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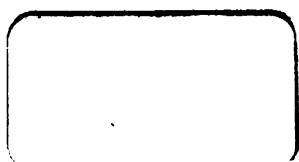
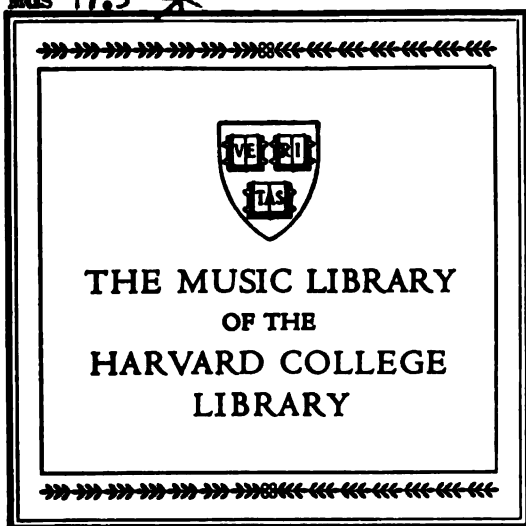
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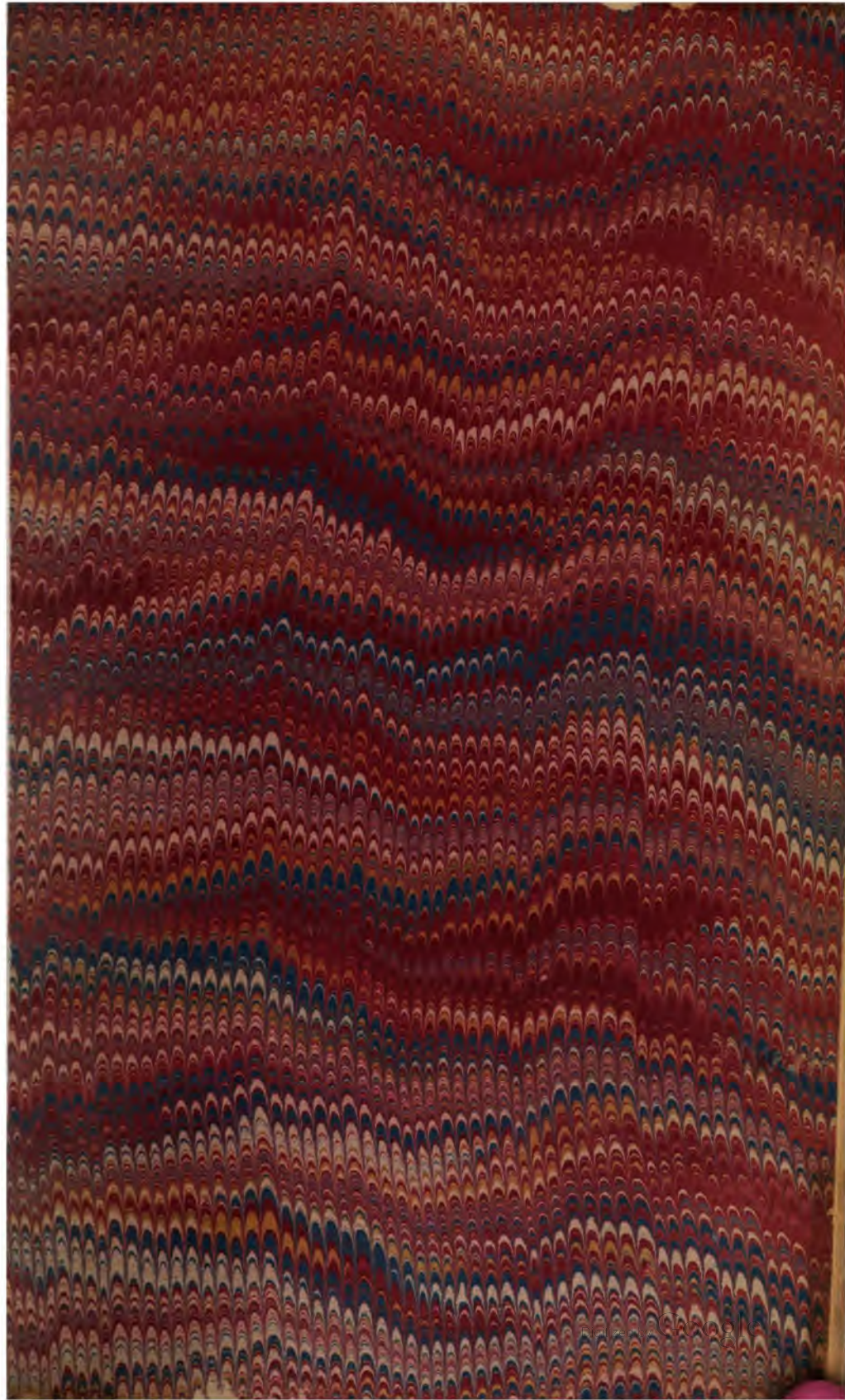


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# CONTENTS

OF

No. XXIX.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I. "Tell me where is Fancy bred" .....	1
II. Of the application of Passages or Divisions to Music .....	3
III. Oriental Music .....	18
IV. On the Structure of Vocal Passages .....	28
V. Analysis of Martini's History .....	31
VI. Memoir of Pellegrini .....	48
VII. A Word or Two on the Flute, by N. W. James .....	53
VIII. New Sonatas .....	64
IX. Hummel's Trio .....	66
X. Tulou's Giovinetto Cavalier .....	68
XI. New Lessons .....	69
XII. Grand Fantasia and Variations on "Au clair de la lune;" by J. Moscheles. New Edition .....	70
XIII. New Lessons .....	71
XIV. New Lessons .....	72
XV. A Companion to the Piano Forte Primer, containing the Ru- diments of Fingering, exemplified in a series of Exercises, with explanations of the manner in which they are to be played, and remarks on the mode of practising in general, intended to assist the Student in the absence of the Master; by J. F. Burrowes .....	73
XVI. New Piano Forte Lessons .....	74
XVII. A Selection of popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop; the Words by Thos. Moore, Esq. Fifth Number .....	75
XVIII. The Bee, a Duet for two Trebles, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp; the Poetry from Rogers's Pleasures of Memory; the Music by Wm. H. Callcott	
2. Canst thou forget the silent Tears, a Ballad; the Poetry translated from Camoens, by Lord Viscount Strangford; the Music by Wm. H. Callcott	
3. The Last Man, a Scena; the Poetry by Thos. Campbell, Esq. the Music by Wm. H. Callcott .....	81
XIX. He stood at the Foot of that Sacred Hill; Words by John Bowring, Esq. Music by Joseph De Pinna .....	82
XX. Oberon, or the Elf King's Oath, a popular Romantic and Fairy Opera; the Poetry by J. R. Planché, Esq. composed and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Carl Maria Von Weber. Parts 1, 2, & 3 .....	84
XXI. Hummel's New Lessons .....	101

## CONTENTS.

ARTICLE	PAGE
XXII. Fantasia & grand Variations on the Jager Chorus, by J. Cohan	
2. Llwyn On, or the Ash Grove, with Variations for the Piano Forte, by Signor Ramon Carnicier .....	103
XXIII. Introduction and March from Ricciardo e Zoraidé, for the Piano Forte, by Mrs. Miles .....	104
XXIV. Italian Songs .....	104
XXV. The Juvenile Band, composed and arranged for the early Practise of Playing in Concert, by Rolphino Lacy and John Green	
2. Nos. 1 and 2 of a Series of Preparatory Exercises for the Piano Forte, by J. C. Clifton	
3. Introductory Preludes and Progressive Lessons for the Piano Forte, on admired Airs, adapted by J. de Pinna .....	105
XXVI. Etudes pour le Piano Forte, par Aloise Schmitt. Op.16. 3 parts	105
XXVII. The Fitzwilliam Music, being a collection of Sacred Pieces selected from Manuscripts of Italian Composers in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Now for the first time published, by permission of the University of Cambridge, by Vincent Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy .....	107
XXVIII. New Lessons .....	113
XXIX. New Lessons .....	114
XXX. Barnett's Songs .....	115
XXXI. The Battle of Hohenlinden; the Words by Thos. Campbell, Esq. the Music by Charles E. Horn	
2. Go little fragrant blooming Rose; Ballad, composed by Chas. E. Horn	
3. I've been roaming; a Cavatina, by Chas. E. Horn .....	116
XXXII. Appendix to Nicholson's Preceptive Lessons, consisting of an entirely new course of Exercises or Capriccios for the Flute, with a Piano Forte Accompaniment; the whole fingered with the greatest care according to the Author's mode of practice, and peculiarly adapted for the study and improvement of every Amateur who is ambitious of excelling on the Instrument .....	117
XXXIII. The Sisters; Duet, composed by T. Cooke	
2. Love's Wrangle, a Madrigal for three Voices, composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.	
3. The Rose and the Lily; Trio, by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc.	118
XXXIV. New Ballads .....	118
XXXV. She sung, but afraid of her own sweet Voice, a Song, written by Daniel Weir, Esq. the Music composed by F.W.Crouch	
2. The Tear, a Ballad; the Music by J. F. Klose	
3. O! touch that Harp, a Cavatina, composed by J. Blewitt ..	119
XXXVI. Journal Hebdomadaire, or Weekly Journal of the latest and most admired Vocal and Piano Forte Music, by the most eminent foreign Composers, forming an agreeable assemblage of short, pleasing, and not difficult compositions ....	120
XXXVII. Funeral of the Baron Von Weber .....	121

# CONTENTS

OF

No. XXX.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I. Sketch of the State of Music in London—August, 1826 .....	131
King's Theatre .....	131
Covent Garden Theatre .....	139
Drury Lane Theatre .....	140
Miss Johnson .....	141
The Oratorios .....	141
Concerts Spirituels .....	147
Ancient Concert .....	148
Philharmonic Society .....	157
Royal Academic Concerts .....	166
Vauxhall .....	175
Benefit Concerts .....	176
Private Music .....	178
II. The Eisteddvod in London .....	185
III. On the Possibility of Perfect Harmony .....	186
IV. On the Music of the Persians .....	190
V. Notte tremenda, Recit. e Caro suono lusinghier, Romanza, as sung by the celebrated Signor Velluti, at Verona and Flo- rence, in the Opera of Tebaldo e Isalina; composed by Sig. Morlacchi .....	199
VI. A Collection of Glees, Trios, Rounds, and Canons, composed by T. F. Walmisley, Organist of St. Martin in the Fields	
2. Glees for Three and Four Voices, composed by J. Jolly, Or- ganist of St. Phillip's Chapel, Regent Street .....	208
VII. Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, newly adapted for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello; by Muzio Clementi	
2. Beethoven's Grand Symphonies, arranged for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello; by J. N. Hummel. Nos. 1 & 2 .....	213
VIII. "When shall we three meet again," an admired Air, composed by Mr. Horsley, arranged as a Rondo, with an introductory Prelude, by F. Ries	
2. "The Streamlet," an admired Air, composed by Mr. Shield, arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by F. Ries. .	235
IX. Introduction and Rondo for the Piano Forte; the subject from Dr. Arnold's Air, "When the hollow drum," composed by Thomas Adams	
2. Introduction and brilliant Rondo, composed for the Piano Forte, by E. Solis	
3. The Wilderness Sylph, a Divertisement for the Piano Forte, by P. Antony Corri .....	236

## CONTENTS.

ARTICLE	PAGE
X. Third Air, with Variations for the Violin, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra or Piano Forte, by C. de Beriot. New Edition .....	237
XL. "L'imagination du moment," Grand Fantasia for the Harp, on the Romance in Tebaldo ed Isolina, by N. C. Bochsa	
2. Sixth Divertimento for the Harp, by T. P. Meyer .....	337
XII. Piano Forte Lessons .....	238
XIII. L'ultimo, a Divertimento for the Piano Forte on Rossini's Air of Riedi al soglio, by D. Bruguier	
2. "Come under my Plaidy," with Introduction and Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. Powell	
3. A Tyrolese Air, with Variations for the Piano Forte, by H. E. Roshyel	
4. The Erl King, by Dr. Callcott, arranged for two performers on the Piano Forte, by W. H. Callcott	
5. "You Gentlemen of England," arranged for two performers on the Piano Forte, by W. H. Callcott .....	239
XIV. Buy a Broom, the admired Air sung by Miss Love, at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall; the Poetry by J. R. Planché, Esq. the Music by Henry R. Bishop .....	240
XV. "The Farmer and the Two unfortunate Game Cocks," a Comic Trio; the Words and Music by Bantam Fowler, Esq. of Henley .....	240
XVI. Grand Sonata à Quatre Mains pour le Piano Forte, dediée à Monsieur Onslow, par Fred. Kalkbrenner. ....	241
XVII. The Overture and the whole of the Music in Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp, a Fairy Opera, in three acts, composed by Henry R. Bishop, Composer to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Academy of Music.....	242
XVIII. Six Spanish Airs, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by C. M. Sola	
2. Six French Romances, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, arranged by D. Bertioli .....	252
XIX. Awake thou lute and harp, Recitative, Air and Trio. 2. Gracious is the Lord, Recitative and Air. 3. For a thousand years. All from the Oratorio of Thanksgiving, composed by Sir John Stevenson .....	252
XX. New Airs, &c. ....	253
XXI. The Overtures, Recitatives, Airs, and Duets, in the serious Opera of Artaxerxes, composed by Dr. Arne, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, arranged from the original scores by J. Addison. In this edition are added the Quartet "Mild as the moon-beams," composed by Braham, and the accompanied Recitative and grand Finale composed by Henry R. Bishop .....	254
XXII. Arrangements .....	255
XXIII. Musical Festivals .....	257



# CONTENTS

OF

No. XXXII.

ARTICLE	PAGE
I. Dr. Hodges on the Improvement of Organs .....	391
II. The French and English Opera .....	400
III. Foreign Instruction and English Judgment .....	405
IV. Management of Musical Festivals .....	421
V. Musical Properties of Languages, from the French of Chatillon..	445
VI. Ferdinand Franck .....	453
VII. Evenings in Greece—First Evening; the Poetry by Thos. Moore, Esq. the Music composed and selected by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore.....	468
VIII. Recollections of Ireland, a grand Fantasia, on the Groves of Blarney, Garry Owen, and St. Patrick's Day, for the Piano Forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments, by J. Moscheles....	476
IX. Grand Quatuor en Partition pour deux Violons, Alto et Violoncelle, composé e dédié à Son Altesse Monseigneur le Prince Nicholas de Galikin, &c. par Louis von Beethoven. Oeuv. 127 .....	480
X. Lays and Legends of the Rhine; the Poetry by J. R. Planché; the Music by Henry R. Bishop, Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Academy of Music .....	484
XI. Kalkbrenner's New Works .....	492
XII. Flute Music .....	497
XIII. Piano Forte Lessons .....	499
XIV. Oh why not relieve, Song, composed by Signor de Begnis; the words by Eugenius Roche Esq.	
2. The Pretty Flower Girl, by the same authors .....	500
XV. Third Series of Twelve Fantasias or Exercises for the Harp, by F. Dizi	
2. Non piu andrai, with Variations, and an Introduction for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa	
3. Three new Nocturnes Concertante for the Harp and Violoncello, on favourite Themes, from the Opera of Berton, by N. C. Bochsa; three books; dedicated to Sir G. Clerk	
4. Second Series of the same, 1st book, dedicated to General Upton	
5. "My Heart is sair," with Introduction and Variations for the Harp, by T. P. Chipp	
6. The Snowdrop, a Rondo for the Sostenente Harp or Piano Forte, by Maria Hinckesmann .....	505
XVI. Pettef's Sacred Music .....	506
XVII. Masarnau's Compositions .....	511
XVIII. New Piano Forte Lessons .....	514

## CONTENTS.

ARTICLE	PAGE
<b>XIX.</b> • Questo mio cor dolente, Romanza, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by P. Verini	
2. Bolero for One or Two Voices, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by P. Verini	
3. Six Italian Ariettes, with an easy Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar; Ferdinand Carulli. In two books	
4. Philomele, Recueil d'Airs, Italiens, Francais, Espagnol, et Allemande, arrangés avec Accompagnemens progressives de Guitare, par G. H. Derwort. 23 numbers .....	515
<b>XX.</b> The Gloria Patri, Chorus from Handel, Graun, and Jubilate, composed in the year 1713, for the Peace of Utrecht; in parts	
2. Hark, Death throws its Portals open, Chorus composed for the Funeral of Frederic the Second of Prussia, by Himmel; in parts	
3. Glory, Praise, and Adoration, Motet, composed by Mozart; in parts	
4. The Arm of the Lord, Chorus, composed by Haydn—introduced into the Oratorio of Judah, composed and compiled by W. Gardiner, Esq. in parts .....	516
<b>XXI.</b> O sing, Zelinda, sing to me	
2. The Gift of Love, an admired Canzonetta.— the Music by W. Kirby	
3. Softly, softly blow ye Breezes, Ballad, composed by Richard Light	
4. When brightest Rays are beaming, written and composed by C. Cummins	
5. Since not confined to Lips that compass, Song by Richard Sharp	
6. I gave my Love a budding Rose, a Cavatina, composed by M. W. Balfé .....	518
<b>XXII.</b> Divertimento a l'Octave for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Klose	
2. Home, sweet Home, arranged with Variations by George Warne, Organist to the Temple .....	519
<b>XXIII.</b> Arrangements .....	520

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**W**E have oftentimes occasion to admire the words and the expedients composers use in setting them to music. Perhaps you and many of your readers may be as ignorant or forgetful as I was, till a conversation recalled the fact to my recollection of the turn given by Sir John Stevenson in his duet, "*Tell me where is fancy bred.*" The words are taken from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, act 3, scene 2, in which *Bassanio* chooses the casket. It is thus given in the play—

Tell me, where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

*Reply.* It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell;

I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

*All.* Ding, dong, bell.

It is called "song," but might be a duet, as Capell conjectures, but by the subsequent marginal direction "*All*" it is more likely to have been a chorus. Sir John has made it a duet. The manner in which he uses these marginal directions, "*Reply*" and "*All*," is the curious part of the story. The first word he has introduced in the shape of a demand, and makes one voice utter "*Reply, reply, reply,*" in such a form, according to the supposition of Capell. The second then resumes the answer, which I confess I could never very clearly interpret, but I suppose it means that if fancy be fed with much gazing, it expires as suddenly as it is called into birth, being surfeited in the very cradle (the eyes) where it was born. Sir J. has also interpolated the words, "I will ring it," after the last line but one.

I have only one more remark to make. The duet is written for soprano and base, but it is much more effective when sung by female voices, soprano and contralto—*probatum est*.

Why do not our composers employ their talents in writing duets? Nothing is more, if so much wanted.

Is it possible to produce to English words such passionate dialogues as "*Parto ti lascio*," "*Amare e, amar tacendo*," "*Ah se puoi cosi lasciarmi*," or "*Amor possente nome?*" "*Haste my Nannette*" and "*Thyrsis when he left me*" are sweetly pastoral, and have some traits of deep feeling—" *Together let us range the fields*" is elegant to a high degree, and also in a measure passionate—Moore's "*Farewell Theresa*" is exquisite in its kind, and Bishop's "*As it fell upon a day*" and "*On a day*" are sweet light compositions. But none of these, Mr. Moore's excepted, combine so perfectly as the Italian, power and depth of feeling and expression.\* The English certainly can and do feel and admire these the attributes of Italian composition, though not probably to the same extent as Italians. This being granted, and also that many of our English composers have shewn that they study and understand the beauties of the Italian models, how happens it that the combinations of passionate languor and passionate exclamation, which constitute the *volupté* that captivates us so much in Italian compositions, are so seldom found in English writing?

I am, Sir, your's,

AN ENQUIRER.

---

\* The same intensity of feeling reigns in Mr. Horsley's glee, "*By Celia's arbour*."

## OF THE APPLICATION OF PASSAGES OR DIVISIONS TO EXPRESSION.

---

### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**T**HE language of musical expression as spoken by melody consists of many phrases, the most complicated of which are those combinations of notes, which are called passages or divisions. It is indeed very curious to trace the same disposition to under-rate the most novel attainments of all times, almost from the very earliest age of music. These still continue to afford a constant theme for disputation, for these constitute what is considered to be the subsidiary or ornamental part of vocal art.—When men complain that this composer or that singer is too florid, they say no more than that he uses more of these passages than they consider to be either essential or useful to expression. Some contend that passages of this nature convey no meaning at all, others that they confound all sense by a multiplicity of notes—some call them embroidery, some tinsel, some graces, while some on the contrary consider that the perfection of art lies in the display of this sort of invention and execution a singer is able to make. It appears to me then that it may be useful to enquire what such phrases do mean, if they have meaning at all, which I should be disposed to think they possess, from the use which *all* composers have made of them. I purpose therefore to examine how they have been employed, in what sense, so to speak, they have been used, and as I am perhaps better acquainted with English than with foreign authorities, I shall examine chiefly the usages of our English composers (including Handel under the denomination) from Purcell downwards, for till his time, it is

pretty nearly agreed, that we had no music expressive of the passions. I shall also take occasion to illustrate the progress of ornamental style by occasional digressions to the practice of great singers of whatever country, and if I succeed in any degree in this my first investigation, I may be induced to extend my enquiry amongst the Italian composers, who certainly have carried the florid song to the furthest, and seem now disposed, by their applause and approbation of Rossini and his followers, to try the utmost limits to which it can go. I am the rather inclined to follow this course, because we are really incompetent judges of the language of passion adopted by the natives of other countries. We know and feel what awakens certain trains of sentiment, emotions, and passions in our breasts, but we cannot with equal accuracy determine the effects of all these combinations, which proceed first from physical organization, next from education and association, and lastly from manners, upon livelier or more sluggish temperaments than our own. The native of Russia and the native of Italy have different feelings, and a language and manner of expressing those feelings as totally different to ours as to each other, and the same reasoning applies to every land and every clime. This truth holds with greater force in regard to music, which springs from and adapts itself to the constitution of the hearer, and is thus formed by various and varying circumstances. It is of our own music as applied to our own poetry then that we can speak with the greatest chance of accuracy.

I have explained that my purpose is to begin with Purcell—and to this intent, I have gone carefully through the two volumes of his *Orpheus Britannicus*, and extracted every word upon which he has placed a division. I do not so term three or four notes, though such groups strictly speaking do not belong to syllabic melody. Such phrases seem to me to form a genus intermediate between syllabic and melismatic. They vary and enliven it is true, but they are only the slightest words of the language of divisions. These therefore I have wholly passed over, in order to come at once to the more general points.

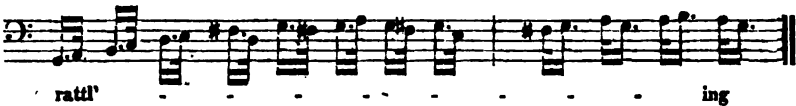
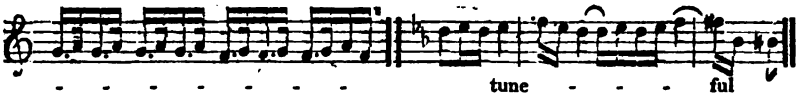
It might I think with safety have been predicated, that so early a writer as Purcell would be very careful in the selection of the words upon which to place divisions, and accordingly so I have found him. There are very few instances which may not as it

seems to me be reduced to a theory—a principle—borne out by his usage as well as by the nature of effect. This theory is indeed only that of all musical composition—the echo of sound to sense. But although his use of divisions will frequently appear very crude and even contradictory at first, there is little, it will be found on reflection, that is not justified by the principle and power of the art—viz. to raise definite emotions, either by its physical and direct operation, or by just analogies. What constitutes these analogies is now so generally apprehended, that I need not explain this part of the subject further than to say, that time has enlarged the sphere of association in the same proportions as it has extended the range of fancy and of knowledge and the varied connection of images with sensations. I may however premise that loud and soft, grave and acute, rapid or slow sounds, which accord with and at last come to represent certain objects either of sense or reflexion, are not now the only properties of music employed to raise emotions; there are also certain progressions which indicate natural objects and mark intellectual trains. Examples of the former are to be found in Purcell, but we must chiefly have recourse to Haydn for them, who has gone furthest in descriptive music. Handel's command of the affections is unquestionably the greatest of all the composers that ever lived, and particularly of those which are the most sublime, though he has applied, and sometimes very beautifully, the properties of sound to description of material things. The principles however are universally the same, and it is only the enlargement of the sphere of our knowledge that has increased the range of the imagination. The superior technical attainments of musicians and the improvement of instruments must not be omitted among the causes which have contributed to the extension of these analogies. Neither are they the least powerful. This said, I shall proceed to such a classification as the facts seem to me to warrant.

The first and most obvious species is that where the sense of the word stands in a direct relation with the sound of a division; such for instance are the words—"sung, move, flies, circle, slide, twisted, round, hastes, warbling, tuneful, tingling, sound, rattling, roaring, swift, hasten, eager, inconstant, turn, rove, wander, rolling, run, wild, thunder, lightning, shaking, rebound, down,

chase, free, shining, mounting, trembling, dazzling." Other words may be classed under the same head, though their signification is not quite so absolutely imported; these are—"racks, longer, noise, plough, pants, spread, conjure."

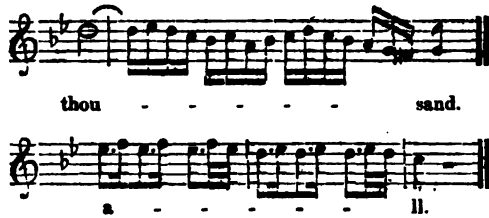
## EXAMPLES.



2. Purcell seems to consider that the multiplication of notes conveys comprehensiveness and extension, as on the words "thousand, all, ethereal, groves."

\* Like Handel's "murmuring," in "*Heart the soul*," *Acis and Galatea*.





3. He expresses sorrow and tenderness, often very beautifully, by the protraction a division slowly executed bestows. He places passages therefore on "ah, oh, wound, drooping, toils, dies, melting, sighed, grieve, sad, cold, gloomy, pangs." On the contrary he considers that pleasure is imaged by the variety, and employs such phrases as "gay, pleasing, sweeter, pleasures, joy, music, blooming, save, happiness, laugh, charming, sprightly, deck, glad, blessing, chearful, captivates, sweet, gentle, brighter, amorous." The difference here is not so much in the notation as in the time. Grief of course is expressed by slow sounds—joy by quick. Passages indicating the former have however more distance between the intervals, and a far greater sameness generally than the latter.

\*Ah - - - - - me. melting - - - - - ing.

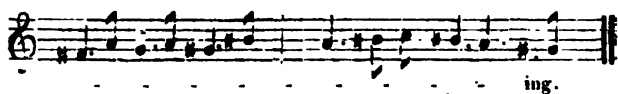
gay - - - - - joy

cheer

ful. char - - - - - ms - the

sense and cap - - - - - ti vates. pleas - - - - -

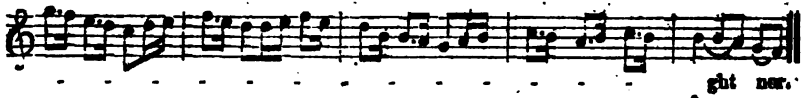
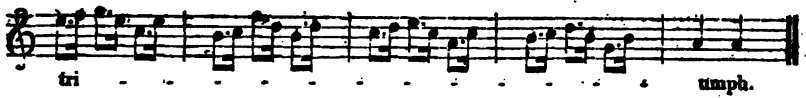
\* See also "*Let the dreadful engines,*" wherein are two most expressive divisions on the word *Ah*.



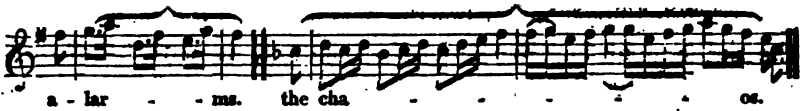
We find divisions used for exultation—as on “conquests, celebrate, rejoice, renowned, noble, heroic, divine, bold.” This is obviously drawn from the elevation which divisions are wont to inspire by the power they seem to imply, and accordingly Purcell uses them to express

5. “Power, glory, victorious, triumph, great, dare, mighty, strike, war, gigantic, storm, fatal, arms, fierce, ambition, majesty, strong, flames, fight.” They also ascend oftener than they descend, as more illustrative of the exaltation of mind these passions produce.





6. Distraction, dissention, and disorder, (but for these we shall shew he uses wider intervals) as on "discord, alarms, anger, passions, tempests, sinful, fury, rage, chaos, rancour, tormenting, strife, tears (to tear.)"



These, with a very few additions, and which are so anomalous that we cannot class them, "Philosophers, contagion, bore, food, resolve, first, silence, gave and freeze" are all the words used with divisions in the Orpheus Britannicus. "Talk, sing,

music, sound, and harmony" may be considered to echo to the sound.

sou - nds. sou - nds. sou - nds. com - pose. sin - gers.

Even from this inspection of one of the early masters of song, it seems difficult to determine what class of ideas and emotions is not to be expressed or heightened by the employment of melismatic melody; and perhaps it may be best to avoid entering deeper into this question till we have examined the practice of great composers a little further. Suffice it for the present, that we consider the nature of the divisions employed by Purcell.

In the first place we must have regard to the time in which the pieces were played, and from the passages themselves, as well as the subsequent improvement of execution, it will be obvious enough that neither the instrumentalists or singers of that day had arrived at any thing like the facility they now possess. Taking this allowance with us we may then say, that the most complicated of Purcell's divisions is scarcely equal to the easiest to be found in modern songs of execution. If so, we need no longer be at a loss to account for the complaints against florid singing, which were vented in those days as in ours, and which indeed have accompanied the progression of song from the very beginnings of vocal art. In every case the estimate has relation to the state of the science and the practice; and as the gradual developement of the powers of singers and the additions they made to the ornamental

parts, outstripped the general judgment founded on the former state of things, so they who had formed their taste in the elder school, and who probably found themselves unequal to the novel difficulties imposed by the example of their juniors, would necessarily from education, habit, association, and deficient ability, condemn what they did not feel in the same way, nor could achieve in the same manner as their younger and better-trained competitors. Such we conceive to be the true solution of that continuous disposition to "lament the weakness of these latter times," which has gone on from age to age, applying to all alike, because arising out of the laws which govern the faculties of the human mind. But to return from this short digression to the main object of our enquiry. The divisions of Purcell demonstrate little beyond the very infancy of this contrivance to vary the syllabic construction of melody. We doubt whether the quickest of these were performed with half the velocity of modern execution. Generally speaking, a division is composed of groups of the same description, or if the series be interrupted at all, it is by the regular return of notes of the same value and kind as in the examples on the words *gay, arm, &c.* Another property of this composer's passages is, that the compass is short: we seldom find any above or below the staff. We ought perhaps to except those he wrote for a base voice, for which he seems to have delighted to compose, and which he tasked at the same time both with execution and expression—a proof of the advancement of the bases in those days beyond the other species. Again, the intervals which succeed each other chiefly lie close together, and are rarely broken into arpeggio. To speak generally, we shall perceive the analogy between the word and the division to be much more complete than at present, as we have explained in the classification we have made of the words; but more particular detail may perhaps be necessary to make the philosophy of his combinations clearly understood. Upon such words as imply number, he contents himself with multiplying notes—upon sounds that imply elevation of spirit, "joy, gay, war," &c. &c. his passages rise in the scale—upon such words as "round, twisted," &c. it will be seen that the notes perform parts of circles as it were—"fly," and ideas of such a class, are generally depicted by a succession of directly ascending notes—"compose," by a descending passage, with interrup-

tions of longer sounds and regular return. "Triumph" is also marked by strong and regular accentuation.

Such I consider to be the properties of the melismatic parts of Purcell's compositions, and there are some of them not to be exceeded in beauty and fitness of expression by any modern improvements. I shall at once instance the song of "*Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,*" which has some fine specimens, and several of the airs in his music to the Tempest—"Arise ye subterranean winds"—"*While these pass o'er the deep,*" and "*Halcyon days.*"

We may now quit Purcell and come down to a period a little later. But in order to keep up the chain of connection, here it is that I must deviate somewhat from the course I first prescribed to myself. Though the singers of the intermediate time between Purcell and Handel, whom I shall consider for our present purpose as an English composer, were chiefly English, yet almost the only compositions worth notice (except for the church) were those of foreign masters. Mrs. Tofts and Mrs. Lindsey were amongst the best, and Dr. Burney has given specimens of the divisions written by A. Scarlatti, and Marc Antonio Bononcini (about 1710), which were sung by these the great sopranos of that time. Two of these will shew that the manner of Purcell had not been much improved upon at that time.

The image displays four staves of musical notation, likely a vocal line, in G major. The notes are written in a style characteristic of the early 18th century. The lyrics are: "too just-ly too to a traitor leave me." The first staff contains the words "too" and "just-". The second staff contains "ly too". The third staff contains "to a trait-". The fourth staff contains "tor leave me." The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some longer notes and rests, creating a melismatic effect.

The Italians, who seem always to have led the way, soon after produced passages wherein the intervals lie at wider distances,

and the set successions of similar groups were more interrupted. I should account for this not only by the superior facility which the constant encouragement and practice of music in Italy, but by the warmer imagination and more vehement declamation in use amongst the sensitive natives of that pure and animating climate. I shall cite two which Dr. Burney has given in proof of the fact I state.



It is to be remembered that these passages were sung by Senesino,\* an artificial soprano; and this will account for the limited compass. The other divisions, printed by the learned Doctor, appear to have nothing more in them than that they extended the principle of the earlier a little, and a very little further.

We might however, but for the sake of tracing in a sort the progress of invention, have spared these citations, for it should seem that in *Vespasiano*, an opera produced by Attilio Ariosti in 1721, all Senesino's powers of execution were tried and exhausted in a single air, "*Ah traditore.*" We shall therefore quote two of the most difficult passages, which will at least shew how far the singer then most in repute could go, if they fail to demonstrate what the meaning or motives of the author might have been. In truth it may be most commonly taken for granted, particularly at and from this period, that the powers of the singer were consulted and displayed rather than the judgment of the composer. It therefore may be assumed, as a natural and just inference, that this judgment was exercised in the invention, position, and applica-

\* He "had a very fine even-toned voice, but of rather a narrow compass; some called it a mezzo soprano, others a contralto; it was nevertheless wonderfully flexible; besides this he was a graceful actor, and in the pronunciation of recitative had not his fellow in Europe. — *Hawkins*, vol. 5, p. 217.

tion of the melismatic portions rather than upon the propriety of them. The taste most certainly "grew with their growth."

mor - ta

le.

mille par

ti.

Here let it be observed we have nearly for the first time arpeggio passages, in addition to groups of successive intervals.

But difficulties in divisions appear to have multiplied nearly if not quite to as great an excess as at present, on the arrival of Farinelli in England, a competent proof that it was the facility of the singer and not the will of the composer that led the way. Very few modern songs can present such complicated execution, requiring both delicacy and facility, as those which we shall now cite. The greatest difference between these and modern passages lie in the extended compass of the latter, and which arises from the nature of the voices for which they are written. It should seem also that Farinelli was celebrated for the brilliancy of his shake, an ornament which has apparently fallen into disrepute amongst Italians.\* In a song which he sung in Artaxerxes by

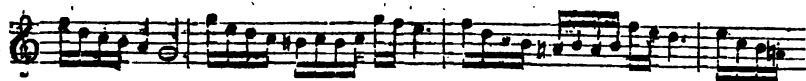
\* Velluti uses the shake oftener than any singer of the first class we have heard for many years. Indeed in spite of all that has been said and written about his florid manner, I cannot consider him as a florid singer. His style is more perfectly that of the greatest schools than any singer we have heard since Crescentini and Pacchierotti. It is certainly more devoted to passionate expression. His ornaments are remarkable rather for their curious and original structure, and for their adaptation to the passion, than for their abundance. Velluti's manner is plain and simple compared to that of others we could name.



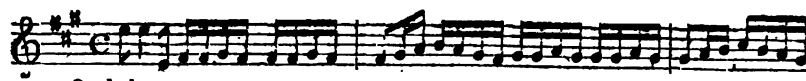
Riccardo Broschi, "*Son qual nave*," and which is printed by Dr. Burney,\* almost every species of difficulty is introduced—as the following passages will demonstrate.



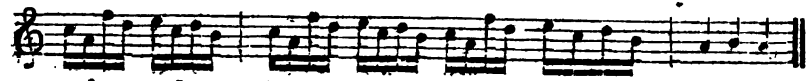
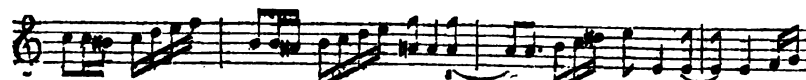
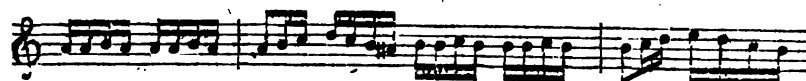
As - pettera



As pet te ra.



Qual che speran-



21.

\* History of Music, vol. 4, page 439.

The image displays four staves of musical notation. The first staff starts with the word "mar-" and contains several trills marked "tr". The second staff continues with more trills and melodic lines. The third and fourth staves show dense sixteenth-note passages.

Such was the ability of this surprising singer,\* who it may be said brought all the facility and the powers of the voice to a per-

\* It may not be out of place here to give a short account of the vocal power of this extraordinary man, which I shall cite from the historian above named. Indeed his moral conduct and the height to which he rose in the Court of Spain well deserve that a more complete biography of him than any that has yet appeared should be collected. "No vocal performer of the present century has been more unanimously allowed by professional critics, as well as general celebrity, to have been gifted with a voice of such uncommon power, sweetness, extent, and agility, as Carlo Broschi detto Farinelli. Nicolini, Senesino, and Carestini gratified the eye as much by the dignity, grace, and propriety of their action and deportment, as the ear by the judicious use of a few notes within the limits of a small compass of voice; but Farinelli without the assistance of significant gestures or graceful attitudes, enchanted and astonished his hearers by the force, extent, and mellifluous tones of the mere organ, when he had nothing to execute, articulate, or express. But though during the time of his singing he was as motionless as a statue, his voice was so active that no intervals were too close, too wide, or too rapid for his execution. It seems as if the composers of these times were unable to invent passages sufficiently difficult to display his powers; or the orchestras to accompany him in many of those which had been composed for his peculiar talent. And yet, so great were his forbearance and delicacy, that he was never known, while he was in England, to exclaim, or manifest discontent at the inability of the band, or mistakes of individuals by whom he was accompanied. He was so judicious in proportioning the force of his voice to the space through which it was to pass to the ears of his audience, that in a small theatre at Venice, though it was then most powerful, one of the managers of the opera complained that he did not sufficiently exert himself—'let me then,' says Farinelli, 'have a larger theatre, or I shall lose my reputation, without your being a gainer by it.'

"On his arrival here, at the first private rehearsal at Cuzzoni's apartments, Lord Cooper, then the principal manager of the opera under Porpora, observing that the band did not follow him, but were all gaping with wonder, as if

fection beyond which it is equally hard to imagine they have since passed, as it is to understand how vocal art should have arrived at its limits at the age he lived in, or at any point of time. But whether we consider the nature of the passages he executed, the expression of his songs, or the admiration with which he was received and the effects he is recorded to have produced, that Farinelli did reach the very acme of attainment seems to be placed beyond the possibility of doubt.

Here then I shall break off, but with a promise of renewing the philosophical part and in truth the real object of my enquiry—the structure and application of divisions to the language of musical expression by English composers—in another letter. Handel and Arne will present the next subjects for examination.

I am, your's,

M.

thunder-struck, desired them to be attentive; when they all confessed that they were unable to keep pace with him: having not only been disabled by astonishment, but overpowered by his talents. This band was small, consisting only of Carbonelli, Mich. Christ. Festing, Valentine Snow, afterwards serjeant-trumpet, and Mr. Vezau, a dancing-master, who was likewise a steady and excellent concert-player on the violin, and constantly employed whenever Carbonelli or Festing was the leader: it was from this worthy man that I had this anecdote.

“There was none of all Farinelli's excellencies by which he so far surpassed all other singers, and astonished the public, as his *mezza di voce*, or swell; which, by the natural formation of his lungs, and artificial œconomy of breath, he was able to protract to such a length as to excite incredulity even in those who heard him; who, though unable to detect the artifice, imagined him to have had the latent help of some instrument by which the tone was continued, while he renewed his powers by respiration.

“Of his execution the musical reader will be enabled to judge by a view of the most difficult divisions of his bravura songs. Of his taste and embellishments we shall now be able to form but an imperfect idea, even if they had been preserved in writing, as mere notes would only shew his invention and science, without enabling us to discover that expression and neatness which rendered his execution so perfect and surprising. Of his shake, great use seems to have been made in the melodies and divisions assigned to him; and his taste and fancy in varying passages were thought by his cotemporaries inexhaustible.”

## ORIENTAL MUSIC.

*Continuation of Essay the 1st (on the Music of the Hindus.)*

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As I have now stated my belief that the opinion of Sir W. Jones respecting the superiority of the principles of Hindu music was founded rather upon a more favourable construction and regard for the literature and general history of art in India, than any real conviction of his mind, and having confirmed this belief by adducing such arguments and facts as may tend to support it, I shall proceed to notice what has been said by various writers upon the music of this people, to give an account of some curious remains of sculpture, which seem to prove beyond a doubt, that the natives of India were at some former period acquainted with a variety of musical instruments which are in use amongst us at the present day, and to enliven this part of my Essay with a few anecdotes of the present musicians in India, drawn from the able and excellent works of one of the most superior writers on that country, who to the endowments of education, mind, and fortune, has added a spirit of research, of literary feeling, and unmitigated industry upon every subject that has fallen under his notice, that would do honour to any age or country; I need scarcely say I allude to Sir John Malcome. Conjectures have been formed by many literary men who have turned their attention to the investigation of the primitive state of the arts in India, that the music of the Hindus was at some former period much superior to the present practise. In a letter from Francis Fowke, Esq. to Sir W. Jones,\* giving an account of an Hindu instrument, called the Been,† he says in

\* In the Asiatic Researches.

† Perhaps to those who are curious in such matters, it may not be uninteresting to notice what is said of this instrument, which, from the description seems to have been similar in its construction to our Spanish guitar. "The style of music on this instrument is in general that of great execution; I could hardly ever discover any regular air or subject. The music seems to consist of a number of detached passages, some very regular in their ascent and descent,

concluding, "were there any other circumstances respecting the Indian music, which led to the supposition that it has at some period been much superior to the present practice, the style, scale, and antiquity of this instrument would, I think, greatly confirm the supposition."\* With this opinion I should be disposed to agree, for so long back as the reign of Claudius, the commerce of Rome with India, which was very extensive, must have introduced many specimens of their music and musical instruments, and might have improved their style. ("There was an annual fleet established by Augustus for commercial purposes, which sailed from Alexandria. The stock invested by the Romans in this branch of trade, amounted to £403,000 of our money, and they calculated their profit on the voyage at 100 per cent." See *Indian Register*, No. 7.) It may perhaps be said, that in endeavouring to trace the state of the art of music up to a remote period, in such a country as India, we are wandering uselessly in the field of conjecture, without any clue to guide us to a competent knowledge where so small an assistance is derived from history, and where in factoral tradition, mixed up with so great a portion of fabulous matter, seems the only existing and most fallacious mode

and those that are played softly, are both uncommon and pleasing. The open wires are struck from time to time in a manner that I think prepare the ear for a change in the modulation, to which the uncommonly full and fine tones of these notes greatly contribute; but the ear is *always disappointed*."

\* This supposition is further strengthened by other writers, who seem to entertain no doubt of the existence of a highly polished state of society. "The most probable hypothesis, as it appears to us, is, that so well supported by Heeren and other learned writers, that a highly cultivated race once inhabited the regions to the North of India, who spread themselves in different directions, carrying with them religion and civilization. According to Klaproth, in his '*Asia Polyglotta*,' this people whom he denominates Ind-Germans, formed a white race, and mingled themselves in different countries with the aborigines, and acquired the supremacy over them. They descended from two lofty mountain ranges, the Himalaya and Caucasus, at two distant points. The first branch spread themselves over India, and mingled with the dark-coloured original inhabitants, communicating to them their language, and gradually acquiring their hue; the other peopled Persia, and spread itself still farther to the West; whilst a division of the first took its direction to the North and North-west, towards the Northern parts of Europe, and then formed the great nation of the Goths. This opinion receives a strong confirmation from the circumstance of the marked difference in colour and countenance between the Pariahs of India and the three superior castes—a difference, as Heeren observes, as great and striking as that between the Spanish Creoles and the native Peruvians." (See *Monthly Review* for March, 1826, p. 267.)

of tracing it; this is true to a certain extent, but not so much so as to prevent our perseverance in endeavouring to find the foot-path of knowledge. In various early writers many scattered notices are found which throw a faint light upon the "dark obscure," and enable us to collect a few particulars as to the former state of music, although not sufficient to determine to what extent it was carried. In a collection of Voyages and Travels, collected for the library of Lord Oxford, there is one, entitled "A true and almost incredible report of an Englishman, that being cast away in the good ship called the Ascension, in Cambaya, the farthest part of the East Indies, travelled by land through many unknown kingdoms," &c. &c.—by Capt. Corvette, 1607–8; which contains many curious particulars of the people amongst whom he was thrown, and what is to our purpose here, contains a passage clearly describing the existence of the ancient violin. He arrives at Buckar, "standing on an island in a gallant fresh river," where dwelt a people called the Bullochies, "*men-caters*," and worshippers of the sun. The adjoining country of the Puttans was little better; for they met the travellers *with fiddles in their hands*, as if to welcome them, yet robbed and nearly murdered them.\* In an account of Penang, given by Wilkinson, in his "Sketches of China," it appears that the inhabitants cultivate a species of extempore song, rudely imitative of the art of improvising so well known in Italy. "Upon entering one of their boats you immediately become a subject for their panegyric and eulogium, and every part of your dress is severally described and sung in chorus by the sable songsters in their savage polacca, which although possessing more discord than harmony, has a kind of melancholic dissonancy not altogether displeasing to the ear."

In the island of Ceylon, Music appears to have been greatly cultivated, if we may judge by the number and form of their instruments. "Music† appears to have been formerly cultivated in Ceylon, and reduced in principles. There are pieces of music to be seen in regular notes in some of the old books, in the Pali tongue. The ancients had seven notes, called sa, ri, ga, me, pa, de, ni. The gamut was termed *Septa Souere*; there was no

\* See the Asiatic Journal for June, 1823, page 560 to 63.

