladies
and Gentlemen, for the study and practice of Sa-
cred and Secular Music, in a style true to nature,
can be accommodated evenings, at 2 dollars each,
12 lessons. Rooms 16 Pleasant St., up stairs,
Portsmouth, Aug. 19. Opp. Post Office.

Dailey Chroh
Aug 24, 1868

MUSIC, AND OIL LANDSCAPE PAINTING.
THE SUBSCRIBER continues to give
lessons on the PIANO and in SINGING.
Also, in Oil Painting, at his Studio, over the
Book Store of J. H. HEAD, opposite the Post
Office.
Pupils in the city or from the country, in
these branches of human refinement, can re-
ceive a single lesson, or more, to suit circumstan-
ces.
Those who are desirous of acquiring something
valuable in the line of business, can do so on lib-
eral terms by early application to
PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 6th. THOMAS P. MOSES.

Daily Chron

Aug. 7, 1869

Daily Chron

Sept 1, 1868

P³

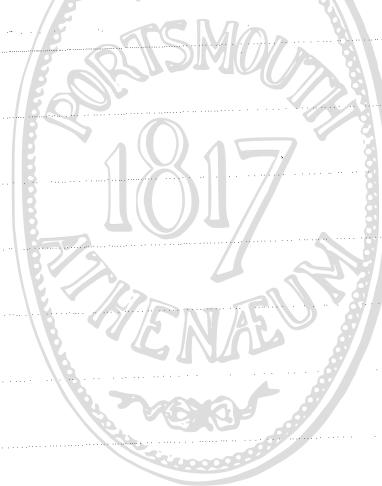
The Mechanic Association have removed into their new building on Congress street. And they have prepared very fine new quarters for their Reading Room and Exchange, in the large chamber there—with wide and easy stairs, and room well lighted, and the whole premises are exceedingly well arranged and adapted to the uses of the Association. The officers have managed the property exceedingly well, we think; Messrs. Stoddard & Beacham, lessees of the brick stable, have also leased the loft of the wooden stable on Fleet street; the harness shop of Mr. Jenness is to be removed to the newly fitted store on Fleet street, and Mr. Wood's photograph room will take Mr. Jenness' present chamber; while Mr. F. W. Ham, watchmaker, and the Western Union Telegraph will occupy the new store next Mr. Moses. Altogether, after all said, we begin to think the Mechanic Association did a good stroke of business by buying this real estate.

Sept 1858

Musical Instruction.
 THOS P. MOSES, Teacher of the Piano, Organ, Flute and Vocal Music, has the pleasure of announcing that his
Juvenile Singing School!
 will re-open on
 WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16th, at 21 o'clock.
 at Mercantile Hall. Girls to eighteen years, and Boys to twelve years of age will be received. He hopes all those connected with his last Floral Concert, and many more will attend, as he proposes to give a Splendid Exhibition in October.
 TERMS only One Dollar for a course of twelve lessons, payable the first day. Seats can be secured by registering names at Mr. Joy's Music Store, or with the Teacher, Mr. M. A. Moore, at Juvenile Classes, at convenient hours, for five dollars each—twelve lessons. For single pupil in a true style of Solo Singing, eight dollars—twelve lessons, one hour each. The Piano, 15 dollars for 24 lessons. Would take a class of twelve, somewhat advanced, on the Flute, 6 dollars for twelve lessons— evenings.
 Also, a class of thirty or more young Ladies and Gentlemen, for the study and practice of Sacred and Secular Music, in a style true to nature, can be accommodated evening, at 2 dollars each, 12 lessons
 Rooms 16 Pleasant St., up stairs, opp. Post Office.

At the

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Concerts.

MR. MOSES' CONCERTS.—For 11 months has this indefatigable laborer to perfect his class of singers, so as to bring them out in Concert advertised to come off Monday and Tuesday evening of next week and we trust that the public will respond to the call of one who has long done so much for music in this mid-st.

0 —————— The following is a list of the

Daily Chron
Nov. 20, 1868

P 2

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P. 3

Nov. 20, 1868

CONCERTS, Monday and Tuesday Evenings,

Nov. 23d and 24th.

THE TEMPTER.

THOMAS P. MOSES respectfully informs his friends and the musical public generally, that he will give two attractive entertainments at the Temple, as above named.

The "NIGHTINGALE SELECT CHORUS" of nine young ladies, under his exclusive musical training, have politely volunteered for this occasion. Programmes to be distributed will show the music assigned to these young nautres, which is to be of the highest order. Additional attractions will elicit the interest of the audience. Colorful illuminations with the "Red Fire" will transform the scene into beautiful Tableaux; and immediately after the musical exercises, (providing there is an audience of eight hundred,) four beautiful presents will be given away among the patrons, to the satisfaction of all, viz:

New Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, \$65.
Silver Plated Gold-Lined Cup, \$1.

Two Cash Presents, each Five Dollars in Gold.

These presents to be delivered from the stage in ten minutes after the Concert. A free envelope containing a number which may correspond to that of the gift, will be handed to every one entering the hall with a ticket. One person as likely as another to receive a present. In consideration of the times, without underrating the Concert, the tickets are put at only 25 CENTS EACH, and no other charge. For sale at Mr. Preston's, Thacher's, Joy's Music Store, and at the Ticket Office.

Second night, among several fine presents, Mr. Moses will give from his proceeds, one lady's fine GOLD WATCH—\$65 00. See Programmes first and second nights.

Nov. 24

Mr. Moses' Concert, Monday evening, was a fine entertainment—of course, for he never gives any other. The varied and attractive programme was gone through with in good style; but we have no opportunity for any details this morning. The audience not numbering the requisite 800, but one present was given away.

This (Tuesday) evening, he gives the second and last similar Concert with his Nightingale Class—with a new and different programme. Tickets only 25 cents, and a fine list of Presents for the occasion, if 900 be there. Election will be over and it will be cheaper, at this rate, to go to the Concert, than to stay at home. Those who are victorious can attend to rejoice in the nice music; and the defeated can here find balm for their wounds.

Pailey C. Brown
Nov 24 1868
P. 3



Mr. Moses' Concerts, Monday and Tuesday evenings, were nice performances indeed for juveniles. The ten young ladies, all dressed in white, with the background of elegant banners made by Mr. M., formed a beautiful picture; and their singing, both solo and chorus, was much of it very fine. The Nightingale Class consists of Misses Annie and Jennie Davis, Gertie Burtt, Alice Swasey, Loey Locke, Gracie Akerman, Emma Ham, May Varrell, Belle Clark, and Emma Dearborn (who joined the class, too late to be assigned any solo part).

The choruses included such music as Night's Shade No Longer,— Away, the Morning Freshly Breaking,— When the Summer Rain is Over; and among the duets were, The Singing Master and Pupil,— What are the Wild Waves Saying?—and Hear Me, Norma. Most of the pieces were well given, although Mr. Moses, on the first evening, twice explained or complained that his pupils were so surprised and chagrined by the thinness of the house, that they could not keep on the key or otherwise do themselves credit.

But to the less critical all went well. And especially did Misses Annie and Jennie Davis, and Miss Gertie Burtt prove themselves to be proficient vocalists, for amateurs of almost any age.— The Misses Davis have for some time been known as among the most promising young singers in the city, and Miss Burtt has a very sweet and flexible voice; but such pieces as Belshazzar the King, and Consider the Lilies, by Miss Mary Varrell; Sound the Trumpet in Jerusalem, and the Hunter's Lay, by Miss Burtt; Ah, Robert, Idol of my Heart, and Alpine Shepherd Boy's Lament, by Miss Annie Davis,— and other difficult compositions, by other singers, show not less skill and devotion in the teacher than talent in the class.

The attendance was not sufficient to receive the awards conditionally promised, nor do we think the offer of presents aided at all to increase the audience.

Pauly Chay
Nov 25 '60

1st Winona

Daily Chron.
Dec 1, 1869

p 3



Debby Quinn
March 4
1869

...you have to test it.

SCHOLARS IN
LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

The subscriber is prepared to impart his
knowledge of
OIL LANDSCAPE PAINTING
to a small class. Those who have had some prac-
tice in Drawing or Painting in Crayons or Water
Colors, would make rapid progress in OIL CO-
LORS, the most beautiful and lasting of all.

Persons having OLD PORTRAITS faded or
anywise injured, can have them improved with
CERTAINTY, and at a fair price.

Terms made known on application to me.
Music Room and Studio No. 18 Pleasant St.
Up Stairs, (at all hours,) opp. Post Office.
d23 THOS, P. MOSES

W. J. MCGOWAN'S JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.

W. J. MCGOWAN will reopen his SCHOOL the
17th of March. One hundred names will be
necessary to warrant commencement. A paper
for names is left at the Music Store of E. A. JOY.
Terms One Dollar in advance for a course of
twelve lessons—Wednesdays and Saturdays. Impres-
sions made on the young mind by a scientific
and tasteful musician are important. Many nov-
ice singers and players, who in youth were pu-
pils of Mr. M., will say "that's so." f24
Portsmouth papers please copy.

W. J. MCGOWAN'S CONCERTS.

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CITY HALL. NASHUA.

GRAND OPERETTA
Entertainment.

Second time in this city of.

L A I L A,

The popular fairy Operetta in four acts which will be presented.

Tuesday Evening, March 27.

under the direction of Miss.

ELLA M. PORTER,

with her class of Masters and Misses in the chorus,
and

Miss Anna March,
Miss Josie Rand,
Miss Gertie Moore,
and others, as soloists.

THE

GERMANIA ORCHESTRA

of Boston will play several popular selections and the instrumental music of the operetta. "Laila" will be presented with many new and attractive features, handsome costumes and decorations, and

GRAY'S SCENERY,

with the "Grotto" displayed last season, and some new scenes, among them "A view of cloud land," which is not surpassed on the mimic stage.

Sketch of the Operetta.

ACT FIRST.