† See Asiatic Researches, vol. 7, p. 436.

particular sign for these notes, each of them being formed of as many letters as were necessary for their pronunciation. It is very probable that this gamut answers exactly to ours, consequently this would be the way that the beginning of an old minuet, known to all the world, would be written in singalese music—pa, ni, ri, pa, ri, sa, ni, de, pa, pa, pa, pa, pa, pa. But as their music in notes has been almost entirely forgotten, I have not been able to discover how they used to distinguish the half tones, the crochets, measures, &c. &c. I have heard that there are two or three persons in Candy who still understand their music by note. But I hope yet to be able to collect something that may give an insight into the ancient music of the Singalese. It is in all probability the same as that of the Indians of the Continent. Nothing can be more unpleasant than the Singalese airs, whether sung or played on either kinds of their guitars. Their trumpet produces the most annoying sound I ever heard, yet they are fond of it to distraction; they consecrate it to the temples and to the King. Its name its hoveneyv—their horn called kombone, is as unpleasant as the former. They have a kind of hautboy, that is not quite as insupportable as their other instruments, and which might perhaps, in the hands of a skilful player, be made to give some pleasing tones—it is termed *valayé*. They have four species of drums; the first *daoul* is long and narrow; they beat it with a curved stick, called *daoul kadipone*, and use only their left hand to it. The *tammetam* is a kind of kettle, covered with a skin on the top, and beat with an instrument called *kaddipow*. The *rabani* is nearly similar to our timbrel, but it has no bells. They slide the fingers of the right hand on it, and hold it with the left; women play on it also. They place it on the ground, and three or four together beat it in time for many hours together without being in time (?) The *odikie* is the best of all their drums, and is certainly capable of producing a good effect in a piece of music: it is very narrow considering its length. The two extremities of it are tied by cat-gut strings to the belt on which the instrument hangs—this belt goes over the shoulder. They squeeze the drum occasionally with the left elbow, and strike it with their right hand. The pressure on the instrument, by striking it more or less, makes it produce different tones. The *tammetam* is used in the feasts of the great, and always precedes them in their jour-

neys. It is a necessary part of the music to be played before the temple, morning and evening ; in fine, it is an essentially necessary instrument upon all occasions, that attract the attention and consideration of the public. The rabani is more adapted for the feasts of friends. The daoul is used at all times ; but the odikie is the instrument of the men of taste. A player on it is consequently paid more liberally than those on the daoul or tammetam. The Singalese are very fond of hearing songs. A great man (when travelling) has often one singer before and another behind his palanquin. They each in their turn sing stanzas of an intermediate length, as it happens at times that the singer, animated by the subject, gives some verses extempore. The songs are either religious, in which case they extol the virtues of Boudhou and other gods—or they are historical, and then they praise the virtuous actions of some of their kings or relate a love adventure. In all cases the air of the songs is mournful. I have never heard what may be called gay music among the Singalese, and I think it would be very difficult to put any into note,\* for the measure is incessantly changing, and the movement remaining the same, always slow—it is what is generally called the andante.”

In some account of the sculptures at Mahabalipatam, by Mr. Goldingham,† he notices an excavation, “now used and I suppose originally intended as a shelter for travellers. A scene of sculpture fronts the entrance, said to represent Crishna attending the herds of Ananda. One of the group represents a man diverting an infant by playing on a flute, and holding the instrument as we do.” The great drum (nagra) also seems to have been well known, for in an account of the pagoda at Perwuttum, amongst the groupes of figures sculptured are ‡ “two camels represented, with a person on each, beating the nagra or great drum.” § No

\* Nothing can more clearly prove the deterioration of this people's music than the circumstance mentioned in the first part of this letter, that “pieces of music are to be seen in some old books, in regular notes,” coupled with the avowal, that according to the present practice, “it would be difficult to put any into note;” certain it is, that the Hindoos, whatever advantages they may otherwise have obtained, do not appear to have greatly improved in musical art by an intercourse with Europeans.

† *Asiatic Researches*, vol. 5.

‡ *Ibid.*, page 313.

§ Dr. Burney was of opinion that the ancients had not the long cylindrical drum, such as is now used in our armies. He says “all the antique drums were of the tambour de basque form.” This opinion will seem to be erroneous,



date is given, or even hinted at, as to the time when these sculptures were produced, but they are certainly considered by the oriental antiquaries as ancient as any other remain throughout the country. Sir W. Jones, in his Catalogue of Manuscripts, deposited in the library of the Royal Society, gives us the names of some treatises in the Hindustanee language, which of course have never been translated.

No. 29. *Sangita Narayana*—a treatise on music and dancing.

In Chinese.—112. *Ragà Darpana*—a treatise on Hindu music.

113. *Párijatka*—ditto.

114. *Hazar Dharpad*—a treatise on vocal music.

115. *Shams ul áswát*—the sum of sounds, a treatise on Hindu music.

Should any of these manuscripts ever be printed to gratify the eyes of the curious, in an English dress, considerable light might be thrown upon the present clouded knowledge we can hope to obtain of the music of Hindustan.

Enough has been said to shew that music has formerly been cultivated by these Asiatics. I shall therefore proceed now to notice what is said by Sir John Malcolm (to whose excellent work I have before alluded) upon their music and musicians of the present time, which will be deemed interesting by those who like to trace a similarity of manners in the Eastern nations, and to observe how nearly the native actors of India approach in imagination, ingenuity, and drollery, to some of our theatrical representations.

if we are to imagine this pagoda to be ancient. At least it proves, beyond a doubt, that at some period the inhabitants of India were acquainted with and used the great drum, probably in their sacrificial or warlike processions, the former of which seems indicated by the above notice. Since this note was written, a strong confirmation has been given to my opinion by a perusal of the History of the East Indies, from the French of L'Abbe Guyon. Speaking of the religious ceremonies of the Indians, he says, "in their grand solemnities they made processions, wherein they displayed, in honour of the god whose festival they celebrated, every thing their country produced which was curious and valuable.—A great number of elephants marched in front, loaded with ornaments of gold and silver—a great many chariots adorned with plates of gold, and oxen coupled together by the yoke. The soldiers came afterwards, clothed in a magnificent and extraordinary manner, carrying large gilded kettles, basins, cups, tables and couches, for their repasts: these implements were adorned with beryls, diamonds, rubies, carbuncles, or pearls. Some led along leopards or tame lions, and others carried birds of many different kinds, whose song, together with the fife and drum, compose *all the music* used by those nations at their festivals."

“Dancing girls are the luxury of large towns, but every cluster of villages in Central India have attached to them (living in huts or tents) men and women of the Nutt or Bamallee tribes.\* The former are tumblers or rope dancers; the latter are jugglers. Both of them have rude musicians and minstrels, and it is their music and songs which form the common entertainment of the peasantry. The villages are also frequently visited by drolls and strolling players; many of the latter are very clever. The subject of the satire of the plays or rather farces which they represent, is as often their mythological fables as the measures of their earthly rulers and governors. The figure of the demi-god Hanooman, with his monkey face; Ganesa, with his elephant head and portly belly, are brought on the stage, to the great entertainment of the spectators. The incarnation of the Hindu Deities is a common topic with these players, and the frisking of the figure of a large fish, which represents one of the principal incarnations of Vishnu, always excites bursts of applause. The Raja, his Dewan (minister), and all the ministers of his court, are frequent objects of ridicule with the actors of central India—but what gives most delight to the peasant, is a play in which the scenes that he is familiar with are represented. The new manager or rector of a district for instance, is exhibited on the stage, with his whole train of officers and attendants—every air of consequence is assumed by the new superior, every form of office is ostensibly displayed, the potailst and villagers are alternately threatened and cajoled, till they succeed in pacifying the great man, by agreeing to his terms, or by gaining one of his favorites, who appears in the back ground whispering and taking bribes.”

\* “These appear to be a kind of wandering gipsies; they profess to be Mussulmans, they acknowledge a God, and in all their hopes and fears address him, except when such address might be supposed to interfere in Tansyn’s department, a famous musician, who flourished I believe in the time of Ukbar (the Emperor Acbar), and whom they consider as their tutelary deity—consequently they look up to him for success and safety in all their professional exploits. These consist of playing on various instruments, singing, dancing, tumbling, &c. the two latter accomplishments are peculiar to the women of this sect. The notions of religion and a future state, among this vagrant race, are principally derived from their songs, which are beautifully simple; they are commonly the production of Kubeer, a poet of great fame, and who, considering the nature of his poems, deserves to be still better known.”—See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. 7, page 452.

+ Head Man, or Chief of a Village.

To judge by the following passage, some of these musicians possess an influence over the people little inferior to the ancient bards of Greece and Rome. The musicians are divided into two classes—the Chârims and Bhâts. The former appear to resemble very closely the Jougleurs\* of the 12th and 13th centuries, and the Italian Improvisatori. “Both Chârims and Bhâts boast of celestial origin; the former are divided into two tribes—the Kachilee, who are merchants, and the Maroo, who are bards. The Maroo Charims apply their skill to the genealogy of tribes and to the recital of numerous legends (usually in verse), celebrating the praises of former heroes, which it is their duty to chant to gratify the pride and rouse the emulation of their descendants.”

The Bhâts seem to be a very different and certainly a most insolent class of musicians, by what follows.—“Among the Bheehahs and lower tribes they enjoy great and exclusive influence—they give praise and fame in their songs to those who are liberal to them, while they visit those who neglect or injure them with satires, in which they usually reproach them with spurious birth and inherent meanness. Sometimes the Bhât, if very seriously offended, fixes the figure of the person he desires to degrade on a long pole, and appends to it a slipper as a mark of disgrace, in such cases the song of the Bhât records the infamy of the object of his revenge. This image usually travels the country, till the party or his friends purchase the cessation of the ridicule and curses thus entailed. It is not deemed in these countries within the power of the Prince, much less any other person, to stop a Bhât, or even punish him for such a proceeding; he is protected by the superstitious and religious awe, which, when general among a people, controul even despotism.”

The liberty of the press in England has often been mentioned as an overgrowing power in the hands of a certain factious class of writers, by the impunity it affords to satire, calumny and misrepresentation; but it is very evident that the liberty of the Bhât in his own country far exceeds this or any thing of a similar kind which we are acquainted with, excepting perhaps the ancient custom of

\* See Dr. Burney, pages 266-7, vol. 2. The similarity is more decidedly shown at page 241, where the minstrel, having displayed his talents as a musician and a man of wit, describes his dexterity at tricks and slight of hand.

burning in effigy. These Châruns and Bbâts are the only historians of the people, it appears, and upon subjects connected with the invasion or overthrow of their towns, or the oppression of their rulers, the national legends sung, or rather declaimed by these their native minstrels, assume all the ardour of those passions most likely to exist in the bosoms of the people. Speaking of the first establishment of the Mahratta power in Malwa, and the attempts that had been made to alter the religion of the natives, Sir J. Malcolm observes, "their bards and minstrels, who are their only historians, still relate the oppression and injustice which overthrow their temples, to establish the edifices of another faith, and raised a revenue on their belief, rendered as insulting as it was oppressive, by being levied on all their religious ceremonies, even to those performed on the dead. These national legends usually pass from their wrongs to a more animated strain, and record the fame of those heroes who overthrew the Mosques of the tyrants, which had been erected in spots sacred to their ancient deities, and restored the hallowed ground to that worship to which it had been so long dedicated. This theme is familiar in a degree hardly to be credited among the Hindus of Malwa, and the strength in which the feeling exists reconciles us to believe it was sufficient to make the inhabitants of this country consent to become the authors of their own ruin, in the introduction of the power of the Mahratta's, whose invasion of the country, no lesser motive, could have induced them to encourage and support.\*

Upon a review of the objects of this essay, it will be seen that although I deny the assertion of Sir W. Jones that the principles of Hindu music are *superior* to ours, yet I do not by any means contend that their knowledge of our art some centuries ago has not been extensive; I will go further, and say that from all I have read and can glean on the subject, there is no doubt in my mind that a knowledge, even of *counterpoint*, has existed among them. This I am aware is a hazardous conjecture, and will doubtless meet considerable opposition from learned musicians; but I rest my opinion upon the numerous instruments in use among them (a complete list of which I shall give at the conclusion of these essays), which are of different compass and capabi-

\* These extracts are from Sir John Malcolm's "Memoir of Central India."

lity, and likewise upon the intercourse which in former times existed between them, the Romans and Egyptians;\* and if it is conceded to me that either the Romans or the Egyptians possessed any knowledge of counterpoint (of the former I conceive this has been clearly proved by my letter on a passage in Suetonius, inserted in your Review, Vol. 6, page 28,) a strong confirmation is given to the supposition; but as in the space to which I have necessarily confined myself in these observations (which I fear some of your readers, Sir, may think already too much extended), I cannot expect to have the means of probing this part of the subject as deeply as in my mind the nature of the case deserves, I must be content to reserve what further proof I can obtain to some future opportunity, merely premising that like a true sportsman who has once started his game, I shall not quit the field until I have run it down.

In conclusion I may be allowed to observe, that as architecture, sculpture, painting, and even poetry, we are informed, were carried to an astonishing perfection in India, why should not music have had its share in the consideration of a people who have left behind them such surprising monuments of ingenuity and labour as the pagodas at Perwuttum† and Wone‡—the temple of Boro Budor in Java—and the cave of Baug?§ The arts and sciences generally go hand in hand amongst the nations who have cherished them, and until the contrary is proved to us, we may conclude that the art of music, so natural an amusement, obtaining in every other quarter of the globe, has been equally cultivated by the Hindus.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly, F. W. H.

P. S.—My next essay will contain observations on the music of the Persians.

\* “The resemblance between the religious and political institutions of Egypt and India is so great, that it leads to the necessary inference of some close connection between the two countries. The supposition of a colony from India having arrived in Ethiopia will present itself to almost every mind as the most simple method of accounting for it. Egypt, it is well known, sent several colonies into Greece, and thus the religious dogmas of India may have made their way into that country.”—See *Monthly Review for March, 1825, p. 267.*

† See the different papers relating to these remains in the *Asiatic Researches.*

‡ See Captain Dangerfield's account of this pagoda, in “*The Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society,*” vol. 2, page 203.

§ See the same Author, page 194, on the panch pandoo or caves near Baug, which were never before visited by any European.

## ON THE STRUCTURE OF VOCAL PASSAGES.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE very able correspondent, who has addressed you under the title of "*The Musical Student*," in his third essay has said\* "If the intonation of the natural or diatonic scale is difficult, much more so are those modifications of it, which constitute the other genera; and it is on this account, perhaps, that when they are attempted at any length, even by eminent singers, they appear alien to the nature of the voice, and never fail to displease all persons of real taste. If these chromatic and enharmonic modifications of the most simple and natural scale are often unpleasant when heard in melody, they become still more unpleasant when they are heard in those combinations of melodies which form *harmony*. We, therefore, seldom meet with them in the greatest and purest vocal writers; and when they do occur, they are managed with a degree of care and circumspection which proves the sense those authors had of the difficulty they imposed on their performers." When I first read this remark I was forcibly struck with its truth, and at the same time with the contrast it exhibits to the practice of the present schools, particularly the German school of composition. Not long since I happened to be present, when a professor whose accuracy of ear is not less extraordinary than her knowledge of art, was trying the duet in Mayerbeer's "*Il Crociato*," with a young student, which begins "*Ravisa qual alma*," &c. Upon coming to a certain passage she exclaimed to her companion, "You sing that passage out of tune." This was denied. It was tried again—again it was pronounced to be out of tune, and I was appealed to. It struck me that the whole was dreadfully discordant, and that the passage was exceedingly awkward, but I could

\* Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 3, pages 3 and 4.

not positively decide that the intonation was faulty. The melody was then sung by itself, and though it seemed just what I have described, still it was not out of tune. It was again connected with the harmony, when the same disagreeable effect was produced upon the hearer. I shall now transcribe the passage.

nuo - - - va ca - te - - na ptepa - - ra al nio pie.

I believe, Sir, there is no absolute standard or limit to which we can appeal in respect to harmonic combinations, but what the ear will or can not bear. But it is particularly hard upon the poor singer, who is to suffer the discredit of singing out of tune for the sake of enabling the composer to try such experiments. In this instance there is not only the harmony but the crude melody, which I cannot think even the vehemence and bitterness of the passion will justify.

The Musical Student has given examples from Haydn's masses, where voices are employed in this injudicious manner, according with the theory laid down. My instance differs from his only in the fact that even a single voice cannot be employed upon such passages and accompanied by such harmonies, without entirely destroying the end of vocal music, and risking at the same time the reputation of the singer. How far the ear and the judgment may hereafter be tutored or indurated I will not pretend to decide, but I must venture to say that science goes too far when the effects are rendered so very doubtful, to speak in very measured terms of them.

People are apt to quote "the German school" as authority in these cases. Now, Sir, who and what constitute the German school of vocal music?—Graun, Haydn, and Mozart, of the elder time, and their masses and operas; Weber, Spohr, and Mayerbeer, and cum multis aliis of the present day. The former were all studious of melody, and if melody be not the property that has

altogether preserved their compositions, melody it is that has made them popular. And if we consider the texture of Weber's work that is to give him eternal fame, the immortal part will be found in the beautiful melody, and as much as in the imaginative combinations of the overture to "*Der Freischütz*. Of the vocal parts much is even now generally pronounced not to be vocal.

The taste for such passages as the one I quote is like that vitiation of the palate, which is wrought by chewing tobacco or eating olives. It is use reconciling us to disagreeable viands, not nature delighting in those which are pleasant in themselves. But Sir, I am wandering into extraneous matters, when I only meant to claim for the singer that care which his art and his powers alike require, and that he should not be subjected to the charge of singing out of tune by the construction of passages which confuse the ear and confound the judgment even of the most practised auditors. And for what?

Your's, &c.

T.

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## ANALYSIS OF THE "STORIA DELLA MUSICA" OF THE PADRE GIAMBATTISTA MARTINI.

**T**HE History of Music by the Padre Martini, in its present form is but little known, except to musical antiquarians, nor is it likely to attract much notice beyond their circle; for although it is not of a very distant date, yet its unfinished state and the subjects which it embraces render it now apparently so useless, as to induce but little examination. It is impossible however that a man of such profound erudition and research as the Padre Martini could have laboured during the entire period of his long life without elucidating facts worthy of attention, and making various remarks worthy of preservation. But since these are enveloped in much tedious though learned disquisition, and his work is written in a language that is not generally understood, we have undertaken an analysis with a view to present the best parts of this history in as clear a light as possible. "No History of Music," says Dr. Burney, "has been attempted in Italy since Bontempi's in 1695, except that of Padre Martini, which has been left unfinished. This learned father began his work on so large a scale, that even though the chief part of his life seems to have been dedicated to it, only three volumes were published before his decease."\* The learned Doctor likewise observes that the Padre had intended to divide his work into five parts.

This will serve to give some idea of the extensive field entered upon by Martini, and the diffuseness of that part which is completed. The plan appears to have been, to give the history of the music of each particular age or people, followed by dissertations on the different points connected with the progress of the art during each age, or with the music of the country. The volumes published contain the History of the Music of the early Hebrews, Egyptians, and other Eastern nations, and the Greeks, each being followed by three dissertations.

From the first portion but little interest or advantage can be expected, as the attempt must be all but hopeless to establish facts relative to any thing which took place at so distant a time,

\* Burney, vol. 4, page 375.

and only by the assistance of the occasional references which are made to the topic in writings consecrated to a much more important subject. It will however at least serve to shew the immense and patient research of the learned father, and to convey some idea of the simple and apparently trifling sources from which all human knowledge springs. That which is chiefly to be admired in the style is, that he studiously avoids putting any forced construction on the references which he draws from his vast stores of erudition; these enable him to go at once to the fountain head, and although he never fails to confirm his opinions by the most weighty authority, yet his conclusions are always obvious, and without attempting to establish too much, he is generally enabled to bring a train of corresponding circumstances to bear upon the point which he wishes to determine. At present however we have not entered into the heart of the work; what we have as yet analysed is almost entirely made up of the extensive researches of the antiquarian, brought into such form as is best adapted to the preservation of as much regularity as is possible in the compilation of a history from such scattered and slight materials; and the matter, considering the importance of the work and the evident inclination of the father to leave nothing unexamined, is terse and conclusive.

#### CHAPTER I.

#### *Of Music in General.*

It is necessary to give a more complete analysis of the first chapter, perhaps, than of the subsequent ones, as it displays in some degree the plan which the Padre Martini intended to pursue. "By music," says the learned Historian, "the Ancients comprehended not only that harmony which delights the ear, as it is now generally understood, but that which is produced by the just proportions of all created things. Thus they divided universal harmony into three species, *mundane*, *human*, and *instrumental*. The first comprehended the motions of the heavenly bodies, the union of the elements, and the changes of the seasons; the second alluded to the perfect agrément of the powers of the mind, the senses, and the various parts of the body, to the order of the arts and sciences, and to the aptness of the laws of every republic and kingdom; and the third to the grateful or agreeable combination of voices and instruments.

“ This last kind of music, of which I here undertake to compile the history, having been instituted by nature, as we learn by daily experience, not only for the purpose of delighting the senses, but also for that of interesting and employing the intellect, it appears to me to be most convenient to adopt the division of the celebrated *Spagnuolo Francesco Salinas*, who divided music into three distinct species: music which is adapted to the delight of the senses alone; music which rouses and satisfies the intellect; and music which is calculated to affect both the understanding and the senses.

Music which pleases the senses alone, is that which employs merely the organ of hearing, not affecting the intellect sufficiently to create perfect ideas. Such for instance is the melody of birds, the intervals of whose voices, although not subject to any known rules of harmony, are nevertheless apparent to the mind; whence their singing may be termed *irrational*. The second species, on the contrary, addresses itself solely to the intellect. Its harmony can only be appreciated by the understanding, and not by the ear, as it does not consist in the combination of sounds, but in the proportion of numbers, which are only comprehensible by the mind.

The last species, called instrumental, is capable of affecting both the ear and the understanding; the former by the natural melody of voices and sounds, and the latter by the just and harmonious proportions of the intervals between those voices and sounds. It is in this sense that music becomes most worthy of our consideration and remark.”

The Padre then selects the division of instrumental music adopted by Quintilian as most worthy of credit, and in most general use amongst the Ancients.

Music {	The first is the Theoretical Part, which is divided into two parts:	Into Physical, which is divided into	Arithmetical & strictly Physical.
		And into Artificial, which is divided into	Harmonical, Rhythmical, Metrical.
	The second is Practical, of which there are also two divisions:	Common, which is divided into	Melody, Rhythm, Poetical.
		And Narrative, which is divided into	Organic, Odic, Critical.

*Theoretical or Speculative Music* embraces the principles, causes, properties, and effects of every kind of agreeable harmony. *Practical music*, which may likewise be termed *active*, delights the mind by adhering strictly to the principles of theory.

Theoretical music is likewise divided into *physical* and *artificial*. Physical treats of the natural causes of sound and song, first employing numbers to discover the proportions, and finally applying to the laws of nature to explain their effects; and this gives rise to *acoustics*, which signifies, relating to the ear. The *artificial* in harmony discovers the difference between consonances and dissonances, as well as between grave and acute sounds. *Rhythm* measures the different periods in vocalizing, preserving regularity with respect to time. Lastly, metre establishes the different and just disposition of unequal syllables. Practical music is sometimes *common* and sometimes *declamatory*. *Common* is divided into *melopeia*, the faculty of composing melody. *Ritmo-peia*, the faculty of forming rhythm, that is to say of composing in the measures in general use; and lastly into *poetical*, the faculty of writing poetry. *Declamatory*, and also *organic*, which is executed by the natural organs, or by artificial instruments. *Odic*, applying to dancing and to the various movements of melody and sound; and *critical*, which judges of every species of practical music.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Of Music from the Creation to the Flood.*

The sacred writings are the principal sources from which the Padre has in this, as in all the subsequent chapters relating to Hebrew music, derived his information, and thus he quotes, as St. Thomas affirms, that the first man had the science of all things imparted to him immediately from God; he consequently possessed a perfect knowledge of music as well as of other things, and that he employed it in his declarations of veneration and obedience to the supreme Being. The Padre goes on to prove, by the same means, that Jubal was the father not only of vocal or natural music, but of instrumental likewise, and that instruments were then divided, as at present, into three kinds—wind, stringed, and of percussion, as may be plainly perceived by the mention of an

instrument of each kind in the scriptures, the *lute or harp, the cymbals, and the pipe.*\*

But we must not however consider, he says, that the music over which Jubal appears to have presided had attained to the perfection to which it has since been carried, nor may the invention of the instruments here mentioned be attributed to him, but that he merely discovered the principles of that art which has ever since been practised by musicians in various ways. The Padre here gives his opinion, that Moses having been instructed by the Egyptians in arithmetic, geometry, rhythm, and medicine, so he also gained from them his knowledge in music, and that in his sacred writings he clearly proves the existence of the three different kinds of instruments before mentioned. Here follows a short history of the origin and of the different Hebrew instruments above named. The hydraulic or pneumatic organ, the principal of all wind instruments, he shews to have originated in the rustic pipes, or *syrix*, allotted by the ancients to Pan and their other rural deities; to them however the invention of the pipe was indirectly communicated by the Hebrews, by means of the sacred writings of Moses, so that the origin of the pipe, and thus the first principles of the organ, rests with them. Passing from the wind to the stringed instruments in use amongst the Hebrews, the origin of the harp, lute, and tabret, is accounted for in the following manner:—The earliest inhabitants of the earth fed on the flesh of animals, and amongst others on that of goats and lambs, the intestines of which becoming, in course of time, dried and hardened, produced, when struck, a certain sound; from this fact arose, in all probability, the invention of the harp,† lute, and tabret, as there is no certain information relative to this point in the sacred writings. The origin of instruments of per-

\* The Padre Martini, in a quotation from the 150th psalm, translates "*Praise him upon the strings and pipe,*" "*Lodatelo nelle corde e nell' organa.*" *Storia di Musica*, vol. 1, page 16.

† The invention of the lyre is related in the following manner by Vincenzo Galilei, as quoted from Apollodorus.—The Nile having once overflowed its banks and inundated all Egypt, it left, on its return to its right channel, a variety of animals dead in the fields, amongst which was a tortoise: this animal was found by Mercury, when, the flesh being consumed, there remained nothing but a few sinews and nerves, quite hardened by the sun, which, being struck by his foot, produced a sound, and with these he constructed the first lyre.

cussion is more easily traced; they were composed only of wood, metal, and the skins of animals; principally of the two latter, and as Tubal-Cain worked in brass and in iron, it is probable that Jubal may be supposed to have first observed the sound produced by the percussion of these metals in the work-shop of his brother. The inventor of the proportions of musical intervals or sounds next occupies the attention of the historian, and after quoting many learned authorities, he gives it as his opinion, in concordance with that of Mersennus and Galileo, that although the antients universally ascribed the sole discovery of this to Pythagoras, from observing the difference of sounds produced by the percussion of various metals in the work-room of a smith, yet that *the first principles* were with more probability discovered by the same means by Jubal, who was the brother of Tubal-Cain, and improved in the course of time by Pythagoras, who is known to have taken many of the laws in his philosophy from the Hebrew writings.

From this time till the Flood, the Padre finds no other mention in the sacred writings, of music, than that Enós was the first to call upon the name of the Lord, and this he considers the first introduction of music into religious rites, for by a reference to the subject in the Alexandrian Chronicles, he finds "*That these sons of Seth did according to the angels, invoking in the angels' hymn,*" which, according to Calmet, signifies that they begun to invoke the name of the Lord, that is, to recite the *hymn of the Lord*, which is *Holy, Holy, Holy*, and as (says the Padre) a hymn signifies properly both poetry and music, it proves clearly that music is here intended.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### *From the Flood to the Birth of Moses.*

In this short chapter little is found in the Scriptures relating to music. After Noah left the ark he built an altar and returned thanks to God, after the manner of the children of Seth; therefore the Padre considers it reasonable to suppose that the usual forms were observed in accompanying the sacrifice with hymns and songs. Following the progeny of Shem, the father of so many nations, the Padre stops at the 31st chapter of Genesis, where he

finds that Laban having overtaken the fugitive Jacob on the mountains of Gilead, says to him "*Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me, and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.*" This proves that the discoveries of Jubal were preserved by the descendants of Noah, and also that instruments of wind, strings, and percussion were then in use. In the 50th chapter of Genesis, Jacob is buried by his son Joseph according to the rites of the Egyptians and Hebrews, the last of whom fasted until evening, mourned publicly, celebrated and related the virtues of the dead, and lastly lamented with the voice and in funeral songs. This proves that songs were used in the funeral ceremonies of the Hebrews, and as the exact kind is here mentioned, *the Song*, Martini thinks it most natural to suppose some kind of musical proportions or intervals to have been then in use; to make this the more likely, the rites of the Egyptians were also observed, a people who were already far advanced both in useful and voluptuous arts and sciences, and music is ascertained to have been one of their pursuits, and it is most likely that the use of the voice and instruments had been much longer known to them than to the Hebrews.

## CHAPTER IV.

*From the Birth to the Death of Moses.*

This chapter commences with the observation of Moses having been instructed by the daughter of Pharaoh in all the knowledge and arts of the Egyptians, and according to *S. Clemente Alessandrino* more particularly in poetry and music. From this it passes to the passage of the Red Sea, after which miraculous escape the Hebrews break out in a song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord, "*Then sang Moses and the Children of Israel this song unto the Lord and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*" This song was accompanied by Miriam, the sister of Aaron, together with all the women. "*And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out with her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them, saying,*" &c.

On these passages the learned Padre descends largely, and endeavours to determine whether the song of the Israelites was a

*salmus canticus* or *canticus salmus*, that is whether the music of instruments preceded or followed the voices, and decides that it was the latter, as if the Scriptures are followed strictly it will be found that instruments are mentioned, but not till after the whole song has been described, and then as only used by the women; hence also the Padre deduces that the chorus of the men was followed by that of the women, and that they did not sing together with them, as some have imagined. The instruments with which these songs were accompanied are decided by Martini, in accordance with other learned authorities, to have been the antient *cymbal*, made exactly like the modern tambourine. Miriam is described in the Scriptures as taking a timbrel in her hand, and as all kinds of instruments of percussion were understood under the general name of *timbrel*, this appears to have been of a small kind, adapted to the use of females. "And all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." This word is translated by the Padre *cori*, which gives rise to a great deal of discussion. The word *chorus* had amongst the antients various significations. It was the name of a wind instrument resembling the pipe, and likewise of one similar to the *sistrum*. It was also applied to a company of dancers, and, as at present, to a large band of singers. The Padre leaves the question undecided, seeming however to consider that the expression related chiefly to the band of women who both sung and danced. The buccina or trumpet next occupies his attention. The invention of this instrument is ascribed by old writers to the Egyptian *Osiris*, who made use of it in grand sacrifices. The Hebrews derived it from the Egyptians, most probably during their long captivity, as the first mention of it in the Holy Scriptures is, at the descent of the Lord upon Mount Sinai, and the second where he says to Moses "Make thee two trumpets of silver, of a whole piece shalt thou make them, that thou mayst use them for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camp." Previous to this period, the trumpets of the Israelites appear to have been made of the horn of the ram, and accordingly the Padre distinguishes them by the name of *buccina*. Their form resembled that of the modern hunting horn, but after this time they were made of metal, and assumed a shape somewhat similar to the modern instrument. This chapter closes with remarks upon two songs or canticles of the Hebrews, the



first at the Well of Arnon, "Spring up O Well, sing ye unto it;" the second commanded by God to Moses, beginning "Give ear O ye Heavens, and I will speak," which prove the growth of the custom of introducing music into religious ceremonies.

## CHAPTER V.

*From the Death of Moses to the Reign of David.*

The allusions to music in the holy scriptures during this period are so scarce, that the Padre is obliged to pass over nearly four hundred years without comment. The first part of the chapter is occupied by a short dissertation on the difference which must have existed between the *psalm* and the *song*, as they are used in the Bible. The decision of this point is however reserved till a more convenient opportunity. A description of the Hebrew lyre and psaltery follows; they were both very much alike, being constructed in the form of a delta or triangle, the base of which, when the instrument was played upon, was placed parallel to the horizon—the sides, descending obliquely, were united vertically near the earth. On the side opposite to that next the performer was the cavity or sonorous body, from whence proceeded the strings, not exceeding ten or twelve in number; they were fastened, some at the vertex and some at the opposite side of the instrument. The difference between the lyre and psaltery consisted only in the sonorous body. In the former it was placed below, in the latter above—the strings being touched on the opposite side, either with the fingers or with a bow or plectrum.—David returning from the conquest of Goliath, met the women of the Hebrew city singing and dancing, with timbrels and sistrams. This last instrument belonged to the Egyptians, and consisted of a bar of metal, formed into an oval and terminating in a handle; this handle was on a line with some small pieces of iron, bent a little at both ends, and extending from one side of the oval to the other, and these being struck with a small metal stick, produced various sounds.

At the conclusion of this chapter the Padre refers to the various interpretations put upon parts of the Bible by different translators, which give him infinite trouble, and prevent his being always sure of his object or trusting to one particular version.

## CHAPTER VI.

*From the Reign of David to that of Solomon.*

This chapter consists almost entirely of a dissertation on the Psalms composed by David, particularly on those sung before the holy ark at its removal from the house of Abinadab, and from thence to that of Obadiah. In the description of the ceremonies practised, and the instruments used on this occasion, all the interpretations of the Bible differ in some degree, yet not so materially but they assist each other in proving that the humble David stripped himself of his royal robes, and mingled with the singers, dancing, singing, and playing; also that the instruments used must have been the trumpet, tabret, cymbals, and lyre.

It was at this time that David established a band of musicians, with a certain and regular employment in the sanctuary of the Lord, which is proved by the following quotation:

“And David spake to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers, with instruments of musick, psalteries, and harps and cymbals, sounding by lifting up the voice with joy.”\*

The learned father is so patient in research, and so anxious to arm his argument with all possible bearings on the case, that he still continues to adduce proofs as to the certainty of the Psalms of David having been accompanied by instruments. His next attempt is to prove that there was a certain species of rhythm and metre both in the poetry and music of these compositions.

There is no reason to doubt, he says, that they contained some sort of metre, not only because during the most barbarous ages no country whatever ever produced poetry which was not ornamented by some rhythm, but chiefly because, as it was composed for the pleasure of the poet as well as that of the hearer, it was necessary that it should be reduced by some measure and marked by just accentuation. Besides this, the Psalms are interspersed throughout with such sublime ideas, such vivid conception, that if they were not poetry I cannot conceive what they were. These are but poor arguments in favour of the position; one however of some weight is, the great assistance afforded by poetic rhythm and

\* See Chronicles, Book 1, chap. 15, verse 16, and following.

metre in the composition of the music with which it is accompanied, particularly when it is considered that the Hebrews were totally unacquainted with counterpoint, or any certain rules for the regulation of melody, and that it is most probable they composed the music at the moment without any previous preparation. For this supposition we have sufficient ground in the knowledge that David, when exercising his spirit of prophecy, made use of the harp as an accompaniment to his voice. If the poetry of the Psalms possessed rhythm, it stands to reason that the music was governed by rules of the same kind, as in fact the one prompts the other.

Although the Hebrews were ignorant of counterpoint, the Padre gives it as his opinion, confirmed by that of many other learned writers, that they had certain known melodies, to which could be adapted at pleasure their extemporaneous poetry; and as a proof of there having existed some regularity in the arrangement of their music, the word *Sela* occurs frequently in the Hebrew Psalms, which is equivalent to the Greek word *Diapsalma*. What this alluded to, is impossible to determine; the most general opinion, and that apparently entertained by Martini, is, that it was a sign for the cessation of the voices, and the introduction of the instruments. However this may be, the Padre suggests that any thing occurring so regularly must have been with the intention of making some division in the performance, and consequently supports his opinion of there having been some determined melody in the Psalms of the Hebrews.

The Padre enlarges still more on the subject, but adduces nothing more conclusive. He then adverts to the instruments used for the accompaniment of the Psalms, which however he finds a difficult point to determine. The Psalms were sometimes accompanied by many instruments, sometimes by one alone, and the best guide to the information he required was in the 150th Psalm, which must enumerate nearly or quite all the instruments in use at the time, though from the immense distance of the period it is impossible to discover in what way they were employed.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### *Of the Building of the Temple and the Reign of Solomon.*

At the time when David, fatigued with the dignity of his office, raised his son Solomon to an equal share of power with himself,

he begun the arduous labour of collecting materials for the erection of the temple, determined the manner of its construction, and appointed its several ministers. Amongst these not the last or least important were the musicians, both in their number and the dignity of their office. The princes of Israel, the priests and Levites, being assembled, four hundred and eighty professors were chosen, and the rest disciples, making altogether four thousand, a part being musicians, and the others (that is the Levites) singers, who were employed in all the ceremonies observed in the temple. They were divided into four-and-twenty classes, each class being alternately employed for a week. The singers, and those who played upon the cymbals, psaltery, harp, &c. were placed on the east side of the altar, whilst the trumpets were blown by the priests. This solemn pomp was strictly observed by Solomon, particularly in the dedication of the temple, and it appears that he considered music not only as a proper aid in religious ceremonies, but as an agreeable art, for he is particularly mentioned in holy writ as being "wiser than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol,"\* who were all singers; and it appears that women were admitted amongst the singers in the temple, as we find that Eman had three sons and three daughters who sung in the temple of the Lord, under the direction of their father. Even chorusses of children were employed in the more magnificent ceremonies. The Padre has adduced many proofs of these two circumstances, which it is not necessary for us to bring forward, as his object was to refute the opinion that women were not allowed in the temple, principally adopted by the Padre Lamy.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### *Of the Reign of Solomon, to the Destruction and Rebuilding of the Temple.*

This is a short chapter, yet it discloses one curious custom amongst the Hebrews: this is, the use of music for the inspiration of prophets. "And Elisha said, but now bring me a minstrel, and it came to pass when the minstrel played that the hand of the

\* 1 Kings, iv. 31.

Lord came upon him.”\* This is the first time that such a circumstance is mentioned in the Bible, but it is upon so important an occasion that it leaves no room to doubt the frequency of the practice. The Padre also here proves the custom of the musicians being placed in the front of the armies of Israel.—“And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed singers unto the Lord, and that should praise the beauty of holiness as they went out before the army, and to say Praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever.”† The learned historian laments that after music having been raised to so high a rank in the estimation of the Israelites, that it should have so decayed, when about 370 years after the victory of Jehosaphat over the Moabites, it fell at the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple, into the hands of the Babylonians. That the art did not entirely perish is obvious from this passage—“The singers, the children of Asaph, a hundred and twenty-eight;”‡ but that it languished cruelly is to be learned from the beautiful commencement of psalm 136—“By the waters of Babylon,” &c. This also, with various other authorities, proves that many psalms were composed and sung by the Hebrews on the banks of the Euphrates, to implore the mercy of the Lord, although the verse quoted above from Ezra, shews that on their liberation by Cyrus, and the rebuilding of the temple, there were no longer a sufficient number of musicians to perform its sacred offices with their original splendour, as then 4000 were employed, and now only 128 remained. Nevertheless music was not discontinued in the temple; even at its foundation it was employed, as will be seen by referring to the third chapter of Ezra, verses 10 & 11, which add likewise an additional proof of *alternate chorusses*.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Of Hebrew Music, at Feasts, Funerals, and in the Vintage.*

The power which music exercises over the human mind is easily to be recognized from the assistance which it lends towards the expression of the strongest and most opposite of the passions—such as joy and grief. Of this assistance we have a certain testimony in the proofs which exist of its having been the custom of the most antient and barbarous nations to introduce music at their

\* 2 Kings, iii. 15.    † 2 Chron. xx. 21.    ‡ Ezra, ii. 41.

feasts and their funerals. This judicious and true remark opens the 9th chapter of Martini, and he goes on to state that the Hebrews also made use of music at feasts, by quotations from Scripture, amongst which is the following—"And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts."\* The following passage likewise attests the use of music at funerals—"And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and people making a noise, He said unto them, Give place, for the maid is not dead but sleepeth."† To the minstrels were added mourners, as is proved by the works of the Rabbis and by the Talmud. Psalms were likewise sung, and David is supposed to have composed a funereal song at the death of Saul and Jonathan. But the vintage was the principal season for rejoicing with the Hebrews, and music was then most required. The Padre supposes, with most other interpreters, that the 8th, 80th, and 83d psalms, were composed by David expressly for the purpose of being sung at the time of the vintage.

Various have been the interpretations of the word *Gittith*, which is prefixed to these psalms: that of the first interpreters of the Bible was however a *wine-press*, to which translation the Padre inclines, as the most rational; besides which the cheerful and lively character of the psalms seem to warrant this idea of their particular purpose, and the Padre classes them accordingly.—This chapter concludes the history of the early Hebrew music, which, as it will be perceived, is founded chiefly on those parts of the sacred writings—few indeed—which bear a reference to its progress. From the immense erudition of the Padre Martini, he must have possessed vast stores from whence to draw materials for this history; nevertheless so scanty must the records necessarily be of the events of a newly-discovered art at such a distance of time, that even his invincible labour and research are insufficient to produce scarcely anything beyond mere assertion as to the more intricate details of its cultivation and progress.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### *Of the Music of the Chaldeans and the other Eastern Nations.*

After lamenting the insufficiency of his materials and the paucity of early records, the Padre turns to the music of the Babylonian,

\* Isaiah, v. 12.

† Matthew, ix. 23, 24.

and he fixes upon the following passage in Daniel,\* as calling for an explanation of two instruments never before mentioned:—“That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship,” &c. These two are the dulcimer and sackbut. The latin name (obviously however derived from the Greek) for the former is *symphonia*, which word has been interpreted in various ways. It would be superfluous to enumerate the different descriptions given of it as an instrument. The Padre discards this opinion entirely, and is inclined to understand *symphonia* as signifying the united music of the instruments previously enumerated. In support of this opinion he quotes a verse from the parable of the *Prodigal Son*, where the same word is used to denote *music*—“Et cum veniret et appropinquaret domi audivit symphoniam et chorum.”† This in the Syriac version is translated, “Audivit vocem concentus multorum”—and in the Arabic, “Et audisses voces consonas”—and this concordance, together with the many different conjectures as to the form of the *symphonia* as an instrument, the Padre thinks a sufficient reason for concluding that it signified a concert of instruments or voices.

With regard to the sackbut (*sambuca*) the same variety of opinion prevails—but the Padre adhering to that of St. Jerome, and some others of authority, describes it as a wind instrument, formed of the root of a tree, and played upon by stops like a flute. The possession of these two instruments, together with the reference of several passages in the sacred writings to the subject, are sufficient proofs of the cultivation of music amongst the Babylonians, and the Padre naturally supposes that as this people were every where celebrated for luxury and splendour, their music partook of the same character: amongst other nations also it was not neglected, and new instruments were invented. The Phœnicians used one which was called after their country (*Phœnices*), as also one called *Naubium*, which was played on at the feasts of Bacchus, and a kind of flute used at funerals, which was about a palm's length, producing a wailing mournfull sound, and was called in their own language *Gingre*. The Assyrians were the inventors of the *Triangulum* or *Trigonum*, an instrument of a triangular shape. According also to Juvenal,

\* Daniel, iii. 5.

† St. Luke, xv. 25.

players on stringed and wind instruments and drums were to be met with in Syria. The Assyrians are likewise said by some ancient writers to have invented the *Pandura* or *Syrinx*. By Virgil, however, and other Grecian authors, it is attributed to Pan, the god of shepherds. This, with many other inventions, the Padre leaves for discussion in his History of Grecian music, as he says the Greeks appropriated the discovery of all the arts, which they only learned from the oriental nations, and especially music.

## CHAPTER XI.

*On the Music of the Egyptians.*

The Padre still finds the notices even respecting the music of this illustrious people few and slender, but he says, in a country like this, abounding in pleasure and luxury, so great an agent as music could not be neglected.

Kircher and Boccaccio assert, that after the deluge the Egyptians were the restorers of music, and that Shem and his son Mepliraim were instructed in the art. Zarlino starts a curious supposition, that the word *music* is derived from the Egyptian word *μωδ*, and the Greek *ἤχος*, signifying water and sound, from which he implies that it was first discovered by the Egyptians in the sound of waters. Kircher also adds, that they first made flutes and pipes of the rushes which grew on the shores of the Nile. The Padre here introduces a long dissertation to prove, that as the Egyptians were learned in the other arts, they must likewise have been so in music: this is now universally believed to have been the case—but here a curious doubt arises, from a contradiction in the writings of Diodorus Siculus, and Plato. The former says, that in Egypt no one cared for music, as it softened the soul and rendered it effeminate, whilst on the contrary the latter who lived three centuries later, mentions it as one of the most important points in the instruction of the Egyptian youth. The Padre ingeniously solves this difficulty by supposing that in the time of Plato the Egyptians had banished all effeminate music as likely to corrupt the mind, but had retained the stronger and more solid kind, which would correct and strengthen it. As the Egyptians were the first worshippers of idols, so are there certain proofs of their having used music in their religious ceremonies; in the fourth book of Exodus, there is a sufficient one,



where the Israelites are described as dancing and singing round the molten calf, in the manner of their late task-masters, the Egyptians. These last adored Mercury, as the first observer of the stars, the harmony of song and the proportion of numbers; he also was the inventor of the lyre, strung with the intestines of animals. The lyre contained only three strings, bearing a reference to the seasons—the highest being for the spring, the lowest for the winter, and the middle for the summer. This passage is taken from Diodorus, as also one which follows relating to Apollo and the Muses, the former being described] as the brother of the Egyptian god Osiris. It appears that Apis and Serapis were especially worshipped with music. The tibia was employed at their feasts, with the trigonum and the psaltery. A song invented for the obsequies of *Linus*, sung by various nations under different appellations, took its origin likewise with the Egyptians. At the death of *Manerus*, who was said to have been the son of the first King of Egypt, this was sung as a lament. Several instruments were invented by the Egyptians; the *sistrum* was attributed to Isis, and was used by the priests in the temples. The trumpet was found in use amongst them by Orisis; he also invented the *monaxilon*, used in nuptial songs. The lyre with seven strings was invented by Mercury, and carried by *Terpander* into Egypt, as was also a certain song, sung at feasts, triumphs, and sacrifices; they likewise used the *tympanum* or drum in war. These notices, however scanty, are sufficient to prove the cultivation of music in Egypt in as high a degree as was possible in those early ages.

[To be continued.]

## SIGNOR PELLEGRINI.

**A**MONGST the changes of the time, we have had frequent occasion to remark, that there is none more singular or complete than the taste for rapid Italian comic compositions. In our characters of Signor and Madame Ronzi de Begnis\* we entered somewhat at large into the causes which appear to have produced this predilection, and which reside in the music itself. But much is attributable to the merit of those admirable performers who have succeeded each other with such continuous brilliancy of talent, that we should almost be tempted to believe success in this particular department to be more easy of attainment than in any other. It will be understood that while we write, Morelli, Naldi, Ambrogetti, and De Begnis, are within our recollection, as well as those *last most* excellent performers. That such a conjecture may be founded in truth is not only supported by the fact of the rich succession of singers we have alluded to, but by the consideration, that we often perceive not much more than a moderately good voice, a power of rapid utterance, and a quick ear, to be the qualities and attainments of singers of this class. They speak indeed quite as much as they sing, and are indebted for the approbation that follows them, as much to humour as to science.—Ambrogetti† could not sing at all, and even De Begnis, when he attempts any thing serious, is not eminently successfull. We shall have occasion further to illustrate this truth in the progress of our present memoir. But be this as it may, we are warranted in stating that no other music has made such way in the public estimation of late as this of which we are speaking. Even the first of our native singers have found it indispensable to cultivate the style.‡ Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Lacy reached the highest

\* Vol. 4, page 308.

† This creature of spirit, whim, and frolic—the perfect personification of *Il Don Giovanni*—has taken the vows and become a monk; but not, as has been reported, of the severe order of La Trappe.

‡ It is even more cultivated amongst amateurs; nor can it be any matter of wonder, when we hear the very captivating things composed by Cimarosa, Guglielmi, Mozart, Fioravanti, Rossini, Mosca, Mercadante, &c. in this man-

degree of accomplishment in this peculiar vein. No Englishman has ever equalled him. Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens have both tried their strength upon the famous *Con patienza*, and we have heard the former very successful in *Qual occhietto cocoletto*, with Ambrogetti. These facts will shew how important a personage the buffo singer of the first class is become to the concerts as well as to the Italian Opera in England.

The subject of our present notice is an actor of long experience and extended reputation on the Continent, but he had never been heard in this country till the beginning of the present season.—His first public appearance was in the first Royal Academical Concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, where he sung a duet with Signor Curioni, but this his debut could not be considered as greatly successful. Indeed his proper sphere is the stage, for there his ease, vivacity and humour, have their full scope and effects. It is unfair to judge of a buffo singer in any other place; but we owe it to Signor Pellegrini to state, that in some private assemblies of virtuosi, where he had previously sung, his merits were rightly appreciated.

The truth is, that either originally, or from the wear of time and execution, Signor Pellegrini's voice is dull in its tone, and wants that vibratory quality which at once pierces the ear and stirs the fancy. Yet it has not that weight and volume

ner of writing. We subjoin a list of base songs, and duets for soprano or tenor and base, which will bear out the public preference, and especially when it is considered how these things relieve and vary a performance :

## SONGS.

Donne donne voi siete un buon mobile,  
Udite, tutt' udite,  
Non piu andrai,  
Amor perche mi pizzichi,  
I violini tutte insieme,  
Sei morelli,  
Largo al factotum.

## DUETS.

Vedete la vedete,  
Vaga fravola odorosa,

Con un aria ritrosetta,  
Ah cara d'amore,  
S'inclinasse prender moglie,  
Al idea di quel metallo,  
Con patienza,  
Son cavalier,  
Io di tutto mi contento,  
Nella casa deve avere,  
Non temer mio bel Cadetto,  
Dunque io son',  
Per piacer alla Signora.

Not one of them can be matched by any English composition. Indeed we are totally, and from the nature of our language must probably remain entirely without such fanciful and brilliant productions in the comic species. But why is our English comic singer always to be a fool or a blackguard as well as a buffoon?

which bestows the grandeur upon such voices as those of Zucchelli and Angriani—a grandeur resulting from mere natural force and dignity, and which carries with it a sort of sublimity in the very utterance. This property Signor Pellegrini does not possess. Had he indeed enjoyed such power, it is probable he would have taken a different course and turned his thoughts to the serious drama—the comic requiring the flexibility which belongs generally to lighter voices.

We do not expect from buffo singers that splendour and sustentation of tone which constitutes the excellence of the opera seria. Pellegrini's would certainly not be considered as remarkable in any way. In serious music, though not devoid of expression, he is by no means so impressive as in comic, where he is lively, varied, and to the life. He appears to sing music of the first and highest description as a *soffoggio*, a task which ennumbers and deadens rather than calls forth his faculties. There nevertheless appear throughout, the qualities of the master, but there are few traits of that intense feeling and sublime power that constitute the attributes of the great style. But let us do him justice. He is unquestionably a great master, and the ease with which he turns from one style to another, and the precision with which he executes in all, declare him to be not only a good musician, but a sound judge and a capable performer.

When however we take Signor Pellegrini in his proper sphere—in the opera buffa—so far as the single character of *Figaro*, in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*,\* enables us to pronounce upon his merits, we may safely say he equals any singer or any performer we have had in this department—no mean compliment, when Naldi has not many years left, and De Begnis still occupies a place in the King's Theatre. His singing, we should say, is of a better school, more masterly, whether general sustentation or execution

\* We cannot mention this opera without eulogizing the manner in which it was got up this season. De Begnis in *Bartolo*—Pellegrini in *Figaro*—and Porto in *Don Basilio*, were almost equally admirable, making the necessary allowance for what each had to do. De Begnis was inimitable. Curioal as *Count Almaviva* was very respectable, though not equal to Garcia, in this perhaps his best dramatic personification. Madame Caradori Allan's *Rosina* was most beautifully sustained. We indeed give her the palm over all the Italian and all the English actresses we have seen in the part, for never has there been so much genuine native delicacy, so much naiveté, mixed with so much archness. It was alike elegant, natural, and effective.

is concerned, or the power and science of ornament. *Figaro*, in this opera, gives abundant scope for the display of these latter properties of style, for he sang "*Largo al factotum della città*," one of the most spirited and catching compositions ever produced, the duets "*Al idea di quel metallo*," and "*Dunque io sono*"—all requiring the force of humour and the qualities of an able musician and a practised singer, together with the exercise of a brilliant fancy enriched by sound taste. And all these faculties Signor Pellegrini brought to his task, with the ease and intelligence of an experienced actor.

In point of intonation he is more than equal to Italian singers in general, who certainly do not cultivate this essential property of fine performance to the extent or with the same success as the English. We attribute this prevailing defect to the devotion of their talents to the stage—to the magnitude of the theatres in which they sing, and to their study of general effect rather than particular details, while on the contrary our really educated English singers have, with few exceptions, been brought up for the orchestra, and consequently aim at beauty and polish of execution rather than at dramatic expression. As connected with comic Italian singing, the buffo has the least necessity to stand upon the nicer refinements of vocal art. We cannot however forbear to enter our protest against the common laxity of Italians in respect to intonation.

We may conclude our notice with a few observations upon the nature of the ornaments Signor Pellegrini introduces, as well as upon the places to which he appends his *rifioramenti*. With respect to both it appears to us he has somewhat enlarged the range of his department. His graces are certainly more varied, and have less of the rolling and rumbling peculiar to bases (but which it has been the endeavour and the praise of modern composers and singers to lighten and amend) than we are accustomed to hear. They partake more of the nature of tenor passages, which they emulate in lightness of execution. With regard to plan, he seems to regard principally the power of accomplishing the notes in the time, though he is not always very scrupulous in that particular, or in making pauses upon which he may introduce his passages; but we must give him due credit for the knowledge of effect, nor did

we perceive a single deviation from the laws of good taste in his alterations.

Upon the whole then, Signor Pellegrini has all the endowments of art, but his voice is moderate, and in this latter particular he has suffered from the progress of those years, which have done much to counterbalance the evil, by the experience and the mastery they have brought. He is a good singer and a great master; at the same time there is very much to recommend his manner both to the critic and to the general hearer, while as an actor he has the command of the stage, has much freedom and facility, and is always animated without bustling, comic without coarseness, and constantly entertaining by the play of a lively fancy, which is held in subservience to an excellent knowledge of effect.

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*A Word or Two on the Flute; by N. W. James.* Edinburgh.  
Smith and Co. London. Cocks and Co.

Professors never render a more acceptable service to art than when they task their experience to illustrate the branch they have especially cultivated by the facts and observations they have collected. Such explanations are in the knowledge of art what biography is to history, separate and individual portraits, which serve to give us the most accurate and complete acquaintance with the minuter and most necessary details. And if such assistances be of infinite value in the developement of human character and human actions, how inestimable must they be considered when they serve to guide the student at once to the end of technical labyrinths, which it has cost years and years of life and practice to find out, and place before him at a glance the region he most ardently desires to explore. In intimate connection with these technical details, stands the philosophy of art, which though apparently of less immediate utility, is second only (if indeed it can be so accounted) to practical knowledge. As the art we treat of has hitherto been cultivated in England, this her handmaid has been but too much neglected. Every day however now demonstrates the rising ardour amongst artists to imbue their minds with the more elegant and lofty endowments of theory, while such a disposition to thought better fits their powers for the acquirement and application of the parts merely technical, and raises them indefinitely in the intellectual scale of being, and in the consequent respectability with which the reputation of a certain share of literary talent and attainment never fails to invest professional men.

Impressed with these views, the reader is aware, that we have already begun the history of some of the instruments. The little book before us carries under its very modest title, a more complete and more critical history of the flute than any that has yet appeared; and the author seems well qualified for his work. He unites industry and research with a long devotion to the instrument, and long observation of its principles and powers. He has also examined critically the works and the performances of the most celebrated players, and by combining what he has collected

from all these sources into one focus, he has produced a book at once useful to the amateur and amusing to the general reader.

The work, independently of the biographical and critical part, is divided into seven heads—1. Of the Flutes of the Ancients—2. On the English and German Flutes—3. On the Capabilities of the German Flute—4. On Articulation—5. On the best Modes or Keys for the Flute—6. On Tone and Expression—and 7th, on the Performers of the present day.

Mr. James avows that his sources for the historical part have principally been Hawkins and Burney, but he scarcely does himself justice in this modest avowal. We shall rather however refer the reader to the book itself, than detain him upon this portion of it: yet there are some curious points, not the least of which is the account of the female flutists. We will not pretend to determine how far the example of Lamia, to whom a temple was raised for the services she rendered the state, might allure the ladies of this age to attempt the instrument, for this celebrated beauty was probably led to study its powers merely because such things as harps and piano fortes had not been invented. Indeed it can hardly be recommended or expected that the professors of fair faces and soft swelling lips should consent to puff out the one or conceal the other by the use of the flute, while such a display of all the charms of grace and beauty wait upon the use of the harp. Minerva herself is related (page 37) after Hyginus to have abandoned the flute in disgust; from finding herself ridiculed by Juno and Venus, and by examining herself to discover the cause in a fountain, which shewed the distortion of her countenance.

In his second dissertation the author assures us, that “the word flute is derived from *futa*, the latin for a lamprey, or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas, which has seven holes on each side, immediately below the gills, and which is the precise number of those in front of the English flute.” He deduces both the English and German flute from the Egyptians, and proceeds to the history of the instrument in England, which he commences royally by quoting Hollingshed, to prove that Henry VIII. was himself a performer. In the seventeenth century he infers, from the paucity of the names of players on the flute, compared with other instrumentalists, that it “held a trifling place as a concerted instrument.” “In the beginning of the eighteenth century, music for the flute



abec, and for the German flute, was quite common; but it was generally composed by some harpsichord, violin, or hautbois player, and seldom, if ever, by a person who solely dedicated himself to the study of the flute. From the time of Elizabeth, down end of Queen Anne's reign, we meet with sonatas, allemandes, courantes, sarabandes, gavottes, menuettes, rondeaux, and giges, by various composers; and it is something remarkable, that these were almost invariably written for the flute and violin." A recital of the names and merits of the principal players concludes this head.

In considering "the capabilities of the German flute," our author claims for it a wider range than an adagio or an andante. "On the contrary," he says, "I believe that many of its principal beauties consist, and can only be appreciated and developed, in those rapid executive passages, which the instrument is abundantly capable of expressing with effect." He considers the ground of this change to be in the imperfection in the manufacture of the instrument which formerly existed, and in the music composed at that time for it.

"The compositions for the instrument now in use amongst us, long after this period, and till within a very few years, were very contemptible. The utmost extent that even a professor dared to venture was a Scotch or Irish air, with a petty variation or two. With such music and with such instruments, therefore, it is not at all wonderful that those who attempted execution on it, or any thing beyond a slow air or brisk hornpipe, should have produced a dislike or disgust on the part of the hearers. Nor is it likely, on the other hand, that professors of the flute were content to remain pleased with themselves, in playing nothing but simple airs and dances, and scarcely a whit superior to the amateurs of the day. They naturally wished for something beyond this, and began to attempt a flourish of notes, and to add a few variations to their airs, and perhaps were solicitous to give a little modulation to the flat keys, as being altogether beyond the range of an amateur.

"These innovations must have tended greatly to depreciate the flute, as an instrument calculated for the display of rapid passages; and hence the opinion which has been handed down to us, and is still attempted to be upheld by many, of the incapacity of our present instruments to effect that which these always failed in.

But there can be nothing more unjust or unfair than this view of the question; for the flutes of the present day are so differently constructed from those made fifty years ago, that it at once presents to the mind the immense progress that has taken place since that period. The perfect mechanism of our present flutes could not even have been contemplated at that time—and the admirable compositions which we now invariably meet with, however easy to the experienced amateur of the present day, would, fifty years ago, have bewildered a first-rate master.”

In conclusion, Mr. James asserts, that “the flute is capable of every variety of expression and execution within the three octaves to which it is limited.”

The author then goes on to enumerate peculiar beauties in playing in a novel manner. He says—

“I have spoken of vibrations on the flute, and think, when introduced judiciously and sparingly, they have an exceeding fine effect. The beat of a violin is justly considered one of its chief beauties; and the vibration of the flute, particularly in its lower tones, is very similar. This, however, as it is a beauty, so is it also exceedingly difficult to be produced; for if the note be not divested of all roughness and blown very clear, the vibration will be imperfect. To effect this, in swelling a note and diminishing it, great caution should be taken that the beginning of the note shall be neither flatter nor sharper than the middle or ending of it; for it is to be observed in blowing, that the more obliquely the wind is passed in the instrument, the sharper will it be, and, by passing it perpendicularly, the note will become much flatter. This rule ought always to be borne in mind, and never, on any account, to be neglected; for as the ear is the most agreeably affected with the gradual crescendo and diminuendo of a note, so should it be the performer's aim to effect it correctly, and without any difficulty to himself. This is, however, though apparently very simple, one of the chief difficulties of the flute, as well as of any other instrument, where the tone is not given.

“Another improvement and great beauty which has been lately introduced in the performance of the flute is the glide. I believe Mr. Nicholson lays a claim to the first adoption of this expression. If however it be not his own discovery, it is quite true that he has brought it to the greatest degree of perfection. Its effect is

exceedingly soothing and beautiful, but, like the vibration, must be judiciously and sparingly used. It is produced by drawing the fingers slowly from their respective holes, and in some instances by only half covering them. The lips and breath also participate to render it effective, but are guided entirely by the movement of the fingers. This management, it is obvious, produces the quarter-tones, and is infinitely superior and more perfect than a multiplicity of fingering.\*

Mr. James points out as a reason why the performance of amateurs seems defective, that the lower notes are generally too flat and the upper "too large and heavy;" hence their execution is unequal, undistinct, and out of tune." There is much that appears valuable in his criticisms on this point. He thus speaks of position.

"The flute ought to be held nearly horizontally, and by no means in an oblique position. The right hand ought not to grasp the flute underneath, as it is generally done, but the thumb to be fixed against its side, in order to press it firm to the under lip. By which means, the fingers of this hand have perfect play and liberty for execution—whereas, if the thumb were placed underneath the instrument, the fingers are confined and liable to be cramped, besides the unseemly appearance of the position. The left hand is not of so much importance, because it is almost impossible to place it incorrectly; the little finger, however, should never be suffered to lie beneath the G sharp key, but always immediately above it. The flute thus held firmly fixed against the under lip, the whole of the fingers are at perfect liberty for performance; but it should always be kept in mind, that the fingers ought to make the note as lightly as possible, and not to fall heavy, or have the appearance of grasping the instrument." But we must forbear further quotation on this head, and refer the student to the work itself.

Speaking of the shake, Mr. James declares that "no shake can be produced perfect, unless it be completely equal and regular, and the accent most delicately given." In the dissertation which follows, it appears to us the author confounds as well as in this sentence the terms "equal and regular" and "accent." It is the

\* "The very best specimen of fingering is given in Mr. Nicholson's *Preceptive Lessons*," says our author.—We fully agree with him.

accent which disturbs the equality, which word we conceive applies not only to strength and quality of tone, but to time. Accent renders the notes unequal in force, and perhaps (scarcely perceptibly) in duration. In singing, the Italian shake is equal—the English accented. We are so national as to prefer the latter, and to think that all the expressive power of the ornament depends on the accentuation. An equal shake is a mere flutter, though it is more tolerable on an instrument than in the voice.

Our author commences his chapter "on articulation" by an assertion that will startle the players of the old school. He avers that the method of "double tonguing" ought to be exploded. Mr. Drouet's mode he holds up for imitation, and says that the secret resides in using the word "territory," softened into teth-thi-to-dy, which "will express the four notes admirably." We shall pass over the chapter on the best modes, not because it is not worth noticing, but because we must go on to that which is more worthy particular regard. The chapter on tone and expression is the least philosophical essay in the book. Expression is a compound of many parts, all of which contribute to the same end, as a very little reflection will shew. We are always gratified to find the effects of our own efforts in the works of others, and in this chapter the author cites two anecdotes, which he has "somewhere read," and which come from our own pages. We may also lay claim to the theory Mr. J. embraces of strengthening the powers which contribute to expression, by the general cultivation of the imagination and the intellect, and by the aid of the analogies of the sister arts.\*

The last division of Mr. James's book, and one of the most interesting, is that which embraces the scientific memoirs of the distinguished flute players now alive. In these notices Mr. J. appears to exercise strict impartiality, knowledge, and a discriminating judgment. He bestows no unqualified praise, but he speaks with the feeling of a man who enjoys the beauties of art. To Mr. Nicholson he deservedly allots the first place, and though he objects to parts of his execution and quarrels with his profusion of ornament, he adjudges Mr. N. to be "the most *effective* player who [that] ever performed on the instrument." "His tone is

\* See "Elements of Vocal Science"—in the Chapter "on the Intellectual Cultivation of a Singer."

clear, metallic, and brilliant, but it possesses a volume that is almost incredible."

"In the lower notes of the flute, in grand and majestic movements, Mr. Nicholson is superior to any man; and this it is which gives him his pre-eminence. No performer displays so much contrast or more acuteness in giving the various gradations of light and shade. His command over the instrument is wonderful. It is not merely mechanical, for his dexterity evinces much mature judgment. With an amazingly rapid finger, he has reduced all difficult and complex passages to the most familiar execution. His shakes are, in general, regular, brilliant, and effective, and possess the rare quality (which is not the least of their beauties) of being perfectly in tune. Perhaps the very best thing which Mr. Nicholson effects on his instrument is the chromatic ascension of the scale. It is a complete rush, like the torrent of a waterfall, and to the ear is almost overwhelming and irresistible. His adagios are full of fervour and feeling, and are infinitely superior to his rapid movements—and this is, perhaps, according him the highest possible praise; for the truest test of a performer's talent is in a slow movement. A man, with mechanical art, may please and astonish in an allegro; but it is only the true musician who can embody and pourtray the delicacies and minute meaning and motives of every note in an adagio. The one displays the skill of the mechanic, the other the soul of the musician."

Mr. Drouet's transcendent brilliancy of tone extorts the admiration of our author, and he commends this artist also for his fine taste.

"The grace and ease with which Mr. D. played them (his own works) ought to be taken as a model of perfection. There was no difficulty incorrectly placing the lip to the flute, for the instrument appeared to discourse the music the instant it was placed there. No disagreeable preludes, or twisting the flute backwards and forwards to obtain a right embouchure\*—no lifting the eyebrows, or awkward position of the elbows—no mawkish affectation, or straining after effect—but a tone produced without the slightest difficulty, and a position at once easy and elegant.

\* It is strange that such an error as this should have escaped the author throughout his whole work. The word is "embouchure."

“Mr. Rudall (who never plays in public) has not a large volume of tone—not so large as Drouet’s—and this is his chief defect. But he has a sweetness, a correct classical style, and a beautifully pathetic tone. Mr. Rudall is celebrated as an exceedingly chaste and most classical performer. He has evidently made Mr. Drouet his model; and seldom does it happen that a follower has been so eminently successful.

“The tone which Mr. Rudall produces on the flute is, I think, peculiar to himself: it is of a pensive and pathetic character, and partakes, in a slight degree, of the more delicate tones of the horn. It has little of the metallic brilliancy and majesty of Mr. Nicholson’s, or of the liquid and dazzling clearness of Mr. Drouet; but it is exquisitely soft and mellow, and finely displays the vibrations, of which Mr. Rudall is a complete master. There is no performer who plays an adagio with finer or with chaster feeling. He rarely indulges in a cadence; but when he does so, the ear is gratified with its originality and propriety. There is nothing superfluous—no “waste notes” that are foreign to the subject—but every thought just and judicious. His higher notes partake of the pensive character of his lower ones, and are always played admirably in tune.

“The fine compositions of M. Tulou at once made a favourable impression on the musician, and procured for him a distinguished reception when he arrived in this country. He was a great favourite among the profession in London during his stay there, and there are not a few good judges, with whom I am acquainted, who consider him superior to any performer on the flute. Every one has his favourite; and I shall not quarrel with an opinion, which was with myself at one time gaining a great ascendancy. Nothing can possibly exceed the liquid smoothness of M. Tulou’s execution—it was and is in this respect perfectly unrivalled; it has no coarseness, no breaks, no inequalities, but is as smooth and legato as the finest bowings of the violin.”

We are sorry to be obliged to contradict Mr. James in respect to M. Tulou’s reception, which was any thing but “distinguished.” His reputation in Paris, where he was idolized, had raised expectations which his performance disappointed, and we believe M. T. was greatly hurt by the coldness with which he was received by

the public. At the end of the memoir indeed Mr. James admits the fact.\*

Of the compositions of M. Berbiguier, our author speaks rapturously; he describes M. B. indeed as having "brought the flute more into fashion than any man living." He does not however think so highly of his performance, which he considers rises to great elegance, but to be deficient in feeling.

"M. Ferrenc is a beautiful performer on the instrument; and, unlike the French school in general, he sacrifices a rapid execution for tone and expression. His performance is like his music—original, playful, and full of imagination.

"M. Gamus is a very popular player of the flute in Paris; and I think deservedly so. His style is decidedly elegant, and although the hypercritical may fancy his performances to be defective in feeling, still there is much to admire in his judicious taste and correct judgment.

"Mr. Weidner's performance on the flute, as an executionist, is truly wonderful. I believe it inferior to no man's in Europe, not even to Nicholson or Drouet. His tone in the lower part of the instrument is amazingly powerful, although it must be confessed it is a little coarse. The great fault of Mr. Weidner is the somewhat Gothic style in which he plays; he has little of elegance and pathos, and still more is he deficient in the delicacies and refinements of expression, which are such great and important auxiliaries to music.

"The very reverse of Mr. Weidner's is the style of Mr. Saust. It is elegant, refined, and classical, and seems to have arrived at the last degree of beauty and polish. There is also an ease in his method of performing, and a raciness (if I may so term it) in his expression, that gives to every thing that he touches an air of sweetness and elegance. There is, in his playing, nothing of a flat or unprofitable nature, which is so frequently given in the gross by many performers on this instrument; but the ear is constantly delighted with the most touching pathos and sentiment, or

\* This artist appears to be painfully sensitive. The publishers of the *Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens* cite the following as his answer to their application to him for the particulars of his life:—"Je, vous prie instamment de m' exclure de votre tableau, car je ne voudrais pas être forcé de vous en témoigner tout mon mécontentement."

an unwearied gaiety, that exhilarates the spirits from the first note to the last. With these transcendent qualities, however, he does not possess the powerful tone which distinguishes many other performers. He has an abundance of sweets, but the opposite contrast is rather wanting. His majestic movements, and those requiring much energy, are consequently (though by no means to be called a deficiency) not equal to his delicious expression and other delicacies. It is in a private room, where every progressive tint of the musician's feelings is correctly discerned and felt, that Mr. Saust excels; and this is conceding to him the justest praise of genius.

“Mr. Ashe may be considered the only remaining eminent performer on the flute, of the old school. His execution may not be thought much of at the present day; but there is no performer, either in England or on the Continent, who is more thoroughly conversant with every point of perfection on the instrument. His taste and judgment, with regard not only to the flute but to music in general, is proverbial, and cannot be at all called in question. I must confess myself a great admirer of this gentleman, and think that much injustice has been done him with regard to his abilities as a performer. I do not mean to class him with the profound executionists of the present day; but I do think that he conceives his subject in better feeling, and with a mightier grasp of intellect, and is as effective in every thing he undertakes as the very best of those who have been his bitterest-revilers.

“The performance of M. Kuffner on the flute is said to be extremely fine. I have had no opportunity of hearing him, but think, by his compositions, that he must be a very effective and imposing player”

Mr. James's observations on Mr. Weiss are confined to his compositions. Of Mr. Sola he writes thus—

“The tone which he produces is deficient in clearness and brilliancy, particularly in the lower notes. He has, however, good expression and a correct fingering, although his articulation is not always perfectly distinct. He aims at power more than pathos, and is more successful in the execution of energetic passages, than in showing the thrilling delicacies of the instrument. He displays much contrast, but it is not always sufficiently gradual and progressive. Hence it is, that in his running passages he dis-



covers a break in his tone, like the management of the falsetto in a voice.

“But in spite of these defects, Mr. Sola is an effective player. There is a large volume in his tone, much good taste in his expression, and great judgment in the general conception of his subject.”

Mr. J. says nothing of Mr. Dupleix as a player. Mr. Monzani, jun. he states, “is now perhaps the most promising performer in England. His tone is firm, and of a good quality—his knowledge and taste of music undoubted—and his execution on the instrument superior to either. He performs with much ease, and possesses a great command of tone, which enables him to produce much contrast.”

There is nothing of Mr. Gabrielsky but remarks on his compositions, which Mr. J. admits to vie with those of Berbiguier.

“The tone which Signor Negri produces is of an extremely large volume, but is deficient in flexibility. It is bold and free, but is defective in delicacy and polish.

“There is at Naples a very promising youth, named Boucha, who is said to be following very successfully the system of Mr. Drouet. He is already arrived at some eminence in his profession; and the best judges predict of him a reputation scarcely inferior to that of his great prototype.

“There is at Milan an excellent performer on the flute, named Rabboni. Signor Rabboni’s style is bold, free, and firm, but deficient in the exquisite polish which distinguishes the execution of Mr. Drouet.”

Thus our author seems to have exhausted the subject, and to have enumerated most if not all of the distinguished players in Europe. M. Fürstenau is however an addition. This gentleman has but lately arrived from Germany. His execution is brilliant, but his tone is thin. Indeed all the foreign performers are thrown back in comparison with our own Nicholson in this grand respect.

The reader will perceive, by the copious extracts we have made, how interesting we deem Mr. James’ work to be. But we are to assure the amateur of the flute, that far more of moment remains behind, for which we refer him to the book itself, which is a specimen of how much amusement and instruction may be combined by knowledge and zeal, for with writing as an art Mr. James is ob-

viously not very deeply acquainted. His manner is colloquial and easy, and for that very reason will probably be better relished by those whom he addresses.

*No. 1. Introduction et Rondeau Ecossais, concertans pour Piano Forte et Violon ; par J. Moscheles. London. Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*

*No. 2. "Amicitia," Sonata for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniment for the Flute and Violin (ad lib); composed by J. B. Cramer. London. Addison and Beale.*

The first of these pieces is in a style old enough in popularity, but quite novel as a subject treated by the able pen of Mr. Moscheles.\* He has here given us a pleasing and sprightly melody, "*Alla scozzese*," worked up sufficiently to make it interesting both to the violinist and the pianist, and containing many effective, although not really difficult passages. It is gratifying when eminent composers stoop from their heights of elaboration and science to amuse and instruct, by such publications as the one before us, which are intended by just means to lure the young player on to greater achievements, by a careful performance of such moderately planned but meritorious pieces. This rondeau will also be found the more useful, as the violin part is arranged for the violoncello and for the horn, which being dedicated to Mr. Puzzi it should seem, he performs. It would have been amusing to have seen such a corno obligato placed before a horn-player fifty years ago—the famous Chinese puzzle would be nothing to him in the comparison.

No. 2 is a sonata of a superior description, arranged from a quintett of Mr. Cramer's, and affords another proof among the

\* Mr. Moscheles has lately assisted at the Liverpool Concerts, and he has also visited Dublin, where his fine talents were as generally as justly appreciated. It is a curious fact, that no pianist has ever commanded the attention Mr. M. has attracted from mixed audiences. At the oratorios and at concerts held in the King's Theatre he has been heard with as much solicitous eagerness as in smaller places and by more scientific judges. These facts appear to us to prove the growth of taste, not less than the superior ability of the player.

many he has lately given of the author's delicate taste and refinement in composing for his instrument. "*Amicitia*" consists of four movements, the first an andantino in four sharps, is preceded by a few bars of introduction, in a simple but flowing style. This movement is altogether in the easy yet florid cantabile manner so frequently adopted by this composer. The subject is well treated through two pages, when a very chantant "*Allegro giocoso*" commences, which is worked upon in a pleasing manner through seven pages. During the whole progress of this movement an effective and elegant melody is retained, which any one accustomed to peruse Mr. Cramer's works would easily recognize as belonging to his pure and judicious style. The piano forte is principal all through the sonata, but in this as well as the remaining movements the violin takes sufficient part to be interesting to the player. At page 7 we observe a modulation, which although very common always falls agreeably upon our ears; from E $\sharp$  to B $\flat$ , where at the double bar the composer gives us a relief from his subject, and playfully sports through arpeggio passages, until page 8, where he diverges into B $\sharp$ , with partial modulation into B $\flat$ , which brings us back again to the original key E $\sharp$ , where we hear the subject similarly treated, until the last stave of page 11. We have next an "*Adagio Patelicò*," of a mild and sedate character, and capable of very great expression under the hands of a sensitive player—this continues to page 15.

At page 16, the rondo "*Allegretto Scherzando con Brio*" (certainly the most effective movement of the whole) commences. We give the subject—

The image displays two systems of musical notation. The first system features a piano accompaniment with a treble and bass staff. The piano part begins with a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and a 2/4 time signature. It includes a 'p' dynamic marking and a 'ten.' (tension) marking. The second system shows a violin melody with a treble clef, the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a 'p' dynamic marking and ends with an '&c.' (et cetera) marking.

And as a mere analysis would not give half the pleasure to the student that a perusal of the piece itself most surely would afford, we shall gratify ourselves by pointing out to his notice such passages as appear most beautiful in the rondo. Page 17, stave 4, bar the 1st, is an instance of the employment of simple melody, intended to set off subsequent brilliancy, so characteristic of this composer's ideas. At page 20 is a recurrence to ecclesiastical harmony, which shews that modern taste is not incompatible with ancient style.

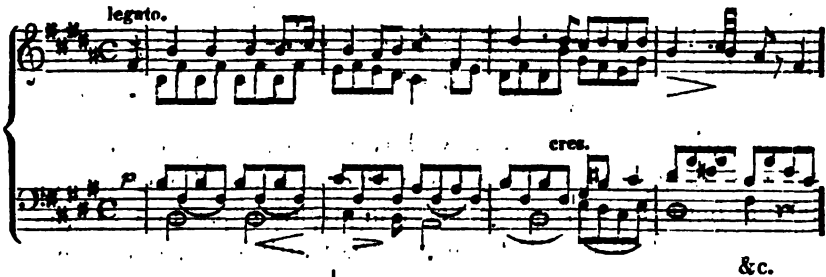


We like the variation upon this marked "*piu mosso*," stave 3, of same page. After various modulations at page 22, stave 4, we again have the subject, which, with an appropriate repetition of some former passages, concludes the movement, page 23. Expression rather than elaborate execution is the means employed throughout the whole of this sonata, which cannot fail to remunerate those who have not yet sacrificed themselves (as too many young players now do) to mere showy and noisy rattling, and who wish to cultivate classical and feeling music.

*Grand Trio for the Piano Forte, Violin, and Violoncello; composed by J. N. Hummel. Op. 93. London. Chappell & Co.*

In a former number of our Review we noticed a very beautiful trio of this composer's, which by all who have played it is pronounced a model for this species of composition; the present production of it falls short (as we think it does) in the freshness of air,

and bold harmony of the former trio equals it in the skill and contrivance, which every where gives notice that the hand of a master has prepared and put together so excellent a composition. The subject of the first movement is not particularly attractive, but to a musician the materials for moulding it into form, so apparent at page 3, compensate for the defect. Here each of the instruments have their turn of display, at the same time tacitly acknowledging the piano as their leader. The marcato passages, in many places in the base, are characteristic of Mr. Hummel's style. This movement continues through 13 pages, well relieved by alternate, showy, and harmonious passages. At page 14 we find a slow movement in five sharps, which reminds us strongly of something we have heard in our very youngest days; we give the subject, that others may find out the same coincidence.



This movement deserves consideration, as although not very difficult in regard to execution, is perpetually varying in its expression, and requires constant attention to the numerous marks placed over the notes for that purpose. The rondo, page 18, is the most able part to our apprehension of the whole piece; Mr. Hummel in this respect resembles the artist who, after carrying his friend through a long gallery of pictures, every one of which he admired, at last opened a large door, which discovered an elaborate altar piece, painted with so much beauty, skill, and truth of conception, that his friend forgot every one of the former productions in his admiration of this last and greatest work. This movement must be heard, and heard frequently, to give a thorough relish for its beauties. There is no part of it more worthy of notice than the following fugal passage from page 24.

The image displays three systems of musical notation for a piano and violin duo. Each system consists of a piano part on the left and a violin part on the right. The first system features a piano part with a melodic line and a violin part with a more active, rhythmic accompaniment. The second system shows the piano part with some rests and the violin part continuing its accompaniment. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the notation '&c.' to the right.

If the million of performers as well as composers would not erroneously conceive (entirely owing to their idleness in not studying it) that fugue is the dryest and most unprofitable part of a composition, they might here learn how delightfully it is found to embellish the writings of a musician who knows how to blend elegance with this apparently ancient mode of colouring a musical picture. The alternations between the violin and piano, with the freedom and strength of the accompanying parts, will afford much gratification to the skilful performer.

“*Giovinetto Cavalier*” (*nel Crociato*,) *Fantasia pour la Flute and Accompagnement de Piano*. Op. 40. Tulu. Cocks and Co.

This composer is a sweet and graceful performer on his instrument—his writings partake of the same qualities—the present fantasia is founded upon the well-known romance of Meyerbeer, and will be found a pleasing addition to the stores of the flute, it being perfectly easy, and at the same time flowing and shewy.

*New and corrected Edition of a Fantasia, in the Italian style, for the Piano Forte, by J. Moscheles.*

*Favourite Romance, from the Opera of "Une Folie," with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. Moscheles.*

*Hungarian Rondo for the Piano Forte, by J. N. Hummel.*

*Pathetic Air, with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. N. Hummel.*

*Melange for the Piano Forte, from "Il Crociato in Egitto," by Frederick Kalkbrenner.*

All published by S. Chappell, 135, New Bond Street, London.

The style of Mr. Moscheles' fantasia is original, and yet proper to himself—for although many pieces have been written on Italian airs for the piano forte, and consequently to a certain degree in the Italian style, yet few have been composed so especially with that intention, nor has that particular manner ever been so well adapted to the instrument as in the present instance. The Italian style may be almost said to be purely vocal—it is therefore a most difficult task to select such peculiarities as shall not be out of place when removed to a piano forte lesson, and yet shall be sufficiently characteristic to denote the soil from which they are transplanted; in this Mr. Moscheles has succeeded most ably, particularly in the opening adagio, choosing only for his purpose such passages of delicacy and expression as cannot fail to please any where, and enriching those of mere brilliancy. The whole way through the adagio the right hand may be said to have the task assigned to it of executing the main subject of the fantasia, whilst the base, in Mr. M.'s own style, lends to it the solidity and richness necessary to all such music.

The subject of the rondo is very singular, marked by great delicacy, but scarcely possessing sufficiently strong contrast and transition. The construction of the passages is, however, purely Italian, especially at page 13, the same characteristic base continuing throughout. The whole fantasia is strongly indicative of Mr. Moscheles' fine taste and genius.

The romance from "*Une Folie*" forms the subject of a most elegant piece. It is adapted for the display of lightness of touch

and delicacy of feeling, and contains no difficult execution; the minor variation is good, but it is in the adagio that the most originality and feeling are to be observed. Towards the end there is a passage for the left hand somewhat in the style of Beethoven, and at page 13 we find a very beautiful and novel cadenza. We have enumerated only its most striking beauties, but the whole lesson is of a very superior order.

Mr. Hummel's rondo is a spirited piece, completely in the German style of composition. Pages 4 and 5 consist of an effective and ingeniously constructed minor movement. Contrast is its principal feature, and how to mark this with effect must be thoroughly understood by the performer before he can do the lesson justice. The pathetic air is a beautiful little trait—the variations on it are singular and ingenious, particularly the first and third. They belong to the school which boasts the possession and culture of Mr. Hummel's talents, but we should hardly say that they are adapted to the expression of the air. The last pleases us the most.

Mr. Kalkbrenner's melange displays great taste, both in the selection and treatment of his subjects. It opens with the Crusader's march, in the finale to the first act, on which a brilliant fugue is constructed, and a gradual progression from C through G major and E minor, to A minor, managed with considerable effect. The beautiful air which follows, is arranged with simplicity, and the sprightly and graceful character of the concluding melody, combined with the brilliancy which Mr. K. has added in his treatment of it, forms an animated termination to the piece.

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*Grand Fantasia and Variations on "Au clair de la lune;" by J. Moscheles. New Edition. London. Boosey and Co.*

This fantasia is not in Mr. Moscheles' most difficult style; it is in A major, and opens with a brilliant and showy introduction.—The subject, of which this distinguishing attribute is its great naïveté, is simply but most characteristically arranged variation, and is nothing more than plain and easy execution; but No. 2 is



very original and beautiful, the air being taken by the left hand, whilst the right has a staccato accompaniment of quavers for the third and fourth fingers, the others playing thirds and fourths. This species of passage is a favourite with Mr. Moscheles, who appears to be fond of introducing it in his extemporaneous performances, and it is peculiarly adapted to his delicate touch and equality of finger. No. 4 is also peculiar to himself, the air being played by the third and fourth fingers of the right hand, whilst the others and the left hand are filling up with triplets of demisemiquavers. No. 5 is a variation of octaves—6 a minor of considerable expression—and 7 (the finale) a movement alla fuga, of great spirit and strength. The principal features in this composition are the analogy maintained between the character of the air and the variations, the ingenuity displayed in the fugue, and the novelty that marks most of them. There are accompaniments to it either for a quartett or for a band,



*Rondoletto pour le Piano Forte; by Camille Pleyel.*

*Webbe's "Glorious Apollo," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute; by T. A. Rawlings.*

*Groves of Blarney, with Variations for the Piano Forte; by T. Valentine.*

All by S. Chappell, 135, New Bond Street.

We have seldom seen a lesson of Mr. Pleyel's containing so much to attract as the one before us. It is in his easiest style, but is original, gracefull, and has a sprightliness of character, that renders it particularly interesting. The introduction forms an excellent contrast with the rondoletto itself, which, although it is too petite to require an analysis, deserves as a whole, and will we doubt not obtain a considerable share of general favour. Mr. Rawlings's is a very brilliant though easy piece for both instruments. This property will rather increase than take from its claim to general notice, of which it has already attracted a large share. The subject is treated with great effect, two variations succeed, the last of which, in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, is light and original, and the

lesson displays throughout that delicacy and taste which distinguish Mr. R.'s compositions.

"*Groves of Blarney*," now better known under the name of "*The last Rose of Summer*," is here worked into seven pages of agreeable music, and excellent practice for beginners. Let Mr. Valentine's subject be what it may, and let his piece be ever so easy, there is always a degree of solidity and ingenious construction in his passages that render them highly useful as well as effective, and in the present lesson he has not deserted this excellent plan,

*Brilliant Rondo for the Piano Forte ; by J. P. Pixis.* London. Boosey and Co.

*A favourite Air, from the Ballet of Nina, with Variations by Mayseder, arranged for the Piano Forte by F. Ries.* London. Gow and Son.

*A favourite Rondo for the Piano Forte ; by T. Mayseder.* London. Wessel and Stoddart.

*Two Polonaises, with Trios for the Piano Forte ; by C. Czerney.* London. Wessel and Stoddart.

The first piece is written in Mr. Pixis' most original style—indeed rather too much so for the kind of music to which it belongs, for brilliancy is much destroyed by sombre modulation, the subject is too frequently presented to us in the same unvaried form, and there is great monotony in the construction of the passages throughout. The energy and strength of conception shew however that it proceeds from the mind of a master.

We may with propriety speak of Mr. Ries's arrangement and Mr. Mayseder's rondo at the same time. The latter composer's talent is of too light and delicate a kind to be well adapted to the piano forte, therefore the strength and solidity which Mr. Ries has given, to a certain degree, to his air from Nina, has perhaps raised it above the rondo—it is likewise the most difficult of the two, but they are both pieces of considerable attraction, like the bagatelles of eminent writers, and of such a kind are Mr. Czerney's polonaises. The first is the best.

*A Companion to the Piano Forte Primer, containing the Rudiments of Fingering, exemplified in a Series of Exercises, with explanations of the manner in which they are to be played, and Remarks on the mode of practising in general, intended to assist the Student in the absence of the Master ; by J. F. Burrowes. London (for the author) by S. Chappell, 135, Bond Street.*

Mr. Burrowes is indefatigable in the production of works adapted to render instruction easy and improvement certain. To accomplish these, the two most desirable ends of teaching, he proceeds philosophically, making what he writes perfectly clear, and contenting himself with doing a little at a time, but yet as much as can safely and properly be done. The work before us is intended to supply the next and immediate steps in the art of playing the piano forte after the pupil has acquired a knowledge of the notes, &c. instead of those first rudiments which his preparatory little book, the Piano Forte Primer, inculcates. Mr. Burrowes however announces his design with as much modesty as judgment, for in the first paragraph he declares that his directions "are intended merely to assist the memory of the pupil during the time of practice, and not by any means to supersede the assistance of a master, without which no one need hope to make any progress in music."

It seems rather singular, after the multitudes of instruction books that have been printed, there should still be any such deficiency in the means of tuition as to leave room for a publication of this nature. The truth is that every day fresh improvements are made as fresh minds are turned to the subject, or rather perhaps as experience discovers shorter roads or more minute details. We conceive Mr. Burrowes has drawn his lights from experience, and his mind appears to be one naturally studious of method and capable of arrangement. Hence he has been led to perceive that the ordinary courses of instruction, if they embrace all that he has here digested, shew it in so indistinct and loose a form, that as much time is wasted in collecting and understanding the process as in the process itself. He has therefore put together a series of lessons, with clear and precise directions, shewing the

exact intention and the natural progression. What others have left unexplained, trusting wholly to practice, he has demonstrated in words as well as notes, and has thus brought the mind to aid and assist the fingers. He has done this with his usual cleverness. His directions are succinct and perspicuous, his examples are good, and his book will be found eminently useful.

*A favourite Rondo for the Piano Forte; composed by J. N. Hummel.*

*Divertimento for the Piano Forte; by J. Mollwo.*

*Introduction and Variations on a celebrated Swiss Air for the Piano Forte; by F. Hoffmann.*

All by Wessel and Stoddart.

*Twenty-four Mazurkas, collected and arranged for the Piano Forte; by Marie Szymanowska.*

*Six National Austrian and Hungarian Waltzes for the Piano Forte; composed by Charles Schunke.*

*Four brilliant Waltzes for the Piano Forte; by C. Schunke.*

All by Boosey and Co.

Mr. Hummel's rondo is light, attractive, and original, and though comparatively speaking but one of the lesser efforts of this great composer, it is still illumined throughout by vivid sparks of genius and invention; for so light a composition there are some effective passages for the left hand, and the subject itself is very pretty.

The second in the series is a composition in a singular style. The whole burden of the piece, both as to expression and execution, is left to the right hand, whilst the left supports it with merely single notes. It is from this cause deficient in vigour, and rather monotonous, though the defect is somewhat compensated by a violoncello accompaniment, by Mr. Haggart. In other respects the lesson is pretty, and facility is one of its principal recommendations.

Mr. Hoffman's is a piece of considerable effect, although remarkable for no particular novelty. Neat execution is the great requisite in its performance.

The three last on our list are of a kind not to call for comment. They are original and effective in their way, which is all that can be said for them.

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*A Selection of Popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Henry R. Bishop, the Words by Thos. Moore, Esq. Fifth Number. London. Power.*

From the combination of those various and great properties of intellect, natural endowment, and acquired knowledge that have led Mr. Moore to such eminence in almost every department of literature and art to which he has directed his powers, if it were desired to select the peculiar quality that enables him to interest so deeply all who listen to these beautiful compositions and adaptations, we imagine his success would be attributed to that exquisite sensibility which breathes through his poetry for music, and which at the same time constitutes the foundation of the fine taste that seems to preserve him constantly from error or failure in the choice of his subjects. Certain it is that he rarely if ever fixes on a languid melody, and though he frequently repeats others and himself still more often, the sense of the charm of novelty and variety, generally so acute and so active, is lulled to sleep, or absorbed in the more intense feeling of the moment which his verses and his chosen airs never fail to excite. And here perhaps we stumble upon the truth that bestows the superiority which reigns in his compilations over the multitude of original ballads put forth by other hands. They appear so excellent because they are *the chosen*, because they are flowers gathered not at random, not from one parterre, but from the multiplied productions of the warmest, the richest, and most distant climes and soils. Hence also probably that extraordinary stimulus which originates with such never-failing certainty the solicitous trains of thought and feeling that entrance the hearer. If we were never to think of Mr. Moore's airs but when we hear them, these are discoveries (if such they be) we should never have made, for we feel too much while we listen to consider the means by which the author has obtained such a command over our affections. But these things are

not for the moment alone. They sink into the heart, they *will* be studied, and mix perpetually with our trains of association, and thus last us for our lives, while their empire is confirmed by reflection; by reflection we recur to their construction. This looks very like an apology for our philosophising; and indeed we deem such an extenation necessary in order to save ourselves from the imputation of being so dead to the beauties we are about to describe as to be looking for causes when we ought only to be sensible to effects. Even Mr. Moore himself will pardon us however when he perceives that our philosophising is not the calculation of the head while the heart is cold, but rather the consequence of the workings of the sensibility extending themselves beyond the mere moment of temporary gratification, and bearing witness to the force and dignity as well as to the prolongation of his power.

The present volume contains twelve numbers. They are Russian, Danish, Spanish, German, Scotch, Hindoo, French, Italian, and from sources unknown. Four are arranged (not repeated) as duets, one is repeated as a glee for four voices, and one as a duet.

The first in the selection, a Danish air, is a specimen of the exquisitely simple materials by which Mr. Moore works such powerful effects; for nearly the whole air is as follows:

Do not say that life is waiving, or that hope's sweet day is set.

The words are as simple as the melody, which however is richly embellished by an arpeggio accompaniment, so varied as to demonstrate the fine taste of Mr. Bishop in such accompaniments. Perhaps it is worthy remark that this song is not for your young lovers, but for such *Sir Bashful Constants* as ourselves, gentlemen about fifty, who are in love with our own wives, but who have the hardihood to confess it. The married will be thus far more obliged to Mr. Moore than the single, for one ancient swain we

are assured wants more encouragement in loving than a whole Arcadia of youngsters.

Do not say that life is waning,  
Or that hope's sweet day is set,  
While I've thee and love remaining,  
Light is in the horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,  
Though thy roses fade and fall,  
Beauty hath a grace undying,  
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms the newest, brightest,  
That on other cheeks may shine,  
Would I change the least, the slightest,  
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

The second, *the Gazelle*, is a duet, and is simply sweet but adorned like the former by the curious hand of Mr. Bishop. Divide this thing into its three separate parts, air, accompaniment, and words, and there is little or nothing in either, but together they are all in all—tender, light, fanciful, and interesting.

“*No leave my heart to rest*” is a plaintive Spanish air in E minor. This too is for the evening of life, “when youth and love and hope have passed away;” as is the duet “*Where are the visions*” that follows.

The succeeding melody is in a style new at least to Mr. Moore. It is a hunting song, but scarcely of the boisterous and burly description so peculiarly the property of a former age. This is marked by its construction upon the intervals of the common chord of the key and the dominant, as appertaining to the horn exclusively, and consequently as appropriate to the chase. Here however the genius of the poet and taste of the selector are as visible as in the creations of fancy and tenderness that are so distinctively his own. The constant theme, “*Love still love,*” is thus changed, and the volume enlivened. The repetition of the melody harmonized for four voices is judicious for the same reason.

The next, a duet upon a Scotch melody, scarcely reaches the delicacy of the rest, though elegant and feeling.

“*Slumber oh slumber*” is another very simply constructed air, and is indebted to Mr. Moore's sensibility and Mr. Bishop's knowledge of accompaniment for its chief recommendations. In these particulars it stands a brilliant example of talent.

The Russian air, adapted to the words "*Bring the bright garlands hither,*" is perhaps the most effective in its kind of any in the book. It is in the key of E minor, but we must give the words to make the contrivance understood.

Bring the bright garlands hither,  
 Ere yet a leaf is dying;  
 If so soon they must wither,  
 Ours be their last sweet sighing.  
 Hark that low, dismal chime!  
 'Tis the dreary voice of time!  
 Oh! bring beauty, bring roses,  
 Bring all that yet is ours,  
 Let life's day, as it closes,  
 Shine to the last through flow'rs.

Haste ere the bowl's declining,  
 Drink of it now or never,  
 Now while beauty is shining,  
 Love or she's lost for ever!  
 Hark again that dull chime!  
 'Tis the dreary voice of time!  
 Oh! if life be a torrent  
 Down to oblivion going,  
 Like this cup be its current,  
 Bright to the last drop flowing.

The air is a paradox, for it is at once Anacreontic yet melancholy. The cause resides in the plaintive key, and in the distant intervals which occasionally occur, whilst these two circumstances afford the singer the means of varying the expression. The time changes, or rather it may be kept or broken at pleasure, upon the couplet

"Hark that low dismal chime!