A band of mountain children are collected to spend the summer day in singing, gathering flowers, and feasting around their table spread beneath the shadowy branches of the trees; they are interrupted by the approach of a beggar woman and her children. A part of the children at first repulses her offended at having their joyous festival thus interrupted, but one of them, Laila, steps forth, and with a mild rebuke to her playmates for their unkindness, she welcomes the poor mother and children and bids them make known their wants. The other children soon join with Laila in speaking kindly to the poor wanderers, and after they have told their tale of sorrow they are invited to the feast which the children have prepared, and all together go out with a merry song to where the table is spread.

ACT SECOND.

Laila, who is the favorite of all, while straying a little from the others to gather wild flowers, becomes bewildered in the wood, and hurrying on to regain her companions only buries herself deeper and deeper in its dark recesses, until at the opening of act second she is discovered sitting, worn out with fatigue and despair on a mossy log, in the gloomy shadow of the forest.

Starting up soon, she cries, "I am lost! I am lost!" &c., hurrying at intervals this way and that, and peering into the dark glades, if perchance she may see, in some direction an opening, or listening for the voices of her playmates.

At last, overcome by terror and exhaustion she gives herself up to expressions of grief and is startled by the appearance of a little band of fairies, who led by their queen with noiseless step, and robes glittering with beauty, glide into her presence.

Rising from her knees she beholds them before her, and starts back in astonishment and new affright. Reassured, however, by their loveliness of appearance, and supposing them to be the angels to whom she has been praying, she begs them to restore her to her companions. They tell her they are fairies, and seek to tempt her, by rehearsing the charms of their grotto, which is hard by, to forget her friends and playmates, and go with them to fairy land.

ACT THIRD.

The "Fairy Grotto" is seen with all the splendor and beauty of the realm. Laila is conducted by the fairies to their abode, and is entranced by the loveliness of the place. They seek to persuade her to forsake her home and dwell with them. But she begs to be restored to her friends once more and the kind hearted fairies at last yield to her entreaties and with a merry chorus lead her away.

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Mom. Chron

June 2, 1869

THE FAIRY OPERA.—Our attention was recently called to some of the artistic scenery prepared by Mr. Moses for his Fairy Opera which is soon to take place. It is beautifully sketched, and represents the pains-taking with Mr. M. has prepared the entire entertainment. A correspondent sends us the following communication which we are pleased to present to our readers:—

Mr. Editor:—I am pleased in common with numerous others to learn that the chaste and beautiful "Fairy Opera of Laila" is to be presented at the Temple Tuesday evening, June 8th, under the management of a tasteful and competent artist. It has been performed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, always, I hear, to full and fashionable audiences. The plot is simple, beautiful and genial. Well managed, it will be a charming performance. Thirty interesting girls and young ladies in elegant attire will perform the Opera under the guidance of their teacher, Mr. Moses, who is a paragon of industry and indomitable perseverance, a true artist in both music and painting—competent in both branches, as his finely drilled young Opera Troupe and elegant paintings for the occasion will prove to all who will avail themselves of the offered entertainment. Thirty beautiful maidens in varied and elegant costumes—darling fairies—well set off by stage decorations and illuminations, and assisted by an extraordinary private pianist, Mr. Angelo Beck, of Boston, who will entertain the audience at the fall of the curtain at the close of the several parts in the play, would seem to warrant an overfilling house, and renumerate an enterprising man, every way worthy, and deserving of public patronage. JUSTITIA.

Mr. Moses' Opera Concert, tomorrow evening, will beyond question be a more enjoyable entertainment, and far more praiseworthy, than the majority of foreign Operas,—and without any of the personal elements which often detract from many of the best professionals. Miss Annie Davis is to sustain the leading character—Mr. Moses has painted new and beautiful scenery, and the exhibition will be very fine, musically in the dramatic display. All who

any interest in the beautiful, or who would encourage the highest and best culture of youth, should help Mr. M. to a full house, which he merits so well.

THE CONCERT TO-NIGHT will be no child's affair, although the performers are many of them young. The Opera of *Laila* has been well received everywhere when it has been given; and we doubt if it has before been presented under a manager so tasteful and devoted as Mr. Moses. He has painted new scenery, and manufactured numerous decorations for the occasion, and the tableaux and exhibition will be one of the most brilliant and beautiful ever presented in this city; while the music is said to be very pleasing. The Misses Davis sustain the leading characters, with about thirty other misses, all in appropriate costumes.

And beside the merits and real attractions of the entertainment—the manager, we think, is entitled to some consideration on this occasion of a Benefit—for he has devoted many years to the dissemination of a love for music and the beautiful, especially in the education of the young; and deserves to be remembered by the persons and the community he has thus benefitted.

In addition to the Opera, there will be some fine Piano music by Mr. Beck of Boston, who is reported to be a dashing and brilliant performer. The entertainment is richly deserving a full house, and we hope will receive it.—See the advertisement for particulars.—A Boston exchange remarks as follows:

'OPERATIC PERFORMANCE.—The pupils of the Bridgewater Academy produced, on Wednesday evening, Stratton's Fairy Opera of 'Laila.' To say it was a complete success in every particular is not praise enough. The scenic arrangements far surpassed anything before seen here. The costumes were not only elegant, but in perfect taste, and, in short, no entertainment in this town ever attracted so fine an audience or gave more unbounded satisfaction.'

Wm. Chron
June 7, 1869

MC
June 8, 1869

P 2

THIS EVENING.
THE BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR
FAIRY OPERA OF "LAILA,"
IN THREE PARTS,
By G. W. Stratton of Boston, will be performed

AT THE TEMPLE!
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 8TH,

By Thirty Young Misses,
Under the particular training of T. P. Moses,
who will preside at the Piano and direct
the performance.

In addition to the Scenery belonging to the house, Mr. Moses has just finished painting two Handsome Rural Scenes, nine feet high by sixteen long, each on Panorama cloth, expressly for the occasion.

The twenty-one Mountain Maidens and nine Fairies will appear in appropriate and beautiful Costumes.

In addition, also, to the attractions of "Laila," Mr. ANGELO BECK of Boston, a young man of wonderful skill on the Piano, will entertain the audience, AT THE CLOSE OF FIRST AND SECOND PARTS, by playing very difficult and beautiful Operatic Pieces and Airs with variations, by eminent composers. By request he will play the familiar air "Mocking Bird," with some variations of his own, especially his inimitable Whistling Imitations of a dozen Mocking Birds together, which of itself is worth the price of ticket.

Doors open at 7; to commence at 8 o'clock.
Single Tickets 35 cents; Packages of 4 for \$1
—for sale at the apothecary stores of J. H. Thacher, Wm. R. Preston, the music store of E. A. Joy, at Butler & Laighton's on Daniel Street, F. W. Ham's on Congress Street, and at the Temple.

THE CONCERT given on Tuesday evening by Mr. T. P. Moses' class of thirty young Fairies, was well received by a large audience. The sight of so many beautiful and beautifully-dressed young girls ought to satisfy any reasonable person for the expenditure of a quarter-dollar; but in addition, the stage was tastefully decorated, and the whole Operetta of "Laila" was well performed, the singing being generally good,—the choruses especially so; Mr. Beck's performance on the piano was applauded, and deservedly encored; and the beautiful new scenes painted by Mr. Moses expressly for this occasion merited the warm commendations bestowed upon them. The whole entertainment was a success; and the manner in which it was received shows that a good concert,—and Mr. M. never gives any other,—will sometimes pay, even in Portsmouth, without the aid of burnt cork or stale newspaper jokes.

PS
June 10, 1869

Mom, Chron.
June 10, 1869

From the Journal.

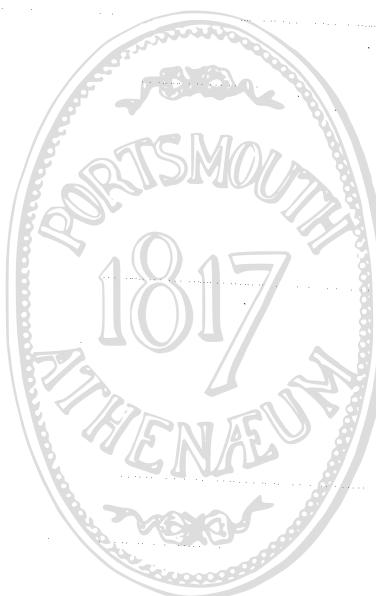
THE FAIRY OPERA, on Tuesday evening, at the Temple, was a charming entertainment, warmly received by a full, fashionable and appreciative audience. It was a scene of beauty which haunted me in pleasant dreams all the night long. Miss Annie Davis, a lassie of seventeen summers, sustained the very interesting part of *Laila*, with native ability in representing the character assigned to her. Her soles were given with sweetness of voice and precision of movement. Miss Alice Swasey, of scarcely thirteen summers, *Queen of the Fairies*, admirably enacted and sang the important parts assigned to her, showing native talent and modesty. Both were elegantly dressed, wearing crowns of dazzling beauty. The train maidens all performed their several parts with much accuracy of time and tune, appearing very interesting throughout the exercises. Mr. Angelo Beck, from Boston, played the piano occasionally with admirable skill. The Mocking Bird, in particular, with his own peculiar variations, brought upon his head storms of applause. Mr. Moses, the teacher of the young ladies and painter of the two beautiful back scenes, accompanied the voices with the piano, and conducted the whole with calm dignity and precision. Never have we attended a concert room where more quiet interest and real enjoyment was evinced. In fine, we believe this (as we understand) the first presentation here of Stratton's opera of *Laila*, is a complete success, and only wonder that it was not given more than one night.

Rizzio.

Musical Instruction.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Teacher of the Piano, Flute, and Singing—qualifies advanced pupils for competent teachers of instrumental and vocal music. Also gives lessons in Pastel and Oil Landscape Painting. Rooms over J. H. Head's Book-store, opposite the Post Office.

Sept. 4th, 1869.