"'Tis the dreary voice of time!"

and the immediate contrast allows the greatest scope for the peculiar effect, first depressing and then inspiriting, which characterizes this singular and striking composition.

"*If in loving, singing,*" a duet upon a Spanish melody, is one of those light, airy, elegant "fancies" so rare in English music. Mr. Power must forgive us this one more citation, for it exhibits the archness as well as the elegance, industry, and tenderness which no other poet ever possessed to such a degree. Some years ago, in speaking of one of the preceding volumes, we likened Mr. Moore's poetical life to "that short natural existence



of those delicate and beautiful insects which are born in the hour of the most brilliant sunshine to love only and to die," and here he has gladdened us by the paraphrase of our own thought.

If in loving, singing, night and day,  
 We could trifle merrily, life away,  
 Like atoms dancing, in the beam,  
 Or day flies skimming o'er the stream ;  
 Like summer odours born to sigh  
 Their sweetness out and die—  
 How brilliant thoughtless side by side,  
 Though and I could make our minutes glide ;  
 No atoms ever play'd so bright,  
 No day flies ever danc'd so light,  
 Nor odours ever mixed their sigh  
 So close as thou and I.

The symphony and accompaniment prove how perfectly and how purely Mr. Bishop catches the essence of the air. His tact has always appeared to us consummate in this respect, though probably his fancy and genius are chastened if not assisted by the poet himself. If such however be the case, it lessens in no degree the merit—it demonstrates how fine spirits can assimilate and blend.

The French air is hardly so simple or so sweet as its companions, but it has the other properties that bring them home to the heart. It will also require more singing than most of the rest. So will the Italian melody, which is set singly, and as a duet. The last in the collection, a duet and a German air, returns to the simplicity with renewed gracefulness, after those we have just mentioned, which wander a little away.

In going again and again over this captivating work (for who can lay it aside without ?) it appears to our judgment not inferior to the best of the former numbers, and more equal as a whole than any of them. The feeling is perhaps riper and the tinge of melancholy a little deeper ; it serves, not to darken the picture, but to bring out its objects and heighten their effect. How much is the man to be envied as well as esteemed who can thus re-produce almost endlessly the means of refining and delighting his own and succeeding ages, for these are appeals to the heart, the power which no time can annul or abate !

This number is brought out in the same admirable manner that has distinguished its precursors, and indeed most of Mr. Power's

publications. We regret, therefore, on the ground of the superior spirit this gentleman has shewn in the engagement of the talent of such writers, and in the excellence of the manner so appropriate to the matter, as well as on the general account of the moral turpitude of such disgraceful transactions—we regret we say for both these causes to perceive that Mr. Power finds it necessary to guard his property against piracies by the proper threat of legal proceedings against those who may hereafter attempt to injure him in such a way. We are happy to assist in making it generally known to be “now clearly established, that any alterations or embellishments introduced into an old melody, cause the whole composition, *containing such alterations or embellishments*, to be as much the property of the person who makes them, or his assignee, as if the entire had been originally his own; that the words of a song are as much the property of an author, or his assignee, as the music; and that any colourable use of the *title* of any such song or musical piece, is as decidedly a piracy as if the whole piece were copied.” It must be the earnest desire of every honourable mind that an author (or which is the same thing, his assignee) should enjoy the full benefit of his talent, and therefore we consider that the literary world is under great obligation to Mr. Power for the pains and expence he has been at, to preserve his rights to the author and publisher, against the invasions of unprincipled men, who would avail themselves dishonestly of the exertion of another’s ability or the use of another’s capital.

*The Bee, a Duet for two Trebles, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp; the Poetry from Rogers's Pleasures of Memory; the Music by Wm. H. Callcott.*

*Canst thou forget the silent Tears, a Ballad; the Poetry translated from Camoens, by Lord Viscount Strangford; the Music by Wm. H. Callcott.*

*The Last Man, a Scena; the Poetry by Thomas Campbell, Esq. the Music by Wm. H. Callcott.*

All by J. H. Callcott, Great Marlborough-street, London.

About two years since Mr. W. Callcott launched his first ballad. He has since been prosecuting his studies we presume, and now considers himself entitled to try the results by a new appeal to the public judgment. The duet is a light piece, containing a certain number of sweet passages, and indicating no more than purity of taste—the same may be said of the ballad. But "*The Last Man*" puts forth far higher pretensions, and is really a work in which genius shews forth. To choose words so singular is at least a proof of a daring spirit, which does not often exist without some good grounds for self-confidence. Of all the branches of Dr. Callcott's family, we believe modesty to be a leading characteristic. Yet however the knowledge and comparison of these two circumstances may raise expectation, they who shall examine the production before us will find no disappointment.

Mr. Callcott has viewed his subject poetically, and accordingly has chosen the form of the cantata. He opens his song with a single chord, "*tremando*," to stir the mind of the hearer as it were, and awaken it to the awfullness of the theme—the vocal part is a solemn andante, smooth, but still declamatory. The second part of this movement is more broken, and resembles an accompanied recitative rather than air. Such an one indeed follows in immediate succession and with powerful effect—this breaks into an *andantino*, which rises in force as it proceeds; it again returns to recitative, and is concluded by a movement, "*maestoso*." The striking characteristic of this composition is the majesty with which our young composer has conceived his

subject, and the simplicity of the means he has used in its treatment. Both are alike classical, sound, and good. The accompaniment is throughout full and rhythmical, assisting the declamatory or pathetic effects by the aid of rich harmonies and various but chaste modulation. We recommend this song to all persons of pure taste, and to base singers especially, and we only lament that it is not printed in score, as all orchestra songs ought to be, in justice to the author.

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*He stood at the Foot of that Sacred Hill; Words by John Bowring, Esq. Music by Joseph De Pinna.*

This song is happily conceived, and is not unworthy the noble cause, of which we trust it is doomed to increase the force and extension. The words are written by the philanthropist whose exertions in behalf of Greece drew upon him the persecution of the French authorities, and the respect of every friend of liberty in Europe. They are founded on the story of one of the Patriot warriors,\* and have much of the strength and spirit of true poetry.

\* Marco Botzari was justly termed the Leonidas of the Greek revolution. This distinguished Chief was the son of the celebrated Kitzo Botzari, a member of one of the principal families of Sulei, and a head of his tribe, during their long war with the late Ali Pacha.

It was at the time Ali Pacha was reduced to the last extremity, when besieged in Joannina, (in the latter end of the year 1820), that Marco Botzari first began to distinguish himself as a warlike leader of his countrymen, the Suliotes. At this epocha the Suliotes had leagued themselves with Ismael Pacha, the successor of the deposed Ali, in the hope of recovering their country, which the latter had conquered from them. In this league, under the command of his uncle, Noto Botzari, chief head of the Suliote tribe, Marco led several bold and successful attacks against the troops of Ali, chasing them to the very gates of the fortress of Joannina. This league, however, was almost immediately broken, on the discovery that Ismael Pacha, jealous of the Suliotes once more gaining any head in Greece, had actually employed a company of his Albanian troops to take the field in the rear of the little tribe of Sulei, for the purpose, if possible, of extirpating them altogether.

When Sulei was invested by a formidable Turkish force, and every avenue of entrance or escape was shut up, Marco, who was there, contrived, with a very few of his countrymen, to effect a passage through the Turkish camp and

Mr. De Pinna has given his music also a poetical character. The song opens with a characteristic melody (which is the theme) in the key of G minor. This portion is plain, strong, and pathetic, though by no means uncommon in its construction, but thus its familiarity contributes to its favourable reception. The air is then repeated in the major, to picture the rising feeling of the spirit of his country. The succeeding stanza is set in the manner of an accompanied recitative, with a descriptive accompaniment; the key again changes to D minor, and the strain is still *ad libitum*. A short symphony, *alla marcia*, is here introduced to heighten the images of the preceding lines, and a few bars to bring in the pathetic return to the original theme which concludes the song. This entire performance does much credit to the good feeling and good taste of the composer, and is certainly capable of considerable effect, as Mr. Sapio\*, for whom it was written, and by whom we have heard it sung, has proved.

to reach Missolonghi, where, after having collected more troops, he took up a position at Platea, and the memorable battle fought on that spot again testified his extraordinary skill, valour, and devotion. He contended sword in hand for a great length of time against a party of Mahomedan Albanians, when, after having killed several of their officers, and been himself severely wounded, he lost his horse and baggage, and was again compelled to retire to Missolonghi.

In the neighbourhood of Valto the Greeks had again assembled in considerable force, made a most determined resistance, and compelled the invaders to take the direction of Carpanesi. The Suliotes having marched upon this place in the end of July, under the command of Marco, and having been joined by other Chiefs as they advanced, came up with the Barbarians on the evening of the 8th of August, and on the next morning, by one of those daring movements for which this nation of Christians has always been so justly celebrated, they gained a great victory over the Turkish army. During this memorable engagement, Marco placed himself at the head of four hundred of his countrymen, penetrated to the centre of a column of five thousand of the enemy, and by his example infused the greatest confidence into his small but determined phalanx of Suliotes. He was severely wounded in the groin, but concealed his situation until, in the heat of the action, he received a musquet-ball in the head, and instantly fell.

Marco Botzari was, at the period of his death, not more than thirty or thirty-one years of age, stout, but of low stature, with extremely fine black eyes, dark complexion, and a countenance altogether highly animated and expressive. His arms consisted of a musquet, a sabre, a Turkish knife, and one small pistol, of extremely inferior quality.

The Greek Committee sitting in Paris have determined to educate the son of this distinguished Patriot and Warrior in France.

\* Repose has added to this vocalist's powers, and we hope he will not be allured by his theatrical engagements (for he is to be at the English Opera and we believe one of the winter theatres) from the natural properties of his style, which are sweetness, brilliancy, and energy.

*Oberon, or the Elf King's Oath, a popular Romantic and fairy Opera; the Poetry by J. R. Planché, Esq. composed and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Carl Maria Von Weber; parts 1, 2, and 3. London; Welsh and Hawes. Berlin; Schlesinger. Paris; Schlesinger.*

Music, properly so called, may now be divided into two species. The most pleasing in its immediate effects, and therefore the most popular is that which is distinguished by melody. This acts directly upon the sense, and as a picture that represents a varied prospect in vivid colours catches and delights the eye of the beholder, in like manner animated traits of melody take the ear and the fancy of the auditor at once, and occasion much of pleasureable excitement from direct and absolute impression. Whether it be expressive of the subject or expressive at all, is neither enquired nor thought of. The ear is gratified, the imagination roused, the spirits are elevated, and all the purposes of listening to music, in the common acceptation of the term, are fulfilled. The early masters of dramatic song, and even those down to a late period, certainly aimed at just expression, but they seldom if ever failed to consider melody as the great light which must illuminate their system. They did not however possess the same extended means of producing new and extraordinary effects that modern science and a modern orchestra afford, though studious of enriching their ground-work of air by all the aids they could derive from harmony. The use which they made of accompaniment shows that their knowledge and their power grew with the growth of instrumental perfection. Still however the composers of this class adhered to the principle of unity as much as possible—they sought the brilliant and the beautiful for present effect—for effect upon the sense, and through the sense upon the fancy, thus creating scarcely more than physical excitement and its usual concomitants. Down to Rossini, the most popular composer of dramatic music that ever existed, the same practice has obtained. These are principally Italians, or followers of the Italian school.

But another race has sprung up which constitutes our second

species. By the phrase we employ it should seem we consider the family to be one of recent date. This however is by no means the case. For perhaps the very oldest writers for the church, those who studied fugue, canon, and contrivance, the writers in forty parts, in short the writers of music for the mind, for study and reflection were the real founders of the school. Leaving this point to the curious, we proceed to the distinctions which especially mark the compositions of the illustrious man whose latest work we are about to examine, who is the greatest and perhaps the most original and peculiar of the German school. Carl Maria Von Weber has indeed instituted a new musical philosophy, for that is the true description—his is the music of thought as well as inspiration—he enquires deeply into the foundation of the human affections—he traces the laws of association, and follows them into practice—he endeavours to discover the relations between the physical and the metaphysical union of art and mind, and to combine all these elements, and work them together, not only into the pleasureable enjoyment of the moment, but to carry them on and perpetuate these emotions by reflection, is the great and permanent distinction to which he aspires. With this view he does not entirely disregard, but he holds the lighter graces of the Italian manner of writing, of that school we have already described, to be comparatively subordinate and superficial. He would be remembered as well as heard, and relished and approved as well as remembered. He employs his strength then upon the grand and solid parts.—Hence the deep consideration, arrangement, and continuity of his designs—hence the unity to be discovered throughout each of his works—hence those traits which are but as links of the chain of thought—hence the masterly combinations that are contrived not only to impress and to express, but which to be understood, demand the whole force of the attention. Neither must it ever be forgotten that the subjects\* Weber has been called upon or has chosen to illustrate by

\* Those who love metaphysical research may find curious matter in the contemplation of the fact, that some of the most beautiful and most perdurable music amongst the productions of English genius, is written for similar purposes. Dryden's world of spirits, in his "*Tyrannic love*," and Shakspeare's "*Tempest*," gave birth and being to Purcell's noble compositions—*Macbeth* was the parent of Matthew Locke's "wild and airy" music. Single

music, are those of an ideal creation—the highest task of that fine phrenzy which

“Exhausted worlds and then imagined new.”

The genius of harmony which awaits his call may be well supposed to rise instant at the summons, and to address him as that fine apparition, the quaint *Ariel*, addresses the magic-working *Prospero*—

“All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds;  
'To thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.”

The success of *Der Freischutz* had made its author's name so popular in England, that nothing could appear to promise greater eclat, than to engage him to compose and to bring him over to conduct the music for one of the great theatres. At this critical juncture, Mr. C. Kemble, one of the proprietors of Covent Garden, had determined upon accompanying Sir George Smart in a tour through Germany—a tour which may well be termed a tour of inspection, because health, relaxation, and pleasure, were not perhaps so much the objects as the view these artists had to better their professional knowledge, by a personal acquaintance with the progress of the drama and of music in that country of philosophers. They therefore made every possible enquiry, and left nothing unsought or unseen that pertained to the subjects of their pursuit. The first public result appears to have been the engagement of Carl Maria Von Weber to support by his presence in England the reputation he had already gained. The piece he was to work upon was drawn from the poetical visions of one of the most inspired of his own countrymen, Wieland—the time, the proudest age of chivalry. Its machinery embraces the spirits of air, earth, fire, and ocean, while the rapid

specimens might be traced out with similar success amongst the works of the composers of all countries and all ages—so intense is the working of the imagination when directed towards the visionary creations that seem to awaken all the powers to their utmost stretch of energy. But at the same time it will be seen by what totally different means these composers and Weber wrought their purposes.



transference of the hero from clime to clime by this magical agency, affords range and scope for as illimitable flights of the imagination, in adapting the decorative parts (amongst which for a moment we shall include the music) to the illusive and changeful manners of the story. The finest singers the English stage has to boast, upheld the fame of the composer, and every accessory that embellishment could add, was assembled to give him honour due, to stimulate his genius, and dignify the theatre and the occasion. Last not least, Mr. Planché, who has proved the power of his ability in lyric and dramatic adaptation, was employed to fit the poem for the stage. And as he could hardly fail to feel the distinction, so he has expressed his homage to the musician for whom he has written with great modesty and elegance in his preface to the opera.

“The story on which this opera is founded, (says Mr. P.) appeared originally in that famous collection of French romances, ‘La Bibliothèque Bleue,’ under the title of ‘Huon of Bourdeaux.’ Wieland adopted the principal incidents, and weaving them into a web of his own, composed his justly celebrated poem of ‘Oberon,’ which has been tastefully translated into English by Mr. Sotheby. The subject has been frequently dramatized, twice at least in Germany, and twice in England, not counting a masque by Mr. Sotheby himself, which I believe was never acted. At the Baron Von Weber’s desire, the task has been again attempted; and I am indebted principally to Mr. Sotheby’s elegant version for the plot of the piece; but the demerits of the dialogue and lyrical portions must be visited on my head: they are presented to the public but as the fragile threads on which a great composer has ventured to string his valuable pearls; and fully conscious of the influence that thought has had on my exertions, I feel that, even as regards these threads—

If aught like praise to me belong,  
 With *him* I must divide it;  
 ‘I am not the rose,’ says the Persian song,  
 ‘But I have dwelt beside it.’”

Such is the history of this performance. Two acts, at least, were composed we believe in Germany—it was finished in the house of Sir George Smart, where Mr. Weber has been a guest since the early part of March, when he arrived in England.

With the avidity of knowledge and the ease of attainment natural to genius, the composer had studied our tongue, and so perfectly does he seem to have mastered the accent, that throughout this entire work we have detected very few and slight inaccuracies. Still however we must consider that a foreign language must detract from the enthusiasm which ought to fire the composer in the moment of inspiration, since many of the finest filaments of association that link thought to thought by their viewless agency, must be lost and broken. Again, although the English are allied to the Germans by a similarity of character, the latter appear to have risen to a degree of intensity in their taste for the romantic and mystical dramas and of science in their musical combinations, which either we have not yet attained or have long since rejected. There are other disadvantages against which he has contended. When the principal parts of the opera were written, he had little other acquaintance with the powers of his singers than the scale of their compass exhibited. Some changes of considerable importance have been even since made; such as the substitution of Madame Vestris for Miss Tree, Mr. Braham for Mr. Sinclair, Miss H. Cawse for Master Longhurst. These however cannot be deemed to be unfavourable, except perhaps that the greater talent of two of the former might have afforded him greater scope and facility. There was no base singer, and thus Weber was deprived of a voice for which he has written very effectively. Now to the story itself. The principal characters are—

Sir Huon, MR. BRAHAM.

Sherasmin, his Squire, MR. FAWCETT.

Almanzor, Emir of Tunis, MR. COOPER.

Oberon, MR. C. BLAND.—Puck, MISS H. CAWSE.

Mermaid, MISS GOWARD.—Reiza, MISS PATON.

Fatima, MADAME VESTRIS.

Oberon, the Elf King, having quarrelled with his fairy partner, vows never to be reconciled to her till he shall find two lovers, constant through perit and temptation. To seek such a pair, his "tricksy spirit," Puck has ranged in vain through the world. Puck, however, hears the sentence passed on Sir Huon, of Bourdeaux, a young Knight, who having been insulted by the son of Charlemagne, kills him in single combat, and is for this condemned by the Monarch to travel to Bagdad, to slay him who sits on the Caliph's left hand, and to claim his daughter as his bride. Oberon instantly resolves to make this pair the instruments of his reunion with his Queen, and for this purpose he brings up Huon and Sherasmin, asleep before him, enamours the Knight by showing him Reiza, daughter of the Caliph, in a vision, transports him at his waking to Bagdad, and having given him a magic horn, by the blast of which he is always to

summon the assistance of Oberon, and a cup that fills at pleasure, disappears. Here Sir Huon rescues a man from a lion, who proves afterwards to be Prince Babekan, who is betrothed to Reiza. One of the properties of the cup is to detect misconduct. He offers it to Babekan. On raising it to his lips, the wine turns to flame, and thus proves him a villain; he attempts to assassinate Huon, but is put to flight. The Knight then learns from an old woman that the Princess is to be married next day, but that Reiza has been worked on like her lover by a vision, and is resolved to be his alone; she believes that fate will protect her from her nuptials with Babekan, which are to be solemnized on the next day. Huon enters, fights with and vanquishes Babekan, and having spell-bound the rest by the blast of the magic horn, he and Sherasmin carry off Reiza and Fatima. They are soon shipwrecked, Reiza is captured by Pirates in a desert island and brought to Tunis, where she is sold to the Emir, and exposed to every temptation, but remains constant. Sir Huon, by the order of Oberon, is also conveyed thither. He undergoes similar trials from Roshana, the jealous wife of the Emir, but proving invulnerable, she accuses him to her husband, and he is condemned to be burned on the same pile with Reiza; here they are rescued by Sherasmin with the magic horn; Oberon appears with his Queen, whom he has regained by their constancy, and the opera concludes with Charlemagne's pardon to Huon.

It will be immediately seen and understood, that a composition which aspires to set off and illustrate the train of changeful situation and circumstances appertaining to such a story as this, must be at once mystical and imaginative. It must employ all the resources of art by turns, and still preserve certain traits, that by their re-appearance may serve to keep alive the principal idea (the supernatural agency) in the midst of the distracting diversity. It will also perhaps strike the examiner, that harmony and instrumental combination would be a stronger and more effectual agent than melody, though melody must always be the popular charm of music, and that from the often-repeated character of Weber's previous productions, such would be the principle upon which he would work. For it cannot have escaped any one who has given the slightest attention to the genius of this composer's works, that his conceptions are, as we have before described them, at once lofty and full of high phantasy, yet never losing sight of the philosophy of his art or of its deepest science. Hence at once the praise which always follows him, and the censure which sometimes mixes with the commendation.

Weber's overtures, though they may be thought to be the first in point of estimation, are always the last in their production, for they take their chief characteristics from the opera itself, leading the mind to embrace as it were the general action. This

property it is that makes them so acceptable to the public, not only in their proper place, but as orchestral music. The overture to *Der Freischutz*,\* before we have seen the piece, raises trains of indefinitely wild images and emotions, stimulating the mind to wander in search of the meaning of such "mysterious harpings." When the opera has been heard, the book lies open—the connection is manifest, and associations are established, as full of fiery shapes as the drama itself. Of such a kind is the one before us.

The overture we have said is so completely framed upon the opera, that perhaps our analysis would be better understood, were we like the author to consider its construction in the last instead of the first place. It is in D major, and opens the main subject of the piece at once by a solo for the horn, which forms the symphony of the vision of *Sir Huon*, and indeed gives the second title to the piece, being one of the great magical agents. This consists of five bars only, and a few notes lead to a short trait from the chorus of Fairies, taken by flutes, which presents to us these wayward agents of the night. A martial strain from the movement, played in the Court of Charlemagne (the last scene) introduces the hero, and we are to gather his success from the union of this passage with a part of the trio, which is sung before the lovers embark from Ascalon. These, with their transitions and a passage from *Reiza's* scena in the second act, carry us on to Puck's invocation of the spirits. Here we have the preternatural cause of the shipwreck and subsequent distresses of the lovers pourtrayed to us, and these musical themes, variously wrought, form the rest of the overture, which concludes with the melody from *Reiza's* scena, and like the story, happily. If we say that this composition does not equal the overture to *Der Freischutz*, it cannot we presume excite the least surprise, for when has the genius of the musician produced any thing so darkly mysterious, so finely descriptive, so linked together by unity of plan and execution, so rich in its combinations, so powerful in its dominion over the soul? The one before us is certainly original in conception, and it gains on us by repetition, but neither the traits of melody nor the harmonical combinations are sufficiently beautiful

\* See Musical Review, vol. 6, page 388.

nor frequent to enchain the mind of the hearer like those former works, with which it cannot escape comparison.

The piece itself opens with Oberon's bower, and here we must so far digress as to inform the reader that all that "can cheat the eye with blear illusion," has been most tastefully applied. The stage is filled with "the pert fairies and the dapper elves," who trip in such wild yet soft and measured movement, that never did the moon-beams fall on daintier sprites. We shall quote Mr. Planché's poetry, to show he has sustained his part.

Light as fairy foot can fall,  
 Pace, ye elves, your master's hall;  
 All too loud the fountains play,  
 All too loud the zephyrs sigh;  
 Chase the noisy gnat away,  
 Keep the bee from humming by.  
 Stretch'd upon his lilly bed,  
 Oberon in slumber lies;  
 Sleep, at length, her balm hath shed  
 O'er his long-unclosed eyes.  
 O, may her spell as kindly bring  
 Peace to the heart of the fairy king!

The music of this chorus is amongst the happiest conceptions (if it be not the *most* felicitous) in the opera. The voices are all soprani, the parts syllabic and melodious, and the light strains for the dance intervene as symphonies. Nothing certainly can be more elegantly descriptive.

We cannot say as much for the song of Oberon ("*Fatal Vow.*") It pourtrays the anguish and dark passions which vex the spirit, but too darkly as it seems to our notion of the subject for such a being. Nor are we struck with the vision. It would be a simple melody, but is quaint, and appears rather the offspring of thought than feeling. The next fairy chorus, "*Honour and joy to the true and the brave,*" is very effective. It is interspersed by solos for Oberon and Sir Huon, and one "*The sun is kissing the purple tide,*" for the first has one of those traits of melody which are scattered like flowers on our path here and there. The chorus is at last wrought into an *allegro*, the fairies singing an incitation to Sir Huon, while the knight has a separate subject (a bravura) running against the syllabic choral part. There are certainly both force and effect throughout. Next follows the *aria d'abilità*, given to Mr. Braham, which we must

consider to be any thing but worthy either of the composer or the singer. To our ears the introductory and concluding parts were noisy and vulgar, and little besides. The fullness of the accompaniment compelled Mr. B. to desperate vociferation, tore his tone to tatters, and produced no sensation but pity and pain. The andante in the middle, though smooth and better, cannot redeem the movements between which it stands. There are two modes of writing such a song—in pure syllabic declamation or in divisions. Weber adhered to the former, but scarcely with his usual discrimination. The syllabic method may be, and is more true to nature; but it is in such songs that the licence of musical embellishment may be curiously indulged, and especially when the composer has such an agent as Braham.

A scena for Miss Paton comes next as if to bring the powers of the hero and heroine into immediate contact and contrast. The lady has however by far the best of the contest, the materials assigned her being much more agreeable, though still not of the highest cast. But we shall cite the principal subject of her song as having a singularity that is worth preserving.

Yes, my Lord, my joy, my blessing,

- Rei - za lives for thee a - - - lone. &c.

But there is a fault in this song which is common to the author. It is too long—repeats too much, and even when there is diversity, that diversity is not sufficiently varied. This leaves the expression

of sadness and heaviness. We have called this a scena, but the air in truth is only the introduction to the *finale* of the first act. A dialogue duet succeeds, in which the base, by its mysterious movement, becomes the principal feature, and especially by the transition to G minor near the close, before the parts unite in the *allegro vivace*. The melody of this has nothing touching, and it lacks the lightness and grace that renders treble duets effective. But in the chorus appended, the genius of Weber is to be recognized. The combinations to the following words are most judicious and striking.

*Fatima.* Hark, lady, hark! On the terrace near,  
The tread of the haram guard I hear—  
And lo! thy slaves that hither hie,  
Show that the hour of rest is nigh.

*Reiza.* Oh, my wild, exulting soul!  
How shall I thy joy controul?  
My kindling eye, my burning cheek;  
Far, oh! far too plainly speak.

Now the evening watch is set,  
And from ev'ry minaret  
Soon the Muezzin's call to prayer  
Will sweetly float on the quiet air.  
Here no later must {ye } stray,  
                                  {we }  
Hence, to rest—Away! Away!

The charm lies in the continual recurrence of the passage at foot, which appears with uncommon force in the various parts of the accompaniment.



With this passage it is to be observed commences a transition, very finely brought, in from the key of E with three flats, to C natural. The soprano at the close has a separate melody, which is principal and brilliant, while the choral parts go on under it. This is one of the very few things that reconcile us to the belief of the possibility of introducing legitimate finales into English operas with success. Most certainly the finale parts of this are

amongst the happiest in the entire piece. The martial but sombre melody of the march is completely characteristic.

The second act calls into more vivid action the preternatural agency which the composer delights to illustrate. This music therefore rises. It opens with a chorus (*Glory to the Caliph*) which commences in B $\flat$  minor, and changes afterwards very effectively into C major. It is also remarkable for its rhythmical iteration of two quavers and a crotchet, which conveys the accent almost throughout. It reminds us of a part of *Preciosa*, but is nevertheless very much of the same character as the preceding chorus, to which it bears an analogy, from beingsung by the slaves of the Caliph. "*A lonely Arab maid*," a song for *Fatima*, consists of an *andante* in E minor and a movement in the major, but contains nothing of especial note.

"*Over the dark blue waters*" is amongst the most attractive pieces in the opera. The opening (*Allegro con grazia*) consists of two responsive solos in duet, first for the base and tenor, and secondly for the sopranos. Its style accords with the marginal direction, for it is at once free and graceful, with an originality in the structure of the passages, that interests the ear while it engages the attention. When the four parts come in, it rises to the more animated movement which is taken as the principal subject of the overture, and which here in its first and natural position is very exhilarating. In the rolling base passage towards the end (page 83, staff 1), Weber gives a strong proof of his regard to instrumental effects—for it strikes us that many composers would have transferred so much of it as the voice could execute to the vocal part.

We now arrive at a portion of the opera where it may be literally said appear those "fiery shapes," which have formed the delight and the fame of the composer. The scene is the invocation of *Puck* to the spirits, whom he summons to raise a storm and sink the vessel in which the lovers are embarked. It begins with a recitative, more powerful than the general tenor of Weber's writing in this species. Then follows an *allegro pesante* to the following poetical lines :

Whether ye be in the cavern dark,  
Lighted alone by the diamond spark,  
Or beneath the waters deep,  
Where the prisoned pearl doth sleep,



Or in skies beyond the one  
 Mortal eyes do look upon,  
 Or in the womb of some groaning hill,  
 Where the lava-stream is boiling still—  
 Spirits, wherever ye chance to be,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither to me ;  
 I charge ye by the magic ring  
 Of your faithful friend, the fairy king.

The musical effect is drawn from the modulation, which is unusually frequent. But when the spirits answer the call, the stage, nay earth and air seem to be peopled with ideal shapes. The mountain which forms the entire flat (we believe is the theatrical phrase) at the back is divided into countless cells, from which issue all the pigmy inhabitants, while the stage itself is filled with the airy creation of the spirits of other elements. The movement is a rapid presto, but the vocal parts are syllabic. There are one or two striking proofs of the character of deep thought, which is so peculiar to Weber. To the demand

We are here! we are here!  
 Say, what must be done?  
 Must we cleave the moon's sphere?  
 Must we darken the sun?  
 Must we empty the ocean upon its own shore?  
 Speak! speak! we have pow'r to do this and more!

Puck replies—

Nay, nay, your task will be, at most,  
 To wreck a bark upon this coast,  
 Which simple fairy may not do,  
 And therefore have I summon'd you!

The spirits answer—

Nought but that? Ho, ho, ho, ho!  
 Lighter labour none we know.  
 Winds and waves obey the spell!  
 Hark! 'tis done! Farewell! farewell!

The passage that we would cite is the first line, "*Nought but that.*" Upon these words Weber has put all the orchestra and the singers into unison, obviously to display the simplicity and easiness of the allotted task—and again in the words,

"Winds and waves obey the spell,"

the voices are in unison, and in slow protracted notes, each occupying a bar, to declare the solemnity of the purpose, while the trembling of the instruments convey the first effect as it were of the agency upon the surrounding objects. This is certainly very masterly and very expressive. The storm then rises, and the

orchestra is made the vehicle of the elementary confusion. Like the sea-bird in the tempest, the composer seems to delight in the flash of the lightning, the roar of the thunder, and the heavings of ocean, while he rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

The adjuration of *Sir Huon* is a short and feeling strain, but not in the happiest manner of the author, and is followed by "*Ocean thou mighty monster,*" a grand scena for *Reiza*. Considered merely as a descriptive piece, this song is powerful, and perhaps it ought not to be regarded in any other light. The scena represents the gradual calm of the troubled waters, the breaking of the sun through the gloom, and the arrival of a boat to the succour of the distressed *Reiza*. All these natural circumstances, with the sensations they create in her bosom, form the subject of the scena, and the composer has strictly adhered to the intention of adapting it to the sole purpose of dramatic effect. The recitative is the part which calls for the greatest exertion of vocal talent. It is powerfully conceived. The allegro then presents to the ear (as the scenery to the eye) the distant rolling of the yet angry billows, and the gradual re-appearance of light. In this movement an instance of false accent occurs. In the line, "Through the gloom their white foam flashing," the emphasis falls on **THE** and **THEIR**. At the end of the allegro there is a recitative to describe the busting forth of the sun, and the very fine *andante maestoso* which succeeds, seems to catch at the instant a portion of the warmth and light of the glaring orb, and to increase in dignity as the object it depicts increases in splendour. It is however curious that Weber should have described the setting sun by a rising passage. The only way in which this treatment can be accounted for is upon the supposition that the composer purposes to convey the flood of glory bursting through the skies, till, as is the natural fact in tropical climates,

" With disk like battle target, red,  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide ware with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once, and all is night."

Mr. Planché may probably have unconsciously had this image of Scott in his mind when he wrote his lines, and the concluding musical phrase seems to give the elucidation we have hazarded.

Cloud - less o'er the blushing water, now the set - ting sun is

poco a poco

burning! like a victor red with slaughter to his tent in triumph turn - ing.

*ff* *ff*

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with the instruction 'poco a poco' above the piano part. The third system features a more complex piano accompaniment with 'ff' markings and concludes with a flourish.

An animated movement, at the appearance of the boat, contrasts with the andante, but the last part of this song is decidedly too instrumental; the melody which concludes it is not vocal, and it lies too high, and requires too much effort in order to overcome the force of the accompaniments. The immense effect sought in this scene requires a far more powerful agent than the voice, but every possible assistance from the orchestra is given, and it is in descriptive music that Weber's forte lies.

The mermaid's song, "*O 'tis pleasant*," is a beautiful and smooth piece of melody, and to poetic dream recalls the memory of the Siren of old—

"Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song."

"*Master, say*," a duet between *Oberon* and *Puck*, follows, and and is one of the prettiest things in the opera. The opening to the finale of this act, "*Who would stay in her coral cave*," describes most effectively the "mustering of spirits." The chorus itself is beautifully imagined, and the effect is left to the voices, which cannot do justice to its delicacy and grace—however sweet, they can hardly be sweet enough. The scene itself is enchanting. It is moonlight on the sea shore, which is covered by fairies,

whilst the sea itself bears its nymphs, most beautifully grouped, and sailing over its calm surface in their "emerald cars."

The first piece in the third act, "*O Araby, dear Araby*," is a song for *Fatima*, consisting of two movements, an andante and allegro—the first plaintive as the memory of joys that are past, the second, lively, like the hope that survives even in slavery—for such are the feelings and the situation it is intended to portray. We have good reason to believe that this air was a favourite with its author, who was the last man in the world to over-value his own productions; but he esteemed this to have some claim to originality, even at this time of day. If it have such a claim, it lies in the position of the accent in the melody upon the burden, "*Al, al, al*," whenever these words occur, as well as in the melody itself. As sung by Madame Vestris, this trifle (for such it must be esteemed when compared with the more lofty and ambitious parts of the opera) is always amongst the most pleasing to the audience. It is loved like a child who engages by its playfulness. We can scarcely decide whether the duet which succeeds was or was not intended to be comic by the poet and the composer—the words certainly indicate such a design, and the music of the first strain given to *Sherasmin* is allied to the comic species; but when we find in the response of *Fatima* the major converted into the minor, and a plaintive character substituted both in the melody and accompaniment, a curious difference (we will not call it an anomaly) is presented. Both however agree in determining to be "merry" as "true," and the duet accordingly closes lightly. This portion is however a little too much drawn out.

"*And must I then dissemble*" is a trio of great originality, which by the pure force of its simplicity and beauty turns a situation of no importance into one of comparatively deep interest. It is sung by *Sir Huon*, *Fatima*, and *Sherasmin*, on discovering that *Reiza* is in the power of the Emir of Tunis, to these words:

And must I then dissemble;  
 No other hope I know;  
 But let the tyrant tremble—  
 Unscathed he shall not go.  
 Viewless spirit of power and light,  
 Thou who mak'st virtue and love thy care,  
 Restore to the best and the bravest knight  
 The fondest and fairest of all the fair;—  
 Spirit adored, strike on our part—  
 Bless the good sword and the faithful heart!

This is made into a beautiful cantabile prayer, with very simple accompaniments, and purely vocal.

"*Mourn thou poor heart*" is a short but expressive cavatina for *Reiza*, in F minor. In this there is no execution—there are no difficult or unvocal distances—all is smooth, flowing, and pathetic. The accompaniment is of the same character.

A rondo for *Sir Huon*, ("*I revel in joy and hope again*") is designed to convey the rapture of unbounded satisfaction, but the song is over-wrought, and the passages are consequently stiff and not very graceful. There is a good deal of mannerism, particularly in the accompaniments, and it is too long.

The next is the scene of *Sir Huon's* temptation, when amidst the luxurious softness of the harem he is beset by the attendants of *Roshana*, who dance around and enwreath him with flowers. The strains they sing are voluptuous and bewitching. The solos for the knight, in which he breaks away from their allurements, are powerful and effective, but deformed by the mannerism of a too frequent use of chromatics, and of a tremando accompaniment. The choral parts are however those which absorb the attention.

In the last scene *Sir Huon* and *Reiza* are bound to the stake, and are surrounded by black slaves bearing torches, when suddenly *Sherasmin* blows the magic horn, which sets them all dancing. The chorus sung by the slaves is very ingenious; it is in D major, and begins by a few piano notes from the horn, which gradually swell into a chorus, and one of which the whole melody consists of *five notes*—but its simplicity bestows its effect, and we must further add, that the analogy before observed in the two chorusses of black slaves in the first and second acts is preserved in the present. It changes at length into a quartet for the four principal characters, on the same subject. *Oberon* appears, and takes his farewell in a short but characteristic recitative and air, and having transported the principal dramatis personæ to the hall of Charlemagne, he vanishes. This scene is splendid; a spirited march, part of which is in the overture, opens it; one of the best recitatives in the whole piece obtains Charlemagne's pardon for *Sir Huon*, and the opera closes by a finale of great brilliancy, the originality of which is derived from the base, which forms the support and ground-work of the whole, and is of a very decided character.

Such is the imperfect analysis of the last considerable work of Carl Maria Von Weber. We readily admit that it is and must be imperfect, because in the first place it is impracticable fully to comprehend the effects of the score from the study of any arrangement, and next because Weber's compositions, and this perhaps more than any, are to be judged as musical rather by the instrumental combinations than by any other part, and as philosophical by their position and adaptation to the scene and the passion. In truth, the first time we heard the opera, we abandoned the singers and listened almost entirely to the orchestra, for it could not escape the most casual observer, that it was there he had "placed the statue." In these combinations there is originality force, and effect. The expressiveness of the whole so much depends upon them, that the opera must be heard to be understood, and as we have before said, must be understood to be relished. But while we give the highest credit to the deep thought which the composer has bestowed upon his work, and the science that reigns throughout, we cannot conceal from ourselves that there is not enough of melody to render it popular, or even greatly pleasing. It is for the few. There is also no small quantity of mannerism. He too frequently forgets, in the search after the philosophical and the sublime, the relative powers of his agents—the voice, which in spite of all the science of the scientific, the hearts of a mixed audience pronounce to be the first and chiefest, is too much disregarded and often totally overpowered, to make way for the band, the wind instruments especially,\* and the noisy over the more harmonious. The compensation must however be sought and will be found by those who love instrumental effects, in the depth, originality, and force of his conceptions in the employment of the orchestra, in the ingenuity, contrivance, and connection throughout—in short, in the invention and adaptation of what we may call the musical machinery of such operas as *Der Freischutz* and *Oberon*—the latter being perhaps the most vocal of the two. We nevertheless are compelled to believe that the world will be disappointed—the more so from the previous and possibly exaggerated encomiums on *Der Freischutz*.

Before we had concluded this article, Death had taken Weber from us. Our opportunities of seeing and conversing with him

\* This is eminently the case in *Sir Huon's* song in the first act.

had not been many, but they were frequent enough and sufficient to make us acquainted with the purity of his mind, with his quiet, ingenuous, and philosophical temper, with his acute power of perception, his strong but mild and rational judgments, and above all with his intense love of his art, which he prosecuted less for the honour and emolument it brings than for itself. He disdained to lower its noble purposes, and wrote with a view to the fame which is bestowed only after the longest and the closest investigation of the merits of the claimant, not to that which is the hasty tribute of the moment of gratification. Peace be to his ashes!

*Scherzo and Russian Rondo for the Piano Forte, composed by J. N. Hummel. No. 1. Op. 107.*

*La Contemplazione and Brilliant Rondo for the Piano Forte, composed by J. N. Hummel. No. 2. Op. 107.*

*Aria con Variazione, and Hungarian Rondo for the Piano Forte, composed by J. N. Hummel.*

London. Clementi, Collard, and Collard.

We have seldom seen the traits of the acquirements of science and of natural endowment more completely united than in the pieces before us, and thence we may conclude that the author's style of performance partakes largely of these qualities, namely, mechanical power, and the sensibility which feels and inspires feeling.

In the first piece, the scherzo movement exhibits the man of science; it is formed upon a subject of two bars, and occupies three pages. The exquisite art of the musician is blended with a vivacity and brilliancy that cannot fail to delight. The subject, as may be seen in the example, is of a kind to strike on the ear and



to be easily followed through its various and incessant changes. The subject of the Russian rondo is either a national air, or an

original melody formed after the manner of the music of that country. We cannot admire the peculiar manner, but this is a mere question of taste, and the whole movement is so full of melody that we can hardly dispute upon the nature of the selection. We may recommend this lesson, not only on account of its intrinsic excellence, but also for its general usefulness; for while its merit is undoubted, it is neither beyond the acquirements nor the comprehension of the amateur performer.

The second is a composition of a still higher character. The first movement, as its title imports, is devoted to expression.—Melody is the vehicle through which the master has conveyed his ideas, and this is of that tranquil and soothing kind which best represents “holy contemplation.” Although science is visible in every bar, there is none of the affectation which but too frequently attends upon it. The composer is content to delight, without seeking after original and far-fetched combinations. It is somewhat singular, that we find a passage exactly similar to one in Haydn’s beautiful canzonet, “*She never told her love.*”



We are inclined to believe that Mr. Hummel expressly borrowed the strain, in order to strengthen himself by so powerful a recollection. The second movement forms a strong contrast to the first, from its brilliancy and spirit. The whole piece contains ample materials for the player.

The third lesson is in another style, but equally good.—The variations to an air which begins not unlike “*Ah perdona*” are elegant and fanciful; they preserve the melody without fatiguing the ear, and are totally devoid of that mannerism which is the resource of poverty of invention. The Hungaria rondo



is more full of character than almost any thing of the kind we remember, and there is a spirit and vivacity in it which are quite captivating.

In all these compositions melody reigns triumphant—this is the charm; and while we own the power of this attribute of genius, most gladly do we pay due homage to the science by which it is exalted and ennobled.

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*Fantasia and grand Variations on the Jager Chorus, by J. Cohan.*  
 Liverpool. Yaniewitz and Weiss.  
*Llwyn On, or the Ash Grove, with Variations for the Piano Forte,*  
*by Signor Ramon Carnicier.* London. Birchall and Co.

Mr. Cohan's fantasia is on a subject of apparently never-failing popularity, which is for this reason, as well as its own intrinsic worth, one of attraction to most, but especially to young composers. It has before been treated by great masters with such brilliant effect, that it is perhaps a bold attempt to present it again to the public under such an aspiring form as the present, and is only to be justified by the success which Mr. Cohan has to a certain degree obtained. The faults of his composition are those of a young writer, and mostly on the right side, for they are those of a warm imagination, filled with a favourite subject and unrestrained by the cooler hand of experience and moderation. Thus the fantasia is *too long* and perhaps *too studiously* difficult. He is however in a good school. There is originality and fancy in the construction of his passages, and the whole of the left hand part, though redundant, is good, whilst the introduction, some of the variations, and the movement in  $\frac{4}{4}$  time, display both fancy and ingenuity. It is in fact evident that the lesson is produced by no common mind, but Mr. Cohan must not allow his better judgment to be overcome by too great an admiration for the present style of executive performance.—To use a well-known proverb, "All is not gold that glitters;" and his are talents not to be abused.

Signor Carnicier's variations on a well-known air are light and pleasing, without embracing much difficulty. The introduction is original.

*Introduction and March from Ricciardo e Zoraida, for the Piano Forte, by Mrs. Miles. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

Mrs. Miles is well known as a beautiful player and an excellent instructress, in the high circle in which she teaches. This lesson does not aim either at difficulty or great novelty; it is easy of acquirement, elegant, and tasteful, and therefore likely to be popular and in request.

*Il Canto, Arietta, composed by Perrucchini.*

*Il Desiderio, composed by Perrucchini.*

*La dolce Rimembranza, Arietta, composed by Perruchini.*

*La Primavera, Arietta, composed by Perrucchini.*

*Il Bosco, Arietta, composed by Perrucchini.*

*Ogni Zeffiro che spira, Canzoncina, composed by Nicolo Vacaj.*

*E Vezzosa, Canzoncina, composed by Vacaj.*

*Luci Adorabili, Canzoncina, composed by Isouard.*

*Or che la Notte Placida, Cavatina, composed by Signor Velluti.*

All by S. Chappell, 135, Bond-street, London.

These songs are each and all of them so elegant, that we scarcely can decide to which to give the palm. They are the productions of refined taste and feeling, and in style take the same rank in Italian composition that a ballad does in English music. Signor Velluti has already given a never-dying reputation to Perrucchini's beautiful Venetian barearole, "*La Notte se bella*," and those before us are all very little inferior to it. Perrucchini's are the easiest and of the lightest character—of these the three first are the sweetest; Vaccaj's are of higher pretension, and have perhaps more originality about them. Last though not least is Velluti's. Like the singing of its author, it is full of the tenderest, most passionate expression, and every shade of feeling is observed with a delicacy and taste that belong to no other. This cavatina, however, requires to be studied, and sung in the peculiar style of Velluti himself, to be effective. We recommend them all most warmly to all who can admire and appreciate fine taste and exquisite sentiment.

*The Juvenile Band, composed and arranged for the early Practice of Playing in Concert; by Rolphino Lucy and John Green.* London. Green.

*Nos. 1 and 2, of a Series of Preparatory Exercises for the Piano Forte; by J. C. Clifton.* London. Clementi and Co.

*Introductory Preludes and Progressive Lessons for the Piano Forte, on Admired Airs, adapted by J. de Pinna.* London. S. Chappell.

We have before noticed Mr. Green's *domestic concert* as a highly useful and interesting publication. The present is one of the same character. It consists of favourite airs, arranged for three hands on the piano forte, violins, tenors, basses, and flutes, some of these being merely ripieno parts, for the purpose of allowing even beginners to have the advantage of playing in concert. The arrangements are at present in a very easy style, as the work is publishing in numbers.

Every master has his peculiar method of instruction, yet were we to examine each system minutely, we should find most of them to agree in essentials, and to differ only in some particular characteristic. But this very characteristic in general decides the style, and almost every book of instructions or exercises that appears may thus contain some new or useful hints. Mr. Clifton's exercises are formed upon excellent principles—they are calculated to equalize the touch, to give a good position, and to strengthen the hand, and will be found highly beneficial to learners, as their succession, from easy to difficult, is gradual and regular.

Mr. de Pinna's publication is one that is likely to be both useful and pleasing to beginners, as it contains some of the most favourite airs, easily arranged and preceded by preludes well adapted for practice.

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*Etudes pour le Piano Forte, par Aloise Schmitt. Op. 16, 3 parts.* London. Ewer and Johanning.

The practice of studios or exercises is now generally adopted in all branches of instrumental performance, and we consequently

find them multiplying on every side. Almost every master of eminence has written a series fitted to his peculiar manner of instruction, and some there are who have embraced all styles.— Amongst the latter are the studies before us; they have the marks of vast labour and research, and we do not hesitate to say, that if the student have sufficient patience and industry to go through them, he will scarcely meet with a passage which will not easily fall under his hand. The first part contains preparatory exercises upon the first five notes of the key of C, being the same for both hands, and they appear to us to embrace every possible combination. These are intended to give independence and equality to the fingers, and they must have that effect. Perhaps it would have been more judicious to have adhered to the established mode of fingering in this country, for the employment of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, making the thumb 1, may produce confusion in England, where another mode is in use. The rest of the work comprises 59 studies, a fugue, and toccata, and we repeat that a passage hardly exists which is not here exemplified in the clearest and most ample manner. It were therefore an endless task to attempt an analysis of such a work, but we earnestly recommend it to the attention of those students who have the wish and the enthusiasm to become fine players. Style and expression are only to be attained through the agency of mechanical power and sensibility; these etudes will give the former—the latter is not to be taught. This work has also another recommendation—it is cheap.