PJ

Sept 4, 1869

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March 5, 1870

PJ

Aug 20
1869

Aug 20 1869

MUSIC, AND OIL LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE **SUBSCRIBER** continues to give
lessons on the PIANO and in SINGING.
Also, in Oil Painting, at his Studio, over the
Book Store of J. H. HEAD, opposite the Post
Office.

Pupils in the city or from the country, in
these branches of human refinement, can re-
ceive a single lesson, or more, to suit circumstan-
ces.

Those who are desirous of acquiring something
valuable in the line of business, can do so on lib-
eral terms by early application to

THOMAS P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, Aug. 6th.

MUSIC, AND OIL LANDSCAPE
PAINTING.

THIS SUBSCRIBER continues to give
lessons on the PIANO and in SINGING.
Also, in Oil Painting, at his Studio, over the
Book Store of J. H. HEAD, opposite the Post
Office.

Pupils in the city or from the country, in
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a single lesson, or more, to suit circumstances.

Those who are desirous of acquiring something
valuable in the line of business, can do so on lib-
eral terms by early application.

THOMAS P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, Aug. 6th.

A NEW AND SPLENDID.

PIANO FOR SALE. The Subscriber
offers a NEW, ROSEWOOD, round cornered,
seven octave, heavy made, powerful yet sweet
round tone, HALLET & DAVIS PIANO, for sale
now. No better bargain, if any good, can be made
in the city—if anybody desires to purchase a Pi-
ano, such as an experienced pianist and Musician
here recommends. The retail price of this Piano
would be in Boston 450 Dollars. One Hundred
Dollars discount will be made if bought within
four weeks from date.

JYB
THOMAS P. MOSES, Teacher of Music,
No. 16 Pleasant Street, Opposite Post Office

Dalley Orton

Aug. 31
1869



The beautiful new stage Scenery recently painted for the Temple, by Mr. T. P. Moses, and used for the first time at the Fair, was very much admired,—and deservedly so, for the designs are fine, and the details very nicely wrought out. Mr. Moses is a good deal of an artist, and an extra nice mechanic also.

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PJ Dec 18, 1869
P3

THE G. A. R. FAIR opened very successfully at the Temple, Wednesday evening. The hall was crowded with a bustling audience, bent on enjoying themselves to their utmost, and at an early hour the seats in the gallery were taken by those desirous of getting a good view of the stage performances. The decorations are very fine, tho' hardly up to public expectations, considering the amount expended on them. The tables were well filled with Fancy Articles and the Refreshments were especially well patronized. The hall was well warmed.

The Thespians presented two laughable farces during the evening, which were well received. Mr. Wm. H. Flynn made his first appearance in public in a well known song and dance, in which he delighted the audience, who insisted on an *encore*. We are glad to hear that Mr. Flynn will favor the Fair-goers with another exhibition of his eccentric dancing. The piece Female Bluebeard was a capital burlesque.

Dec 16, 1869

THE FAIR continued Thursday evening, and the Temple was filled by a very large audience. The dramatic entertainments were very laughable and the audience divided their time in laughing at the performance and applauding the performers. Taken all in all these entertainments have been the chief attraction of the Fair, and great credit is due to the managers as well as the ladies and gentlemen who have appeared on the stage.

The grand Panorama was unrolled and the eloquent lecturer hunted out the principal features for the audience, who could not "see" so plainly as he. The painting was an endless one, and would have taxed the patience of the audience had it been put before them without explanation.

Prof. Wm. H. Hunt of New Haven, who kindly volunteered for the occasion appeared in some of his comical impersonations, and excited much merriment.

Mr. Wm. H. Flynn again gave a comic song and dance, and (this time) the musicians didn't get too tired to play as long as he continued to dance. Mr. Flynn has a fortune at his heels should

Dec 17 1869

PRIME PIANOS.—After all said, we
sure the Piano-Fortes manufactured
by Hallet, Davis & Co., Boston, are
fully equal in all respects to any other
make, and superior to most, of the same
cost and class of instrument.

The gentleman most experienced,
and probably the best qualified to judge,
in this city, compared a low-priced in-
strument of this make with the \$1000
German grand recently on exhibition
in this city, and pronounced in favor of
the Hallet & Davis make, although of
less than half the cost. And the con-
cert square grand of this make, belong-
ing to the Portsmouth Philharmonic
Society, has by several years' hard
usage demonstrated its superior dura-
bility over a new Chickering which was
used only once by this society at New-
buryport.

When a thousand dollars or there-
abouts is invested in a piano, it ought
to be good, of any make; but we have
yet to see any common or low-priced
instruments stand wear, and keep in
tune, so well as those of Hallet, Davis
& Co. And their high-cost pianos are
unsurpassed by any others—their new
orchestral grand being pronounced su-
perior to anything else manufactured
in the shape of a piano-forte. Mr. T.
F. Moses has been their agent for 25
years or more, and there are a very
large number of these pianos owned
hereabouts.

Daily Chron
Dec 20
1869

PJ

PRIME PIANOS.—After all said, we feel sure the Piano-Fortes manufactured by Hallet, Davis & Co., Boston, are fully equal in all respects to any other make, and superior to most, of the same cost and class of instrument.

The gentleman most experienced, and probably the best qualified to judge, in this city, compared a low-priced instrument of this make with the \$1000 German grand recently on exhibition in this city, and pronounced in favor of the Hallet & Davis make, although of less than half the cost. And the concert square grand of this make, belonging to the Portsmouth Philharmonic Society, has by several years' hard usage demonstrated its superior durability over a new Chickering which was used only once by this society at Newburyport.

When a thousand dollars or thereabouts is invested in a piano, it ought to be good, of any make; but we have yet to see any common or low-priced instruments stand wear, and keep in tune, so well as those of Hallet, Davis & Co. And their high-cost pianos are unsurpassed by any others—their new orchestral grand being pronounced superior to anything else manufactured in the shape of a piano-forte. Mr. T. P. Moses has been their agent for 25 years or more, and there are a very large number of these pianos owned hereabouts.—*Chronicle.*

Jan 15, 1870

June 8, 1870



THIS EVENING.
ELEGANT SCENIC
AND
MUSICAL EXHIBITION.

ONE year ago Mr. MOSES presented the charming Operetta of "Laila" to a fashionable and appreciative audience of nine hundred persons, at the Temple; he now announces a still more beautiful

SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT,
Consisting of
Music, Recitations, Elegant Tableaux,
and PANTOMIMES, under new and original
phases.

The Costumes, Crowns, Caps, Harps, Wreaths,
&c., with Floral Decorations and Illuminations,
will be splendid. The single, beautiful Scene
with the unique and unmatched FAIRY PHAE-
TON, containing Flora, Queen of the Meadows,
drawn by six Fairies, will be worth the price of
admission.

The Fairy Car, Caps, Crowns, Golden Lyres,
Harp, and other embellishments, have been pro-
duced at a large sacrifice of time and some money,
and are all done by the individual head and hand
of T. P. MOSES, who respectfully solicits the
attendance of his friends and the public at this,
his benefit occasion—two nights,

Wednesday & Thursday, June 8th & 9th,
AT THE TEMPLE.

Mr. CUSHING, Violinist, with his select Band,
have politely and kindly volunteered their valua-
ble services for this Exhibition.

Doors open at 7 1/4, to commence at 8, o'clock.
Tickets 35 cents. Reserved Seats 50 cts.—Gal-
lery 25 cts. For sale at the usual places.

For the order of performance, see Programmes,
to be circulated in due time.

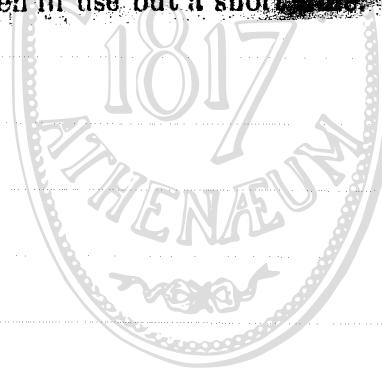
May 28.

Daily Chron
and June 8, 1870

P 3

PJ Aug 13/1870

...A new drop curtain for the Temple, to measure 17 by 31 feet, the subject not yet selected, is to be painted by Mr. Thomas P. Moses of this city, whose skill has repeatedly been shown in some very superior scenes which now adorn the parlors of several of our most wealthy citizens. Since Mr. John W. Stavers has become interested in the Temple, the stage has been wonderfully improved by the artist's touch. The present drop scene was executed by a celebrated artist of New York, is a fine piece of work, and has been in use but a short time.



Sept 17 1870

PJ Sept 17, 1870

... But few of our citizens are aware of the improvements that have taken place in the Temple surroundings within the past two months. By the enterprise and through the superintendence of its proprietor, Mr. John W. Stavers, an excavation through solid ledges and "crusty earth" has been made under the building to an entire depth of more than 7 feet, by which means a room 84 feet in length has been secured, which apartment is finely fitted up for a Bowling Alley 60 feet long. Thoroughly papered and painted in the neatest style, the most perfect ventilation, with cool water for both drinking and bathing, the best of light for day or night, attractive waiters, &c., no more central, attractive or retired place could be found for those who would pass an afternoon or evening in the exercise of bowling. Already Mr. Stavers has met with gratifying success commensurate with his great expense and labor. Aside from this main feature, yet connected with it, a side room with necessary fixtures is now being constructed for the accommodation of all who would desire an apartment for a supper, or music, or conversation, &c. By these improvements (and others to be soon made), the Temple itself has been greatly strengthened in the addition of substantial supports, whereby there is no possible danger of a "collapse" from the pressure of the largest crowd in the hall above. We think these improvements most commendable and a public benefaction as well, and can but wish the proprietor the best success. In this connection, Mr. T. P. Moses of this city is now engaged in painting a large drop curtain for the stage, the subject of which is most appropriate and beautiful, and already presents evidences of a thoroughly skilled hand and eye, and an acute imagination. It will necessarily be several weeks before this superior drop scene is perfected.

Sept 4, 1869

> Feb 25, 1871

Musical Instruction.

THOMAS P. MOSES, Teacher of the Piano, Flute, and Singing—qualifies advanced pupils for competent teachers of instrumental and vocal music. Also gives lessons in Pastel and Oil Landscape Painting. Rooms over E. A. Jow's Book-store, opposite the Post Office.

Sept. 4th, 1869.



PJ Oct 29
1870

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOLS.—With all its many advantages in both the ability of our music teachers, and that youthful talent which needs only right development, our city has long failed, improperly sustaining even one juvenile singing school. Something should be done to bring back the "prestige of yore," else, in a few years, music, whether in our homes or choirs, will be much lowered from its present condition. The Philharmonic Society, our only musical organization for several years, is doing good service for those of older growth who know the rudiments; but children need a school where they shall be taught, not by the too long prevailing "rote" style, but by genuine first principles. Let parents take more interest in this matter, and under the management of our teachers, from out the rising generation can be brought many a now "mute inglorious" Orpheus.

PJ

Feb 18

1807-1

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Boston.

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e, aged 6 yrs.
f Moses C

A. Amason.

Painted blue. The finder will be
rewarded for information concerning same, at the
Journal Office.

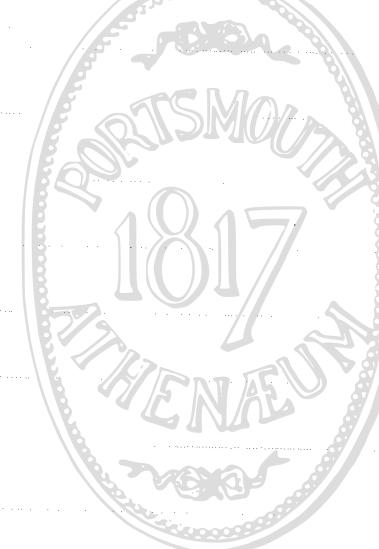
For Sale Cheap.

A very nice PIANO FORTE, 7
octaves. HALL, DAVIS &
Co., Makers. Apply at the Music
Room of T. P. MOSES,
Exchange Buildings.

feb 18

FISHERMEN!

PRIVATE EXCISE



For the Portsmouth Journal.
THE YOUNG MOTHER'S FIRST JEWEL.

The Spring-time came with one sweet blossom
For the brow of Emolene;
There it lay in pearly beauty,
Sweetest flow'ret ever seen.

Its little azure eyes of promise,
Moist with dew drops on each lid—
Glanced one moment at the morning,
Then their sweet smiles darkness hid.

Little lips where angel fingers
Painted smiles for Emolene—
Little face with heavenly halo,—
Oh, what fate has come between!

Still the mother smiled submissive
When she saw the angel guide
Come and take her precious jewel,
Over on the "Other Side."

Portsmouth, March 13, '71.

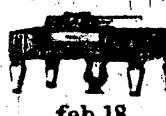
ALPHONSO

THOS. P. MOSES,
MUSICIAN AND ARTIST.
Room, EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
Over C. H. JOY'S Store.

Lessons given on Piano, in Vocalism, also in
Craven and Oil Painting.
JUVENILE CLASS Wednesday and Saturday
Afternoons at 3 o'clock. Scholars may commence
term at any time.

Pianos selected with care.

feb 25

For Sale Cheap.

A very nice PIANO FORTE, 7
octaves. HALEN, DAVIS &
Co., Makers. Apply at the Music
Room of T. P. MOSES,
Exchange Buildings.
feb 18

PJ Mar 25, 1871

DJ Sept 7
1871

PJ

Nov 4, 1871

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9
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Oct 31 1871

5-519

....The entertainment at the Temple on Tuesday evening, by Mr. T. P. Moses' musical class, drew the largest house of the season, Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the elegant drop curtain, here for the first time presented and upon which months of labor have been bestowed. For a happy blending of color in shade and effect, beauty of surroundings, and delicate finish, Mr. Moses has indeed achieved success, and the encomiums bestowed by the large audience present must have been gratifying to him. The sunrise scene at Sagamore was perfect, the Coffin mansion and boat house, and surroundings almost transporting the lookers on to the very spot, so accurately had the artist portrayed the view. As usual, the concert was one of enjoyment, many of the choruses being rendered with fine effect, and some of the solos showing excellent training. The young ladies looked well, and the entire entertainment, though somewhat lengthly, seemed to be enjoyed by all.

The prophets tell me that we are to

EXHIBITION CONCERT.

Mr. T. P. Moses, with his refined class of Young Lady Minstrels, will give a Second and Dramatic CONCERT, at the Temple,

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 31st. 1871

His great Drop Curtain, seventeen by thirty-two feet (Oriental, no doubt) also a new and brilliant sunrise scene on the Sagamore Creek, are completed and will be exhibited for the first time, on this occasion, with other scenery from his studio.

Some selections from his new, unpublished Opera of "Winona, Queen of the Sagamore," will be introduced. At the rising of the curtain a glorious sunrise view, near the entrance of the beautiful Sagamore Creek, will appear. Winona, in full Indian costume, advances down the creek in a canoe, singing by the rocks, steps on shore, points to the scene, exclaims: "O, raptured vision!" and sings:—

"Behold the morning,
Ethalgent dawning,
The saffron blending,
With rose ascending,
Outspreading, beaming,
It is no dreaming,
Day smiles advancing,
Oh, how entrancing, &c."

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 7:30 o'clock. Tickets, not sold at the usual places, 25cts.; Reserved Seats, 50cts.; Children to 12 years, half price. Programmes will give further details.

610

Oct 31
1871

EXHIBITION CONCERT.

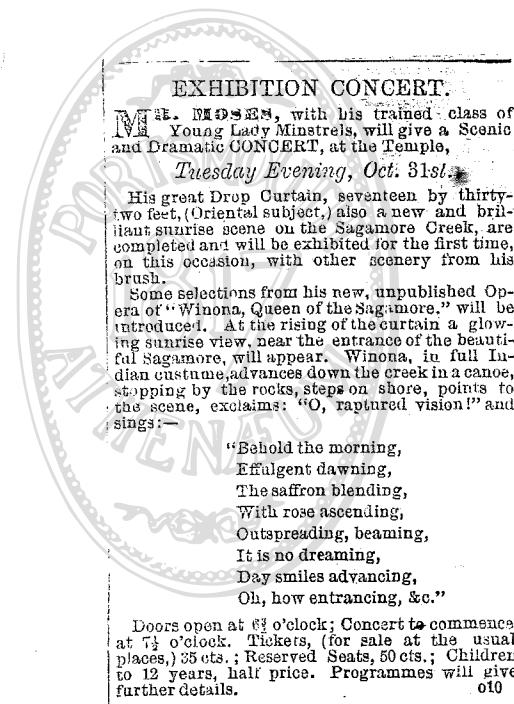
MR. MOSEM, with his trained class of
Young Lady Minstrels, will give a Scenic
and Dramatic CONCERT, at the Temple,
Tuesday Evening, Oct. 31st.

His great Drop Curtain, seventeen by thirty-
two feet, (Oriental subject,) also a new and bri-
lliant sunrise scene on the Sagamore Creek, are
completed and will be exhibited for the first time,
on this occasion, with other scenery from his
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Some selections from his new, unpublished Opera
of "Winona, Queen of the Sagamore," will be
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stopping by the rocks, steps on shore, points to
the scene, exclaims: "O, raptured vision!" and
sings:—

"Behold the morning,
Effulgent dawning,
The saffron blending,
With rose ascending,
Outspreading, beaming,
It is no dreaming,
Day smiles advancing,
Oh, how entrancing, &c."

Doors open at 6³ o'clock; Concert to commence
at 7¹ o'clock. Tickets, (for sale at the usual
places,) 25 cts.; Reserved Seats, 50 cts.; Children
to 12 years, half price. Programmes will give
further details. 610



For the *Portsmouth Journal*
MUSICAL ECHOES. — No. 1.

BY THOS. F. MOSES.

If one can be allowed to mingle a little fancy with solid thought, I may call music, a golden winged idea that claims alike the atmosphere of the cottage and the palace; — a honey laden zephyr tossed round the atmosphere of life by the Divine Hand.

After so much has been written and spoken in past ages everywhere, of music's great uses to man in a three fold sense, mental, physical and moral, who on reflection would deny its transcendent charms, and important claims.

The writer of this article, (which will be followed weekly or semi-monthly by five or more other musical echoes,) would respectfully call the attention to a perusal of them—feeling assured that his native place is by no means inferior to other towns and cities in point of intellectual ability to take their subject right home to the heart and say to music, with a quickened spirit:

Thou beauteous maid, awake! arise!
Nor longer veil thy features bright;
Open thy blue, dilating eyes
And fill our hearts with new delight.

In submitting these "echoings" to the public hearing, it will be my purpose to show beyond contradiction the true condition, pro and con, of vocal and instrumental music in this immediate vicinity; and finally to suggest a complete, available, and comparatively cheap remedy for slumbering ability, poor education and false taste concerning this divine element of usefulness and refinement.

It is a subject now firmly engrafted in the vigorous tree of general education in Massachusetts and other State schools, by legal authority, as an important branch of study; and we would respectfully solicit the earnest thought of our city government, as well as the due consideration of parents and guardians of children and youth, in regard to their attention to music at schools where able teachers would be glad to teach them.

In referring to the ancient "dark ages," historians tell of some brilliant stars that shone through the darkness. So in this our dark age of music as a scientific study, there are stellar beams radiating from the brows of individual teachers, players and singers in our midst; still, in comparison with the musical atmosphere thirty or forty years ago, we are as a community in a dense fog, so far as it regards a knowledge of essential elements of the art, without which all idea of true progression is hopeless.