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*The Fitzwilliam Music, being a collection of Sacred Pieces selected from Manuscripts of Italian Composers in the Fitzwilliam Museum. Now for the first time published, by permission of the University of Cambridge, by Vincent Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy. Vol. 1. London (for the Editor), Shacklewell Green.*

There are few persons in this country, we apprehend, who are not now aware of the splendid donation made by the late Viscount Fitzwilliam to the University of Cambridge. This Nobleman bequeathed an entire collection of pictures, prints, manuscripts, books, &c. &c. and within the last few years, the whole has been placed in a separate building, under especial curators, and constitute the museum which is really dignified by the name of that illustrious family.

The history of the publication before us is thus given by Mr. Novello in his preface :

“ The Editor had some time since seen a catalogue of the music in that collection ; he heard therefore, with great pleasure, that towards the conclusion of the last year, a grace had passed the Senate of the University, by which a Syndicate was nominated and authorized to report concerning these manuscripts and some mode of publication, if any should appear fit to be adopted. Upon this he wrote to the Syndicate, offering his services and experience, of whatever value they might be, in any way the University might think proper to use and employ them. The Syndicate at first requested him to examine the manuscripts, and give his opinion as well of the quality of the music as of the several modes of publication ; and when he had done so (Dr. Clarke Whitfield, the professor of music, having declined to become the publisher) it was recommended to the Senate that permission should be granted to him to publish such parts as he should select : which recommendation the Senate adopted.

“ The Editor hopes that the present publication will justify that recommendation and adoption. He is desirous of taking this opportunity of expressing his grateful sense of both, and adding, that in his communication with, and visits to, Cambridge (for by

the statutes of the Fitzwilliam Museum nothing there deposited can be removed) he has experienced from the Vice-Chancellor, from the Members of the Syndicate, and from every person connected with the University, the greatest attention and courtesy."

Had the Syndicate selected from the whole mass of the talent of the country, the person best qualified, Mr. Novello has established such claims by his editions of Mozart and Haydn, that they could have chosen no one but himself, insofar as the most perfect accuracy and solid excellence in the manner are concerned, while by his adaptations for his own church, making the necessary allowance for the license as to florid music which the Catholic service does not refuse to permit, he has equally demonstrated his taste. The exercise of all these qualifications, but of the latter especially, is required in this task, for in the present state of musical practice if not of musical knowledge, no slight judgment is demanded to choose from such a heap, and to determine, without ancient or modern prejudices, what the world may think worthy of preservation.

The learned Editor has however limited his first selection to the masters of the Italian schools—those who have carried the practice of counterpoint to the highest perfection. "So true it is," says the Count Orloff, the latest historian of Italian art, "that music is more than a pleasure in Italy—it is really a want."—"Rome," he continues, "la première de ses cités, voit *Palestrina* régénérer la musique d'église, et fonder une de ses plus belles écoles. Dans le même temps, *Gesualdo*,\* à Naples, en fonde une autre sur les ruines de celle du Flamand Tinctor; *Porta* fonde celle de Bologne, ou de la Lombardie; tandis que *Marcello* les imite un peu plus tard, et perfectionne une semblable institution de *Villaert* à Venise. L'Italie, toujours au premier rang dans des annales de la musique, introduit, dès cette époque, les tons modernes si vrais et si beaux, et change le vieux contrepoint, ouvrage des nations étrangères. Elle fixe ces tons, elle crée la période mélodique, et l'harmonie tonale, comme l'ont dit éloquentement les savans et judicieux écrivains français, auteurs du *Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens*, et l'accord formé par la seconde et la

\* C'est le prince de Venosa; mais la gloire de cette école ne date réellement que depuis *Alexand. Scarlatti*.

sensible du mode mixte, est appelée du nom de *sixte italienne*. Toutes les parties du contrepoint régénéré s'épurent, se perfectionnent. Le dessin musical, beau dans son ensemble, ne l'est pas moins dans ses détails. La fugue, les contrepoints intriguées se revêtent des plus belles formes. Toutes les écoles nouvelles de la péninsule s'efforcent à l'envi d'enrichir, d'ornier, d'embellir le nouveau et brillant domaine de l'harmonie ; mais l'école de Naples se distingue et s'élève au milieu d'elles, comme la plus heureuse par ses créations et ses élèves."

We may content ourselves with this general extract, for we have already printed the amplest accounts of the separate schools of Italy, drawn and concentrated from various sources. The facts and principles are too well established to need further illustration. In his preface Mr. Novello has given a short sketch of the history of the principal composers whose works make up his first volume. We remark with satisfaction every instance of the growing desire to unite literary facts with music.

It forms a very curious particular in the history of Italian music, and one that satisfactorily accounts for the prodigious succession of genius with which that country has abounded, that the existing generation is never content with the productions of any or every former æra. It has been already remarked in our pages, that not even the great cities of Italy are willing to receive the music composed for others; but must each have its own. If the English ("Nation boutiquiere," as foreigners report us), can clearly comprehend how demand produces supply, it will not be difficult for them to understand how the principle applies to cavatinas as well as cottons. The fact is so. While we glorify Handel and a few others in *sæcula sæculorum* (as indeed he well deserves), the Italian forgets the compositions though not the names of all that are by-gone and desires novelty—with novelty be it remembered he also obtains progression and perhaps polish. To prove our statement, one of Sacchini's best operas was not long since revived at Naples, but it was performed only one night. A worse fate attended the once favourite *Buona Figliuola* at Milan, where the audience would not hear it out.

Our own countrymen may however make it their boast, that while they reverence their own masters they are not less anxious

\* See vol. 6, page 418.

to preserve and to hold in remembrance the solid productions of other schools and of other countries. If our constancy to our everlasting *Artaxerxes* and *Beggars' Opera* expose us to the ridicule of those of less faithful minds, we cannot be reproached with the total neglect of all that genius has produced and time has consecrated. We have in all ages been diligent collectors, from Younge, in the reign of Elizabeth, down to the nobleman who has enriched the University of Cambridge by his taste and munificence. But it is time for us to speak of the first specimens of the music which Mr. Novello has indicated such a laudable anxiety to present to the public. His preface we presume is to be considered as applying to the future as well as the present volumes, (five being the number he proposes to publish) as we find names and notices of composers of whose writings this contains no specimen. Such are those of Jomelli and Pergolesi. We may here casually remark, that Mr. Novello differs in a point of history and chronology from others, and as it appears to us erroneously. He says—"Leo in every respect eminently advanced the progress of his art; that which his master Scarlatti began, he continued; and he completed that which, before him, Porpora and Sala only indicated." Leo was born at Naples in 1694, and died of apoplexy, in his 51st year, in 1745. The time of Sala's birth is not precisely stated, but as he did not die till 1800, though he is stated to have been nearly 100 years old, it should still seem that he must have succeeded Leo, whose pupil he is stated to have been. So late indeed as 1794 he published his prodigiously elaborate work on composition, the expence being defrayed by the King of Naples, which was soon after destroyed. M. Choron has however re-embodied the bulk of his examples in his "*Principes de Composition*." It does therefore appear that Sala came after Leo, though knowing the careful accuracy of the Editor of the Fitzwilliam Music, we should almost be inclined to suspect the sources from which we draw our correction.

The collection opens worthily with an extract from a "*Missit Dominus*" of Leo—to the words "*Sicut erat in principio*"—a chorus with instrumental accompaniments. It contains an excellent introduction, followed by a fugue, which is treated in a masterly manner, though in one or two places the effect of octaves is produced by the crossing of the parts; at the bottom of page 9



also there is a naked ninth which must have been "poor indeed" had not Mr. Novello charitably given his author a third by way of accompaniment. The subject is occasionally augmented, which the Editor has very properly noted for the use of young students. The instrumental parts (viz. for hautbois, violin, tenor, and base) are in the early style of writing, never calling off the attention from the voices, but being completely subordinate to them, and designed to increase the vocal effects. They would certainly seem thin to modern hearers, but there are those who prefer the noble but serene stream of harmony that bears the voices along in their full majesty, to the swollen tide that overwhelms them.

No. 2 is a beautiful trio, purely vocal, and distinguished throughout by that easy flow of melody for which Carissimi was so celebrated.

Of the composer of No. 3, *Silvestro Durante*, Mr. Novello has made no mention in the brief notices of his preface; nor can we find any traces of him. There is nothing remarkable in this trio, which is sufficiently laboured, though it wants force.

No. 4 is a chorus from a *Te Deum* by Bononcini, written for splendour of effect, with instrumental accompaniments, more full than usual with the composers of his time. We question whether the severe judgment of those best studied in our ecclesiastical music would allow from this specimen that its composer has been, as Mr. Novello states, undeservedly neglected. There is little in the symphony, and though the author sets out with a good double subject, which is occasionally resumed, he soon quits it for divisions which we fear strict taste would pronounce to be showy but unmeaning, and inconsistent with the dignity a composer should sustain when employed in the service of the church. It is indeed upon this point that the purity and majesty of our English church-writers are chiefly at variance with those who permit the wider range of the writers for the Catholic worship. It would be mortifying indeed that such an one should have been named as the rival of Handel, but that we reflect it was in the theatre.

No. 5.—*Leo*.—A delicious morceau for two trebles. Nothing can exceed the correctness and dignity of style which is preserved throughout this verse.

No. 6.—*Paestrina*.—A fine specimen of choral harmony, in five parts,

No. 7.—Another sweet example of Carissimi's happy manner, which is particularly displayed in the concluding movement, "*Vive in æternum*," upon the following subject :

ALLEGRO.



No. 8.—(Padre Martini.)—With the exception of the various canons which are to be found in his "*Storia della Musica*," this is almost the only vocal composition by the Reverend Father which we have met with, and we cannot say that we are pleased with it. The two subjects are ably worked, but the whole wants that breathing spirit which is to be felt in the compositions of Leo and Carissimi. Padre Martini's best writings are his fugues, which are to be found in the admirable selection which Mr. Clementi has published, until the title of "*Practical Harmony*."

No. 9.—(Leo.)—This is a classical fugue on two subjects, which are managed throughout with great taste and judgment. We prefer this fugue to that with which the volume commences.

No. 10.—(Feroci.)—We never before saw any of Feroci's works, but the present short specimen pleases us highly. The harmony is pure, and the style excellent.

No. 11.—(Bononcini.)—A canon ingeniously constructed. This is all we can say, for it has no connexion with the words which it ought to illustrate.

No. 12.—(Clari.)—We cannot by any means join in the great eulogium passed by the Editor on Clari. We have seen very little of this author's writing, and having turned with some impatience to the specimen given by Mr. N. we must confess that we were considerably disappointed. In the commencement of this "*Gloria Patri*," we discover no "model of expressive melody"—on the contrary, it appears to us monotonous and ineffective. The theme is one which calls for the loftiest strains that man can utter, and therefore the choice of the minor key (the plaintive minor of F $\sharp$ ) strikes us as being most unhappy.

The accompaniments deserve no regard, but instrumental accompaniment was not understood nor felt in Clari's time. The few bars to the words "*sicut erat in principio*," &c. please us the most, but this short movement ends in A, in which key the fugue

begins immediately after, producing thereby a sameness of modulation, which should have been avoided. Even in the fugue, though with every disposition to defer to the Editor's taste and judgment, we can see nothing at all remarkable. In spirit it yields to those of Leo, which we have just examined, and we are unable in the conduct of it to discover any thing which justifies Mr. Novello's admiration of the author.

It is not to be questioned that this selection comprehends pieces of great beauty, but how far it will equal the expectation that has been formed from the well-known ability of the Editor, his intimate acquaintance with the subjects which it embraces, and the large mass of materials said to be at his disposal, we are not prepared to determine. We shall look for the future volumes with much anxiety on this account. It is amongst the drawbacks, that such noble publications are necessarily for the few; they must therefore be expensive, and a person of Mr. Novello's character would not suffer such a work to appear in any but the best form. We may trust to his judgment to make a selection worthy the public patronage, and it is generally found that intrinsic excellence commands success, which we hope will recompense the learned Editor's expensive application of his very valuable time.



*Fantasia and Rondo brilliant on the German Grenadier's March,*  
by J. Moscheles.

*March for the Piano Forte, by F. Ries.*

*Caledonia, an Air in the Scottish style, with Variations for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute; by W. Ling, Sen. London. All by Clementi and Co.*

*Sound the Loud Timbrel, from Moore's Sacred Songs, arranged for two Performers on the Piano Forte; by J. H. Little. London. Power.*

It is impossible to look at Mr. Moscheles' fantasia and not discover it to be the production of superior talent, especially the introduction, which is marked by a strong vein of imagination, but the lesson itself is without any of those decidedly characteristic traits that at once rivet the fancy and display the master hand; yet it

will undoubtedly make its way, like others of his lighter productions, by its delicacy, taste, and spirit.

Mr. Ries' March is so original as even to partake in some degree of the eccentricity of the *German model*, Beethoven, and to those who can appreciate the style, we recommend the March as highly characteristic.

Mr. Ling's composition consists of a pretty air, with easy and attractive variations, and Mr. Little's is a good arrangement, but we think he might have selected a subject of less monotony and more suitable to his purpose.

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*Le Pas de Pologne, Introduction and Polacca for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Burrowes.* London. Chappell.

*La Rosiere Divertimento, for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Burrowes.* London. Latour.

*Le Pas de Polichinelle, danced by Mons. Maxurier, arranged with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano Forte; by G. Kiallmark.* London. Clementi and Co.

*Bachelor's Fare, composed and arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by J. H. Little.* London. Power.

Mr. Burrowes' Polacca is very sweet, and is not without a claim to originality, and is in his usual flowing and easy style; the divertimento is of the same character, and we hardly know to which belongs the largest share of attraction, but we doubt not that they will both meet with the approbation so generally bestowed on this popular writer's publications.

The other two on our list are both on humorous subjects, and are treated, particularly the last, with quaintness and simplicity.

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*Withdraw not yet those Lips and Fingers ; Canzonet ; the Words by Thos. Campbell, Esq. the Music by John Barnett. London. Boosey and Co.*

*The Lover to his Mistress ; Canzonet ; the Words by Thos. Campbell, Esq. the Music by John Barnett. London. Boosey and Co.*

*How beautiful is Night ; the Words from Thalaba ; the Music by John Barnett. London. Power.*

*Non temer ; Canzonet ; composta di Giovanni Barnett. London. Birchall and Co.*

The words of the two first songs, which are dedicated to the Duchess of Hamilton and the Countess St. Antonio, amateurs of the most distinguished rank and ability in this or any country, have been most unmercifully ridiculed—rather perhaps because than notwithstanding, they are the production of Mr. Campbell. But in truth the lines are as unworthy that poet as words nearly allied to nonsense and a determined affectation of passion can make them. Of the music we cannot speak much more highly. We wish, for Mr. Barnett's sake, to whom his previous and general merits induce us to wish nothing but good, that he had wisely committed these hasty productions to the flames. They prove that his head is full of melodious passages, but the strains are nothing above the common, either in structure or combination.

“*How beautiful is night*” aspires to the poetical garb which music delights to wear, and does sometimes wear very gracefully. But Mr. Barnett, as it seems to us, has not succeeded so well as usual in his imaginative style. The melody, however sweet, is all like that of the former ballads—very, very common in its phrases, and though it is not difficult to apprehend that the tremando accompaniment is intended to picture the tremulous light of the starry firmament, or that the equal beat of the quavers in the “*Molto maestoso e ben marcato*” is designed to mark the steady course of

————— “the wand'ring moon,  
“Riding near her highest noon ;”

or again, that the repetition of the two demisemiquavers, with the rest between, means to convey the girdling of the sky—though all

these things are obvious, we suspect they will be taken as conceits, not illustrations—first because they have been used till they are worn out, and lastly, because they are not well managed. The truth is, this young composer gives his thoughts to the world with too little consideration; he suffers his zeal to outrun his discretion—a fault very customary and very pardonable to youth—but it is one which may, we venture to tell him, be dangerous to the reputation which he has already earned, and which we should be most sorry to see tarnished. In the same spirit of kindly admonition, we say that “Giovanni” had better return to plain John, as being by far most natural and becoming.

*The Battle of Hohenlinden; the Words by Thomas Campbell, Esq.  
the Music by Charles E. Horn. London. Power.*

*Go little fragrant blooming Rose; Ballad, composed by Charles E.  
Horn. London. Power.*

*I've been roaming; a Cavatina, by Charles E. Horn. London.  
Welsh and Hawes.*

We did not expect to see Mr. Campbell's powerfully descriptive poem, for there is as much true feeling in these strong lines as there is of frigid force in those we have just noticed from the same hand—we did not expect, we say, to see a second composition to these words, after the very felicitous adaptation by Mr. Charles Smith, of Liverpool.\* We must believe that Mr. Horn, to whose prevailing good taste we are ready to do justice, could not have heard Mr. Smith's composition, or he would never have put forth a piece so inferior in every respect. It is not impossible, we are quite aware, to write a second adaptation of the same words, of equal if not superior merit to a former and esteemed production, though the instances are few; but Mr. Horn's is a failure, and that it is so, we need only to refer him to Mr. Smith's, to prove. Mr. H. has adopted the form of the cantata, and commences with a recitative, which, though weak, is the best part of the song. The last movement, an *andante*, which comprehends

\* See Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 2, page 214.

three stanzas of as totally different sentiment as can be contrasted together, will demonstrate with how little care the composer has studied the expression. The music indeed differs not a whit from the thousands of plaintive ballads that daily issue from the shops. It is nothing beyond his own "*Go little blooming fragrant rose,*" which rises just to the rank of an ordinary song.

"*I've been roaming,*" we are happy to say, is much more fancifully imagined. It is really light, airy, and tasteful, and by the help of Madame Vestris has become one of the most popular songs of the day. It is one of those easy yet playful strains of melody which comes unbidden, and we will defy the hearer to get rid of it for hours and days. If it be not soon parodied, we shall think that Matthews, Liston, and Harley, are no more—which Momus forefend!

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*Appendix to Nicholson's Preceptive Lessons, consisting of an entirely new course of Exercises or Capriccios for the Flute, with a Piano Forte Accompaniment; the whole fingered with the greatest care according to the Author's mode of practice, and peculiarly adapted for the study and improvement of every Amateur who is ambitious of excelling on the Instrument. London. Nicholson, 12, Caroline-street, Bedford-square. Clementi and Co. Lindsay.*

The world is pretty nearly agreed in a dislike of long titles to books, as much perhaps as a matter of taste as from a belief that a work which is deemed to require so much prefatory recommendation is not likely to possess intrinsic merit—upon the principle that "good wine needs no bush." Mr. Nicholson's appendix is however an exception, for that there has seldom appeared a work of more intrinsic excellence, not only our own judgment allows, but the universal admission of flute players demonstrates. In the long article upon the flute, which forms a part of our present number, Mr. Nicholson's ability has been discussed so completely, that it abridges and almost supersedes our present task—we may also refer to our former disquisition when his "Preceptive Lessons"\* first appeared. No analysis of the appendix appears to be requisite. It contains in fact fresh and beautiful exemplifications of the author's principles applied to practice, and we may

\* Vol. 5, page 82.

safely adopt and confirm his own words, by assuring amateurs of the instrument, that they will "not merely be attended with pleasure, but be found highly conducive to improvement." They are indeed the additions which time and experience have accumulated, and no one hears Mr. Nicholson in public without the conviction that time and experience do not pass by him, but do indeed augment the fine qualities of his performance, as well as his taste and judgment in composition.

*The Sisters; Duet, composed by T. Cooke.*

*Love's Wrangle, a Madrigal for three Voices, composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.*

*The Rose and the Lily; Trio, by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.*  
London. All by Power.

Mr. Cooke's duet aims exactly at what it reaches—to please the general ear. Every one who hears it will say it is a pleasing composition—the voices have alternate leads and then "conspire," as Dr. Crotch's fine motett has it.\*

"*Love's wrangle*" is a lively piece, in imitation of the ancient manner, and "*the Rose and the Lily*," a trio, "*alla moderna*." Both are pretty, and may, we think be made as effective as such light and agreeable trifles can be.

*O doubt not my Love, a Ballad in the old English Style; the the Music by Sir John Stevenson.* London. Power.

*My Mistress is the Sea; the Music by Alexander D. Roche.*  
London. Power.

*Say what can hapless Woman do; a Ballad; the Music by E. Solis.*  
London. Clementi and Co.

*I love but thee; Ballad, by Thomas Moore, Esq. the subject of the Air from a French Melody, composed by Pio Cianchettini.* London. Power.

There are people in this world of controversy who dispute that there is such a thing as old English style, in spite of *Alley Croker*,

\* We are glad of any opportunity to recall to recollection this noble production of genius, "*Methinks I hear the full celestial choir*," which has departed with poor Bartleman.



and *Black-eyed Susan*, and we must confess that we have been driven to straits, as great as Dr. Crotch in his specimens, to combat these enemies of our musical faith; if however this be "in the old English style," why then Mr. James Hook, of Vauxhall memory, or any other Mr. that can put the plainest possible ditty together, can write in this manner; even Mr. Alex. D. Roche, whose ballad has the more nationality because his "Mistress is the Sea."

"Say what can hapless woman do?"—nothing at all with such patch-work as this, we are compelled to reply. Take for example the second stanza :

Forbid to rove where fancy strays,  
 Each blooming sweet must *wither* ;  
 For o'er her mind still caution says  
 Those sweets thou must not *gather*.

It appears to be in vain that we hang, draw, and quarter, about every three months, some murderer of the King's English; necessity or the organ of destructiveness still drives others to a similar fate.

Mr. Moore's very beautiful ballad ought not to be found in such company, but we are got almost to the bottom of our selected heap. This we believe to be a composition of Mr. Pio Cianchettini's very early youth, and is, if we mistake not, the very same melody which Mr. Moore has introduced into the last number of his *National Airs*, to the words—"Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken." We prefer this version and this adaptation, in which the changes heighten the passion. It is in all respects what we have termed it above, "a very beautiful ballad."

*She sung, but afraid of her own sweet voice, a Song, written by Daniel Weir, Esq: the Music composed by F. W. Crouch.*

*The Tear, a Ballad, the Music by J. F. Klose.*

*Oh! touch that Harp, a Cavatina, composed by J. Blewitt. London. Chappell.*

The first song is literally a mediocre production; such an one indeed as without any positive fault has yet no positive excellence.

Mr. Klose's ballad, without containing a single novel combination, is yet very agreeable. The movement of the two verses is

prettily contrasted by the acceleration of the second, and it will be found altogether effective.

Mr. Blewitt's cavatina, or rather cantata, to which it comes nearest, though in truth it belongs to neither class, aims at more than it attains. It is obviously written for a voice of a limited compass, and to bring into prominent service a particular portion of the scale of the singer, but it does not appear to us to be happy either in the conception or the execution.

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*Journal Hebdomadaire, or Weekly Journal of the latest and most admired Vocal and Piano Forte Music, by the most eminent foreign Composers, forming an agreeable assemblage of short, pleasing, and not difficult compositions. London. Boosey and Co.*

We have often had sufficient cause to remark that the foreign composers excel our own in elegant trifles, particularly in vocal trifles. The object of this publication seems to be to collect and concentrate the best and latest productions of the lighter kind of Italy, Germany, and France, and to give them in the original and in many instances with an English translation. Each weekly number consists of a sheet of music, upon which are closely but clearly printed one or two romances, or songs, or duets, and two or three marches, waltzes, or other like compositions. The price to subscribers for twenty-six of these sheets, forming a volume, is one pound. The selection appears to be well made, and they who seek novelty and variety will find ample satisfaction, for besides the works of great and well known composers, there are many whose names we never heard of in any other way. The publication began we believe in 1824. Two volumes are before us.

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## OBITUARY.

On Monday, June 5, 1826, died Carl Maria Freyherr Von Weber.

When this celebrated musician arrived in this country, he was labouring under pulmonary consumption, which, judging from the state of the body after death, must have at that time made very fatal advances. He continued however to fulfil his public engagements, and to prosecute his private studies with equanimity and even cheerfulness, though continually exposed to the suffering occasioned by the distressing languor and difficulty of breathing which attend this fatal disorder. He had even fixed to leave England on his return to Germany, and his departure was to have taken place on Wednesday, June 7, when on the morning above named he was found dead in his bed, at the house of his friend, Sir George Smart, whose guest he had been since his residence in this country. His friends who could but perceive the continual danger to which his life was exposed, though they did not anticipate so sudden a close, were apprehensive that the journey should precipitate his end, and urged him to wait the hope of better health; but he was naturally anxious to return to his wife and children, whom he had kept in entire ignorance of his growing indisposition. He went to bed in his usual state, except perhaps that his spirits were more than commonly firm in the near approach of his much wished for departure—at seven o'clock he was found a corpse. Under such circumstances, the propriety of a medical investigation of the causes of death was evident. The body was opened, and the following certificate drawn up and published.

“On opening the body of C. M. Von Weber, we found an ulcer on the left side of the larynx, the lungs almost universally diseased and filled with tubercles, of which many were in a state of suppuration, with two vomices, one about the size of a common egg, the other smaller, which was a quite sufficient cause of his death.

T. TONCKEN, M.D.

CHARLES F. FORBES, M.D.

P. M. KIND, M.D.

W. ROBINSON, Surgeon.”

*Great Portland Street, 5th June, five o'clock.*

No sooner was the event known, than a very ardent desire to do honour to the memory of so distinguished a man, manifested itself. Some of the principal music-sellers were the first movers, and it was no less earnestly followed up by the eminent professors generally. A public funeral was suggested, and a committee of the following gentlemen was immediately formed :

Messrs. Moscheles	Sir J. A. Stevenson	Messrs. S. Chappell
Braham	Sir George Smart	J. Willis
Hawes	Messrs. W. F. Collard	T. Preston
Attwood	T. D'Almaine	Jas. Power.

At the early meetings of this committee it was determined not only to make the funeral public, but to perform Mozart's requiem upon a scale equal to the solemnity and dignity of the occasion, and to draw from the performance the means of assisting to raise a monument to the deceased. The intention was no sooner made known, than offers of gratuitous services flowed in from all quarters. Most of the Philharmonic Society—the entire Band of Covent Garden Theatre signified their wishes to assist, and every thing seemed to promise the fairest issue to a design so honourable to the country, to the promoters, and to him whose memory and whose merits it was their hope to aid in perpetuating. To this end the following appeal was put into very general circulation :

“The Committee for conducting the funeral of the late Baron Von Weber beg leave to inform the musical public, that the ceremony will take place on Friday, the 16th instant. Any gentlemen wishing to attend as mourners will please to make immediate communication to the secretary. The personal expences of each individual so attending will be one pound, eleven shillings, and six-pence.

A subscription is opened for the erection of a monument to the memory of the deceased ; and tickets of admission to the funeral ceremony can be obtained only by subscribers to the monument to the amount of one guinea and upwards.

A funeral service on an unprecedented scale of grandeur will be performed, aided by the first vocal and instrumental talent of the metropolis. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer—Conductor, Mr. Attwood.

THOS. D'ALMAINE, Honorary Secretary.

*Committee Room, Argyll Rooms,  
June 12, 1826.*

**N.B.**—Each mourner will be required to furnish himself with gloves. Books are opened, and subscriptions for the monument will be received at the following music warehouses :

Mr. Chappell's, 135, New Bond-street  
 Messrs. Clementi and Co.'s, 26, Cheapside  
 Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine's, Soho-square  
 Mr. Power's, 34, Strand  
 Mr. Preston's, 71, Dean-street, Soho  
 Mr. Willis's, 55, St. James's-street  
 And by the Treasurer, at the Argyll-rooms."

The design seemed to meet very general approbation, and a considerable number of names were entered as subscribers to the monument. M. Von Weber was of the Catholic faith, and an application was made to have the interment take place at Moorfields Chapel. An unexpected obstacle here however occurred. This beautiful building was erected by subscription, and owing (as we have understood) to the failure of one of the principal benefactors who had stipulated to defray certain expences, a part of the expence yet remains unliquidated. The chapel is therefore, if not the absolute property of the subscribers, at least in their occupation. On this ground it was deemed impracticable by the Catholic hierarchy to allow of the admission by tickets, and at the same time it was signified (we cannot perceive on what just ground) that no more than twenty musicians could be allowed to be added to the choir.\* Under this unexpected circumstance, it was presumed that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral would grant the use of their church, which would add so much to the magnitude, splendour, and dignity of the ceremony, that the proposal was eagerly adopted. The Dean received it with the utmost attention—a chapter was called expressly—but there being no precedent for the introduction of instrumental music beyond the organ, nor of the performance of any music but such as it is customary to use in the funeral service of the Church of England,

\* We can easily imagine that the Catholic Clergy would feel themselves placed in an awkward dilemma between the rights of the subscribers to the chapel and the request of the committee. But surely the pewholders could hardly have refused to relinquish their rights for the morning, when the accomplishment of an object which may almost be called national, was at stake.— Upon all occasions, private (in this case we may be pardoned for calling them insignificant) privileges ought to give way to public calls.

the authorities felt it impossible to accede to the request. The following notice was then issued :

*“ Funeral of the Baron Von Weber.*—The Committee for conducting the above ceremony inform the public that unexpected obstacles having arisen, from the arrangements originally proposed being found incompatible with the established regulations of the places of public worship, they have been obliged to decline the assistance so handsomely offered by the musical profession, and to abandon a musical performance over the body altogether.

To those who have intimated their wish to attend as mourners the Committee beg leave to say that the funeral will take place on Wednesday next, and that every necessary information will be given previous to that time.

THOS. D'ALMAINE, Honorary Secretary.”

*Committee Room, Argyll Rooms,  
June 14, 1826.*

Still however there was great reluctance to abandon so noble a plan in honour of so worthy a man, for a mere private interment, and the Catholic hierarchy having in some respects shewn a disposition to recede somewhat from their original restrictions, it was determined that the funeral should be public—that it should take place at Moorfields' Chapel, and that the Requiem should be performed. The Committee were compelled to abandon the intention of raising a fund for a monument, by the aid of the ceremony, a circumstance which can hardly fail to be a subject of severe regret to every lover of the arts, to every admirer of the genius of Weber, as well as to every one who is emulous of the honour which results to a country, where such public distinctions are spontaneously offered to departed excellence.

In order to place the attendant facts in their true light, a copy of the third circular from the Committee is subjoined :

“ SIR—The Committee for conducting the funeral of the late Baron Von Weber beg leave to inform you, that the burial will take place at the Catholic Chapel, in Moorfields, on Wednesday next, the 21st instant, and that the presence of every gentleman who wishes to attend as a mourner will be necessary, at the residence of Sir George Smart, No. 91, Great Portland Street, at half-past eight o'clock in the morning precisely, as the rules of the

Catholic Chapel require that the body should be at the door exactly at eleven o'clock.

The Committee beg you will favour them with an immediate answer, and in the event of your wish to attend you will have the goodness to take up a mourner's ticket from the Secretary, at the Argyll Rooms.

No name can be added to the list of mourners after eleven o'clock on Monday morning.

THOMAS D'ALMAINE,

Honorary Secretary.

Committee Room, Argyll Rooms,  
June, 15, 1826.

The personal expences of each mourner will be £1. 11s. 6d. and he will be required to furnish himself with gloves."

On the appointed morning, the sixteen gentlemen whose names are subjoined, the nearest friends of the deceased and the members of the committee, breakfasted at the house of Sir Geo. Smart.

Sir George Smart	}	1st Coach.
Mr. Furstenuau		
Dr. Kind		
Mr. Goschen		
Mr. Kramer	}	2d.
Mr. Burke		
C. Kemble, Esq.		
T. Fawcett, Esq.		
H. Robertson, Esq.	}	3d.
— Oliver, Esq.		
Mr. Planché		
Mr. Moscheles		
Dr. Forbes	}	4th.
Mr. Liverati		
Mr. Savory		
Mr. Braham		
Mr. F.W. Collard	}	5th.
Mr. D'Almaine		
Mr. Chappell		
Mr. Power		

The remainder of those who joined the procession assembled at the Portland Hotel, which is situated in the immediate vicinity. They were as follow:

The Prussian Consul  
 Mr. Aders  
 — Bishop  
 — Burrowes  
 — J. B. Cramer  
 — T. Cooke  
 — C. Clementi  
 — Cahusac  
 — Duruset  
 — Forbes  
 — Giese  
 — Hawes  
 — Horsley  
 — H. Horn  
 — Hodsoil  
 — Kieseewetter  
 — W. Linley  
 — Lonsdale.

Mr. Major  
 — Neate  
 — C. Potter  
 — Paine  
 — Pegler  
 — Robertson  
 — Robson  
 — Rodwell  
 — Rovedino  
 — Shield  
 — Schlesinger  
 — Stumpff  
 Sir J. Stevenson  
 Mr. Walmisley  
 — Webbe  
 — Wordsworth  
 — Ward  
 — Willis.

Soon after nine o'clock the procession moved from Sir George Smart's house; in the following order :

Conductors on horseback.

Two Mutes, do. in silk dresses.

Plume of black ostrich feathers, borne by one Man and supported by two Pages.

Two Mutes on horseback, in silk dresses.

Hearse drawn by six horses—Scutcheons—the Arms of the deceased displayed thereon.

Four Pages walked on each side.

A Mourning Coach drawn by four horses.

Pages on each side.

Then followed sixteen Mourning Coaches, with forty-two Pages.

Four Private Carriages—namely those of Miss Stephens,

Mr. Braham, Mr. J. S. Willett, and Mr. Aders,  
closed the procession.

It was near eleven when the funeral service commenced at Moorfields. The chapel, which is a beautiful building in the exact manner of the chapels of Italy and will hold two thousand persons, was completely filled. The organ gallery was appropriated to the band. The pulpit and altar were hung with black. The priest, deacon, sub-deacon, with their acolytes, advanced to the principal entrance to meet the body, and as the procession moved along the aisle, the band commenced Mozart's Requiem.



The coffin was placed upon the platform, and the service according to the Catholic ritual was performed, the rest of the requiem being completed at intervals by the band. The sublimity of this fine composition, combines the highest powers of the art and the solemnity of the subject with true majesty and pathos, and on this occasion so much enthusiasm and genuine feeling was mingled with the expression, that it has been seldom heard with more positive effect. Miss Cubitt, who took the principal part in the absence of Miss Stephens, deserves great praise for the pure style in which she sung. We subjoin a list of the band:

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Miss Cubitt, Miss Betts, Miss Povey, Miss Andrews, and  
Miss Farrar.

Mr. Braham, Mr. Pyne, Mr. C. Evans, Mr. Pinto, and  
Mr. Phillips.

Assisted by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Choir of the Catholic  
Chapel, and a chorus of 36 singers.

Quartett—" *Tuba mirum*," by Miss Cubitt, Miss Andrews, Mr.  
Pyne, and Mr. Phillips.

Quartett—" *Recordare*," by Miss Farrar, Miss Betts, Mr.  
Phillips, and Mr. Braham.

" *Lacrymosa*" by all the principal singers.

" *Benedictus*" by Miss Cubitt, Mr. Evans, Mr. Phillips, and  
Mr. Braham.

BAND.

Leader, Mr. Cramer.

*Violins*—Messrs. Mori, Ella, and Thomas.

*Principal Second Violins*—Mr. Betts, Mess. Kemis, Pigot, & Davis.

*Violas*—Messrs. Moralt and Daniels.

*Violoncellos*—Messrs. Hatton and Hagart.

*Double Basses*—Messrs. Woodham and C. Smart.

*Flutes*—Messrs. Birch and Birch, jun.

*Clarionets*—Messrs. Willman and Powell.

*Bassoons*—Messrs. Godfrey and Mancon.

*Trumpets*—Messrs. Harper and E. Harper.

*Trombones*—Messrs. Mariotti, Smithies, and Schoengen.

*Double Drums*—Mr. Chipp.

*Conductor*—Mr. Attwood, who presided at the organ, Mr.  
Terrail having relinquished it on this occasion.

At the conclusion, the body was deposited in the vault under the chapel, where some prayers in English (the mass for the dead being in Latin) closed the ceremony of interment. The procession then returned in the original order.

Upon the coffin was the following inscription:

CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER  
 nuper  
 Præfectus musicorum Sacelli regii  
 apud Regem Saxonum.  
 Natus urbe Eutin, inter Saxones  
 Die 16 Decembris, 1786.  
 Mortuus Londini  
 Die 5 Junii, 1826.  
 Anno quadragesimo  
 Ætatis suæ.

To the character of this philosophical and excellent composer, we can here add nothing; so frequently have we had occasion of late to speak of his merits and works. His habits and his dispositions were those we have described at the close of our review of Oberon. Simplicity, profound observation and uninterrupted study of his art, were the leading traits of his manners and his mind. He received the homage paid to his talents with the tranquillity of one who rather enjoys the quiet and serene consciousness of duty well performed than the turbulent elation of public honours.

The emoluments he derived from his visit to this country, though handsome, were small compared with the sums which foreign artists have obtained. He was engaged at few parties at the houses of persons of fashion, (from which Rossini drew so large a revenue) and we regret to state that the concert he gave during his life was not very productive, and the benefit for his family after his death, still less so. But that his ability was acknowledged both by rank and talent, as well as by the public at large, his being invited to conduct at the concerts of the Marquis of Hertford and Mrs. Coutts, the eagerness with which the theatres were filled when he superintended the performance of his own music, and the desire of the profession to honour his memory, sufficiently declare. It is deeply to be regretted, on national

grounds, that the demonstration of respect was limited by the circumstances we have related; but though a permanent record of the grateful feeling of English artists and of Englishmen for the dignity he gave to art and the pleasure his works diffused, was thus prevented, he has not descended to the tomb "unwept, un-honoured, and unsung." Mr. Planché (who wrote the poem for his last composition) with a prompt feeling that speaks its truth, produced within a very few hours after his death, the following lines, which we rather consider as the tribute of the heart than of the head. They have been well-set by Mr. Braham, who has most appropriately introduced some of the most beautiful traits of Weber's own melodies.

Weep!—for the word is spoken,—  
 Mourn!—for the knell hath knoll'd ;  
 The master chord is broken,  
 And the master hand is cold !  
 Romance hath lost her minstrel ;  
 No more his magic strain  
 Shall throw a sweeter spell around  
 The legends of *Almaine* !

His fame had flown before him  
 To many a foreign land ;  
 His lays were sung by ev'ry tongue,  
 And harp'd by ev'ry hand.  
 He came to cull fresh laurels,  
 But Fate was in their breath,  
 And turn'd his march of triumph  
 Into a dirge of death !

O all who knew him lov'd him !  
 For with his mighty mind  
 He bore himself so meekly—  
 His heart it was so kind !  
 His wildly warbling melodies—  
 The storms that round them roll—  
 Are types of the simplicity  
 And grandeur of his soul !

## FUNERAL OF VON WEBER.

Though years of ceaseless suffering  
Had worn him to a shade,  
So patient was his spirit,  
No wayward plaint he made.  
E'en Death himself seem'd loath to scare  
His victim pure and mild,  
And stole upon him gently,  
As slumber o'er a child!

Weep!—for the word is spoken,—  
Mourn!—for the knell is knoll'd;  
The master chord is broken,  
The master hand is cold!

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## SKETCH OF THE STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON.

AUGUST, 1826.

**A**RT can never be altogether stationary, and yet it may be exceedingly difficult if not impracticable, to describe the slight indications of progress or decline that is made from year to year. Such however is the delicate task we undertake. If then we perceive it is both wisest and safest to narrate facts rather than hazard those nice and disputable comments and conjectures which contemporary observation might hesitate to admit, or which time may not confirm, we shall but give a wider play to the reason or the ingenuity of the reader, while we escape all the dangers that attend uncertain speculation. By adopting such a course we do not however intend to suffer any thing to escape us that may seem to promise benefit to art, its professors or admirers; we purpose merely to guard ourselves and our friends against expectations of novelty which does not exist, or the anticipation of changes and improvements which rarely happen but in the lapse of far longer periods than those that intervene between the dates of our periodical surveys. In the mean while we may premise, that there must always be sufficient to create an interest amongst the lovers of music in the transactions of the London season, and this has certainly not been less fertile than those which have preceded it, though in certain points, encouragement may seem to have declined or to have taken other directions.

So long as the singers of Italy and the composers of foreign countries take the rank they at present assume over native talent, it is merely a matter of fact to say that the highest source of art in this country is the King's Theatre. We desire to have it especially understood, that we make a distinction between the term we here apply and the popularity which must always wait on the national theatres. But nevertheless the Italian stage presenting those which are esteemed in the circles of fashion the most perfect models both in composition and execution, must not only be deemed the highest, but must also attach no inconsiderable

portion of the general regard. Believing as we do sincerely, that intrinsic qualities can alone exalt either things or persons for any considerable period to a lofty station or keep them there, we must therefore also believe that it is intrinsic merit which has secured for the Italian Opera the support it every where finds. Thus impressed, we commence our description with the facts which have attended the performances at the King's Theatre.

In order to understand the situation of this prodigious undertaking it will be necessary to go back a little. It will be remembered, or may be seen on reference to our sixth and seventh volumes, that an adventurer of the name of Benelli, who had either been employed in subordinate situations about the Opera House, or had rendered himself familiar with some of the details of the management by his acquaintance with and services to the performers, obtained the conduct of the theatre in 1824, under the presumed responsibility of more respectable parties, and that he subsequently absconded, leaving enormous debts to creditors of the theatre unpaid. With whatever levity the perpetual embarrassments, breaches of faith, and losses which have attended almost every proprietor or manager of this concern since its commencement, may have been regarded, still by their incessant recurrence they must not only have given rise to a commensurate distrust in the breast of every respectable person who has consented to connect himself with the establishment, but there must also have grown up a contempt even on the part of the subscribers and the public very fatal to the prosperity of the undertaking. The first operates to create a hesitation and want of decision, firmness, and promptitude in the management, from the incessant danger of division or want of support—the latter a decay of general favour. Thus is exemplified the scriptural maxim, if we may apply it to things profane—the house that is divided against itself cannot stand; and thus we imagine we now perceive the manifest working and effect of those causes which hitherto have been rather latent than directly visible—felt more than seen.

It is the peculiar praise of Mr. Ayrton that he had twice, if not oftener, regenerated this theatre, when the credit it could obtain from falling into the hands of persons of mercantile character and acknowledged property was weakened by the repeated, constant

failures of their predecessors, and when the several component members of the theatrical body were either severed or lost.— Surrounded by difficulties of every sort, and of which he perhaps alone can know the extent, he succeeded even after the atrocious misconduct of the man to whom we have alluded, in reproducing, as it were, and recomposing the fragments of the opera house, and in bringing them to a tolerable state of consistency and strength in an incredibly short time. This was during the season of 1825. Had this gentleman been firmly supported in his plans, there is every reason to believe, both from his personal ability and public acts, notwithstanding the known hostility and aversion with which the foreign corps dramatique regard the appointment of an English manager—had he been firmly supported, we say, there is good reason to believe that he possesses properties of intellect and character to have done all that might be expected from judicious conduct in repairing evils so many and so manifest as those which surrounded the concern. We have spoken thus much in mere justice to the party, not in disparagement of any other person; and we do so with the more freedom because the experience and talent of Signor Velluti, who has this season taken the principal department in the musical and dramatic conduct of the theatre, have placed him beyond dispute amongst the first of the managers as well as of the singers of Europe. Why the opera house should fail to be immensely profitable appears to be sufficiently strange—why it should fail to be so when directed by men of such acknowledged ability, might well awaken much more astonishment. In former articles we have given a sufficient insight into the receipts and expenditure, to justify these remarks. In the present year the property boxes (or those for which a certain sum being given at the erection of the house, ensured their possession to the lessees without any annual payment) have fallen in and ought to have augmented the receipts to a large amount. These things premised, we may proceed to the details of the management and the provision made for the entertainment and attention of the subscribers and the public at large.

Signor Velluti was no sooner engaged to conduct the management, than he recommended as prima donna, Signora Bonini, a singer whose style he had assisted in forming, thus intending to give the English public not only an example of the same school,

but to secure the elucidation of his own principles of fine expression, and such an unity and direction of talent as can best be assured by the perfect understanding and accord of the principal singers. Remorini had left England. There remained Curioni, Porto, and De Begnis. Madame Caradori Allan was re-engaged, and Signoras Cornega as the contralto and Castelli for the subordinate characters. The house opened on the tenth of January with *Il Crociato in Egitto*.\* Subsequently Signor Pellegrini and Madame Pasta have been added to the company. There has been no lack of vigour in furnishing variety, as the following list of the operas performed will exhibit :—

Il Crociato in Egitto.  
 La Donna del Lago.  
 Teobaldo ed Isolina.  
 Il Barbiere di Siviglia,  
 Pietro L'Eremita,  
 Otello.  
 Tancredi.  
 Romeo e Giulietta.  
 Nina.  
 Medea.  
 Aureliano in Palmyra.  
 Zelmira.

Signora Bonini, it is not to be concealed, has not obtained that countenance to which her abilities as a singer entitle her. She is small in person, her features when seen near are intelligent and expressive, but she is much marked with the small pox; she wants therefore that command in person which the stage requires, and she does not appear to have paid the attention to dramatic study, which sets off to such advantage the vocal talents of Catalani and Pasta. Her voice is sufficiently powerful in point of volume,

\* A more than common care was bestowed upon the arrangements for this opera. The Signors Gambati, two trumpet players, were brought from Italy to assist—and the very first night their flourish from the towers excited much applause. Their execution is wonderful; but their instruments being furnished with keys, enable them to increase facility by means that take very much from the astonishment which they create at first hearing. Their tone is rough and raw in comparison with Harper's. They are nevertheless very clever, and have played every where. They execute vocal duets of the most delicate expression, such as Rossini's "*Mille sospiri e lagrime*," with uncommon ease and precision.



and is extensive in compass, but when she uses it to its full extent there is a tremulousness which indicates a want of strength in the organ, and which is the great drawback from the excellence of her performance. But notwithstanding this defect we can but consider her as a singer of unquestionably high talent. Her style is pure and expressive, her facility considerable, her musical knowledge masterly, and her faculty of ornamenting, at once elegant and inventive. Singers, however great, are greatest only by comparison with others, and it rarely happens that any artist is estimated but by this shifting standard. Hence Mademoiselle Bonini has been probably underprized from the superiority of those supremely great singers, Catalani and Pasta, whom she has directly succeeded at the King's Theatre, and with whom she is consequently immediately compared. A much lower estimate has therefore, as it seems to our judgment, been made of her attainments than they deserve. In private life we must add she bears a most excellent and amiable character.

Madame Caradori Allan has continued to rise in the public estimation. Her natural sweetness, naiveté, and graceful modesty, aid in an incalculable degree her excellence as a singer, which improves hourly by the exercise of her fine taste and science. Her acting in comedy is delightful, for she mixes an archness with her delicate manner that is as captivating as any exertion of talent we have witnessed. We allude particularly to her representation of *Rosina*, in *Il Barbiero di Siviglia*—nor was the beauty and softness of her *Giulietta* less winning.

Signora Cornega arrived in England at the close of last season, just in time to be heard at one or two concerts, where she sung "*Una voce*" from *Il Barbiero* with uncommon neatness of execution, and a good deal of inventive fancy. Her voice is rich but throaty, and she has a thickness in her enunciation which detracts much from the effect of her singing, while her general manner is not of the highest school. The principal character in which she appeared was *Felicia* in *Il Crociato*, which had been so successfully sustained by Mademoiselle Garcia as to allow little room for comparison.