In proportion to its size, Portsmouth is perhaps not inferior to any other place in the States in view of native musical talent, as well as in other branches of cultivated mind; but even with inborn ability, the gift of Nature was never meant to distinguish the possessor without great personal application, assisted by properly qualified teachers.

The next number of "Musical Echoes" will treat of teachers and pupils, of quartette and congregational singing &c, and it is hoped that the writer will be successful in breathing such truth, life, and interest into these "echoes," as will elicit the interest of every reader and hearer that so each and every number will be kept collectively for occasional reference.

Portsmouth Journal.

URLY, DEC. 23, 1871.

PJ JAN. 13, 1872

For the *Portsmouth Journal*,
MUSICAL ECHOES—No. 2.

BY FRED. V. MORSE.

In the *JOURNAL* of Dec. 23d, Musical Echoes No. 1, asserted that thirty or forty years ago the elements of music were generally better taught and better understood by pupils than at the present day. In comparing the students in music of those times with students of the present day we are forced to see the superiority of the former in both theory and practice, with a few exceptions in these times. The question naturally arises, why is it so, when the present, (however incongruous it may seem,) is a period fraught with vastly superior opportunities for progression in this line of study.

Every observing, thinking, and musical mind will agree that the true cause is clear. Much of the fault is charged upon pupils themselves, and those out of the ring who need instruction; and sometimes for reason of incapacity on the part of teachers. A community like ours, overdone as it is with an unprecedented number of music teachers of every manner and whim, must meet with some chaos in music.

Amidst the frivolity and sensual pleasures characteristic of the "last times," the young are to a serious extent diverted from solid study in, or outside of the school room. Too often they show a distaste, nay, aversion almost bordering on a horror, of the elements of music, sometimes even when good and devoted instructors are at their service. Mere fanciful playing and singing without any theoretical and solid foundation seems to be the order of the day.

The strong temptation of pecuniary profit throws myriads of novices into the teachers field of music; those who find *imitative* or *rote* teaching very easy, pretty and lucrative, making shipwreck of music in a scientific point, with neither key, time, movement or correct taste fairly understood by the parties engaged. Musical education is more expensive than any other branch of learning, and there is perhaps no other sort of business into which parents and others generally, do not have a clear perception,—then confidence often misplaced, they learn with sadness how small a return comes to their families for a large outlay of time and money. Thus much for teachers and pupils.

It was proposed also in No. 1 "Echoes" to say something of sacred quartette and congregational singing in this number.

A quartette is not necessarily a perfect institution, simply because a union of but four voices. Of course much depends on the ability and taste of the group. If the voices blend, and balance, and move together in perfect time, and in good taste with the services of the sanctuary, then is the quartette attractive and beautiful—of course lacking the power to produce the grand effect of a well disciplined choir of six or ten times this number; such choirs as delighted my earlier days in the churches of Portsmouth. Voices like the Sweeters', the Bartletts', the Hills', the Lawrences', the Willeys', the Rogers', the Knights', the Christies', the Drowns', the Greenleafs', the Simes's, the Coopers', the Rices', the Plummers', the Buffords', the Browns', the Cranes', the Gilmans', the Folsoms', the Millers', the Thompsons', the Kimbals' and scores of other interesting solo and chorus singers all well versed in the rudiments of music in those days. Alas, how few of equal merit like those, can be found in our midst now—and why this musical disparity? The simple story is, in the lack of juvenile and adult, proper singing schools, such as were instrumental in bringing out all the above named singers. It is in vain to murmur at this misfortune or to hope for a better state of music, until regular systematic singing schools are established on a large scale in our midst. Little petty singing about in private rooms is of no essential benefit. The children and youth with older ones need a foundation to build their sing upon—instruction in the elements, under good and experienced teachers. Enough of such are on the ground, waiting to give more than an equivalent for the small sum usually paid for such important work.

Here is the foundation for respectable congregational singing, so much desired by some people. Even with this preparation, congregational singing must necessarily be restricted to a very few tunes, and then, at best, the singing will be only in the "rough." All musicians know that even well studied quartets, and choirs, need frequent rehearsals in order to move together with good time and expression; and it is simply absurd to suppose that large congregations can move together in good tune, time, and expression of sentiment, without frequent and good rehearsals. Educate the young population however, and a very great improvement in the line of church service will follow. But no singing in the sanctuary is so effective and proper as large, disciplined, amateur choirs, under competent leaders. Here the select quartette would be in place for occasional difficulties, eccl. duties, &c. Whoever recollects Dr. Lowell Mason's grand and perfectly drilled choir of one hundred members, at the Bowdoin street church, Boston, in years gone by, will agree with the author of "Musical Echoes" in saying that *this is the true, definite and practicable music for the house of worship, and must and will be so with the next number.* The next number will treat of church organs and organists.

The Portsmouth Journal.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17, 1872.

MUSICAL ECHOES.—No. 8.

BY THOS. F. MOSES.

ORGANS AND ORGANISTS.

The Organ has been termed the "monarch of all musical instruments." Its mechanical complications and various combinations of pipes to imitate many instruments, its capability to send forth the sweetest of tones, as well as those deep and sublime—from the charming warbling of the elated canary bird, down to the grand, mellow, earth-responsive vibrations of the stupendous pedal pipes—and with its magnificent external appearance, all combine to make it the most powerful, beautiful and captivating of all musical inventions, fully entitling it to the kingly term, "Monarch of all musical instruments." In its remote origin as a mere musical pipe or mouth whistle, down to the present period of its cathedral grandeur, there is enough in it of historical interest for a Lyceum lecture of an hour or more; which the limits of a newspaper cannot grant. Although its origin cannot, perhaps, be traced to any degree of certainty, it is supposed to have been in use, in a very contracted form as early as, if not before, the seventh century. It was found in the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. Foerner invented the *wind chest* in the seventh century, and from that time improvements have been constantly made, and the organ was never so full of variety, elegance and power as it is to-day, and there still seems to be a chance for further improvement. The Organ at St. Peters in Rome was, at one time, said to be the largest in christendom. It contained upwards of one hundred stops. Another at Gocrlitz has over three thousand sounding pipes. Others of amazing cost and beauty might be mentioned, that pour forth grand and thrilling music in the great cathedrals of Europe. Turning to this side of the ocean, every one knows there are many powerful, splendid and costly organs in the United States and the Canadas. Many of us have heard and seen one of the grandest specimens of such instruments in the Music Hall, Boston. This Organ is sixty feet high with symmetrical beauty at all points. Even in our own small city there are several large, fine-toned, expensive instruments of this kind. In fact a church is incompletely furnished without an organ. It is a whole choir of singers as it were, a full band of itself, and when

greatly assist in preparing the mind for the sacred services of the day, by a tasteful opening voluntary, (extempore performance preferable when the player is capable.) Such an organist will give out tunes in precisely the time they should be sung—will create voluntaries and interludes on the "spur of the moment" which will bear some resemblance, at least, to the dignity and solemnity of the day, and to the sentiment of the poet, who writes verses to be felt and properly expressed, and to be fairly understood. In these days however, such considerations seem to be of small account. Any little half-learned pianist can often manage to displace more experienced and worthy talent, or keep such in the shade after a life of toil and expense in self-accomplishment has been given, while the comparative novice floats on with much assurance. It needs only an observing eye to look around, and learn how often such cases occur, where capable, worthy, and willing talent is left to thrive on musty crumbs picked up by the way side, whilst inferior ability is basking in the sunshine of favoritism and plenty.

The next number of "Echoes" will present a sketch of the young population singing in small clubs "here, there and everywhere," wholly by *rote*, seeming to disdain correct elemental instruction from competent and ready teachers.

PJ 2/17/72

FJ

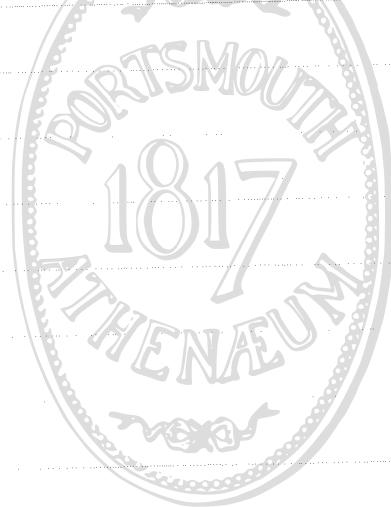
Feb 17,

1872

...mages to herself. The horse was soon after stopped.

....Mr. Thomas P. Moses has just finished and has on exhibition at his rooms, two superb marine views painted in oil colors. Among his other recent productions are a mammoth cross wreathed in flowers, and a beautiful scene from nature. Several unfinished works are on his easel!

There is but little doubt that our citi-

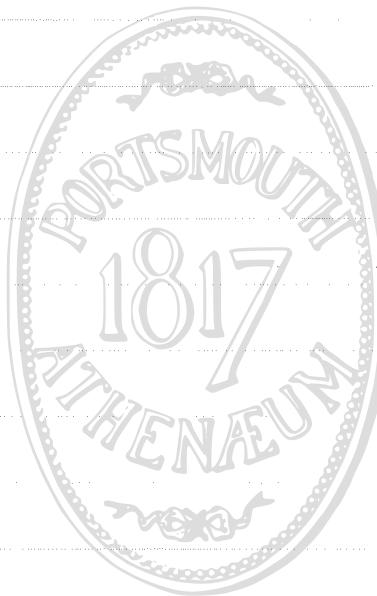


CONCRETE.

✓ CAL and Instrumental, or the Temple
Wednesday Evening, June 4, 7.30 pm. Hemes
P. Moses with a double set of voices and three Pi-
anos. In addition to Mr. Moses' company of tal-
ented young lady Singers and Pianists, a Quar-
teret of brothers and sisters, mainly of Wilm-
D. Kochenour, 1^{sq}, will assist on the occasion.
The concert will be of a high order, patronage of
the public respectfully invited. Tickets thirty-
five cents to all parts of the house. For sale at the
usual places. See Programmes for further par-
ticulars.

Net 642

June 4, 1873



Literary responses

—One has but to examine the new ornamental sign just placed over the entrance to Mr. T. P. Moses' music and studio rooms, to be convinced that he is indeed an artist. Certainly his works do follow him, and this his last production crowns the whole. It includes a speaking portrait of himself, surrounded with musical instruments, and other emblems of the arts, —a bust of poesy, floral decorations, and a golden lyre, the whole forming an attractive picture.

PJ Journal 12/20/73
Atheneum Library

PJ
Dec 20 '73



PJ
Oct 10
1874

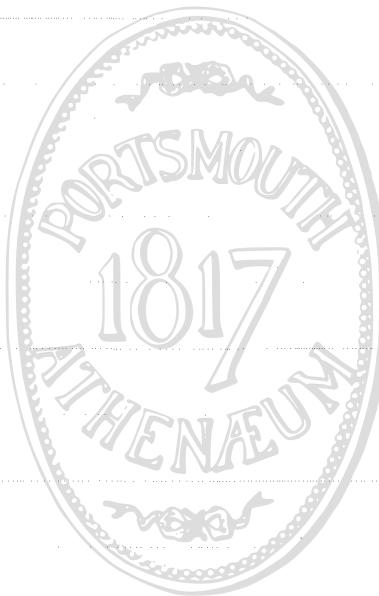
PZ
Local

body wants a copy.

— We understand that Mr. T. P. Moses has been invited to take charge of the department of music and painting in a high school in South Carolina, and that the call is under consideration.

— The Eastern Railroad received a con-

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For the *Portsmouth Journal*.
THE CHURCH BELLS IN PORTSMOUTH.

BY THOS. P. MOSES.

There is music, poetry and history in the melody of bells, especially when they unite in chorus and greet the ear at a distance. If any one should deem this idea only personal fancy, let him go, with a heart capable of sentiment and emotion, to a suburban hill, we'll say, to "Lincoln Hill," and be seated on an old grey historic rock, or upon a bank of Nature's own, soft, green, inviting moss, on a Fourth of July morning or evening, when "Liberty was born," and listen to them,—(which may be to some only intolerable jargon when in too close proximity to the sounds,) listen to them on such an occasion,—or, on a calm, summer, Sabbath morning or evening, where distance resolves their discordance, into harmonious and soothing music, swelling on the ear like tones of spirit voices, telling pathetic tales of the past, present and future, and he will perhaps acknowledge that there is some reality in the author's sentiment of ringing bells.

From the admiring and revering Russians of early times, down to our young country's admiration of them, bells have been a subject of much interest. My intention, however, is only to speak of those in this immediate vicinity, beginning with—

The "North Church" bell, whose weight is somewhere about three thousand pounds; slow in its pulsations, deep toned and pure; and at the orchestral pitch of about E flat. It is a splendid specimen bell, but is so balanced as to ring rather sluggishly, and does not leave off with a gradual cadence. It is an excellent fire alarm, when the ringer knows how to pull the rope so that the bell shall indicate alarm, and not to ring so slow as to be taken to mean church service, or a funeral. This bell is very grand in tone, throwing its deep voice to a great distance, and is well adapted to the call of joy or woe.

The *Stone Church* bell, of twenty-six hundred pounds, is clear, decided, and very rich in its musical intonation, and is at the orchestral pitch of F. It would probably bear a tongue much heavier, which would, of course, give a still greater depth and grandeur to the tone, for either the vespers, the alarm, or for other occasions. It is well arranged, and after the sexon leaves the rope, it swings to the end with a beautiful diminish of tongue-touch.

The *Middle St. Baptist* church bell is of about seventeen hundred pounds weight, pitched on A; is one of the most melodious of the brotherhood. Its long, mellow vibrations attract and delight the ear. It

was formerly in the tower of the Second Congregational church, Pleasant street, which church is now converted into dwellings. At the breaking up of that church this bell was about to be taken out of town, when one or two men of good musical ears and also with some spirit of enterprise, made an effort to retain so fine a bell among us; and proposed a subscription for the purpose to Deacon Elisha C. Crane, whose quick sympathy and ready purse started a paper and the bell was readily secured. There it now hangs in the noble tower of a beautiful church—singing, on proper occasions, its own sweet, inviting songs, above the threshold that has been hallowed by the devoted footsteps of numerous spirits now departed—like the Hon. Samuel Cleaves, Hon. Horton D. Walker, the upright Joseph Walton, the mild and benevolent Deacon Elisha C. Crane, the ever devoted Deacon Day, including several Pastors, and many others, cherished in our affectionate memory. This historic bell is ever ready with long, deep, lingering tones, to join the chorus of the pealing brotherhood on jubilant occasions, or when fire throws out its forked tongue to lick up the fated dwellings; or to call the "true ones" to the shrine below its airy tower; or to strike a solemn dirge in commemoration of those who have made a transit from this earthly temple to the "better land."

The *Universalist church* bell is a reminiscence of veneration. It is eight or ten hundred pounds in weight, pitched at about C; is of cheerful silvery and agreeable tone; swings lively and gracefully in its symmetrical and beautiful tower. It is always ready to pulsate presto, for joy, or largo for sorrow. It rang with wild delight throughout the jubilant night of the great illumination in Portsmouth, when peace with England was announced in 1815. Long may it ring out remembrances of the departed spirits associated with the vicissitudes of those days when it tolled out its solitary invitation to come and listen to the new theory of salvation.

The *Methodist church* bell, of about six hundred pounds, pitched about C, I think, is lively and forward in all reciprocal duties with its neighborhood of bells. Its pulsations are rather harsh and wild, but its intentions are always good and acceptable, and fully appreciated when heard chiming with other bells in the enchanting distance.

St. John's church bell, last, but not least, is of about thirteen hundred pounds weight, pitched at about C; is mechanically well fitted in a substantial and symmetrical brick tower of a noble church, upon an eminence famed in the history of Portsmouth. This bell had a peculiar charm for my ear in early childhood. It drew me to the church threshold, wherein

the then only organ in town captivated my heart at the age of ten years—its tones seemed entrancing; its player, to my young mind, seemed superhuman. The bell is very melodious—winning in its call to the beautiful services held in the venerated edifice. I think it is the only other bell left in Portsmouth which gave out its joyous peals with that of the Universalist at the peace proclamation as before stated. The grand Sanctuary has been several times endangered by surrounding fires, but there it still stands in modest triumph, with its musical chime for morning and evening Divine service—to unite with its brothers on joyous occasions, and to give out its solemn plaints in times of lamentation.

St. Mary's new and costly brick church with its lofty spire and capacious tower, as yet contains no bell. "Chimes" have sometimes been whispered about town. May the famed "Sicilian Hymn," "Greenville," "Softly fades the light of day," and other plaintive melodies yet go forth from the aerial chamber of that slighty tabernacle, to captivate the ear and heart, at some soft summer evening hour, or on a tranquilizing Sabbath morning, when the busy world for a time is hushed to thoughtful repose.

There are a few other bells of minor importance in the city, and they are not backward in adding their musical triplets with the harmonies of their deeper toned brotherhood, when proper occasions call for them.

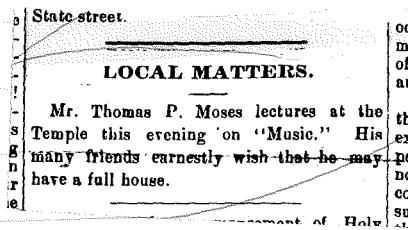
O magic bells—strike slowly all,
When I from hence depart;
Play in slow tones o'er bier and pall,
Where sleeps the life wrung heart.

This simple boon, oh bells, I crave,
Strike each, a lengthened lay,
The casket seeks its home—the grave,
The soul takes heavenward way.

January 1875

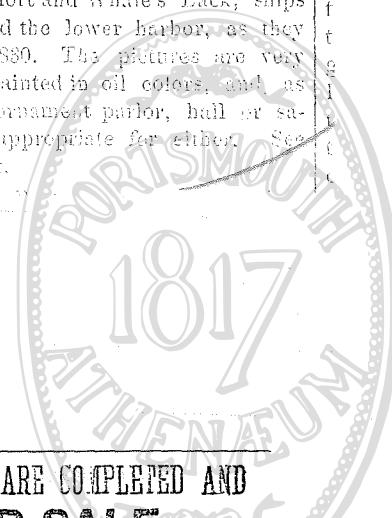
Daily Sun Times

March 22
1875



thing in this State.

Mr. Thomas P. Moses offers for sale two companion pictures, one representing the landing of Capt. John Smith's expedition at Fort Point, Newcastle, about the year 1620, and the other Fort Constitution, the lighthouses at the fort and Whale's Back, ships under sail, and the lower harbor, as they appeared in 1830. The pictures are very handsomely painted in oil colors, and, as he says, will ornament parlor, hall or saloon, being appropriate for either. See advertisement.



HERE THEY ARE COMPLETED AND
FOR SALE.

TWO original historical OIL PAINTINGS, nearly three by four feet, in heavy gilt frames. One, the famous Capt. Smith of the Isle of Shoals history, advancing with his company in a boat toward what is now called Fort Point at Newcastle, about the years 1616 to '20; the astonished Indians, in canoes, on shore; Smith's antiquated bark at anchor near Wood Island, which at that period is said to have been covered with woods and connected above water with Gerrish's island, &c.

The other, a vivid representation of Fort Constitution in its palmy days, the Light-House at its original height, and a lively sea view, at about 1830—A true picture of days when the white sail ships were flowing into the Piscataqua with their rich cargoes from foreign ports—days when Portsmouth ranked well in commerce. Such reminiscences of the past cannot fail to interest the present generation, and speak from the embalmed canvas with still greater interest to coming generations, particularly of this romantic locality. They are the works of a devoted son of old "Strawberry Bank," so called, and will tell their own story, whether in the parlor, counting-room, saloon or City hall, for either of which they are adapted.