Madame Pasta made her first appearance on the 22d of April, and so high is the just estimation of her talents in England, that her popularity absorbs the universal attention. We have found

persons of excellent judgment who do not rate her vocal powers so highly as last year—such however is not our estimate. It appears to us that Madame Pasta goes on to enrich her style continually by those finest touches of art which demonstrate the extremest finish, that her faculty of transition is increased, her ornaments still further diversified, and her sotto voce execution more touching than ever, while her bursts of passion are rendered more forcible by the augmented contrast. Pathos could hardly be carried further than in her *Romeo*. Of her *Medea*, which has usurped so vast a portion of praise, we shall speak at large in a separate article on the entire opera. Scarcely ever was any singer more, if so popular—not even Billington or Catalani, though the one derived an extrinsic attraction, if we may so term it, from her being an Englishwoman, and the other from the immense reputation her wonderful powers had extorted from that nation from whence Europe has so long been content to receive the laws of musical taste.

The other female singers take no such rank as to make a separate and particular detail of their qualities necessary. Madame Castelli is as respectable as any of her predecessors—the “confidantes in white linen,” as Sheridan has for ever named such unheeded followers of the heroines “in white satin.”

There has been, it will be perceived, no change amongst the male singers. The former part of the season may indeed be said to have been sustained by Velluti, the latter by Pasta, for these formed the great attractions. Of Signor Velluti we have spoken at large towards the close of our seventh volume, and although we had then heard but little of his public performance, a larger experience of his powers has made no alteration in our judgments. He is a very great master in art. Parts of his voice are unequalled for delicacy and beauty, while it is impossible to exceed him in pathetic expression. His faculty of ornamenting is alike singular and superior, and his finish is surpassing. The voice however is too extraordinary to be reconciled to common auditors, while the uncertainty of the intonation affords a theme for censure, against which it is difficult to find a defence. As an actor he is majestic, dignified, and impressive. He has laboured under continual ill-health ever since he has been in England, which must have detracted considerably from the exercise of his powers, and for the

last six or eight weeks before the date of this article he was unable to appear scarcely at all,

Signor Curioni has manifestly improved in art, and as manifestly risen in the favor of the public. Practice has enlarged the volume of his voice, and experience and study his taste and facility, while his gentlemanly deportment has gained him universal esteem.

Signor Porto has been perhaps the most generally employed and therefore the most useful performer on the boards of the King's Theatre. He has also improved and increased his reputation.

Of Signor Pellegrini we have made a previous and distinct report. Time has taught us to think even more highly of his merits.

The devotion of the season so entirely to the serious drama (one only comic opera having been given) has reduced the admirable *De Bennis* to comparative idleness. We cannot however imagine finer acting than his *Don Bartolo*, or finer general performance than his own.

It behoves us now to turn again to the operas which have been given. *Il Crociato* was performed with even more effect than last year, as use made it more familiar.

The first novelty of the season was *Teobaldo ed Isolina*, the composition of Morlacchi. On the whole this opera is heavy as a performance—light as music. It is to be taken rather as a pasticcio of well-known traits than a combination of original thoughts and passages. Yet there are two or three things of merit. A duet for Curioni and Velluti—an air for the former, and the celebrated romanza (*Noite tremenda*) which has gained for the latter so much reputation throughout Europe. In London Curioni certainly gained very high honour by his execution of his simple air. It was encored almost every time the opera was acted.

The romance is a composition so curious in itself (and we must think very original) that it deserves a more complete analysis than we can enter upon in this part of our miscellany. Suffice it to say, that Signor Velluti has made it so completely his own as to cast almost the entire interest of the drama into its execution. It consists very much of detached strains—bursts of passion, varying so widely and so constantly in their objects and emotions as to render it most difficult to express. This great singer enters

however minutely into the feeling, and though he ornaments it highly, has yet so contrived his *rifioramenti*, that by almost all his introduced passages he has unquestionably added to the original intensity and grace of the work, and thus he more than shares the honour with the author. No one who has not heard Velluti can form a just notion of his impassioned excellence or of what may be done with a composition apparently so loose and disjointed.

Signor Torri took the part of *Egeo*, in *Medea*. His singing is in a considerable degree polished and sweet, but his natural and acquired powers place him in the second class.

We next enter the domain of Madame Pasta, for it may truly be said that from the moment of her arrival the residue of the of the season was surrendered into her hands. She alone was "heard, felt, and seen." Indeed we are told that by her articles the management of Velluti was superseded and thrown into her hands, it being stipulated that she should have the sole superintendance of the operas in which she performed. She has appeared in *Desdemona*, *Tancredi*, *Romeo*, *Nina*, *Medea*, and *Zelmira*; but *Romeo* and *Medea* have far exceeded in popularity any of or all the rest. For the benefit of Signor Velluti *Aurellano in Palmira*,\* was got up; it was successful, but owing to his indisposition performed but seldom.

\* Out of this performance arose a dispute between the female chorus-singers and Velluti, which was brought before the Magistracy. The ladies claimed a guinea each in virtue of a letter written by Signor V. promising that gratuity under certain conditions to "i Signori Choristi." The Magistrate held this phrase to include the females, and ordered him to pay the money, accompanying his decision with observing that it was "a trumpery defence." Other invidious charges were introduced into the examination, such as that "the Signor had a decided objection to the ladies, and never allowed them to appear in any place where he was concerned"—a falsehood so palpable as to defeat itself. We know V. to be a man of irritable nerves, and that he would preemptorily refuse an unjust demand—but we are confident the money made no part of his consideration. No one is more generous. For example, on the night of his benefit the Committee of the Royal Academy (where V. has taught gratuitously ever since he came to England) sent for two boxes for the pupils, and stated that fifty guineas were left at a Banker's for the use of them. V. replied that the boxes should certainly be reserved for the children, but that he never had intended to receive nor ever would receive a farthing from the Academy. He set apart two double boxes. We could relate many other instances of a similar kind and to an equal extent. We say thus much merely in justice to a man who has been but too shamelessly maligned and misrepresented.

In the beginning of August Madame Pasta left England, and Velluti's health being sufficiently re-established, *Aureliano* was resumed. Such are the details of the performances at the King's Theatre.

We never recur to the music of the English houses but with regret at the recollection of how little is done or attempted for the true interests of the art, or for their own exaltation as lyric theatres. It is not indeed that great composers are not engaged, it is not that some of the best singers are not retained—it is not in a word the means, but the direction of those means, that is the subject of our sorrow. No nearer approach has been made for almost a century to the establishment of a legitimate opera, and we feel persuaded that so long as the present miserable jargon of dialogue and song is continued, so long as the taste of the English public is treated as if it were incapable of understanding and relishing the highest species of musical drama, so long will the whole train of musical perceptions be lowered and kept down in the nation generally.\*

The music at Covent Garden was this season as last committed pretty much to M. Von Weber. *Der Freischütz* occupied the commencement, and after his arrival he conducted his own pieces, and brought out his *Oberon*. Of this we have spoken elsewhere. No new singer has appeared. Mr. Braham keeps his state without a rival. Miss Paton is certainly very much improved in her general manner. Madame Vestris is also a reigning favourite, which, strange to say, she becomes by lowering her original Italian style to the light but coarse ballads of the English comic opera—"Cherry-ripe" for example. But in truth she owes her popularity to her personal beauty and to her acting—her singing is a *tertium quid*, comparatively but little considered. Miss H. Cawse has been added to the vocal strength of this theatre, and she exhibits considerable ability. In *Ariel* and in *Puck* she has been

\* The addition of Sir George Smart to the management of Covent Garden Theatre (in conjunction with Messrs. Kemble and Fawcett) induces us to look forward with a renewed hope of some improvement. We know the energy of his mind, and we know also his honourable, strenuous, and unceasing desire to see the art placed in his own country upon a level at least with the attainments of surrounding nations. He has lately visited Germany, and nothing in the music of that musical nation has escaped his keen observation. We shall therefore view with an anxious regard the results of his direction.

very successful, principally by preserving a natural manner, by pure enunciation and expression, and by the plainest use of her excellent voice.

Drury Lane followed the reigning fashion in re-producing Weber's *Freischutz*. About the same time that *Oberon* was brought out, a new opera upon the story of *Aladdin* was put into Mr. Bishop's hands, and subsequently got up. Since it cannot be said to have greatly succeeded, it must be admitted to have failed, for the public will consider it as a contest between the two houses, and to a certain degree between the two composers, from the competition of the time and the nature of the subject. We think so highly of Mr. Bishop's talents that we deem it no more than is due to him, to treat of his opera at large in a separate article. But here we cannot omit to point out the disadvantages under which he came to the trial. The subject of the Covent Garden piece was new, at least to the English public, highly romantic and imaginative, embracing the most attractive poetical machinery, and it did contain not a little of the fancy and the diction of poetry. M. Von Weber had Miss Paton and Mr. Braham to represent his principal characters, singers who trample upon difficulties, and who can enter into every and all the shades of various passion with the strongest dramatic effect. Besides these there were an host of able seconds. The reputation he had so recently earned by his *Freischutz*, the novelty of a foreigner conducting his own operas in an English orchestra, all contributed to cast around him a halo of glory. To Mr. Bishop on the contrary was presented a story completely threadbare, and on this occasion it was exalted by no single ray of imaginative illumination, either in the incidents or the language. Mr. Sinclair was the principal singer, and *Aladdin*, the hero, was given to Miss Stephens, in order we presume to make way for the introduction of Miss Johnson. We do not mean to disparage either of them, for the just homage we have ever paid to the former declares our unaltered sense of her fine talents; but it will be seen at a glance that by removing the former from her natural station and dignity, the composer was circumscribed in his range, both as respects his principal character (*Aladdin*), and holding in view the range of the powers of the latter and the embarrassment of a first appearance, his heroine also. From this combination of circumstances, Mr. Bishop does not seem to

have been permitted to enter upon his task on any thing like equal terms with the German composer. Nor will it be thought the least of his disadvantages, that he was compelled to meet his adversary in that mysterious and visionary world, whose agents it had been the delight and the study of Weber's life to employ and bend to his mastery.

We turn from the composer to the young lady for whose debut he was called upon to write. And here we can but notice the delicate contrivance for her introduction, without encountering at once at all those fears which beset the young aspirant at her entering upon the stage. Miss Johnson's first song was given from behind the scenes, which expedient however, while it protects the singer from the gaze of the audience, operates disadvantageously in smothering the tone of the voice by distance and the interposition of the scenery.

This young lady is gifted with beautiful and intellectual features, and is tall and elegantly formed. Her voice closely resembles her relation's, Miss Stephens, in all its tones and compass, but is rather sweet than powerful, and she follows exactly in the track of that lady. Her debut was successful, though from the narrow range of the songs allotted to her, it has not been attended with much eclat. Something of this perhaps belongs to her manner, which is the graceful quietude of private society, rather than the polished vivacity of the stage.

Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Horn were the principal male singers. The opinion is now so general, as fairly to be said to be universal, that the former, with a very fine natural organ, and with no mean power of acquired facility, is yet so deficient in the directing faculties, as to display only the glare of execution in his singing. Mr. Horn also lowers the estimation of his talents by the excessive force and violence of his manner. In a room this gentleman sings very sweetly, and though in a florid style, yet in good taste. His vehemence on the stage is therefore doubly to be regretted.

We do not mean to underrate the other singers, if we forbear to say more than that in such a sketch superior powers only demand particular description. We therefore limit our enumeration to those who claim and enjoy the first rank.

The Oratorios for the last two or three seasons—indeed ever since they were abandoned by Mr. Bishop at the one house and

Sir George Smart at the other, had been conducted rather as a matter of experiment, than upon any sound principles. It is not unfair therefore to infer that they were somewhat rashly undertaken, and as a natural consequence pushed not less rashly to extremes, in the vain hope of effecting by extraordinary and extravagant attractions that prosperity which could only attend a course of policy almost the very opposite to the conduct pursued. We speak in allusion to the years preceding 1825, which season formed a solitary and separate case, and one of which we have already given the details.\* This year Covent Garden first challenged the field, and as we presume, upon the responsibility of the proprietors, with Sir George Smart as conductor. There was no competitor in Drury Lane—and the design of the Concerts Spirituels at the King's Theatre was so feebly laid, that they expired after the fourth night.

Covent Garden secured a sufficient basis of real strength by engaging the principal singers of the highest celebrity amongst the English professors, and surrounding them with others of less distinguished but of rising reputation, entirely new to a London orchestra, for these performances have always served to introduce youthful talent. Accordingly Miss Stephens and Miss Paton, Madame Vestris, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Phillips, formed the nucleus, and these were supported by the Misses Love, Cawse, Goward, Farrar, and Roche, (the two latter appeared for the first time in London), Messrs. Pearman, Horncastle, Atkins, Robinson, and Tinney; Masters Longhurst and Barker.

Miss Goward is at present better known as a lively actress than as a concert singer, though her naturally sweet and extensive voice, the capability of her instructress, Mrs. Henry Smart, and the attainments she has made, give her claims which will hereafter probably raise her to much estimation. Of Miss Farrar we have had occasion to speak in our account of the York Festival. Her progress has fulfilled the just expectations formed of her. She has much organic power, and much technical knowledge. Whether her intellectual endowments will lead her where mind only can lead, will be found by the future. There is certainly considerable promise;

\* Musical Review, vol. 7, page 195 *et seq.*



Miss Roche's voice is scarcely powerful enough for so large a space as a theatre, and she appears to labour under a diffidence that has hitherto forbidden the full display of her talents. She has been taught by Signor Velluti, and exhibits the delicacy of his school. In private parties we have heard her sing very sweetly.

Mr. Horncastle, though well known to the profession, has not before sung at the oratorios. His voice is a tenor—pure, sweet, and well formed, and his style is sound, good, and to a certain degree, finished. He appears to cultivate the chaste and beautiful manner of the school of Harrison; and when practice shall have enlarged the volume of his voice, and given him that confidence which will enable him to throw the whole energy of his mind into his performance, there is no doubt but he will rank high as a concert singer, for his knowledge of music is extensive, and he cultivates singing studiously and according to the best principles. We gather so much not only from these performances, but from having heard him in private concerts, where he is much employed. Mr. Atkins has a round and powerful base voice, and may make a good and useful singer. His success however obviously depends upon the exaltation of his manner, and he should be very careful to pursue the best possible method.

So much for the *personel* of these performances. The *Materiel*, if not so various as when English and Italian were associated, when "*Pious orgies*" and "*La ci darem*" stood side by side, was yet even more diversified than consists with the penitential nature of the original institution and its present title. But for this we do not blame the conductor. The censure lies upon the endeavour to preserve the mockery of the shadow, when the substance has been swept away by the hand of time. These concerts as a whole are now not at all regarded in the nature of religious observances and scarcely of religious recollections. The good taste of the conductor was however exerted to sustain sacred music as the principal and prominent characteristic. *The Messiah* was thrice given entire—and whole acts from *The Mount of Olives*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *the Creation*, were made the preludes to acts of lighter miscellaneous selection—superadded we presume as an attraction to the ballad-loving portion of the British community, who were kindly solaced with "*Kelvin Grove*," "*Cherry ripe*," and such "*delicacies of the season*."

One new oratorio, the work of Sir John Stevenson, was produced. It was called "*Thanksgiving*," and consisted of detached portions of the psalms and other parts of scripture, in the manner of *the Messiah*. The words considered with respect to the scope they afford the composer, were very judiciously chosen. They were placed so as to allow the succession of single and concerted pieces in an agreeable diversity.

As in his services and anthems, Sir John has wisely borne in mind the solemn examples our old English composers afford him, but he appears chiefly to have formed his taste by the study of Handel, beyond all question the most sublime model in this species that any writer can propose to himself. Hence his production has the sober and exalted beauty we expect in such compositions. Of the airs, one "*The snares of death*," was so particularly well sung by Mr. Phillips as to merit an encore almost every night, and "*Awake thou lute and harp*," by Miss Paton, and subsequently worked into a trio, which was sung by her, Miss Farrar, and Mr. Horncastle, were those most prominently pleasing. To Mr. P.'s air there was an appropriate bassoon accompaniment. The chorusses were very creditable, particularly the last, which demonstrated both power and science. *Thanksgiving* was repeated several nights, and though in so far successful, it did not perhaps receive that degree of support which very able judges have determined ought to have followed so good a composition. But such is the conclusion we should have anticipated from the present state of manners as well as of musical taste. The serious and solemn affections have given place to more transient, more voluptuous impressions. The sparkling melodies of Rossini and his school, like the strong and effective scenes of the *Waverley* Novelist upon the novel-reading world, have trained the public to seem dull and dissatisfied under any enjoyments less stimulant. In the case before us, the absence of all character and story detracted much from the general sum of interest.

The first part of the season, though well attended, must be considered to be lost in the superior eclat which the presence of Weber gave to the performances at which he presided over his own compositions. Such an effect must be supposed to wait, not upon the intrinsic excellence of his works alone, but upon the circumstances which had prepared the way for his presentation to

the English public.\* Mr. Weber's mode of conducting was in the old fashion, standing in the front and giving the time with a roll of paper. The calm quiet manner in which he exercised his office—his weak and emaciated appearance might disappoint the imagination while they extorted the sympathy of the audiences that crowded to see the great German genius. He altered the time of performing some of the pieces in *Der Freischutz*, and augmented the effects by thus changing the expression. His own score differed materially from those hitherto used in this country. His presence visibly excited the singers, and Miss Paton and Mr. Braham were never heard to sing with finer expression than on the first evening of his presidency. We ought not to omit as exemplifying the honour the public know how to bestow on talent, that the pit rose in a body to welcome him, and the overture to *Der Freischutz* was encored.

The custom of introducing instrumental solos has naturally extended itself with the perfection of instrumentalists, and with the more general diffusion of the love of such music, which the frequency of these demonstrations of individual ability must be taken to indicate. Mr. Moscheles played at the commencement of the season, and with an effect which, though it universally attends him, is the more surprising when the nature of the instrument and the size of our theatres are considered. The perfections of Mr. Moscheles' style are certainly commanding, but the delicacy of his touch and the pathos of his expression have but half their interest in buildings of such vast magnitude.

Mr. Adams extemporised on the organ on two of the nights. He has a great hand, but the subject of one of his performances was not well chosen, though treated with taste and erudition.

Mr. Ribas, from Lisbon, was introduced, and took the station of first clarionet during the season. His accompaniment of *Gratias agimus* (sung by Miss Stephens) was creditable, but he does not approach the superior taste and beautiful expression of our own Willman, though perhaps Mr. Ribas is second only to him. Mr. Fürstenau, first flute at the Chapel Royal of Dresden, played a fantasia. His execution is brilliant, but his tone is thin; he falls

\* See Musical Review, vol. 7, page 195, *et seq.*

infinitely short of Nicholson.\* We believe this quality, or rather defect of tone, appertains to the instruments now generally in use throughout Germany; it resembles the flageolet. Mr. F. has been heard at several other concerts, but this defective tone always operates as a drawback from his general ability. Of the performance of Mr. Bellon, a French violinist, we shall speak in our notice of the Philharmonic Concerts where he first appeared.

Miss Sterling, a young lady not more than 17 years of age, a pupil of Mr. Neate, played Mr. Moscheles' fantasia on the air, "*Au clair de la lune*," with such uncommon brilliancy of finger and excellence of style as to do equal honour to her own industry, and to the care even of so fine a master as Mr. Neate. Mr. Schuncke, a German pianist, demonstrated also uncommon rapidity and command of the instrument in a concerto.

To these details we have only to add, that Mr. Mori led, that the band, though not quite so numerous as heretofore, was perfectly efficient—that the chorusses were under the direction of Mr. Watson, and our enumeration of particulars will be sufficiently complete.

No season has perhaps been so successful as the present for many years. The reasons are obvious. The capability of a conductor is not to be estimated by, or limited to his services in the orchestra. We do not disparage the powers of others when we pronounce, that no man in the profession possesses so large an experience, so acute and so sound a tact, so profound a judgment in apprehending what will take most surely with the public, such unwearied energy and steadiness in the prosecution of a plan, and such promptitude in seizing an advantage or repairing any unexpected evil, as Sir George Smart. In these intrinsic qualities we conceive lies the foundation of the prosperity of the undertaking,

\* It is very pleasureable to observe how honourably our countrymen meet the competition that is continually pouring in upon them from all the nations of the Continent—those nations esteemed so universally to be more musical than poor Old England. Scarcely is a single instance have our instrumentalists failed to maintain their original brightness, when compared with those whom we know to be the most esteemed of foreign artists. This affords a more extraordinary theme of praise, when it is remembered that the improvements of the wind instruments were originally chiefly continental, and their continual and prominent introduction the work of Haydn and Mozart. Yet we have had no such players from all Europe put together as Nicholson, Wilman, Mackintosh, and Harper—nor do we believe they can be matched.

for we can but attribute the cessation of the opponencies which have heretofore divided the public patronage to the mature and early formation, the comprehensiveness and the prompt and perfect execution of the plan of the Covent Garden oratorios. The outlines of this plan we can now clearly trace in its execution. They were—1. The concentration of the most sound and popular native talent. 2. A solid and extended basis of the best antient music, according with the solemnity of the original institution of these performances. 3. A lighter superstructure of modern compositions introduced purely for their attractiveness. 4. The charm of novelty in the production of distinguished instrumentalists, and especially of those as yet unknown to the country. Last but not least the introduction of the composer himself, whose works of all others have for the last two years been most spoken of and most heard in the metropolis. A design so ably laid, it might be safely predicted, would be attended with commensurate success, and that success it is not less obvious has been confirmed by the cessation of opposition—an effect wrought in a considerable degree by the improbability of arranging a series of performances, equally good and equally attractive. At the same time the retrenchment of expence is not less apparent, and though the force and variety were both diminished, yet they may be fairly said to have been diminished without lessening the real excellence of the concerts—for there was quite enough of strength and diversity to gratify the general desire, and to satisfy if not to satiate the public appetite.

Concerning the Concerts spirituels, it is necessary to say a few words only. They were held at the King's Theatre, and were supported principally by Italian singers. On the first night, a selection from an opera composed by Lord Burghersh was done, and was well received. It appeared to us melodious and effective, and in the sound taste which we have described as appertaining to those of his Lordship's compositions we not long since reviewed.\* It is a curious fact that Velluti was even more applauded by box, pit, and gallery (the theatre was opened at play-house prices) than at the regular opera—a strong proof of the commanding excel-

\* Vol. 5, page 209.

lence of his style. Mr. A. Sapio, a younger brother of Mr. Sapio the justly esteemed tenor, sung in some of the concerted pieces. He has a splendid voice, and his manner is of the best school; when more advanced, he is likely to take a high place amongst base singers. He is a pupil of the Royal Academy, many of the pupils of which assisted both in these concerts and in the orchestra of the opera.

But the plan of these performances was not laid with sufficient foresight, nor executed with sufficient vigour to ensure success. It is against the genius of the English public, taken universally—to *prefer* a concert which is so chiefly foreign to the long-cherished love and the inimitable grandeur of Handel. They ceased after four nights.

We confess that we regard the Antient Concert with a degree of veneration which no other musical establishment will ever, we feel persuaded, command. And we think with reason. If any musical institution ever united the splendour of the highest patronage with the preservation of the purest principles of art, such a combination of noble purpose and complete fulfilment is here realized. We remember indeed, with regret, the times when the only circumstance now wanting to its perfect exaltation, the presence of the Sovereign—used to fill up the true measure of its greatness, and it is a matter of real concern that the Antient is no longer THE KING'S concert.

Its principles however remain unchanged, while the practice has been this year enlarged and improved by the introduction of a few of the compositions of Graun and Mozart, as well as of some of the English composers, whose works are of the date required by the laws of the establishment. Whether these novelties (novelties in the selection of these concerts) are to be regarded as concessions to the natural love of variety, or to the appeals of the press made on the behalf of the distinguished writers nearer to our times than those who have so long continued the exclusive favourites of the Directors, it is not for us to conjecture. If these noble persons have been slow to depart in any degree from an established routine, we shall be the last to censure their rigid adherence to the true interests of the concert and the art, though we were the first to recommend some variation

and some addition carefully made to the treasures of their constant selections. A certain quantity of repetition is absolutely indispensable to the conservation of that style which it is the object of these performances to keep in remembrance. The manner of singing Handel is a tradition which would soon be lost if the continual practice of his works were relaxed. Hence the necessity for a frequent recurrence to his pieces, and consequently to his best pieces. The same rule holds with respect to other antient sound and canonized authors. But there is no occasion for the repetition of the same airs or choruses in the same season, and these repetitions may well be avoided by novel introductions of similar character and authority.

The principal instrumentalists are always the same. Mr. Greatorcx conducts and Mr. F. Cramer leads with the fine taste and ability that result from their long experience. Nor are the rest of the orchestra less trained to a thorough knowledge of the general selections, while the certainty of the rehearsals does all that remains to be done to secure the very perfection of performance. The principal vocalists have been Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Stephens, and Miss Wilkinson; later in the season Madame Pasta and Miss Johnson were engaged. Mr. Vaughan, Messrs. W. Knyvett, and Phillips, constituted the male choir of principals.

Miss Wilkinson, though labouring under the incalculable impediments which a delicate constitution and weak health oppose to the progress of a public singer, has nevertheless struggled boldly with nature, and greatly improved the volume of her voice, the finish of her execution by practice, and her style by study.— It is perhaps a question in the conduct of a concert not yet absolutely decided, whether the interests of a performance are not forwarded by consulting the qualifications and the judgment of singers as to the songs allotted to them. The directors of the Ancient Concert rarely, we believe, proceed upon this supposition. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, is the law of their selections, which altereth not. But *non omnia possumus omnes*—and when the time necessary to get up a song with very high finish, and the adaptation to voice and feeling are recollected, were a wider latitude and a longer interval allowed than we have generally understood is allowed to the singers at the Ancient Concert, it

would certainly gratify and aid the former, and do no injury to the latter. It is an error to believe that even the greatest artists can execute, extemporaneously as it were, with the same perfection that close study and matured practice confer. We have here before us a sufficient example. Half the songs allotted to Miss Wilkinson this season were not such as would enable her to demonstrate her finest capabilities. She has notwithstanding succeeded to a large portion of the favour of the subscribers by the excellence she has always displayed, whenever her powers were judiciously directed.

Of Miss Johnson we have already spoken in our account of Drury-lane Theatre, but we must add, that she sung music of a higher cast at these concerts, and in a better manner. Her style is sweet and simple. She wisely lays claim to no higher attributes at present, and with the millions of auditors these are all-sufficient. Majesty and force, we apprehend, are denied to her by nature, but she may certainly command the dignity of purity and simplicity, both in tone and manner and general expression. In our last year's sketch we had occasion to remark the painful collision unnecessarily created between the singers by allotting the same song on successive nights to different performers. Thus Miss Johnson sung "*Dove sei*" this year very soon after Miss Wilkinson. Surely this immediate and direct opponency would be better avoided?

Mr. Vaughan has suffered under indisposition, but the quietude and polish of his style has yet saved him from the severe grasp of time; and if we except a slight recurrence to the throat when he wants to augment his force, we perceive no indications of the impairing touch of that destroyer. Mr. Wm. Kryvett's singing is as beautiful, as chaste, as polished as ever, and what can be more so? The reputation of Mr. Phillips increases nightly. He has already reached a higher point than would readily have been *a priori* assigned to an organ of a volume so inferior by comparison to the magnificent bases of some of the Italians, and even of some of his own countrymen, and he stands nearer to Bartleman than any other that has since appeared. His therefore may be esteemed the triumph of mind and persevering industry well-directed. We delight at all times to remark the influence of intellect, and to point out its powers to young professors, for sure



we are that it is cultivation of mind alone that can procure for them and their art, that moral respect and that professional supremacy, which it ought to be their highest gratification, as it is their highest praise, to acquire. Never let them cease to remember, that various intellectual attainment will not only obtain for them distinction in their liberal occupation, but court and attention in private life when that occupation is past.

We have thus again limited our detailed observations to those singers who have stood prominently forward, but we do not mean to under-rate the rest of those who appear in this orchestra. It is an honour to be engaged at all at the Antient Concert,\* and though public favour lights upon the few most conspicuously, such names as Miss Travis, (whose manner is very polished, and who is the best singer of English concerted pieces we have) Messrs. Bellamy, Sale, Duruset, Terrail, and Elliott, will never want their due portion of public estimation. Vocal music is no where so classically, so purely, so uniformly, nor so highly sustained as in these noble concerts.

We have subjoined the bills of the several nights, in order to shew how much of solid excellence and of various beauty they

\* It has always appeared to the musical world at large singularly exclusive, that Mr. Braham should never have been engaged at these concerts. We cannot ourselves forgive this artist for the errors he has propagated, when it was in his power to have done so much towards ennobling his art. "*Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas.*" But at the same time we should be sorry indeed to bear the reproach of having been backward to acknowledge, that he is a most highly-gifted, perhaps the most generally and highly-gifted singer the world ever knew. We have indeed repeatedly said thus much. He can and he does when he pleases, exceed in splendid and powerful effects all other competitors. Surely then it would but be liberal in the Noble Directors to afford this great performer the opportunity of shewing what he is capable of in the presence of so classical an audience? Every female opera singer of eminence that has come to England has been engaged. There appears then no positive law against dramatic expression, which constitutes the capital distinction between Mr. Braham's and the purest orchestral style. It has been thought indispensable to require his services at the last grand York and at almost every provincial meeting throughout England for the last thirty years. It is universally admitted, that no man can sing portions and some of the finest and most difficult portions of Handel ("*Deeper and deeper still*" for instance) with a perfection at all approaching to his—why then should his powers have been withheld from the subscribers to the Antient Concert? It savours rather of prejudice than of principle—which cannot belong to the Archbishop or the other Directors, because Mr. Braham has been engaged as above stated, at York and other places, where their voices have been "potential."

contains, and that our work may constitute a permanent record.\*  
 Much novelty of the highest species of composition (princi-

\* **FIRST CONCERT.**—*Under the direction of the ARCHBISHOP of YORK, for the DUKE of CUMBERLAND. Wednesday, March the 1st, 1826.*

## ACT I.

Opening and Chorus. } We praise thee.	( <i>Det. Te Deum.</i> )	Handel.
Song. Gratias agimus.		Guglielmi.
Recit. I feel the Deity.		
Song. Arm, arm, ye brave, } Chorus. We come.	( <i>Judas Macc.</i> )	Handel.
Glee. When winds breathe soft.		Webbe.
Concerto 5th.		Handel.
Song. Let the bright seraphim.	( <i>Samson.</i> )	Handel.
Psalm XXXIV. (N. V.) Through all the changing scenes.		
Recit. My arms! } Song. Sound an alarm! } Chorus. We hear.	( <i>Judas Maccabeus.</i> )	Handel.
Recit. Chi per piet�, } Song. Deh! parlate. }	( <i>Sacrificio d' Abramo.</i> )	Cimarosa.
Chorus. The Lord hath prepared.		Graun.

## ACT II.

Overture and Minuet.	( <i>Iphigenia.</i> )	Gluck.
Song. Vengo a voi.		Guglielmi.
Trio. Fall'n is thy throne.		
Motett. Glory, praise, and adoration.		Mozart.
Song. O Lord have mercy.		Pergolesi.
Chorus. For unto us a Child.		
Pastoral Symphony. } Recit. acc. There were shepherds. } Chorus. Glory to God.	( <i>Messiah.</i> )	Handel.
Quintetto. Doui pace.	( <i>Flavius.</i> )	Handel.
Double Chorus. The Lord shall reign.	( <i>Israel in Egypt.</i> )	Handel.

**SECOND CONCERT.**—*Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY, for the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE. Wednesday, March the 8th, 1826.*

## ACT I.

Overture.	( <i>Occasional Oratorio.</i> )	Handel.
Song. Brave Jonathan.		
Chorus. Eagles were not.		
Song. In sweetest harmony. } Chorus. O fatal day.	( <i>Saul.</i> )	Handel.
Song. Parto, ma tu.	( <i>La Clemenza di Tito.</i> )	Mozart.
Trio and Chorus. Sound the loud timbrel.		Avison.
Concerto 11th.		Geminiani and Corelli.
Song. Dove sei.	( <i>Rodelinda.</i> )	Handel.
Double Chorus. He gave.	( <i>Is. in Egypt.</i> )	Handel.

pally from Mozart) this year adorns these selections, and though perhaps they might in a few and a very few particulars be im-

Solo and Quartett. In my distress.		Marcello.
Recit. March, Air, and Grand Chorus. }	(Joshua.)	Handel.
Glory to God. }		

## ACT II.

Overture and Chaconne.		Jomelli.
Song. Honour and arms.	(Samson.)	Handel.
Chorus Lift up your heads.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Song. Vo solcando.	(Artaserse.)	Vinci.
Concerto 4th.	(Oboe.)	Handel.
Song. Quel Bricconçel.		Piccini.
Chorus. Te gloriosus.	(Te Deum.)	Graun.
Recit. acc. Ye sacred priests. }	(Jephtha.)	Handel.
Song. Farewell ye limpid streams. }	(Anthem.)	Dr. Croft.
Sestett and Chorus. This is the day. }		

THIRD CONCERT.—Under the direction of the ARCHBISHOP of YORK.  
Wednesday, March the 15th, 1826.

## ACT I.

Overture and Dead March.	(Saul.)	Handel.
Trio and Cho. See the conqu'ring.	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Recit. O let eternal honours. }	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Song. From mighty kings. }	(St. Matthew's Tune.)	Dr. Croft.
Psalm XVIII.	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Song. Why do the nations.	(From the Trios.)	Martini.
Concerto 4th.		
National Hymn. Lord of heav'n.		Dr. Hayes.
Round. Wind, gentle evergreen.		
Recit. acc. Tranquillo. }	(Romeo e Giulietta.)	Guglielmi.
Song. Ombra adorata. }		
Recit. acc. But bright Cecilia. }	(Dryden's Ode.)	Handel.
Air and Grand Cho. As from. }		

## ACT II.

Overture to Henry the Fourth.		Martini.
Duetto. Un fiume di pace.	(Psalm XLVI.)	Marcello.
Ode. Blest pair of Sirens.		J. S. Smith.
Recit. Alas! I find. }	(Susanna.)	Handel.
Song. If guiltless blood. }		
Selection from a Service.		Mozart.
Concerto 9th.		Geminiani and Corelli.
Glee. 'Tis the last rose of summer.	(Irish Melody.)	
Recit. Eccomi sola. }		Guglielmi.
Pregiera. Gran Dio! }		
Anthem. Sing unto God.		Dr. Croft.

proved, yet it is only mere justice to admit, that no other concert produces such constant, such solid excellence. The perform-

**FOURTH CONCERT.**—Under the direction of **EARL of DERBY.**  
Wednesday, April the 5th, 1826.

ACT I.

Opening of Grand Te Déum.		<i>Graun.</i>
Duet. Qual anelante.		<i>Marcello.</i>
Recit. acc. Ah perché. }	(Perseo.)	<i>Sacchini.</i>
Song. Il caro ben. }		
Selection from <i>Acis and Galatea.</i>		<i>Handel.</i>
Concerto 7th.		<i>Corelli.</i>
Anthem. Thou, O God, art praised.		<i>Greene.</i>
Song. Pious Orgies.	( <i>Judas Macc.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Grand Chorus. Hallelujah!	( <i>Messiah.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	( <i>Samson.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Oh, Nanny.		<i>Carter and Harrison.</i>
Chorus. May no rash intruder.	( <i>Solomon.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. If I give thee. }	(L'Allegro.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Let me wander. }		
Chorus. And young and old. }		
Trio. Domine Deus.		<i>Leal and Rego.</i>
Song. Lord to thee.	( <i>Theodora.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Selection from the <i>Requiem.</i>		<i>Mozart.</i>
Quartett and Chorus. Then round about.		<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Donzelle semplici.	( <i>Iphigenia.</i> )	<i>Gluck.</i>
Verse and Chorus. God save the King.		

**FIFTH CONCERT.**—Under the direction of the **EARL FORTESCUE.**  
Wednesday, April the 12th, 1826.

ACT I.

Overture.	( <i>Esther.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. acc. Berenice, ove sei. }	(Lucio Vero.)	<i>Joyelki.</i>
Song. Ombra che pallida. }		
Funeral Anthem.		<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Rasserena.		<i>Gluck.</i>
Concerto 4th.	( <i>Opera 4th.</i> )	<i>Avison.</i>
Recit. Brethren and friends. }	(Joshua.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. acc. O thou bright orb. }		
Chorus. Behold the list'ning. }		
Recit. acc. O worse than death. }	(Theodora.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Angels ever bright. }		
Anthem. The King shall rejoice.		<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	(Acis and Galatea.)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. O the pleasures. }		
Madrigal. The silver swan.		
		<i>Orlando Gibbons.</i>

ance as a whole is not less perfect. Thus then is upheld this finest practical school of vocal science, and we trust it will

Recit. Rejoice, my countrymen.}	(Belshazzar.)	Handel.
Chorus. Sing, O ye heavens. }		
Scene from <i>Tyrannic Love</i> .		Purcell.
Concerto 4th.	(Op. 2.)	Martini.
Song. Come, ever smiling Liberty.	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Quartetto. Placido è il mar.	(Idomeneo.)	Mozart.
Double Chorus. From the censor.	(Solomon.)	Handel.

SIXTH CONCERT.—Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY.  
Wednesday, April the 19th, 1826.

ACT I.

Overture 7th, and March.		Martini.
Frost Scene.	(King Arthur.)	Purcell.
Glee. Hark! the lark.		Dr. Cooke.
Chorus. No more to Ammon's.	(Jephtha.)	Handel.
Concerto 11th.	(Grand.)	Handel.
Luther's Hymn. Great God, what do I see and hear?		
Song. Confusa, abbandonata.		Bach.
Selection from <i>Israel in Egypt</i> .		Handel.

ACT II.

Sinfonia.	(Jupiter.)	Mozart.
Duet. Ah! perdona.}		Mozart.
Finale. Tu è ver. }		
Recit. Me when the sun. }	(Il Penseroso.)	Handel.
Song. Hide me. }		
Song. Rendi o cara.		
Glee. A gen'rous friendship.		Sarti.
Selection from <i>Acis and Galatea</i> .		Webbe.
		Handel.

SEVENTH CONCERT.—Under the Direction of the EARL of FORTESCUE.  
Wednesday, April the 26th, 1826.

ACT I.

Overture.	(Pastor Fido, 2nd.)	Handel.
Requiem.		Jomelli.
Recit. Grazie vi rendo. }	(Semiramide.)	Guglielmi.
Song. A compir. }		
Madrigal. Let me, careless.		Linley.
Song. Resta Ingrata.		Sacchini.
Chorus. The gods, who chosen.	(Athalia.)	Handel.
Concerto, 4th.	(From his Solos.)	Geminiani.
Recit. When He is in His wrath. }	(Athalia.)	Handel.
Song. When storms the proud. }		
Chorus. Oh, Judah! boast. }		
Song. Praise the Lord.	(Esther.)	Handel.
Chorus. Lord, thou art gracious.		Marcello.

continue to transmit, like its noble founders and directors, its undiminished honours from generation to generation.

## ACT II.

Overture.	( <i>Pharamond.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Haste, my Nannette.		<i>Travers.</i>
Chorus. Avert these omens.	( <i>Semele.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Sorprendermi vorresti.		<i>Hasse.</i>
Music in Macbeth.		<i>Lock.</i>
Duet. Ah! guarda sorella.		<i>Mozart.</i>
Chorus. Let none despair.	( <i>Hercules.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. What passion.	( <i>Dryden's Ode.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Double Chorus. Gloria Patri.		<i>Leo.</i>

EIGHTH CONCERT.—*Under the Direction of the EARL of DARNLEY.*  
*Wednesday, May the 3rd, 1826.*

## ACT I.

Overture.		<i>Mozart.</i>
Madrigal. Now is the month of Maying.		<i>Morley.</i>
Recit. Behole the nations.	}	
Chorus. O Baal!		
Recit. No more, ye infidels.		
Chorus. Lord of eternity.	( <i>Deborah.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song and Chorus. O thou!	( <i>Messiah.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Movement from the Lessons.		<i>Handel.</i>
Selection from Alexander's Feast.		<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. acc. 'Twas at the royal feast.		
Song and Chorus. Happy pair.		
Song. Softly sweet in Lydian measure.		
Chorus. The many rend the skies.		
Recit. Now strike the golden lyre.		
Chorus. Break his bands.		
Song. Revenge! Timotheus cries.		
Song. Dove Sono.	( <i>Figaro.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Coronation Anthem. Zadok the priest.		<i>Handel.</i>

## ACT II.

Overture.	( <i>Ariadne.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Quartet. Fairest isle.		<i>Purcell.</i>
Chorus. Flush'd with.	( <i>Alexander Balus.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Madrigal. Since first I saw your face.		<i>Ford.</i>
Duet. Come ti piace.	( <i>La Clemenza di Tito.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Concerto, 4th.		<i>Corelli.</i>
Glee. O happy, happy, happy fair.		<i>Shield.</i>
Recit. acc. Crudel! or colei piangi.	}	<i>Paisiello.</i>
Song. Ho perduto il bel sembiante.		
Chorus. O Lord in thee.	( <i>Te Deum.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>

The Philharmonic Society supports its title to instrumental supremacy with no less dignity; and to this concert belongs also

**NINTH CONCERT.**—Under the Direction of His Grace the ARCHBISHOP of YORK. Wednesday, May the 10th, 1826.

## ACT I.

Concerto, 2d.	(Oboe.)	Handel.
Duetto. Sull' aria.	(Figaro.)	Mozart.
Trio and Chorus. Sound the loud timbrel.		Avison.
Recit. Folle e colui. }	(Ætius.)	Handel.
Song. Nasce al bosco. }		
Concerto, 1st.	(Opera 3d.)	Geminiani.
Recit. Tranquillo io son. }		Guglielmi.
Song. Ombra adorata. }		
Glee. Though the last glimpse of Erin.		
Recit. Relieve thy Champion. }	(Samson.)	Handel.
Song. Return, O God of Hosts. }		
Quartet. Tacite ombre.		Sacchini.
Coronation Anthem. My heart is inditing.		Handel.

## ACT II.

Sinfonia in D.		Mozart.
Quintetto. Sento, O Dio!		Mozart.
Song. Dove sei.	(Rodelinda.)	Handel.
Trio. Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel.		
Chorus. Gloria in excelsis.		Pergolesi.
Recit. Sposa, Euridice. }	(Orfeo.)	Gluck.
Song. Che farò. }		
Motet. Tantum ergo sacramentum.		
Song. I know that my Redeemer. }	(Messiah.)	Handel.
Chorus. Worthy is the Lamb. }		

**TENTH CONCERT.**—Under the direction of the EARL of DERBY. Wednesday, May the 17th, 1826.

## ACT I.

Music in the Tempest.		Purcell.
Duetto and Chorus. Con iuni.	(Jephtha.)	Barthelemon.
Glee. If o'er the cruel tyrant Love.		Dr. Arne.
Song. Ombre! Larve!	(Alceste.)	Gluck.
Concerto 2d.		Martini.
Song. What though I trace.	(Solomon.)	Handel.
Chorus. O Father.	(Judas Macc.)	Handel.
Recit. Thrice happy king. }	(Solomon.)	Handel.
Song. Golden columns. }		
Double Chorus. Immortal Lord.	(Deborah.)	Handel.

## ACT II.

Over. and Cho. O come let us sing.	(Charles Anthems.)	Handel.
Cantata. Nel chiuso antro.		Pergolesi.
Duet. Cara! Bella! }	(Julius Cæsar.)	Handel.
Chorus. Ritorno ormai. }		
Recit. Ye twice.	(Indian Queen.)	Purcell.
Song. By the croaking. }		

the peculiar praise of immediately bringing before the most critical audience the Metropolis can boast, almost every professor of

Madrigal. Flora gave me fairest flowers.		<i>Wilbye.</i>
Chorus. Gird on thy sword.	( <i>Saul.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. O magnify the Lord.	( <i>Anthems.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Selection from <i>Saul.</i>		<i>Handel.</i>

**ELEVENTH CONCERT.**—*Under the direction of the EARL of FORESCUE. Wednesday, May the 24th, 1826.*

ACT I.

Overture.	( <i>Rodelinda.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Mourn, ye afflicted.	( <i>Judas Macc.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Fair Aurora.	( <i>Artaxerxes.</i> )	<i>Dr. Arne.</i>
Chorus. Great is Jehovah.		<i>Marcello.</i>
Song. Non vi turbate.	( <i>Alceste.</i> )	<i>Gluck.</i>
Concerto.	( <i>From Select Harmony.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. See the proud Chief.	( <i>Deborah.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet and Chorus. Time has not thinn'd.		<i>Jackson.</i>
Song. Palpitante, desperato.		<i>Sacchini.</i>
Quartet and Chorus. Sing unto God.	( <i>Anthems.</i> )	<i>Dr. Croft.</i>

ACT II.

Overture.	( <i>Otho.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Voi che sapete.	( <i>Figaro.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Quartet. Recordare.	( <i>Requiem.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Song. To God our strength. }	( <i>Occ. Oratoria.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Prepare the hymn. }		
Song. In infancy.	( <i>Artaxerxes.</i> )	<i>Dr. Arne.</i>
Water-Music.		<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Blest be the hand.	( <i>Theodora.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. Ye verdant plains. }	( <i>Acis and Galatea.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Hush, ye pretty. }		
Madrigal. Lady, when I behold.		<i>Wilbye.</i>
The Hundred Psalm.		

**TWELFTH CONCERT.**—*Under the direction of the EARL of DARNLEY. Wednesday, May the 31st, 1826.*

ACT I.

Overture.	( <i>Berenice.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. Hence, loathed melancholy. }		
Song. Come, thou Goddess. }		
Song and Cho. Haste thee, nymph. }		
Recit. Thus, night. }	( <i>L'Allegra.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Populous cities. }		
Recit. But let my due feet. }		
Chorus. There let the pealing organ. }		
Sestetto. In braccio à te.	( <i>Justin.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. O God, who in thy heavenly.	( <i>Joseph.</i> )	<i>Handel.</i>
Musette.		<i>Handel.</i>



eminence, British or Foreign, as well as the new compositions of decided worth, and of thus as it were setting the stamp of the highest professional authority on merit, of whatsoever kind it be. And here we cannot resist the temptation to digress a little, in order to obviate an error which is but too prevalent. There is a common notion that envy and other bad passions so beset musicians, that they are not only severe judges, but are leagued by a sort of implied compact to keep down rising ability. From all the opportunities we have had of forming a judgment upon this matter, and they have been neither few in number nor limited in extent, we are prepared to maintain that the reverse is the fact—that professors of eminence are the most liberal and the most ardent admirers of talent. Envy is a passion to which those who are really exalted in art are seldom exposed, because they are seldom matched, and they can have nothing to apprehend from their inferiors. It may and does and must occasionally happen in the imperfection of the human constitution, that where there is a direct competition, an individual may entertain the unworthy desire to put down an antagonist by unfair means. But we repeat, this seldom occurs, and when it does, all the rest of the circle are immediately urged to espouse the injured party by that feeling of resistance to persecution, which is amongst the most natural and the most honourable and beneficial to man. No—we are entitled by a multiform experience to declare, that we believe there is no collective body more eager to bring forward, encourage, and to support ability, than the high musical professors

Recit. My prayers are heard. }	(Deborah.)	Handel.
Song. Tears, such as tender. }		
Quintetto. Doni pace.	(Flavius.)	Handel.
Anthem. O sing unto the Lord.		Handel.

## ACT II.

Symphony in E flat.		Mozart.
Terzetto. Quello.	(La Clemenza di Tito.)	Mozart.
Finale. Dove son.	(Così fan Tutte.)	Mozart.
Madrigal. O'er desert plains.		H. Waelrent, 1590.
Air. Il mio cor.		Cimarosa.
Glee and Chorus. Come, come, all noble souls.		Dr. Rogers.
Anthem. Hear my prayer.		Kent.
Song. Deh per questo.	(La Clemenza di Tito.)	Mozart.
Recit. Divine Andate. }		
Duet and Chorus. To arms! }	(Bonduca.)	Purcell.

of London, and were we to choose from the audiences of the Metropolis a test of talent, we should prefer the Philharmonic as a discerning, a capable, and therefore a liberal audience, and we would rather submit to their ordeal than to any other tribunal. For after all that can be said, it is intrinsic merit alone that can stand the fiery trial of public approbation—no artifices will sustain mediocrity, and where there is intrinsic greatness, its weight is felt so universally, that partial opposition, though vexatious, is always fruitless. This doctrine is now so thoroughly understood, that even policy silences invidious opponencies.