Friends are invited to call soon and examine them whether disposed to purchase or not—at the author's Music Room, opposite the Post-office.

THOS. P. MOSES.

PORTSMOUTH, April 1874.

NH 642

Ap. 16, 1874

NH 642

Ap. 23 1874

P. 5
col 6

Daily Chron.
June 16, 1875

Art Distribution.

Mr. T. P. Moses' Art Distribution took place on Monday. The following are the prizes:

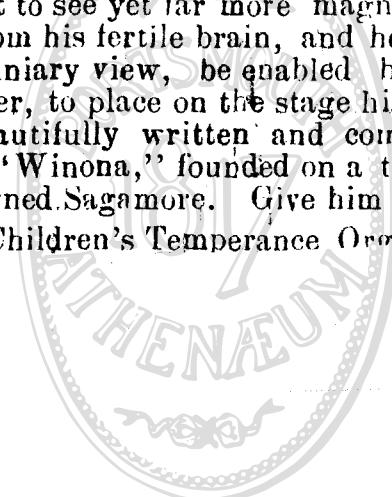
- Homeward Bound Ship, 30x40, valued at \$75, No. 181;
- Landscape, 25x33, \$35, No. 155;
- Landscape, 16x22, \$10, No. 149;
- Landscape, 16x22, \$10, No. 101;
- Marine View, "The Pilot," 18x27, \$20, No. 164;
- Yacht Race, (Isles of Shoals,) 18x27, \$20, No. 89;
- Basket of Flowers, 16x20, \$20, No. 100;
- Landscape, 9x13, \$10, No. 94.

PJ Set.

June 12,
1875

+Mr. Moses' distribution of eight fine Oil Landscape and Marine Paintings, by himself, at only one dollar a share, for his personal benefit, will positively take place at his Music Room, Saturday evening, June 12th, 1875. His works at the windows of Buzzell & Son's bookstore, and at William B. Lowd's, proclaim their own merit, like all beautiful works, and force conviction. We hope his 200 shares will all be taken up so that he will not be obliged to sing the song "Toil without recompense, rock me to sleep, mother." Let a worthy home artist and musician be sustained, and we can expect to see yet far more magnificent images from his fertile brain, and he will, in a pecuniary view, be enabled by the next winter, to place on the stage his said to be beautifully written and composed Opera of "Winona," founded on a tale of our renowned Sagamore. Give him a lift.

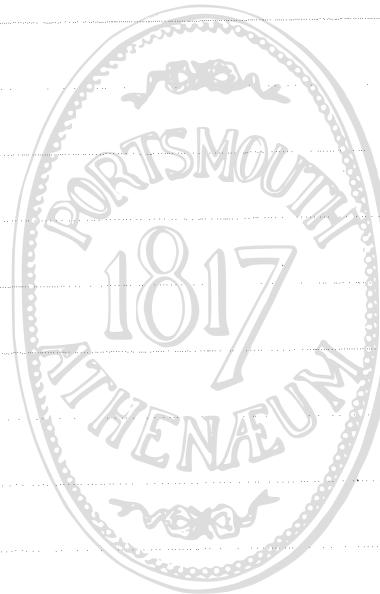
+The Children's Temperance Organiza-



Daily Chronicle.

V, SEPTEMBER 3, 1875.

• \$6 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE CENTS PER COPY.



Portsmouth Chronicle.

For the Daily Chronicle.
STRUGGLING.

Struggling for what? to overcome the pang,
Forced in the blood by wily serpent's fang—
While in the shadows and the mist of time,
Dread monsters lurk, and bandits black with crime!
Struggling to rise and keener anguish feel
Than serpent's tooth or foul assassin's steel!

Clo'e clinging to a raft, mid ocean wild,
To live another day, misfortune's child!
Shrinking in fear of one life's seething fire,
To writh the full soon on other faggot pyre!
Driving the spectres from the 'wilder'd brain,
While they deride and mocking come again!

Struggling against the river's rapid tide,
While strong nerves on the sunny shore abide,
Yet stirring not to help the wearied arm
Nor sounding for the tired one an alarm!
The swimmer sinks—and bubbles mark his way,
While cold hearts wonder at this fated day.

In y-e lone vessel driving on the shore,
The sailor struggles for his home once more,
Did I say home?—Oh, 'ibel on the boy—
He has no home to tell his grief or joy.
Even in his dream at solemn midnight hour,
Life's breakers rouse him by their fearful power.
Sty'ving with every stretch of nerve and brain—
For what? the cup of penury to drain.
While others flaunt along in haughty sheen—
Slow to obey the thorn pierced Nazarene—
"A's much as did ye good to bond or free
With motive pure ye did it unto me."

• * * * *
There are two natures struggling for their breath—
One leads to joy, one to false steps and death.
One chooses Mammon for his idiot guide,
And tails of blessing on the "other side"—
Making the life subservient to the dimes,
Risking its loss, to hear those siren chimes!
Staking the soul at toss of fieldie die,
Failing below, and losing at the sky.

Ah! weary pilgrim—look ye to the way!
Where hope points to a fairer, brighter day;
Stand by thy manhood—show a nobe goal,
Which gold can never taint, nor vice control.
Be thus the struggle for a worthy breath,
And boldly claim proud victory over death.

THOS. P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, August, 1875.

The Temple shows, in its new internal decorations, that Mr. John W. Stavers, the proprietor, has not been idle during the past season. In addition to neat and tasteful paper upon the walls and ceiling, the painting of the seats, and other changes from the heretofore primitive aspect of the auditorium, Mr. Stavers has added largely to the scenic arrangements in a great variety of new and well-selected scenery, which will be as highly appreciated by future audiences as by managers of dramatic companies who visit Portsmouth. The Temple now seems in fine order. Its acoustic properties are acknowledged to be superior to most of the public halls of the kind in the country, and with its more attractive appearance, it will doubtless be in demand more than ever. Mr. Stavers is constantly studying the comforts and convenience of the patrons of the Temple, and the noticeable change for the better, made since spring, shows that he is fully cognizant of the wants of exhibitors as well as auditors, in a public hall of this kind.

P2
A prominent member of the rifle club of

Daily Sun

Times

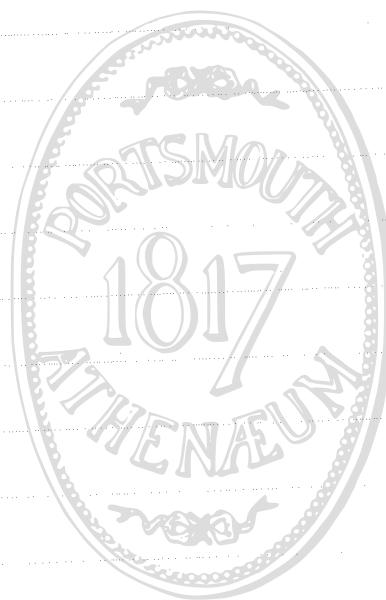
Sept 27, 1871

Mr. Thomas P. Moses has accepted a call
to take charge of the department of music
and painting in a high school in South
Carolina.

Mr. — public debates on topics of general

3
v
N

Oct 1
1875



Daily Chron

Oct 1 1875

Mr. Thos. P. Moses of this city has received a flattering call from South Carolina to take charge of the department of music and painting in a High School, and has signified his acceptance, and will at once proceed to make all necessary preparations to be at the post of his duties there early in December next.



SPECIAL SALE

— OF —

**Two Large and Elaborate Oil Paintings,
3½ x 4½ FEET CANVASS.**

No. 1. Brilliant Marine View on the Piscataqua, at sunrise, looking down river from the northern end of **Noble's Bridge**, embracing a part of Badger's Island, the Navy Yard, St. John's Church, etc.

No. 2. Mid-Summer Scene on the Boquet River, New York; group of cattle refreshing themselves in the stream, beneath a large elm, etc.

I offer them below their real value, being desirous to obtain by the sale, a part of the means for an outfit and passage to South Carolina, where I have promised to be in December, as teacher of music and painting in a High School.

The paintings are now on free exhibition for a few days, at studio opposite the Post Office.

THOS. P. MOSES.

My Favorite Flute For Sale!

THIS Flute was made in Paris, to the order of a great Flutist, at the cost of \$100. The great player subsequently met with pecuniary embarrassment and sold it as a sacrifice to Capt. Moses Ricker of the ship Colorado, then at Havre. I bought it of Capt. R. for \$60. The Flute has eight pure and solid silver keys, and one more, on a lower extra joint. It is lined and bound with genuine silver; and is of very sweet tone. Circumstances in a pecuniary view induce me to offer it for sale at only \$30.

THOS. P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, Nov. 22, 1875.

*Badger's Island
23 75*

Dec. 20th

— 23+24 only

Daily Chron.

Dec. 2, 1875

Directly
below
See Sale
ad for
the Carol

My Favorite Flute For Sale!

THIS Flute was made in Paris, to the order of a great Flutist, at the cost of \$100. The great player subsequently met with pecuniary embarrassment and sold it as a sacrifice to Capt. Moses Kicker of the ship Colorado, then at Havre. I bought it of Capt. R. for \$60. The Flute has eight pure and solid silver keys, and one more, on a lower extra joint. It is lined and bound with genuine silver; and is of very sweet tone. Circumstances in a pecuniary view induce me to offer it for sale at only \$30.

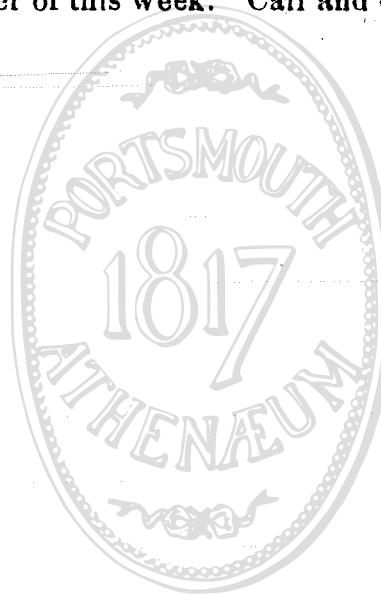
THOS. P. MOSES.

Portsmouth, Nov. 22, 1875.



The attention of the public is called to the excellent marine painting by Mr. Thomas P. Moses, now on exhibition at the bookstore of J. H. Foster. The subject, a local one, is finely treated, and commends itself to our citizens who desire to preserve historical sketches of this lovely city. This is Mr. Moses' *chef d'œuvre* and deserves more than passing notice. It will remain in the present location only during the remainder of this week. Call and examine it.

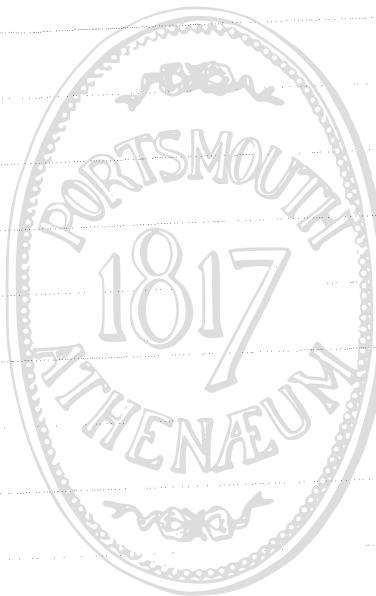
Daily Chron
p 3
Dec. 8, 1875



Daily Eve
Times
Dec 8, 1875

Dec 8, 1875

✓ Thomas P. Moses placed on exhibition at Foster's bookstore yesterday, a beautiful marine view, considered one of the smoothest and best of his works. It is worthy the most critical examination. Mr. Moses will leave for Charleston, S. C., in about two weeks, where he is engaged as permanent music teacher in one of the seminaries there.



NH6A2

Jan 6, 1876

P3 Col 3-4

MARRIED.

AMEE—JOHNSON. In this city, Dec. 30, by Rev. W. H. Alden, D. D., Mr. Nathan F. Amee and Miss Susie A. Johnson, daughter of Frank B. Johnson, Esq. The CHRONICLE office is under obligations for a donation o wedding cake, and wishes the happy couple success and prosperity.

WEBSTER—BRACKETT. In this city, Jan. 2, by Rev. John A. Goss, Mr. Daniel Webster and Mrs. Hannah A. Brackett, both of Portsmouth.

MOSES—FRANKLIN. In Boston, Jan. 4th, at the Adams House, by Rev. Dr. Shippen, Thomas P. Moses, Esq., to Miss Ellen M. Franklin, daughter of Mr. Frederick A. Franklin, all of Portsmouth. ~~Mr. carus.~~

advantage

look the position assigned to them.

The "very sudden" marriage of our well known musical and artistic townsman, Mr

T. P. Moses, in Boston, which is announced under the connubial head this morning, is the most unexpected event thus far of the new leap year, we doubt not. The happy couple started for South Carolina on the 5th inst., where Mr. Moses has a professional engagement, and where the many friends he "left behind him" will wish him all joy and success in his new social and business relations. *O, tempora! O, Moses!*

PORTSMOUTH ART UNION.

Two Elegant Oil Paintings

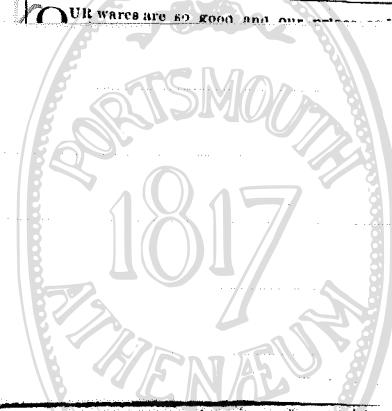
IN RICH GILT FRAMES, 5x4 FEET EACH.

One a *Marine View* of Piscataqua River, Navy
Yard, etc.; the other a *Landscape and Cattle Scene*—
to be disposed of in

SHARES AT \$1 EACH,

for the benefit of the artist, Mr. T. P. MOSES, at the
PICTURE AND FRAMING STORE OF

J. B. BURLEIGH, -- 58 Congress Street



Dearly Chon

Feb 11, 1876

PORTSMOUTH ART UNION

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J. B. BURLEIGH, 58 Congress St.

PJ

Feb 12 + 19
1876

P3

Two elegant oil paintings are to be had at \$1 each, at J. B. Burleigh's picture and framing emporium. The large marine painting of Piscataqua river is pronounced the finest specimen of art ever executed in Portsmouth; and the frame is very rich and heavy. See the advertisement, and the paintings.

PJ Feb 12,
1876

The large and valuable oil paintings of the Portsmouth Art Union will be awarded to ticket holders, at Mr. Burleigh's picture store on Congress street, Saturday evening, March 4th.

Daily Chron
Mar. 3, 1876

The two large oil paintings disposed of in shares for the benefit of Mr. T. P. Moses, the artist, were on Saturday evening awarded to the shareholders in the Portsmouth Art Union, by a committee chosen by and from said shareholders, consisting of Messrs. Jas. B. Dennett, Freeman H. Burleigh, Shirley B. Cunningham and Wm. Bush. Ticket No. 113 took the Landscape, and No. 126 the Marine painting;—holders of which lucky numbers will receive their awards at Mr. J. R. Burleigh's Picture Store, on presentation.

Mr. Edwards the Piano Tuner

—At the drawing of the Portsmouth A. A. Union, March 5th, ticket No. 126 took the Marine painting, and 113 the Landscape. The committee of award were J. B. Dennett, Wm. Bush, F. H. Burleigh and S. B. Cunningham.

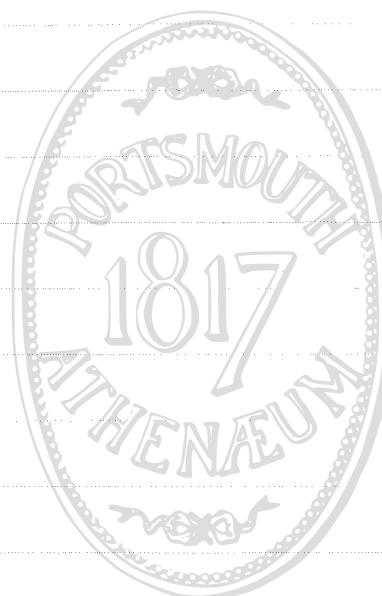
Daily Chron
March 5
1876

PJ
March 11, 1876

DIED.

In this city, November 22, Thomas P. Moses,
aged 73 years.
In this city, November 22, Aaron Akerman.
In Eliot, Maine, November 21st, Hannah Cutts,
aged 83 years.
In Cambridgeport, Mass., November 21st, Joseph
Whidden, aged 71 years.

Daily Eve
Times
Nov 22
1881



THOMAS PALMER MOSES.

Thomas P. Moses, poet, painter and musician, who was especially prominent in musical circles in this city forty years ago, died on the morning of Nov. 22d, of consumption.

He was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Trott) Moses, and was born in this city. When about sixteen years old he went to sea, and made several trips—to New Orleans, the West Indies, and other places. In 1832 he commenced taking lessons on the organ and piano, and in 1834 was appointed organist at the South Parish; from that time forward he devoted himself to music, and for many years was a popular teacher, the vocal concerts given by his classes being noted events in the amusement world. In 1849 a book by Mr. Moses, entitled "Leisure Thoughts, in prose and verse," was published by Samuel A. Badger; Mr. Moses also painted considerable; but music was his profession.

A few years prior to the rebellion he went to Marietta, S. C., as teacher of music and painting in a large seminary, and for a time prospered well; but the war destroyed his business and his immediate prospects, and after its close he returned to Portsmouth, and again took up his profession here. But a new generation had arisen, and younger men had taken the place he once occupied; and in January, 1876, he again went to South Carolina, from which place he returned about the middle of last summer, to die.

No one ever loved a home more ardently than did Mr. Moses his native city—its quaint houses, the beautiful drives and walks in the suburbs, the forests, and the noble Piscataqua. Especially did he delight in the river, and never wearied of extolling its beauties; he was a good boat-sailor, and from early manhood up to the time of his last departure from home his favorite recreation was a trip up or down the river, and often far out to sea, with a good boat, a fresh breeze and a selected party of friends; and when he felt himself drawing toward his end his most earnestly-expressed wish, next to the desire of once again greeting the friends of his youth, was that he might th live to take one more sail upon his beloved river—a hope that he did not fully give up until a few days before his death—and at last find a resting-place near its murmuring waters.

He married on the 4th of January, 1876, Miss Ellen M. Franklin, daughter of Mr. Frederick A. Franklin of this city, who survives him.

P. M. Chron
Nov 23 1881

PR Nov 29 1881

Around Home.

— We record this week the death of three well known Portsmouth men. Messrs. Aaron Akerman and Thomas P. Moses in this city, and Joseph Whidden in Cambridgeport, Mass. Mr. Akerman has always resided here, learning first the trade of a tin-plate and sheet iron worker, with the late Jonathan Morrison, then carrying on the grocery business for many years, and finally, until his death, for a period of about ten years, superintending the business of the Portsmouth Gas Light Co. He was held in high esteem by his friends, neighbors and the entire community. He has been patiently suffering for some years with the painful and troublesome sickness which has proved fatal. Mr. Moses is better known to those who were active here a quarter century or more ago, when in the prime of life he was a prominent musician in this city. His versatile genius turned its attention of late years to painting, in which department of art he was to a good degree successful. He also possessed considerable literary taste, — the readers of the *Journal* will remember his many poetical contributions as *Alphonzo*, and his productions were published in book form under the title of "Leisure Thoughts," about thirty years ago. He removed to South Carolina with his wife in 1876, but adverse circumstances reduced him, and he returned a few months since to die in his well beloved native place.

In the light of what the *Globe* manu-