But to return to the concerts of the Philharmonic. Of the selections the virtuoso will be enabled to judge, as the bills are appended at foot.\* Upon the whole there has been more novelty

\* FIRST CONCERT, Monday, February 27, 1826.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in D.	<i>A. Romberg.</i>
Quartetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Curioni, Signor De Begnis, and Mr. Phillips, "Dite almeno" ( <i>La Villanella rapita.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Concerto, Piano-Forte, Mr. Cramer.	<i>Mozart.</i>
Aria, Signor Curioni, "Va lusingando."	<i>Rossini.</i>
Overture, <i>Faust.</i>	<i>Spohr.</i>

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Sento mancaremi l'anima".	<i>Mayer.</i>
Introduction and Variations, "Violino Principale, Mr. Kiese-wetter (never performed in this country.)	<i>Mayseder.</i>
Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Signor De Begnis, "Far calzette."	<i>Mosca.</i>
Overture, <i>Les Deus Journées.</i>	<i>Cherubini.</i>
Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.	

SECOND CONCERT, Monday, March 13, 1826.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. II.	<i>Haydn.</i>
Aria, Mr. Sapiro, "Il mio tesoro" ( <i>Il Don Giovanni.</i> )	<i>Mozart.</i>
Concertante, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, Messrs. Willman, Platt, and Mercke.	<i>Crussell.</i>
Duetto, "Ti veggo," Miss Goodall and Madame Cornega ( <i>Il Ratto di Proserpina.</i> )	<i>Winter.</i>
Overture, <i>Anacreon.</i>	<i>Cherubini.</i>

ACT II.

Sinfonia in B flat.	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Terzetto, "O dolce e caro istante," Miss Goodall, Madame Cornega, and Mr. Sapiro ( <i>Gl' Orazzi.</i> )	<i>Cimarosa.</i>

than usual, and scarcely less excellence in the instrumental compositions. Romberg, Mayseder, Weber, Spohr, Crussell, Kreut-

Concerto Violino, Mr. Bellon. *Kreutzer.*  
 Aria, "Una voce poco fa," Madame Cornega (*Il Barbiere di Siviglia.*) *Rossini.*  
 Overture, *Tamerlane.* *Winter.*  
 Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Mr. Bishop.

THIRD CONCERT, Monday, April 3, 1826.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in E flat *A. Romberg.*  
 Duet, "Graceful consort," Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Phillips. (*The Creation*) *Haydn*  
 Concerto, Piano-forte, Mr. Schuncke *C. M. Von Weber*  
 Scene, from *Der Freischutz*, Mr. Sapio *C. M. Von Weber*  
 Overture, *Euryanthe*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in A *Beethoven*  
 Scene, Madame Caradori Allan, "La dolce speranza" *C. M. Von Weber*  
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Mori, Oury, Moralt, and Lindley *Haydn*  
 Terzetto, "Ah taci, ingiusto core," Madame Caradori Allan, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Phillips (*Il Don Giovanni*) *Mozart*  
 Overture, *Der Freischutz* *C. M. Von Weber*  
 Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter—Conductor, Mr. Weber.

FOURTH CONCERT, Monday, April 17, 1826.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Pastorale *Beethoven*  
 Aria, Madame Vigo, "Eco pietosa" *Rossini*  
 Concertante for two Violoncellos, Mr. Lindley and Mr. W. Lindley *Lindley*  
 Duet, "Oh gracious Heaven!" Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Begrez (*The Mount of Olives*) *Beethoven*  
 Overture, *Jessonda* *Spohr*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in G Minor *Mozart*  
 Aria, "Parto," Madame Caradori Allan, accompanied on the Clarinet by Mr. Willman (*La Clemenza di Tito*) *Mozart*  
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Spagnoletti, Oury, Moralt, and Lindley *Spohr*  
 Terzetto, "Pria di partir," Madame Caradori Allan, Mad. Vigo, and Mr. Begrez (*Idomeneo*) *Mozart*  
 Overture, "The Men of Prometheus" *Beethoven*  
 Leader, Mr. Mori—Conductor, Mr. Attwood.

FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, May 1, 1826.

ACT I.

Sinfonia *Handel.*  
 Quartetto, Madame Pasta, Signor Curioni, Mr. Phillips, and Signor De Begnis *Weigl.*

zer, Dizi, Fürstenau, Rode, De Beriot, Moscheles, Nicholson, and Potter, are the authors who have contributed to diversify and

Concerto Flute, Mr. Fürstenau (First Flute to the King of Saxony) *Fürstenau.*  
 Terzetto, "O name benefico!" Madame Pasta, Mr. Phillips,  
 and Signor De Begnis (*La Gazza Lutra*) *Rossini.*  
 Overture, (*Oberon*) *C. M. von Weber.*

## ACT II.

Sinfonia in C Minor *Beethoven.*  
 Recit. ed Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ombra adorata, aspetta!"  
 (*Romeo e Giulietta*) *Singarelli.*  
 Concerto Violin, Mr. De Beriot (Violin de la Chambre de S. M.  
 le Roi de France) *Rode & De Beriot*  
 Duetto, "O Statna gentilissima," Signor Curioni and Signor  
 De Begnis (*Il Don Giovanni*) *Mozart.*  
 Overture in D. *A. Romberg.*  
 Leader, Mr. Loder.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

## SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, May 15, 1826.

## ACT I.

Sinfonia in D *Beethoven.*  
 Song, Mr. Sapiro, "In-native worth," (*The Creation*) *Haydn.*  
 Grand Concerto (MS.) Harp, Mr. Dizi *Dizi.*  
 Duetto, Miss Paton and Mr. Sapiro, "Amor, possente nama!" *Rossini.*  
 Overture, (*Der Beherrscher der Geister*) *C. M. von Weber.*

## ACT II.

Sinfonia in E flat *Mozart.*  
 Scena ed Aria, Miss Paton, "Si, Io sento," (*Faust*) *Spohr.*  
 Quartetto, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Bellon;  
 Oury, Moralt, and Lindley *Haydn.*  
 Trio, Miss Paton, Mr. Sapiro, and Mr. Phillips, "My soul with  
 rage" (*Mount of Olives*) *Beethoven.*  
 Overture, (*Lodoiska*) *Cherubini.*  
 Leader, Mr. F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr. Cramer.

## SEVENTH CONCERT, Monday, May 29, 1826.

## ACT I.

Sinfonia, MS. (never performed) *Potter.*  
 Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Signor Curioni, "Sei gia  
 Sposa," (*La Donna del Lago*) *Rossini.*  
 Concerto Piano-forte, G minor, Mr. Moscheles. *Moscheles.*  
 Terzetto, Madame Caradori Allan, Signor Curioni, and Signor  
 Pellegrini, "Mandina amabile." *Mozart.*  
 Overture, *Der Berg-geist.* *Spohr.*

## ACT II.

Sinfonia in F. *Beethoven.*  
 Recit. and Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, "Deh Parlate,"  
 (*Il Sacrificio d' Abramo.*) *Cimarosa.*  
 Quintetto, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs.  
 Kiesewetter, Oury, Moralt, Ashley, and Lindley. *Beethoven.*

exalt these performances. Nor ought it to escape observation that most of them are existing writers, and residing at this moment in England—we point out the fact in order to meet the charge that living merit is neglected. Here we have an example that testifies most honourably to ability, for one of the peculiar distinctions of this society is, that it very rarely indeed commits the inadvertency of permitting the performance of pieces below a high standard of excellence. Amongst those most distinguished as compositions) were the concertos of Messrs. De Beriot, Dizi, Nicholson, and Moscheles, which exhibited not alone those characteristics which belong to the style of execution peculiar to the artists themselves, but sterling worth, originality, science, and beauty. Mr. C. Potter's symphony was one of those best received during the season, and completely decides his claims to erudition, taste, and invention.

The introduction of concertos forms one of the most agreeable parts of the plan—and this season was particularly fertile in novelty. On the first night Mr. Cramer and Mr. Kiesewetter played. The former selected from Mozart, and executed with the smoothness and beauty that leave him without a rival in this perhaps the most captivating though not the most brilliant style of

Duetto, Signor Curioni and Signor Pellegrini, "Son io desto,"

(Nina.)

*Paisiello.*

Overture, *Jubilee.*

*C. M. Von Weber.*

Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti.—Conductor, Mr. Potter.

### EIGHTH CONCERT, Monday, June 12th, 1826.

#### ACT I.

Sinfonia in G.

*Haydn.*

Aria, Mr. Phillips, "Lascia amor."

*Handel.*

Concerto Flute, Mr. Nicholson.

*Nicholson.*

Aria, Signora Canzi, "Ah! che non serve," with Violin Obligato, Mr. Kiesewetter.

*Manfredi.*

Overture, *Egmont.*

*Beethoven.*

#### ACT II.

Sinfonia (Jupiter.)

*Mozart.*

Aria, Miss Bacon, "Frenar vorrei."

*Cimarosa.*

Quintetto, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, M. De Beriot, Messrs. Oury, Moralt, Lyon, and Lindley.

*Beethoven.*

Terzetto, "Cosa sento," Signora Canzi, Signor Curioni, and Mr. Phillips, (*Le Nozze di Figaro.*)

*Mozart.*

Overture, *Zauberflöte.*

*Mozart.*

Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.—Conductor, Sir G. Smart.

piano forte playing. Mr. Kiesewetter is distinguished by feeling as well as execution. He revels indeed so much in his command of hand, that it has entailed upon him a charge of trickery, in which however we cannot concur. It is obvious that Mr. K. is a man of vivid imagination as well as fine sensibility, and is not therefore so likely to content himself with a limited demonstration of his powers, as one of cooler temperament. Fancy, when it does not lead its possessor beyond the boundaries of good taste, ministers to a variety that is exceedingly pleasing, and beyond this we have very rarely observed Mr. K. to venture.

At the second concert was performed a concertante by Crussell, (a name new to our ears) for clarinet, horn, and bassoon. It was suffered probably (for we cannot conceive it to have been chosen, so far as the term implicates the Directors in this instance) to introduce the bassoon player, Mr. Mercke. But the only effect of the performer's playing was to elevate, if possible, our own excellent Mackintosh the more in our estimation, highly as we before had rated his pure tone, and sound, masterly style. In the second act M. Bellon, from Paris, played a concerto on the violin. He is an artist of striking ability, and his reception was very flattering. It was currently said in the room that his practice of the instrument had not continued longer than four years. He of course began very late, and his attention was turned to it from the circumstance of his receiving in the course of his trade a violin in exchange for an umbrella. He is a pupil of Kreutzer, and if the former parts of the story be true, has displayed an aptitude not only very much above the common capacity of musicians, but altogether extraordinary at such a period of life, for his taste and facility are both of a very high order,

The third night introduced Mr. Schuncke, a German pianist. His execution was considered very neat and rapid. At this concert M. Von Weber\* conducted. Four of his own compositions were performed—two vocal and two instrumental—the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Der Freischutz*.

Messrs. Lindley played a concertante, on the fourth evening, with the fine taste and perfect execution in which they are allowed

\* We have the high gratification (as Englishmen) of knowing that M. Von Weber pronounced the Philharmonic to be beyond dispute the finest band in Europe!

to exceed all other violoncellists—the son emulating the father, and second to him only in the command which experience gives, and in the nerve which a firmer nature and a well-earned confidence bestow. We rejoice however to learn that Mr. W. Lindley's health improves, and to perceive that his courage increases.

The fifth performance was distinguished by concertos from M. Fürstenau and M. De Beriot. Of the former artist we have spoken in our account of the oratorios, where he first appeared. Indisposition diminished his powers on this occasion. M. De Beriot has placed himself, *per saltum*, by the side of the most eminent violinists ever heard in this country. His taste is as elegant and delicate as his execution is perfect. His tone is round, and smooth, and sweet, and brilliant. His tune accuracy itself. His manner of bowing that of the best schools; and the hearer is never alarmed by the fear of failure, while he is captivated by the exquisite grace and finish of the entire performance. All we have heard of this great player since serves only to confirm the impression we first received from his concerto at the Philharmonic. The best judges appear to concur in opinion respecting him, and to place him amongst the very finest players Europe has produced.

At the sixth concert Mr. Dizi executed a concerto of his own upon the harp. It was composed of beautiful traits of melody and various combinations, and was executed in a manner equal to its composition. Mr. Dizi is celebrated for the fine tone he produces, and his execution is alike neat and masterly.

Mr. Moscheles played a concerto of his own on the seventh evening. It were needless to repeat the praise which every one accords to this superior artist.

At the eighth and last Mr. Nicholson appeared, and it is universally admitted that the concerto he played, whether taken as a composition or in regard to the execution, was perhaps his chef d'œuvre in this species.

The singers engaged during the season have been Signors Curioni, De Begnis, Begrez, and Pellegrini; Messrs. Sapio and Phillips; Mesdames Caradori Allan, Cornega, Vigo, and Pasta; Misses Paton \* and Goodall; Mademoiselle Canzi, and Miss

\* Miss Paton sang a most difficult song from Spohr's *Faust*, which it seems was sent her only the day before the rehearsal. She executed it perfectly. Not any other singer in London perhaps would have undertaken so hazardous

**Bacon.** Three of these are new singers—**Madame Vigo**, **Made-moiselle Canzi**, and **Miss Bacon**. The two former are of the second class; the latter we shall speak of in our record of the **Royal Academic Concerts**, where she first appeared. Concerning the rest, they are of such established reputation as to supersede the necessity of description.

It will be seen from this record, that the season has on the whole been exceedingly diversified by new talent supporting the solid foundations laid in the finest performance of the works of the finest masters by the finest artists. It is not very safe to predicate the future fate of any institution of human contrivance, but there seems to be more permanency in the constitution of this society than has appertained to any large musical establishment, the **Antient Concert** only excepted, within our memory. But whatever be its duration, no one ever more richly deserved longevity.

We are now to speak of a series of subscription concerts, to aid the funds of the **Royal Academy of Music**, set on foot by the committee of that institution, and governed by the noblemen and gentlemen composing that body, who are as here enumerated.

**LORD BURGHESH, Chairman.**

<b>The Earl of Clarendon</b>	<b>Sir John Murray, Bart. G. O.</b>
<b>The Earl of Fife</b>	<b>Sir George Clerk, Bart.</b>
<b>Lord Saltoun</b>	<b>Sir Andrew F. Barnard, K. C. B.</b>
<b>The Right Hon. Sir George Warrender, Bart.</b>	<b>The Hon. A. Macdonald</b>
<b>The Rt. Hn. Sir G. Ouseley, Bt.</b>	<b>The Count St. Antonio</b>
	<b>Henry Sanford, Esq.</b>

No subscription list perhaps ever comprehended a greater number of persons of rank.\* The sum was fixed at four guineas, and

a task, and it displays not only her science as a musician, but her extreme aptitude. **Miss P.** has indeed made vast improvement this season, and taking into account her various abilities, she is perhaps unrivalled. A paragraph in the daily prints has just announced that she is now acknowledged and received as the lady of **Lord Wm. Lennox**. If beauty, talent, industry, virtue, gentleness, and much suffering exhibit any claims to the regard of rank and fashion, there are few whose title is stronger than that of **Lady Wm. Lennox**.

\* There were one hundred and forty titled persons amongst the subscribers, who amounted all together to upwards of six hundred.



fifty non-subscribers at one guinea each were admitted, being issued with the special recommendation of a member of the committee. Such was the demand, that on some of the nights the limited number was inadequate.

The instrumental band consisted of the professors of the Academy, who are indeed, generally speaking, members of the Philharmonic, with other assistance from that society—and amongst them were interspersed those of the pupils of the Academy who were able to sustain a part in an orchestra. Dr. Crotch conducted. The concerts were six in number, and on the alternate Mondays with the Philharmonic, commencing on the 6th of March.

It will be sufficiently obvious, that from the ground already occupied by the Antient and Philharmonic Concerts, the works of the moderns must almost of necessity form the chief resources of any new candidate for public support. In the first place by such a course invidious competition and comparison are avoided—in the second, the amusements of the town are agreeably diversified—in the third, a new range is opened to living writers—and lastly, the prevailing taste for brilliant and stimulant music is gratified. These afford sufficiently good reasons for the predominance of modern names, which will be found in the bills of the concerts. But we confess we cannot assign reasons of equal force, for the neglect of compositions to English words by the conductors of a National Academy. If the vocal compositions of Italy be superior to our own in dramatic effects, may we not say in rousing all the passions that music touches, we cannot still compound for the entire sacrifice of our school as founded on Purcell, Handel, Arne, and their other worthy successors. We quite agree that the English manner may, nay must be elevated by the sedulous cultivation of the Italian formation of the voice, and by the Italian force of expression. This assurance, the charm which the voluptuous effects of Italian music produce upon all who are acquainted with the language, and the law which fashion now so absolutely prescribes, will, we presume, be pleaded in extenuation. And when we know that Misses Stephens and Paton and Mr. Braham, each of them voluntarily chose Italian songs on the first night, when they were all most anxious to tax their ability to the utmost, for the fame to be gained before so select an audience, little is to be said. It must be

taken for granted that the world will have it so. We have no occasion to enumerate the principal performers—the concert bills furnish their names and succession.\*

\* FIRST CONCERT, Monday, March 6th.

PART FIRST.

Sinfonia in D	<i>Beethoven.</i>
Duetto, from the Opera of <i>Elisa e Claudio</i> , Signor Curioni and Signor Pellegrini	<i>Mercadante.</i>
Scena ed Aria, con Coro, from the Opera of <i>Mosè</i> , Mad. Bonini	<i>Rossini.</i>
Coro e Duetto Trionfatore, from the Opera of <i>Celamira</i> , Mad. Bonini and Signor Velluti	<i>Pavesi.</i>
Duetto, for two Trumpets, from the Opera of <i>Aureliano in Palmira</i> , Signori Gambati	<i>Rossini.</i>
Scena ed Aria, con Coro, from the Opera of <i>Andronico</i> , Signor Velluti	<i>Mercadante.</i>
Quartetto, from the Opera of <i>Quinto Fabio</i> , Madame Bonini, Signors Velluti, Curioni, and Pellegrini	<i>Nicolini.</i>

PART SECOND.

Introduzione and Variations, Violin, Mr. Kiesewetter	<i>Mayseder.</i>
Aria, Miss Paton, "Veggio la selva e il monte"	<i>Crescentini.</i>
Duetto, "Miss Stephens and Signor de Begnis, "Con pazienza"	<i>Mayer.</i>
Scena ed Aria, con Coro, from the Opera of <i>Baccanali di Roma</i> , Mr. Braham	<i>Generali.</i>
Sestetto, from the Opera of <i>Matilda di Shabran</i> , Miss Paton, Mad. Bonini, Monsieur Begrez, Signor de Begnis, Mr. Phillips, and Signor Pellegrini	<i>Rossini.</i>
Aria, Miss Stephens, from the Opera of <i>Orfeo</i> , "Che farò senza Euridice"	<i>Gluck.</i>
Finale, con Coro, from the Opera of <i>Don Giovanni</i> , Miss Stephens, Mad. Bonini, Miss Paton, Signor Curioni, Sig. de Begnis, Signor Pellegrini, and Mr. Phillips	<i>Mozart.</i>
Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.	

SECOND CONCERT, Monday, April 10th.

PART I.

Symphony in C	<i>Mozart.</i>
Terzetto, Signor Curioni, Signor Pellegrini, and Signor de Begnis, "Giuro alla terra al cielo"	<i>Guglielmi.</i>
Scena e Cavatina, Signor Velluti, "Ah che per me non v'è" ( <i>Ginevra di Scozia</i> )	<i>Mayer.</i>
Duet, Two Violins, H. G. Blagrove and T. Mawkes (Pupils of the Royal Academy of Music)	<i>Kreutzer.</i>
Duetto, Madame Bonini and Signor Velluti, "Se tu m'ami" ( <i>Aureliano in Palmira</i> )	<i>Rossini.</i>
Finale, Mad. Bonini, Miss Paton, Signor Curioni, Signor Begrez, and Signor Pellegrini, "Dolce figliuol d'Urania"	<i>Mayer.</i>

At the fourth of these concerts Miss Bacon appeared for the first time. About two years since Miss B. went to London with

## PART II.

Overture ( <i>Der Beherrscher der Geister</i> )	Weber.
Aria, Miss Paton, ( <i>Atalia</i> )	Weber.
Concerto, French Horn, Signor Puzzi	Belolli.
Terzetto, Mad. Bonini, Signor Begrez, and Signor De Begnis ( <i>L'Inganno Felice</i> )	Rossini.
Aria, Madame De Vigo (her first appearance in this country), "Di tanti palpiti"	Rossini.
Finale, Mad. Bonini, Miss Paton, Signor Begrez, Signor De Begnis, Signor Pellegrini—Miss Bellchambers and Mr. Sapiro, jun. (Pupils of the Royal Academy of Music), "Signore! di fuori" ( <i>Figaro</i> )	Mozart.
Leader, Mr. F. Cramer—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.	

## THIRD CONCERT, Monday, 24th April.

## PART I.

Symphony (C minor)	Beethoven.
Terzetto, Messrs. Sapiro, Phillips, and De Begnis, "Dille che questo core"	Fioravanti.
Duetto, Sig. Velluti and Mad. Bonini, "Mille sospiri e lagrime" ( <i>Aureliano in Palmira</i> )	Rossini.
Selection from <i>The Creation</i>	Haydn.
Recit. Mr. Sapiro, "And God created man in his own image."	
Air, "In native worth."	
Chorus, "Accomplished is the glorious work."	
Recit. and Trio, Mr. Sapiro, and Mr. A. Sapiro and Miss Bellchambers (Pupils of the Royal Academy of Music), "On Thee each living soul."	
Grand Chorus, "Accomplished is the glorious work."	

## PART II.

Overture, <i>Der Freischutz</i> .	Weber.
Cavatina, Mad. Bonini, "Di piacer" ( <i>La Gazza Ladra</i> )	Rossini.
Concerto, Violin, M. de Berlot (his first appearance in this country.)	
Aria, Madame D'Anvers (her first appearance in this country), "Alma invitta" ( <i>Sigismondo</i> )	Rossini.
Quintetto, Mad. Bonini, Miss Paton, Messrs. Sapiro, Phillips, and De Begnis, "Oh guardate"	Rossini.
Overture (M. S.) <i>C. Lucas, Pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.</i>	
Leader, Mr. Mori—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.	

## FOURTH CONCERT, Monday, May 8, 1826.

## PART I.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Song, Miss Bacon, "Notte tremenda"	Morlacchi.
Terzetto, Mad. Bonini, Signori Pellegrini and De Begnis, "O Nume benefico"	Rossini.

a view to cultivate singing merely as an amateur, and to improve her general acquaintance with musical science. To these ends

- Cavatina, Madame Pasta, "Ah! come rapida" *Mayerbeer.*  
 Quartetto and Chorus, Madame Pasta, Mad. Bonini, Signori Curioni and Pellegrini, and the Pupils of the Academy for the Chorus, "Cielo il mio labbro" *Rossini.*

## PART II.

- Overture, (*Les Deux Journées*) *Cherubini.*  
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor Pellegrini, "Se la vita" (*Semiramide*) *Rossini.*  
 Fantasia, Violin, Mr. Mori *Mayseder.*  
 Duetto, Signor Velluti and Mad. Bonini, "L' armi deponi, o cara" *Nicolini.*  
 Duetto, Mad. Bonini and Signor Curioni, "Ricciardo! che veggo!" (*Ricciardo e Soraida*) *Rossini.*  
 Overture (*Zauberflöte*) *Mozart.*  
 Leader, Mr. Kieseewetter—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.

## FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, May 22.

## PART I.

- Symphony (*Military, No. 12*) *Haydn.*  
 Duetto, Signori De Begnis and Pellegrini, "Un segreto d'importanza" (*Cenerentola*) *Rossini.*  
 Trio, two Violoncellos and Double Base, Mr. Lindley, C. Lucas (pupil of the Royal Academy of Music), and Mr. Dragonetti (No. 11, 2d Set) *Corelli.*  
 Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor Pellegrini, "Di capricci" (*Corradino*) *Rossini.*  
 Aria, Miss Bacon, "Il mio ben" (*Nina*) *Paisiello.*  
 Finale, Madame Pasta, Mad. Bonini, Signori Curioni, Begrez, and De Begnis, and Mr. Sapio, jun. (pupil of the Royal Academy of Music), con Cori, "Si fausto" (*Zelmira*) *Rossini.*

## PART II.

- Overture (*Egmont*) *Beethoven.*  
 Scena ed Aria, con Coro, Madame Pasta, "Ciel pietoso" (*Zelmira*) *Rossini.*  
 Duetto, Miss Bacon and Mad. Bonini, con Coro, "Ravvisa quell' alma" (*Il Crociato*) *Meyerbeer.*  
 Aria, Signor Begrez, "Pria che spunta (*Il Matrimonio Segreto*)" *Gimarosa.*  
 Coro Pastorale (*Aureliano in Palmira*) *Rossini.*  
 Overture (*Anacreon*) *Cherubini.*  
 Leader, Mr. F. Cramer—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.

## SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, 5th of June.

## PART I.

- Symphony (in G minor) *Mozart.*  
 Duetto, Signora Bonini and Miss Bacon, "Parto! ti lascio" *Mayer.*  
 Cavatina, Signor Vellati, "La tua diletta" *Pavesi.*

she received instructions from Mr. Horsley in the theory of music, and lessons in singing from Signor Garcia. She had however scarcely more than begun her course of study, when the latter spontaneously made the strongest representations of the superiority of her natural powers to her friends and relatives, urging in the most positive manner her certain attainment of a very high rank, should she think fit to enter the profession. Miss B. was thus induced to commence a regular professional education, without however making any final determination as to the public trial of her ability, until her attainments should have been sufficiently matured to enable the best judges to pronounce upon her competency. As the season advanced, Signor Garcia's engagements prevented his affording her so much attention as was deemed necessary, and she had scarcely relinquished his lessons, when Signor Velluti arrived, who on hearing her, thought so well of her endowments as to undertake her instruction in the most generous and friendly manner. After she had received about twenty lessons she sung, at his request, at one of the morning concerts of the Royal Academy, to a party of amateurs of the highest distinction both in rank and taste, who purposely honoured the concert with their presence, and who pronounced very favourably of her

- Septuor—Violin, Mr. Kiesewetter—Tenor, Mr. Moralt—  
Violoncello, Mr. Lindley—Double Bass, Mr. Dragonetti—  
Clarinet, Mr. Willman—Horn, Mr. Puzzi—and Bassoon,  
Mr. Mackintosh *Beethoven.*  
Terzetto, Signora Bonini, Signor Velluti, and Signor Pellegrini, "Oh ciel del cui" *Pacini.*  
Aria, Madame Pasta, "Ah che forse;" Corno obbligato, Signor Puzzi *Pacini.*

## PART II.

- Overture, (*Euryanthe*) *Weber.*  
Duetto, Madame Pasta and Signor Curioni, "E deserto il bosco" *Mayer.*  
Cavatina, Signora Bonini, e Coro, "Dell' arpe" *Pacini.*  
Terzetto, Misses Marinoni and Grant and Mr. A. Sapia (Pupils of the Royal Academy of Music), "In quel Soggiorno" (*Tebaldo*) *Morlacchi.*  
Cavatina, Miss Bacon, "Frenar vorrei" *Cimarosa.*  
Terzetto, Madame Pasta, Signor Pellegrini, and Signor De Begnis, "Ah taci ingiusto core" *Mozart.*  
Finale, Signora Bonini, Misses Marinoni and Grant, Signori Curioni, De Begnis, Pellegrini, and A. Sapia, "Viva, viva" (*L'Italiana in Algeri*) *Rossini.*  
Leader, Mr. Spagnoletti—Conductor, Dr. Crotch.

talents. Engagements of the most flattering kind were instantly offered her, but not then having decided on entering the profession, Miss B. declined them.

These particulars will account for her subsequent appearance and her selecting only Italian pieces, at the Royal Academic Concerts. Nearly related as are the Editor of this publication and the object of this description, it will best become us to adopt the opinions universally expressed by those who have publicly commented upon her performance. We do no more than this, when we state that her voice is considered to be uncommonly powerful, rich in its tone, and of one formation throughout its compass, which extends from F on the fourth line of the base, to B flat above the treble staff—eighteen notes. Her style, so far as it can be judged by what she has yet sung in public, is purely Italian—perhaps at least as much so as that of any English singer that ever appeared, being of the school of her great master, to whom she must be considered to have been then in a state of pupilage. After her first appearance, Miss Bacon was engaged to sing a song and duet at the two subsequent Academic Concerts and at the last Philharmonic, and has enjoyed the singular good fortune to have been heard with applause, and criticised without asperity or even disapprobation.\* It would be an act of injustice to Signor Velluti were we not to point out, that the greatest possible credit is due to him for the formation of Miss Bacon's style, the exaltation of her expression, for the polish of her Italian pronunciation, and for the sedulous assistance he gave her during the early period of her tuition. Indisposition for several months attacked both the master and the scholar, and precluded the latter from enjoying those advantages by which she might have so greatly profited, for it is impossible to imagine an instructor more highly gifted by nature, by art, and by experience than Signor Velluti.

\* Last week, at the concert of the Royal Academy of Music, a young lady, named Bacon, made her first appearance in public, who, if we may draw any augury from the impression she made on all descriptions of persons, will shortly excite a great sensation in the musical world, and is, we are persuaded, destined to shew that the country which produced a Bates, a Linley, a Billington, and a Salmon, is not exhausted of female vocal talent, but has yet the means of yielding a supply whenever circumstances cause a demand. Miss Bacon's voice is a mezzo soprano of great compass and rich in tone; her style seems naturally inclined to the pathetic, for she sang a scena and romance, expressive

The performance of the pupils of the Academy was in every sense highly creditable, but we shall have better opportunity to describe their attainments more specifically hereafter.

We have very carefully examined the structure of these concerts, and given due consideration to the objects it must have been the intention of the committee to embrace, because they have excited much remark, and obviously much sinister interpretation. The most important part of the design, if we rightly apprehend it, was to support the finances of the institution, and consequently it was indispensable so to frame the bills that they should contain matter to satisfy the prevailing taste without compromising the judgment of the directors, or the character of the academy. We have shewn that the highest ground has been already

of strong emotion, with deep feeling and not unlike Madame Pasta, in manner and with a delicate taste; the result, as it appears to us, of a correct judgment and considerable knowledge of music. This lady has long been mentioned in private as a singer of the greatest promise, and certainly must have realized, on the present occasion, the expectations which her friends had formed of her, for her success was most decided, and if followed up by similar efforts cannot fail to establish her as a performer of the highest rank.—*Morn. Chron. May 15.*

Miss Bacon, of Norwich, also for the first time at once established her reputation as a singer of the very first order in Cimarosa's air of "*Frenar vorrei.*" Her voice is extremely powerful, and yet sufficiently flexible; she has an excellent style of singing, and has been for some time a pupil of Veluti. Some critics have found fault with her for an unnatural contraction of the voice, occasional harsh tones, and other defects of still less moment; notwithstanding all which, she will most likely become, what many consider her already, the first female singer of this country.—*Literary Gazette, June 17, 1826, on the eighth Philharmonic Concert.*

(On the fourth Royal Academy Concert.)—This concert has the credit of having presented Miss Bacon to the public; she made her first appearance on the present occasion, and a more successful debut of an English singer we have rarely witnessed. Her voice is a rich mezzo-soprano, with a compass of two octaves, reaching to A in alt, and extending downwards, we think, to A the fifth line in the base. The tone is sweet, but of its power we must judge at some future opportunity, for the nervousness almost inseparable from a first performance, evidently checked its strength. Miss Bacon's taste is good, and apparently the result of a long and intimate acquaintance with the best music, and a studious attention to the best singers. Her *forte* seems to be in the pathetic, the style to which voices like hers naturally lead, for these are seldom sufficiently flexible for rapid and brilliant passages, but are all tenderness, and devoid of every quality of the sparkling kind.—*Harmonicon for June, page 130.*

(On the eighth Philharmonic Concert.)—Miss Bacon's voice, now heard at the Argyll Rooms, developed its fine quality and full power; it did not sound to half the same advantage in the Hanover-square Room. She sang with great feeling and judgment the air of Portogallo in the opera of *Semiramide*, and was warmly applauded.—*Harmonicon for July, page 152.*

pre-occupied by the Concert of Ancient Music and the Philharmonic, and it was a double duty not to excite the suspicion of an opposition which was not in the contemplation of the committee, and yet to hold out strong temptation to that part of the musical and fashionable world, whose names are already inscribed on the subscription list of these established institutions. It was a scarcely less important object to train the pupils to the various duties of a modern orchestra. When therefore we observe how skilfully these different purposes have been accomplished by the concentration of the highest talent, how much of the finest portions of modern composition has been here brought forth, yet not without many specimens of the preceding age—how much of what is new to this country has been produced, we can but believe that all that could be expected has been fulfilled, with a reservation in favour of English music; and we do hope that another year will remove this ground of animadversion. There is certainly to be taken in extenuation, that the public have exhibited symptoms too powerful to be resisted, of the predilection for Italian composition and the Italian manner of singing. Ought it then to be matter of wonder that they who live to please should yield to the universal impression? We should indeed be content to bring the question to this simple test. Let an English composer produce any thing as brilliant as "*Di tanti palpiti*," for instance, and we will venture to predict it will become as popular. Let us have such impassioned and powerful duets as "*Sul aria*," "*Amor possente nome*," "*Ravvisa qual alma*," and there can be no doubt of their reception. We have beautiful glees in four and five parts, which are unequalled in composition, according to their style—but in the progression of art, and in the present rapid interchange of national communication, it is clear that combinations multiply as the range of intellect is enlarged, and to this, the very law of progression, the arrangements of society conform. The English composer, we are afraid it must be admitted, is too strongly attached to his own associations, and perhaps prides himself with some shew of justice on the austerity of his taste, the constancy of his affections, and the purity of his manner. But if he would please the world he must go along with the world. We say this not in the spirit of improper or unworthy concession, but with the same view as Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his discourses, re-



commends a certain conformity to the general taste, with the hope of leading it to what is better. We give the committee of the academy credit for such a design, and our belief is founded on long and careful observation of the principles and practice of its directors. They are content first to collect the seeds of various art, to sow them carefully, and to trust to time and nature for the fruits of their maturity. We have the most perfect confidence in the care, the motives, and the persevering vigilance of these gentlemen; and we sincerely believe that their conscientious hope is to realize all we have stated, in the manner and by the means we have stated; and we are most happy to understand that the finances of the establishment have been greatly aided by these concerts.

Amongst the musical entertainments of the season we must not omit to enumerate the concerts at Vauxhall. This popular place of amusement having fallen into the hands of new proprietors, it was determined to augment the celebrity of its musical attractions by engaging a host of the finest talent and by the institution of a regular concert. The whole place was regenerated—private boxes were formed (of one of which the Duke of York was the reputed possessor), and other such inducements held out to render it fashionable. Mr. Bishop conducted, and Mr. Spagnoletti led. Messrs. Braham, Sinclair, Horncastle, and De Begnis; Mesdames Vestris and Cornega, Misses Stephens, Travis, Love, Cooke, Holmes, &c. &c. were the singers. We are quite ready to admit that the list could not be more respectable. But as the nature of the performance must be adapted to the judgment and predilections of the audience, we regret to say that the concerts at Vauxhall must rather be taken as the degradation of these very eminent professors, than the exaltation of the place. The selections were confined (almost necessarily) to ballads, and these ballads of a kind strictly popular, and to concerted pieces of a low species. It is scarcely to be expected that artists should refuse large sums of money;\* though sure we are that they best consult their own dignity, and therefore ultimately their own interests, by withholding their fine talents from exhibitions which must tend to lower their general estimation, by familiarity as well

\* Mr. Braham received we are told £1000, and of course the other salaries are in proportion.

as by the humiliating employment to which they are abused. "*Scots wha hae*," "*Charley is my darling*," "*Cherry ripe*," as the light occasional application of such abilities may afford a pleasing variety, but constantly reducing such artists to such gallery and garden work is very unworthy employment indeed. It is a maxim in economics, that in order to attach value to an object it must exist in a certain degree of scarcity, and the reason why talent is so highly prized, is because it is rare. Such constant degradation strikes then at the very root of value, because it diminishes all sense of rarity by its frequent production, and all sense of superiority by making it subservient to mean uses. We have seldom felt more sorrow for the art or more chagrin for the person, than in hearing and seeing Miss Stephens, the grace and ornament of the English profession, at Vauxhall Gardens.

The benefit concerts were certainly not less but rather more numerous, as it appears to us, than usual, but we question whether the receipts were on any occasion as great, though we have no doubt that the deficiencies were generally greater than heretofore. This may easily be accounted for, without having recourse to failure of respect towards eminent professors, or even to talent at large. The fact is, that the practice of music being extended as our orchestras are multiplied or enlarged, perpetual additions to the body of claimants are created. Not only charities, but distressed individuals have recourse to benefit concerts in aid of their funds, and it is amongst the most useful and most honourable employments of the art. But from these several causes, the claim becomes so frequent, that it is impossible for the public to answer the call. Hence too the distribution is over a wide surface, and less must be apportioned to the several parts. Last comes the pecuniary state of the country, which during the entire season has been particularly unfavourable. When therefore we consider the immense sums annually disbursed for the great and permanent musical establishments, it is not surprising that single concerts should fall off in their receipts. Those distinguished individuals, to whose talent and exertions the public are continually indebted, such as Mess. Greatorex, Vaughan, Knyvett, Cramer, Moscheles, Mori, Nicholson, Dizi, &c. &c. together with some of the Italian singers, who stand in the first rank and are sure of the support they so laboriously earn. There are

others known as composers and instructors, whose title is acknowledged by a most respectable circle of connections, namely, Messrs. Wesley, P. Cianchettini, Hawes, &c. &c.

We should stand fully excused from any detail, if we could find room to submit the schemes of these concerts to the eye of the reader. It might to some appear surprising to perceive how little of novelty is or can be found; but the truth is that where so much is given as in the permanent concerts, they absorb all the compositions of first-rate excellence, and nothing is left but to repeat, or to be content with inferior works. Against such a chance the performer peremptorily objects, and when the perpetual employment of the principal singers is understood (they frequently sing at two or three concerts on the same night) it will be seen at a glance why the pieces are so constantly the same. Were it possible to find sufficient variety of equal worth, the physical strength of the principal vocalists could not endure the stress upon the faculties which such perpetual study and practice would entail. As it is, they are all terribly shaken by the late hours and incessant exertions of the season. For it must not be forgotten that high exaltation in art always implies a sensibility of extraordinary mobility. When this is not the case, it is the exception, if indeed there exists such an exception. While we are upon this topic, we mention with a feeling allied to shame as well as regret, that the concert of poor Weber, the popular the idolized Weber, though he produced pieces of his own not at all known in England, was amongst the thinnest of the year. He disdained to practice any of the arts by which some concerts *are made* as the phrase goes—and however unaccountable it may seem—he was deserted. We must also record that Miss Goodall gave her farewell concert previous to her marriage. Though this young lady never can be said to have taken rank with those of the first class, she stood at the head of those of the second, while her knowledge of music, her facility in reading at sight, and her acquaintance with all styles, supported by her uniform sweetness of manner and desire to be serviceable, placed her amongst the singers most universally required, both in public and in private concerts. She had been before the public for some years, and her successor will not be easily found. It gives us also the greatest pleasure to state that in private life she was most amiable, and retires from a pro-

fession, to which her conduct made her an ornament, with universal esteem.

Private concerts have not been so frequent in London this season as last—their cessation may probably be attributed to the circumstances which have diminished the support given to the benefits, namely, to the frequency of concerts—to the difficulties which approached almost to public calamity, and affected in some measure even the wealthiest classes. To our long articles upon this subject in a former volume\* we have, we presume to hope, explained all the facts attending this branch of the amusements of the metropolis so amply, as to render all further discussion unnecessary, until a change of circumstances shall place the subject in a new position.

We have thus rapidly coursed through the circle of public and private music, and sufficient details are before the reader to enable him to appreciate the magnitude, durability, and excellence of the establishments, of the additions to the resources of art and of its progression. In recapitulating the most prominent points, we would be understood to wish rather to aid than direct his judgment.

While so much of fashion is mixed up with the encouragement art receives, it would be difficult to estimate the effects of the one or the other upon the support public music enjoys, were it not that these agents have a reciprocal operation—that is to say, music must gratify a certain number of the leaders of the world of quality, and obtain by some means or other a hold on their affections before they themselves can either be brought to set the fashion or a sufficient number be allured to support them. It may therefore be safely concluded, that in proportion as we perceive the public amusements thrive or decline, the art flourishes or decays, and especially as we have observed the public support bears a certain analogy to the private practice. The general prosperity or adversity must also be taken into the computation, and in this view of the matter the present year has been a year of great depression. This cause has also a double action, for if on the one hand it decreases the sum total of encouragement, the very knowledge of the fact has a tendency to decrease also the

\* Vol 7, pages 209, 295, *et seq.*

number of places opened. It therefore concentrates patronage, and gives to those an apparently greater degree of attendance. To apply then these abstract principles to their practical illustration of the musical incidents of the season.

The pernicious influence of the management of the King's Theatre under Benelli has been felt, we cannot but imagine, during the last year. The improvident succession of attractive names and really great performers he engaged—Colbran, Catalani, Pasta, Ronzi De Begnis, and lastly Rossini himself, who though he did nothing for the establishment, was attached to it—thus entailing expences which never could be repaid—the engagement of all these engendered a sort of vague belief that such a rich succession of variety was attainable, and at the same time so much desire for it, that a contempt of the opera engagements appears to us to have been visible almost ever since. The popularity of Pasta it is true has been surpassing. But we speak generally, and taking the season through, we think there was obviously a restless impatience, which seeing the intrinsic excellence of the management so far as the public is concerned, is not otherwise to be accounted for. The falling in of the property boxes may also have detached a given quantity of certain and assured patronage, and by throwing these boxes loose amongst the public, the exclusiveness—a vast point with the world of fashion—is abated. From all the collective circumstances we have now and in former pages enumerated, it is manifest that the King's Theatre did not carry the same weight and importance it has heretofore done, though perhaps it may not have been less advantageous (it could hardly be so) to the lessee. The free list was suspended during almost the entire season, nominally if not virtually, and the houses, particularly after the arrival of Pasta, were so crowded it was necessary to go very early to obtain a seat at all in the pit. When therefore we take into consideration the falling in of the property boxes, the national adversity, and the dissolution of Parliament in the very midst of the season, it should seem that if the favour of the fashionable circles was in some degree averted, the taste of the public at large was turned in a stronger degree than usual towards this magnificent theatre; and such we presume actually to be the case, for the high estimate universally formed of the splendour of the house, the dignity of the company, the ex-

cellence of the music, the eminence of the singers, and the perfection of the band—altogether offers (without including the corps de ballet, which is represented to have been more inefficient than heretofore) such a centre of attraction as no other place of amusement can afford. Thus if the tide of fashionable patronage has ebbed, (we put it hypothetically) the flow of general support has rushed in and filled the void which would otherwise have been the more observable. Of the degree of financial prosperity we pretend to know nothing. This always seems to us to depend more upon the internal œconomy than upon the access to the house—more upon the scale of the disbursements than upon the fluctuation of receipts.

Music has certainly flourished at Covent Garden, declined at Drury-lane.

The Antient and Philharmonic Concerts have as it were a fixed place, and are undisturbed by any accidents. To be admitted to their subscription is always a matter of favour and solicitation. The Royal Academic Concerts have started with a list, for which the rank and estimation of the Directors and the importance attached to a national establishment can alone account. We however hope to see them equal in excellence and equal in permanency with their established predecessors and coadjutors in the good work of fixing and exalting the character of art and its professors. It is no slight fact in the history of music that these three concerts raise at least nine thousand guineas annually for their support.

The Oratorios have been eminently successful. To these performances we may apply the power which the cessation of opposition has to concentrate patronage. The benefit concerts exhibit the contrary. They have suffered by extension, while the private concerts have decreased, probably from the expence and the adverse nature of the times.

Thus much as to the effect upon the public. With respect to the art itself, it is clear that its cultivation is more general and more scientific. We demonstrate this fact by the growing regard to instrumental music and by the facility with which the mere regard to melody, though it is and must be at all times the predominant characteristic of the popular attachment, has given way to the apprehension and relish of fine instrumental combinations in accompaniment. Nothing has gone so far to prove this as the pro-

duction and sustentation of Weber's compositions. His overtures have been continually encored at the theatres—a circumstance unknown till of late years—and his *Oberon* depends far more upon the orchestra than the singer. Again we may cite the perpetual introduction of concertos upon all instruments. There is no surer criterion of public approbation than frequency of performance. It results necessarily that such demonstrations of skill must tend to correct the general taste and to diffuse the justest notions of perfect execution. They operate essentially to polish the judgment.

Vocal art has we conceive returned nearer to the principles of pure expression. To this Velluti and Pasta have mainly contributed, for, whatever may be said to the contrary, taste centres in the Opera House, and is thence projected. Velluti has been represented as an exuberantly florid singer, but our experience contradicts the authority of those who have so written concerning him. And here we must obviate objection by making a necessary distinction. The voice is one thing—the use of it another. Never was there a human being of finer sensibility than Velluti. His first attribute is exquisite feeling—his second exquisite delicacy in expressing that feeling. Ornament is with him very much subservient to expression, and the very fact that his ornaments are so original and so *recherchée* as sometimes to be quaint, proves, that he is too nice in his choice to be satisfied with ordinary graces, and therefore must be to a limited extent sparing in the use of them, for no man's invention is sufficiently boundless to allow of a fastidiously nice choice, and a profuse employment of what he so cautiously selects or prepares. We think therefore that this great master has done more than any other of late to bring back the principles of a just expression, whatever may be the defects of parts of his scale and of his intonation.

Madame Pasta is also a mistress of art, and being limited by nature, she makes no extravagant use of her powers, but employs them with the tact and judgment that can proceed only from an extraordinary mind. This constitutes her highest praise, for never before did intellect and industry become such perfect substitutes for organic superiority. Notwithstanding her fine vein of imagination and the beauty of her execution, she cultivates high and deep passion, and is never so great as in the adaptation of art to the purest purposes of expression. These two singers

have wrought a saluary change in the taste of English audiences, because their examples extend in all directions—the best singers always affording the objects of imitation for those of all other degrees. We conceive then that through the agency of these causes vocal science has improved in the knowledge of the application of the modern refinements. Nor is it in execution alone. The public has been taught not only to endure but to delight in the chaster and stronger lights of the music of Paisiello, Zingarelli, Mayer, and Meyerbeer, even in a mixed succession with the glistening scintillations of Rossini's genius. No prejudices of our own enter into this representation, for our experience is too wide not to have taught us that excellence belongs to no individual nor to no class exclusively, and that even where it is avowedly the greatest, it must still be diversified by other and by new combinations, if it be desired to keep alive and secure the ever-fluctuating attention of the public. The empire of Rossini is still sufficient to satisfy the composer most emulous of popularity.

With respect to the succession of vocal talent, the dearth seems to lie more amongst the men than amongst the females. Mr. Phillips has certainly reached a high place, and if he does not inherit all the honours of Bartleman, he is already quite as highly esteemed as his immediate predecessor, Bellamy, but whose musical knowledge, long services, and gentlemanly deportment must preserve for him the respect of the public while he chooses to remain before them. There is yet no successor to Vaughan except he be found in Mr. Horncastle, whose approaches may not be the less sure because they are modestly advanced. No star has yet arisen in either of the theatres in any department. Mrs. Salmon, it has been stated, has completely recovered from the indisposition which has for nearly two years robbed the public of her fine talents. It is therefore to be supposed she will ere long resume that station where she is supreme, while this department has received no mean addition in the successful debutantes of this and last year.

We have reserved all specific notice of the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music till we could devote time and space to a separate article to the progress of an establishment of such momentous importance to art and to professional character. We may however so far pass the line we have prescribed to ourselves as to mention,



that there is every promise of some very fine instrumentalists, and of a general supply of well-trained steady orchestral performers, independently of those of the pupils who may choose the walk of tuition. Mawkes and Blagrove, pupils of those very able masters and leaders, Messrs. Spagnoletti and Cramer, have exhibited talents of the very highest order. We mention these youths as examples, but by no means exclusively. Our notice is so brief only for the reason above stated.

Some observations appear to be due to the growing connection between literature and music—a connection which if we must not boast of having originated, we may yet hope our exertions have mainly contributed to forward. Nothing we will venture to assert can so effectually confirm the principles of a sound musical education, and contribute to establish the professional character upon so sure a foundation as this union. For while the interests of science are constantly advocated the advantages of general attainment, and moral worth are insisted upon and demonstrated, and not only is the public apprehension in respect to musical criticism sharpened and taste elevated, but the attention is turned towards sources of authority, and the influence of ignorant, flippant, and petulant cavillers diminished if not annihilated. By this union we entertain the most sanguine expectations that musicians will ere long take rank with other artists on the score of intellectual acquirement and moral and social respectability—a place which has but too long been denied them.

The excess to which the publication of music is carried assists our demonstration of the fact, that the art is most rapidly permeating the whole body of the people. The multiplication of instruments, which in their descent through all stages of their existence, afford a cheap and immense supply, assists the diffusion. Music is certainly not yet so universal amongst us as in Germany, where it forms a part of the education of the whole people, or as in Italy, where it constitutes so prominent a portion of the ceremonies of religion, and occupies that vast place in the thoughts and habits of the nation, which Englishmen fill up by politics. We would have neither the serious and solid affections, nor the interest they take in the freedom and honour of their political institutions suspended by the love of art; but obvious and confident as we are, that happiness and virtue are both augmented by the devo-

tion of leisure to music, we rejoice in the proofs annually submitted to us of the increasing cultivation of this rational and elegant pursuit, which elevates and civilizes and improves the rougher nature of the one sex by the scope it gives to the accomplishments of the other, through the influence of a mixed society.

### THE EISTEDDVOD IN LONDON.

We have more than once devoted our pages to an elucidation of this very interesting congress of bards, which, wherever it meets, is distinguished by the national title and the national characteristics. It will be seen by those articles, that Mr. Parry, who has long been known as the composer of a great deal of popular music, and who is the registrar of the Cymmrodorion or Royal Cambrian Institution, has conducted the anniversaries of the society without remuneration. The Eisteddvod of this season was devoted to his benefit, not more however in recompense than in honour of his valuable services. The concert took place on the 24th of May at Freemasons' Hall.

It was patronized by some of the first families in the kingdom, and the spacious hall was crowded with elegant company. The performance consisted chiefly of Welsh melodies, adapted and arranged by Mr. Parry expressly for Braham, Terrail, Horn, Atkins, Collyer, J. Smith, Miss Stephens, Miss Parry, Miss H. Cawse,—Masters Bailey, Benson, Nicholls—Mori, Lindley, Nicholson, Harper, Mackintosh, and a complete band; there were also pedal and Welsh harps, and it proved highly interesting, inasmuch as it touched the heart while it gratified the ear. We find the following explanatory observations inserted in the books:

“On this occasion the offering is ‘the song of nature,’ and the wild yet pathetic mountain melodies which have been handed down from generation to generation.

“They will not, it is hoped, prove the less interesting for having stood the test of ages, and having roused the courage, soothed the minds, and cheered the hearts of our forefathers.”

*Pemillion*\* singing with the Welsh harps, by persons engaged expressly from Wales for the occasion, highly amused and de-

\* See Musical Review, vol. 6, p. 428.

lighted the company with its very singular effect. Between the first and second parts of the concert, medals and premiums were awarded and presented by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland—

To the Rev. W. Prossert, for an essay “on the invasions of Britain, and their effects on the character and language of the inhabitants.

To J. V. Lloyd, Esq. for an English poem on “Owen Glyndwr.”

To R. Davies, bard, for a poem in Welsh on the same subject.

To John Hughes, Samuel Roberts, and John Jones, students at the grammar schools in Wales, for essays in the Welsh language on “*Calondid*” courage.

Towards the conclusion of the concert, Mr. Parry sung a national song, accompanied by his son on the harp, and concluded with the following lines, which, though humble as poetry, made a very visible impression on the company, who testified their feeling in a manner the most flattering to those of the bard.

“ And now my kind patrons, the tribute that’s due,  
Permit me to offer sincerely to you ;  
The noon of my days in your service I’ve past,  
And kindly you cherish me on to the last.  
’Till Cambria’s high mountains from clouds shall be free,  
This day will be never forgotten by me.”

The society dined together the same day—Lord Clive in the chair—when strains of olden times were performed by the minstrels, and every thing calculated to promote brotherly love and harmony was introduced, and the whole reflected much credit on the honest sons of Cambria.

A grand provincial meeting is to take place on the 26th and 27th of September, at Brecon, under the auspices of the Cambrian Society in Gwent. Braham, Collyer, Rolle, Miss Stephens, Miss Johnston, Mori, Lindley, Nicholson, Harper, Daniels, Griesbach, &c. &c. are engaged. There are to be two concerts, and a morning performance in the church. Thus amid the mountains of Cambria, we see with much gratification, music encouraged.—There have been already sent in, we understand, upwards of a hundred compositions from candidates for the various prizes, The contest for the *silver harp* is expected to prove highly interesting, as several excellent lyrists have thrown the gauntlet. The whole will be conducted by Mr. Parry.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**H**AVING been one of those who attended the last musical festival at York, I fully agree with you in the remarks you have made upon it, as I do with those of Mr. Archdeacon Eyre, in his sermon on the preceding Sunday. For myself, when I heard the 100 base voices, supported by the 24 violoncellos and 16 double basses, trombones, and full organ, leading off the chorus "*Blessing and honour, glory and power,*" it brought to my mind the idea of the "*Thousands of thousands*" of voices mentioned in Rev. v. as "*Singing a new song,*" and pronouncing these very words, and thus gave me, as it were, a foretaste of the harmony of heaven.

But whatever approaches we may make towards perfection in this or any other science, whilst in this sublunary state, they are yet *but approaches*, or attempts to attain what we shall ever find to be beyond our reach. And this I shall attempt to prove, by stating the several points of perfection necessary to be attained in the particular science we are treating of, in order to form the *ne plus ultra* of perfection, never to be reached in this world. My object being to shew, that notwithstanding our falling so infinitely short of perfection in every point we may attempt, yet the pointing out these failures will enable us to form some idea of what would be the power of harmony, could these failures and imperfections be surmounted, as we may be assured they will be in heaven, when, as we are told in the chapter alluded to, "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" unite their voices (in perfect harmony, as must be supposed,) in the praises of their Creator and Redeemer.

After reading this chapter the idea of our Abbey and York Minster performances must sink into nothing, and the mere mention of them by way of comparison become almost profane. Yet, considering them as humble attempts, in our first state, towards such perfection as our limited faculties enable us to attain, there can, I think, be no harm in pointing out the difficulties we have to contend against, of which many are probably not aware.

First, with respect to the *magnitude* of our orchestras, or gran-

deur of the scale of performance, here we may have arrived at a *ne plus ultra*, the Minster at York being the largest suitable building for the purpose, in these dominions, and the band of 650 performers there lately employed, as large as perhaps can be effectually employed for such a purpose. For although to those who sat at the greatest distance from it, a still larger band might improve the effect, yet to those who were stationed within a moderate distance, it was sufficiently powerful to produce every effect that could be wished.

There are also philosophical reasons against increasing to a great degree the magnitude of an orchestra, as when it is of considerable depth (as must necessarily be the case, where so many performers and such a variety of instruments are accumulated) the sound of the voices and instruments in front of the orchestra and those in the rear of it, will not reach the auditors at some distance from it at the same instant.

It may however by some be observed, that in order to attain the perfection of harmony, the object is not so much to increase the number of performers as to proportion the whole to the size of the building, and the several parts of the band to each other. According to this opinion a reduced band, in a smaller cathedral, or one still farther reduced, in a parish church, as at Liverpool, Birmingham, Derby, &c. will produce the same grandeur and sublimity of effect with the immense band at York, provided such a band be well mixed, or the several parts of trebles, tenors, and bases well proportioned to each other. But were this really the case, and *proportion*, the only or the principal point of consideration, a band of 100 or fewer performers in a chapel might produce an equally grand and sublime effect with those of Westminster Abbey or York Minster, the very mention of which is enough to confute the notion that *magnitude* is not to be considered as an indispensable requisite.

Allowing then that *in this respect* we have arrived at a sufficient degree of perfection, we come next to consider the difficulties that yet remain to be vanquished, before we can attain any thing like *perfect harmony*. In order to attain this, the band, besides the property of magnitude, must also possess that of *purity*, by which I mean *perfect time* and *perfect excellence* in all its component parts, as to *tone*, *execution*, *scientific skill*, &c.

If we now consider the band of the last York festival, we there find all the most eminent vocal and instrumental performers that can be collected together for the solo and leading parts, and for the chorus 90 trebles, 70 altos, 90 tenor, and 100 base voices, with a proportionate number of instruments of all kinds, and accordingly, as far as *numerical* proportion goes, find it as complete and well mixed as can be wished; this numerical proportion being, in fact, all that is thought necessary in arranging a band of this kind.

Were it possible however minutely to scrutinize all these, we should undoubtedly find amongst all the voices scarcely two or three of each kind possessing exactly the same quality of *tone*; as amongst the trebles some would be found to be shrill and squally, while others were smooth and fine, some thin and weak, while others were firm and strong. Amongst the tenors and bases too, here and there would probably be found a stentorian voice, making as much noise as two or three others together, some with smooth and mellow tones, and others rough and harsh; and of the counter-tenors, some sing in a soft *falsetto* voice the same passages that others sing in a strained natural voice. Some also sing out with confidence, while others (particularly among the trebles) suppress their voices, through diffidence.

But besides all this dissimilarity of tone, there would on such scrutiny be found a much greater as to *tune*, as this must depend upon the different degrees of cultivation of the ear acquired by the different performers. To sing perfectly in tune through every variety of modulation that may occur, cannot indeed be attained, even with the most complete knowledge of *harmonics*, a science with which very few of the most eminent musicians are at all acquainted. And the same may be observed of the *instrumental* performers; the similarity of tone between different instruments of the same kind being as rarely to be met with as between different voices; some having superior instruments kept in the best order, while others may have common instruments badly strung or voiced.\*

\* To attempt by a familiar instance to shew the natural consequence of this indiscriminate manner of filling up a large orchestra, let us suppose that a person wished to procure a large organ, but not being able to afford the necessary expence of a new one, he, after having procured the frame-work and skeleton of one, went round to the different organ-builders in London, to pick

Amongst such a number of performers there must also be different degrees of skill in respect to execution, style, &c. And with respect to stopping in tune the several instruments of the viol kind, to attain any degree of perfection requires also a knowledge of *harmonics*, though it is *in some degree* attained by guess, or by means of a good ear. It should however be considered that a good ear, without the proper cultivation, will be apt to lead a performer astray, by inducing him to attempt stopping and tuning *perfect* intervals, without any regard to *temperament*. And with the greatest knowledge that can be attained, perfect tune will, after all, be found unattainable; all that we can do being to make as near approaches to it as we can.

It also unfortunately happens that the principal or most predominant instrument in large orchestras of this kind, the *organ*, is, from the limitation of the scale, one of the most imperfect; yet this being the standard for tuning all the other instruments to, they must therefore all in some degree be accommodated to such imperfection; and in addition to all this, there is a continual contest, as it were, between the wind and stringed instruments, for as a general tuning can only take place at the beginning of each act or part, from thence to the end of it the stringed instruments, from the pressure of the fingers in stopping them, are naturally getting *flatter*, while the wind instruments, from the warmth of the hand and breath passing through them, are gradually *rising*. This by the principal performers (who are aware of it) is in great measure counteracted by occasionally sharpening or flattening their instruments, or stopping the viols sharper than usual, which however can only be done by guess, and without any degree of certainty or accuracy.

How then can such a mass of imperfection produce any thing like *perfect concord*? yet we are apt to fancy that such is attained, or at least are contented with the approaches that we make

up second-hand pipes, and thus purchasing open diapason pipes of one, stopt diapasons of another, a principal of a third, a trumpet stop of a fourth, and so on contenting himself with providing the requisite number of pipes to fill up the sound board, and leaving the combined effect from the whole to *chance*. Yet this would have one advantage, in there being probably an equality of tone in the pipes of each separate stop, whereas in the band, or orchestra above alluded to, this would be wanting amongst voices and instruments of the same kind.

towards it, which is well for us, and perhaps none are more satisfied and gratified than those who are ignorant of the circumstances requisite to attain perfection.

What then is the object of this essay?—Merely to assert that we are striving after what we shall never attain, and thus induce us to discontinue or slacken our efforts? Far from it; let us make a virtue of necessity, and still do what we can to make the greatest approaches possible towards acquiring such harmony as, though far from perfect, may be sufficient for our finite faculties to enjoy, and to enable us to anticipate, and according to the Archdeacon's idea before mentioned, "give us a foretaste" of that heavenly harmony with which we may hope to be hereafter gratified in the realms of bliss.

SENEX.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

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### ORIENTAL MUSIC CONSIDERED.

ESSAY THE SECOND.

#### *ON THE MUSIC OF THE PERSIANS.*

SIR,

**P**ERHAPS there is no nation on the face of the globe whose history has been so much a matter of curiosity and research to Europeans as that of Persia. The numerous facts connected with their customs and manners, the interesting story of Cyrus, of Alexander, and their gorgeous courts; the many romantic fables that tradition has handed down to us concerning their extraordinary religion and intimate connexion with other primeval nations; combine to interest us so much, that modern travellers seem to vie with each other in giving the most elaborate account of this once mighty kingdom. While the more important branches of antiquity, history, &c. occupy the attention of the literary enquirer



or the curious traveller, it may be worth our while as musicians to endeavour to trace some few particulars in the music of this people as tending to prove the degree of estimation in which our art was once held among them. We are however in the very outset of our enquiry presented with an insurmountable obstacle to producing our observations up to a remote period, where the most numerous and best materials might have been found for ascertaining the state of music; by the destruction of all their books upon the sciences, by order of Omar. "Hamzah, of Ispahan, an historian, who lived in an early age of Mahummedanism, represents the sciences as abolished in Persia by the conquest of Alexander, as neglected under the tumultuous reign of the Ashkani's, and as reviving under Ardesher Babegan, who caused his life to be written. The dangers which the religion and literature of the ancient Persians had to support did not terminate with Alexander, nor with the Parthian dynasty; they had to sustain a cruel and bigotted persecution under the Mahometans. Haji Khalfa informs us, that when the Musselmans conquered Persia, Saad, the son of Abu Wakhas, wrote to Omar to be allowed to send a number of books to him. Omar's answer was, to throw them into the water as useless to the faith. They *were all burned*, and thus says Ebu Khaldun, perished the sciences of the ancient Persians."\* (See the Relation de l' Egypt of Abdallatif, published by the learned Di Saci).—So well executed was this truly barbarous order, that I believe the only book on the subject of music in the Persian language is one mentioned in the catalogue of manuscripts, in Fraser's history of Nadir Schah; it is called *Heela Imaeli* (or *Al alat alrouhaniat*), a book of machinery, containing about 300 figures; it was composed by Aboulezz Ismael Gezeri, and is divided into six parts. Part the 3d treats of musical instruments; there is no date by which one could judge of the time of its production. Being thus deprived of every means of judging what might have been the actual state of music in ancient Persia,† we are driven to the necessity of supposing with Sir

\* See the Letter from William Erskine, Esq. to Sir Joha Malcolm, "On the Sacred Books and Religion of the Parsis;" page 307, in vol. 2, of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.

† If we may judge by certain specimens of Turkish music published, said to be entirely borrowed from the Persians, it appears to have been altogether of

Wm. Jones, that "The Persians have borrowed their music from the Indians," and upon an examination of their scales and melodies, this supposition will appear well founded. Sir W. J. in his paper on Persian music, says, "They distribute their eighty-four modes, according to an idea of locality, into twelve rooms, twenty-four recesses, and forty-eight angles or corners, (this will at once be recognized as similar to the Hindu six ragas, thirty raginis, and forty-eight putras.) It is necessary here to combat with the opinion of Sir W. Jones, that the Persian and Hindu system of music is *superior to ours*. I have said enough in my first Essay to prove that the Hindu at least is not comparable to our own, and it will not be difficult to prove the same respecting the Persian. I shall extract a short passage from Sir John Malcolm's history of Persia, which gives perhaps the most brief and complete account of the state of the art in that country, and will serve all the purposes of an argument on my side. "The Persians deem music a science, but it is one in which they do not appear to have made much progress. They have a gamut and notes, and a different description of melody, that is, adapted to various strains, such as the pathetic, voluptuous, joyous, and warlike. The voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they have a number, but they cannot be said to be *further advanced* in this science *than the Indians*, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. Their strains are often pleasing, but are always monotonous, and want *that variety* of expression which gives much of its charms to this delightful art." This, it will be seen, entirely prevents the idea of superiority; it being expressly stated that their strains are always monotonous, which could not be possible if the principles of their art were superior to ours, which in its theory decidedly insists upon "variety of expression." These melodies,

a martial character. "It was not till the reign of Amurath that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks. That Prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdat, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper, that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople; and by these the harmonious art was propagated among the Turks. (The Abbaté Toderini, from whose valuable work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find this celebrated piece of *Sach Cule*, (for that is the name of this Persian Timotheus), but it was never noted, it seems, and is only played by the greatest masters (from tradition.)"—See page 109, Harmonicon for June, 1824.

“ adapted to the pathetic, voluptuous, joyous, and warlike,” are no doubt similar to the ancient Greek moods or modes, such as the Dorian, Phrygian, &c. a particular mode being confined to one passion or feeling.

We may now proceed to enquire how far the modern Persians are found to cultivate our art, and here we shall find that whatever difficulties they may formerly have had to encounter by barbarous customs and Gothic restrictions, there are equally destructive enemies, ready at the present day to prevent the progress of any art or science. Under a despotic government, the arts have never permanently flourished, and it requires the stimulus of a well organized and somewhat polished state of society before music can be said to obtain its proper station among mankind. Notwithstanding the exertions of their poets, whose elegance of thought and diction are celebrated every where, and might be supposed to kindle a corresponding talent among the musicians of the country, yet such is the state of society, that the wonder rather is that they should have any soul for music left, than that more has not been accomplished by them towards proficiency therein. An abstract of the state of society in Persia may serve at once to amuse and also to shew how inert and feeble must be the state of every art or science among them. “ That *amor patriæ*, and that desire of fame which lead to every noble exertion, are unknown in Persia. There, freedom of thought and independency of action are held in complete subjection ; and the only means of rising to wealth and dignity is by the most servile submission. That their religion inculcates ignorance and slavery, may be deemed fortunate for the inhabitants of this country: bigotted to it, they believe, according to its tenets, that the Prince reigns by divine right, and that he is accountable for his actions to God alone. Every event also, however trifling, they believe to be predestinated ; and as, consequently, whatever happens has been decreed by God, and therefore they bend under every misfortune and under death itself with perfect resignation to his will. The highest minister or the greatest general appears upon a simple summons before the imperial throne ; and while humbly bowing and repeating to himself, ‘ From God we came and to God we shall return ;’ his head falls by the hand of the executioner at the feet of his Sovereign. But for malversation death or dismissal from

office, without personal disgrace, occurs in every country. It is in Moslem kingdoms only, and particularly in Persia, that the highest functionaries of the state are chained, whipped, or bastinadoed, and then allowed to resume their respective duties; yet the real or supposed delinquent receives not such a punishment with more humility than it is beheld with indifference by the rest of his countrymen. Hence every noble quality that ought to distinguish a public character has long become extinct in Persia, and its ministers, possessing not a single virtue, may be feared, but they are never respected. In private life the baneful influence of bigotry and despotism equally prevails. The knowledge of other countries is therefore proscribed, and the education of the Persian children embraces at this day no wider a field than it did in the first ages of Islamism. They are merely taught to read and write their own language, the simplest rules of Arabic grammar, and to peruse the Koran; and should they acquire beyond this a knowledge of logic, jurisprudence, the traditions of their Prophet and the commentaries on the Koran, they are considered to be accomplished scholars. The perusal of their native poets is prevented if possible, and it is even a question debated amongst their doctors, whether poetry itself be consistent with the tenets of their religion. Thus nurtured in almost complete ignorance, the Persians are at the same time deprived of the advantages which flow from an equal and unreserved intercourse with the fair sex. That indescribable power which the society of woman possesses to ameliorate the sterner passions of man has never been experienced by them; and never has the violence of their passions been subdued by gallantry, or those sentiments of respect to woman which have in Europe survived the days of chivalry. The nature of their government also prevents their reposing in each other that confidence which can alone produce and maintain the social affections. The pleasures therefore of a Persian are selfish, and enjoyed by him either alone or in the seclusion of his haram, or in the company of a few select acquaintances; and as there is no public opinion, no established moral rule, which in the absence of laws, might prove a restraint to vice and passion, a Persian freely indulges himself as far as his means will admit, in the gratification of every criminal desire. In a country then where virtue has been banished from public and private life, where even its semblance is

not required, and where the softer feelings are unknown, few can be the noble actions which deserve to be recorded in the pages of the historian, and few the themes which can inspire the strains of the poet. But degraded as is the spirit of man in Persia, every author describes the climate as being delightful, and the country as boasting many beauties. Its inhabitants are also admitted to possess great natural abilities, and there seems no doubt that they are capable, were they once released from the torpifying influence of bigotry and despotism, of attaining to excellence in every pursuit.\* From this degraded state of society much cannot be expected with regard to their skill in the art of music, which perhaps above all others requires warm encouragement and great facilities to its professors. The Persians, it appears, are totally unacquainted with theatrical exhibitions, which privation they share in common with the Moslems of every country.

“That several of their poets possessed genius adequate to the composition of dramatic poetry their works fully evince, and this singular circumstance must therefore be ascribed to the state of society, and particularly to the religion of Persia. To the Moslem, the hymns and processions of idolatry are wholly unknown, nor has either public or private life in Persia ever presented a scene from which the genius of even the greatest poet could have been enabled to form the conceptions of a dramatic work.”† Whatever may formerly have been the state of music in this once mighty kingdom, it is certainly now reduced to a very low ebb. Sir R. Kerr Porter, one of the latest travellers in that part of the world, penetrated into the harem or anderoon of the Shah, and describes minutely every thing he saw there; but there is not a single musical instrument mentioned, showing how little the Shah’s ladies (who might be supposed to wish to relieve the tedium of a harem life by some such amusement) cultivate such a reasonable accomplishment to soothe their idle hours. It is true, as Sir Robert says, they have the song of the nightingale, “whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness with the unfolding of their favorite flowers,” and this charming little bird may be

\* See “An Essay on Persian Literature,” by Captain Vans Kennedy, page 61, vol. 2, of *Trans. Lit. Society, Bombay*.

† Page 101, same Essay.

said to render their dwellings "vocal by his song." But any thing in the shape of lute, guitar, harp, or any other portable instrument, is not to be found. The harp, however, was once a favourite instrument among the ladies of the Shah. In a poem, entitled the "Mirah-i-Iskhandir," of Amir Khosron, a Persian Poet, who flourished about the year 1315, and beautiful fragment of which is preserved in the excellent paper of Captain Vans Kennedy, from which I have already extracted, we have the following passages :

"The harps soft notes to heav'n ascended, and from the flagon flow'd the ruby wave; the lute's sweet tones, angels from heaven attracted. The organ and the dulcimer with gentle notes a soothing charm diffused"—(and that we may imagine those performers whose province it was to touch these instruments, were eminently skillful; it is added)—"Such were the sounds which from the instruments they drew, sighs that from Venus and the moon arose."

In Bunting's collection of Irish Music mention is also made of the Persian harp, and an engraving is given of a boat filled with female harpers, part of various sculptures on a Persian arch near Kurmanshah, "ten days journey North-east of Bagdat." Major O'Neill, who furnished the drawing and description, says, "from my knowledge of the present state of the country, I have reason to believe that there is no instrument in use among the modern Persians in the least resembling that in the sculpture, nor could I receive any information of the period in which this excavation was formed; the figures are in perfect preservation, and the strings of the harp completely visible." The shape and form of this harp, which has only four strings, is nearly the same as the ancient Greek lyre of four or five strings. (See Dr. Burney's vol. 1, Engravings of Ancient Instruments.)—Sir R. Porter, in his 2d vol. gives a drawing of a remain of sculpture in relief, at Tackt-i-Bostan; it is a representation of the sports of the field. There are two boats filled with female harpers; the form and number of the strings differ from those copied by Major O'Neill, which is nearly that of a triangle, whereas these have seven strings,

In another engraving we find a sort of raised scaffold, in which rows of musicians are seated, playing on a variety of instruments,

all curious specimens of the art at that period. Sir R. Porter, in speaking of the luxuries of the Emperor Khosroo's court, mentions the singers\* "as of sweeter notes than the nightingales, and that no heart could resist the strains of his enchanting musician, Barbaud. We are told by one of the Persian writers, that Khosroo, besides the beautiful Shirawe, who alone filled his heart, possessed twelve thousand fair candidates for his favour, each equal to the moon in the splendour of her charms; from this constellation of beauties we doubt not the minstrelsy of his boats was selected, and from the circumstance of so many women being seen openly partaking the pleasure of the royal chase, we may conclude that at this period of the Persian empire, the fair part of the population were neither shut up from public society, nor necessarily veiled in the presence of men." It would seem from this passage, that the Persian females cultivated music more readily at a time when it could give additional charms to their other fascinations in society; but the moment they were shut up, engaged as it were, to be seen only by their lord and master, the spring of action to the mind gave way, as they were conscious this accomplishment could procure for them no further benefit, no amelioration of luxurious captivity. "Besides the female harpers I have noticed, in Sir R. Porter's work, there are other instruments in an engraving in a deer hunt, in which rude figures are seen blowing a kind of strait trumpet; another playing the large drum, held as our English ones, before the player. There are four others on the left of the drawing—one blowing a strait flute, a second playing on what is certainly very like our Pan's pipe; the third figure is

\* A very curious circumstance is noticed by Captain Vans Kennedy, in his "Remarks on the Chronology of Persian History," which relating to singers, deserves attention. It is supposed that in most of the Eastern countries the attendant slaves or eunuchs take part in the vocal music performed in the seraglios; but in Persia it appears the voices of the latter have never been heard. Eunuchs, "whom Grecian writers represent as possessing such influence, are said never to have been made in Persia, nor allowed to be imported; and what is very remarkable, there is no word in the Persian language of such an import, either primitively or by a figure of speech; the usual phrase at the present day is a complimentary one, and signifies master of the house, i. e. harem. Language is a stubborn evidence, and had they been known in Persia before the Arabian conquest, it seems difficult to conceive how they should have remained without a name either original or borrowed from the country whence they were brought, in so copious a language as the Persian."

too much erased to judge what instrument was used; and the fourth seems holding to his mouth the crook of a rude ill-defined instrument, something like the serpent. (Pl. 64.) But the most curious part of the Persian music is that of the Dervises' dance, which has been the subject of a German work, in which is given the particulars of their method, and the airs to which they dance; and some are not without melody, although of a quaint and uneven character.

F. W. H.



*Notte tremenda, Recit. e Caro suono lusinghier, Romanza, as sung by the celebrated Signor Velluti, at Verona and Florence, in his Opera of Tebaldo e Isolina; composed by Signor Morlacchi. London. Chappell and Co.*

This is the song which Stendhal has selected from the whole circle of the practice of the singer whose name is attached to the work, as the strongest and the most elegant demonstration of his ability. We cited almost the entire passage in our memoir of Signor Velluti.\* But though he has made it his own, as the phrase goes, by his impassioned expression, and by the curious and felicitous alterations he has substituted throughout the song, for he alters nearly every passage, though the scena sustains and perhaps saves the whole opera, it is not upon these accounts that we have selected it for examination. It appears to us to afford a fair subject for analysis and for comparison; it is curious as a song of passion, and we hope to be able to glean both from the composition and the manner of its execution, some additional knowledge of the construction of passages of expression, and of the latitude allowed to singers. We have heard from authority upon which we are accustomed to rely, that the composer's interpretation of his own music does not exactly coincide with that given it by Signor Velluti. This may well be believed, without any impeachment of the singer's judgment, where the alterations are so numerous and so diversified. Nor from this disagreement does it follow that either party is essentially wrong. We know by a thousand instances, that even verbal passages are susceptible of totally opposite modes of conveying their sense by emphasis and inflexion. How much wider then is the range which melody allows?

To understand this song it is necessary first to apprehend completely the circumstances under which it is sung. Such an understanding implies the knowledge of almost the whole story of the opera—so difficult is it to separate such an impassionate description of incidents, recollections, sudden thoughts, and deep sensa-

\* Vol. 7, page 269.

tions from its place in a dramatic piece. The song is sung by *Tebaldo*, a young warrior, who is enamoured of *Isolina*. A train of romantic fiction too long to narrate, has made *Tebaldo*, under the name of *Sigert*, at once the lover of *Isolina*, the preserver of *Hermann's* (her father) life in battle, and the victor in a tournament, of which her hand is to be the prize. But the father of *Tebaldo* is the bitter foe of *Hermann*, and appears upon the scene, after having been long supposed to be dead, at the head of a band of conspirators, to murder him and all the race at this very moment. He discloses himself to his son. The attempt is made and fails; and *Tebaldo*, in the uncertainty of his father's fate, comes forth at night and approaches *Hermann's* palace, with the hope of learning some tidings of him. At this moment he hears *Isolina* playing on the harp, and the recitative and romance are a soliloquy descriptive of the passions which rapidly pass across his mind.

We may now cite the words of the song—

RECITAVIVO.

Notte tremenda! orribil notte!  
 Ah fosse tu l'estrema per me!  
 Di morte in seno avrebber fine  
 I miei tormenti almeno!  
 Cessò il tumulto—  
 Avversa ognor la sorte  
 I disegni tradi del genitore.  
 I suoi fuggiro, ma in mezzo  
 A tanto orrore, di lui che avvenne mai?  
 Forse si trovi! si salvi! si divida il suo destino!  
 E poi—senza *Isolina*—morir—  
 Ciel!—qual contento!  
 Lo conosco, lo sento nel mio core!  
 E la mano d' *Isolina*!—è il suon d'amor!  
 Ah si—la prima volta ch'io l'intesi,  
 E che di lei m'accesi.  
 Era un incanto!  
 Ma allor era felice, or trista e sola,  
 Forse a me pensa e il suo dolor consola.

## ARIA.

Caro suono lusinghier!  
 Dolce ognor mi scendi al cor,  
 Tu richiami al mio pensier  
 I piacer d'un casto amor.  
 Quel bel di che ci rapì  
 Di sua pura voluttà,  
 Dove ando mio ben quel di?  
 Ah mai più ritornerà!

The recitative is sometimes accompanied and sometimes free—and here we must regret the omission in the pages before us, of the very fine symphony which precedes and prepares the mind by some excellent instrumental combinations, and by a general tone of high and sombre melancholy both in the melody and in the harmonies. The cause of its omission is obviously to be traced to its length, and to the ineffective nature of the piano forte when applied to such an adaptation. This symphony opens with long wailing yet awakening notes from the horns, bases, and trombones, to which are united, after two bars, the clarionets and hautbois. It is not till the thirteenth bar that the stringed instruments come in (pizzicati, except the first violin), when the lugubrious notes of the hautbois are still heard as principal. The first passage given to the voice is a curious adaptation, as it strikes us, of the wider inflexion of song to the imitation of the inflexion of speech. Let the reader imagine *Tebaldo* silently bending his steps, in the midst of darkness and uncertainty, to search out the fate of a father after a tumult in which his life may have been sacrificed—listening to every whispering sound that is to waft him dubious intelligence. We here however encounter a curious effect of the position of words in a language different from our own, but which the mind of the scholar will readily understand. In English we should put the adjective before the substantive, and dwell upon it. "Tremendous night," "Horrible night;" but in Italian the words are reversed. There will however be no difficulty in apprehending the fall of the voice—the suppressed, protracted, and breathing horror with which the soliloquy commences. After this thrice-repeated exclamation, given in the obscured sort of tone that indicates the depth of the agitation, which is yet but murmured, there comes an expression of anguish which lingers as

it were till the final burst upon the words, "i miei tormenti almeno." The merit of the composition, if it really possesses as much as we consider to belong to it, lies in the breaks the author has created by means of using short traits of melody, and which allow the singer full scope to mark these rapid but powerful transitions. This passage—



is like, but not quite the one introduced by Velluti. It is in his peculiar manner, and is preceded by one of chromatic construction upon the word "morte," not in the printed song, but which conveys a shuddering effect that heightens the general expression inconceivably to those who have not heard it thus executed. The rest of the phrase, as printed, is an alteration from that which follows :



We do not know, nor indeed can we hardly conceive a passage more full of nice yet powerful transitions, or one to try a singer's intellectual and practical faculties more than this ; upon paper it looks nothing, or if any thing, a scrambling up and down jumble of notes ; nor is it, till it be thoroughly studied and apprehended, that its force can be conveyed.

The phrase "*cesso il tumulto*" is simply yet beautifully expressed, and the recital that follows is plain, but not unmixed with feeling. It calls however for no more than impressive enunciation, till the words "forse si trovi, si salvi, &c. which sudden recollection of the possibility of his father's having saved himself must be given with a corresponding rapidity of utterance, mingling hope and delight in the tone of exclamation. Here is another instance of Velluti's felicitous adaptation of ornament to expression—the original passage standing thus :



which he has altered in the manner given in the printed copy. Then follows another transition, consisting of two words only—"e poi!" The pause which is filled up by symphony leaves room for the momentary exultation upon the future which must be imagined to follow, when he sinks into all the melting tenderness that attends the thought of losing the object of his affections—this however is so tersely expressed, that but for the impassioned grace with which the artist has contrived to dwell upon the words "senza Isolina" half its intensity would be lost. The broken exclamation "morir," which is suppressed instantly by the sound of a harp, and followed by another of a totally opposite cast, "ciel—qual contento," leads to the regular movement which constitutes the romance. We interrupt our analysis at this point to entreat the reader to observe what various shades of passion, what diametrically opposite transitions are to be found in this short recitative, and what depth of feeling and power of expression are required of the singer. These qualities are the more essential, because in truth there is little that can be called melody. It must be forced upon the sensibility of the hearer by the passion of the singer. We know of nothing like it in English, except "*Desper and deeper still*," in Handel's *Jeptha*, and some of Parcell's mad songs, "*Let the dreadful engines*" especially. We consider this to be the highest species of vocal expression. To succeed in such a style requires all the force of intellect, and much of the various power of art. To enjoy its beauties, the auditor must surrender himself to his feelings, and must at the same time fully understand and enter into the impetuosity of Italian sensibility and Italian manner, for this it is that constitutes the "gran gusto," for which we have yet no equivalent term in the English language. In proportion as it is difficult to meet with an audience capable to this degree, so is it dangerous to a singer to venture upon such a demonstration. But the true artist will always trust to the intrinsic merits of his performance, and confide in the judicious to render him ultimate justice.

The sentences which follow, to the words "*ma allor era felice*" are rapt, entranced feeling, but still fluctuating between nice and delicate lights and shadows—first it is the extacy of recognition glancing from the name and person of his mistress to her employment, so congenial to his desires. We cannot easily describe

how much expressiveness is given to this portion by a slight chromatic alteration, and by lingering upon the last syllables of the name of Isolina, while the light and airy grace appended to the phrase "*é il suona d'amore,*" is at once indicative of the sense of the passage and of the manner of Velluti—this kind of division being his favourite, as we judge, from his frequent introduction of others similarly constructed. There is no absolute change of feeling till the lines

Ma allor era felice ;  
Or trista e sola  
Forse a me pensa  
E il suo dolor consola,

which have each a distinct sense that must be powerfully as well as rapidly conveyed—the first is tender recollection—the next is the sad contemplation of the altered state of her whom he had known so happy—the third a sudden illumination of extacy at the thought that perhaps she thinks of him, and finds consolation in her sorrows. How strong yet how finely placed must be the touches which will bear the hearer along through such gradations of feeling, for the charm is broken if the mind be diverted even for an instant. Here therefore there is much skill developed in the adoption of an uniformity of ornament, which in the midst of such diversity still preserves the unity of design. We must not omit to state, that the harp and flute are the accompanying instrument, and they are judiciously employed to support the voice and illuminate the interrupted vocal phrases with occasional gleams of melody, which in the flute part especially, are very beautiful.

The passages which succeed from hence to "*di sua pura voluttà*" are in point of fact the composition of Velluti—so little resemblance do they bear in the original to the highly ornamented embroidery of the printed copy—they image the spirit revelling in the delicious recollection of the purest passion. But the bitterness of the present immediately returns, and the rest of the song is made up of the single feeling of irreparable destitution.

From this analysis and the remarks we have made it will be seen, that the original score contains little more than the harmonies upon which the singer has founded his illustrations, for the melody of the composer is to be taken only as directing notes, like the arrows upon a chart, signifying the passage of the

various currents. We know of nothing that bears the slightest resemblance to it in English; nor even when a song is composed of bursts of passion such as those we have quoted from Purcell, does the singer ever consider himself at liberty so totally to depart from the original notes. Yet comparatively speaking what would the original be without Velluti's alterations? It is very clear then, that in this case the composer has merely marked the divisions of the passions—he has laid down harmonies which he deems to be illustrative of the several transitions—he has placed leading notes in the melody to convey his own ideas of the inflexions of these passions, and he has embellished the symphonic parts with descriptive traits. These constitute as it were the bones and the muscles of the figure; but the nerves and the cellular substance are the work of the singer.

Yet upon comparing Morlacchi's score with the published song, and with our recollections of Velluti's alterations, which are not always exactly given in the printed copy, we can but be surprized at the latitude indulged, for there is scarcely a passage from the beginning to the end that is not altered. Take for example the very first—

MORLACCHI.	VELLUTI.
	
Notte tre - men - - 'da.	Notte tre - men - - da.

The improvement we think must be admitted. Let us cite another—

MORLACCHI.	VELLUTI.
	
e in mezzo a tanto orrore.	e in mezzo a tan - to orrore.

These, with the passages we have previously quoted, will demonstrate in what slight particulars as well as in how complicated a manner the alterations are introduced. The question then arises how far such emendations (admitting them to be such) are allowable?

We have already said we have no precedent in the English language and style—we may therefore be presumed not to have the same feelings upon the subject as Italians. There is however this

very obvious enquiry arising out of such various additions. Did the composer ever anticipate that the singer would so alter his work, and if he had, would he form any distinct apprehension of what the introductions would be? To the first branch of the query we may answer, it is probable he did anticipate alterations, and that he left room for expressive ornament. But we think it can hardly be conjectured that he had any precise knowledge of what it was likely Velluti would append, because had he so clearly imagined the passages, he probably would have written them, and secured to himself the praise that belongs to them. The truth perhaps is, that he well knew the power of invention and the taste of Velluti, and he was better content to trust to his fancy, and to leave ample room and verge enough, than to fill his score with notes for which he felt sure the singer would in any case, substitute others. So long as the reputation of an artist depends, as it now does, mainly upon the proofs he gives of invention, the composer may be positively certain that the singer will be anxious to reap his share of honour. He must do so—fashion (however absurdly) has decreed that the pause and the cadence are no longer the only regions for expatiation. The singer has now dominion, absolute dominion over the whole song. But we cite our protest against this usurpation, for the simple reason, that no composer can ever be safe. His character as a writer in such case is made to depend upon the taste or the caprice of the singer, while the singer on the contrary must become a composer. The qualities, order, and dependency of the two separate characters are mixed and confounded.

The song before us forms something like an exception to the rule, though perhaps it ought not to do so, for short traits of passionate expression may come as strong and as descriptive from the mind of the composer as from the mouth of the singer. Indeed they should be more so, because the former is supposed to consider and digest his work with much more care than he whose province it is to execute. And although the latter may sometimes strike out some improvement in the warmth and vehemence of performance, still, if the composer be equal to his task, his music ought not to be susceptible of such extreme change as we here witness. We thus seem to blame the composer, inasmuch as a perfect work would not admit such violation; taste would re-



volt against such licentious freedom. We have the strongest proof of the justice of this supposition, in the fact that no judicious person will endure to hear the melodies of Handel or Mozart transmuted by the singer. Any change, almost the slightest, beyond the appogiatura, which the composer anticipates and the ear expects, would doom a singer to the irretrievable censure of false taste. This is the consequence of the sublime simplicity and beauty of their melodies, while, on the contrary, where so much embroidery is originally laid on, as in the songs of modern Italian authors, we care little whether the ornaments be of gold or silver or tinsel, provided they possess the same glitter—the more various indeed the scintillations, the better are they pleased whose delights sink no deeper than the excitations of the sense. It is the intrinsic excellence of the style then that imposes restrictions upon the performer—the composer has no other command over him than by making it impossible for him to preserve the character of good taste if he substitutes passages of his own, and this we esteem to be one of the most decided tests of a really fine style of writing.

From this examination it results, that this song is to be taken as an instance in which the composer has voluntarily consented to submit the illustration of his principles to the singer, and as a necessary consequence, that it imposes upon the latter not only the task common to all songs, of giving it due expressiveness, but of heightening that expressiveness by a more than ordinary adaptation of diversified passages; and such indeed is the case.

The published edition of Velluti's ornaments conveys much of the notation, but it cannot convey the manner, which is all in all. We know that he esteemed it the song most difficult of attainment, and as affording a test of ability more severe and trying than any other scena the Italian drama can exhibit. How far he was right we shall leave to others to determine; with an Italian song of deeper passion, and more rapid and diversified transition, we certainly are not acquainted.

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*A Collection of Glee, Trios, Rounds, and Canons, composed by Thos. Forbes Walmisley, Organist of St. Martin in the Fields.* London. For the Author.

*Glees for Three and Four Voices, composed by J. Jolly, Organist of St. Phillip's Chapel, Regent Street.* London. For the Author.

Mr. Walmisley begins his short preface by citations from our work. He says, "If glees are the praise and pride of English composers, the species of composition in which they have particularly excelled, and the peculiar delight of all Englishmen who have a real taste for music, there requires no apology for endeavouring to preserve the taste for this style of writing." Though we are sorry to perceive that the taste is falling away before the more light and voluptuous, and therefore more attractive characteristics of the Italian pezzi concertati, we are still ready to abide by our dicta, and even to add one more, which is, that Mr. Walmisley possesses intrinsic qualities, and has earned sufficient reputation to render excuse from him for any thing that he deems worthy publication, perfectly unnecessary. We are glad to find both by his work and Mr. Jolly's, to which are appended numerous lists of subscribers, and very many names of high distinction, both as to rank and judgment, that there are still to be found persons who lend their support and attention to this species of composition, which though on the wane from the cause we have cited above, can scarcely fail to maintain its ground so long as the Catch Club and the Glee Club and the Madrigal Society and the Concenteros continue to meet and enjoy the delight of glee singing, and so long as there remain in private musical society either pure unsophisticated minds, or minds large enough to comprehend the beauties of all styles.

Of the origin and general principles of this charming species of writing we have said so much in former articles, that we may proceed at once to the works before us. They are highly creditable to their authors. Mr. Walmisley is a scholar of Mr. Attwood's, who was the pupil of Mozart, and he has so much of the tone and feeling of his esteemed master, that in some instances perhaps he

follows him too closely. However excellent the model, this is to be regretted, because Mr. Walmisley has shewn, in many instances, that he can think for himself and with effect. His works are distinguished by a smooth, sweet, and gentle flow. They are indicative of a pure and elegant mind, rather than of an imagination extraordinarily fertile or vigorous. They may be compared to sparkling rills that gurgle softly through flowers, rather than to mountain streams, which awe by their force and grandeur.

The present production is honourable, not only to the talents but to the industry of the author, for it is the most voluminous of any which has lately come under our view, and this will account for our taking but slight notice of some of its contents.

Among the glees we are particularly struck with "*Hail beautiful stranger*," which is a charming composition, and will, we have no doubt, take rank among the "legitimates" of the present day. The whole of it is conceived in a very happy manner, and it is not too long; a fault which may be imputed to some of the others in this collection. The counterpoint, with one or two exceptions, which are scarcely worth mentioning, and certainly not worth quoting, is clear and masterly, and gives us a high opinion of the author's science. We much admire the disposition of the parts, at page 113, to the words "*When heav'n is filled with music sweet*:" this passage, when well performed, must have an excellent effect; but the same may be said of the whole glee.

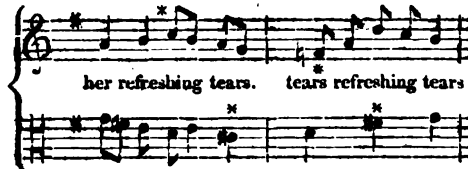
"*Boy, I hate their empty shows*," is, perhaps, the most spirited composition in the book. Though the poetry is translated from Horace we shall call it a pure *anacreontic*; in the composition of which Mr. W. seems to have had in his mind Battishill's famous glee, "*Underneath this myrtle shade*:" this appears more particularly in the last movement.

"*Reflected on the lake*" is a composition quite differing in character. It has throughout a pensive tone, which is always interesting to the real lovers of harmony. We are very anxious to hear this glee, and "*Hail beautiful stranger*," well performed.

Among the lighter pieces contained in this volume, "*Love under friendship's vesture white*" should be noticed; but we can hardly recommend it to be sung with Mr. W.'s cadence. Cadences at all times are excrescences; but in glees, especially those which

are of the *legitimate* tribe, the best of them are monstrosities. Mr. W.'s cadence, however, is poor in itself, and by its insertion he has shown more bad taste than we have discovered in any other part of his book.

As it is our province to find fault, though we rather delight to praise, we may object that "*Hail meek-ey'd maiden*," and "*Daughters of Albion*," are perhaps too lengthy, yet not without some highly pleasing passages. In the latter, [See page 48, bars 3 and 4,] Mr. W. should not have exhibited harmonic relations so false as the following :



The trios are certainly not equal to the glees.

"*I gazed with fond eye*" is flowing and unpretending, but a little common place.

When the spirited poem of Allan Cunningham, "*A wet sheet and a flowing sea*," was first published in the *London Magazine*, we were particularly struck with its vigour and the properties that recommended it as a fit subject for music. It brought too to our remembrance Mr. Walmisley's former production, "*Ye mariners of England*," but we did not anticipate the pleasure of seeing it set by the same hand. There is a good portion of energy in the adaptation, but the several divisions want better connection.

"*There was once a gentle time*" is the best of the three. But the observation made on the preceding trio will apply to this. The second or minor part is not happy; there is much labour in the modulation. The science of modulation is easy of acquirement, but the application of this knowledge is very difficult, because it requires an acquaintance with the springs of passion, and with the kindred sounds and changes that move them.

The first parts of Mr. Walmisley's Rounds are much too long. In a round, the leading part should rarely exceed eight or twelve bars, yet Mr. W. in "*The moments past*" gives us twenty-two, and in "*Sweet is the break of morn*," twenty-four! The first-mentioned round is by far the best, but the effect of both is weakened by the circumstance just mentioned.

Although we perceive nothing remarkable for its boldness or novelty in the canons, they must be esteemed at the same time very creditable to his skill and industry. The subjects of the double canons might perhaps have been with advantage more dissimilar—this circumstance is not sufficiently attended to by young composers. Those in three parts are the best, though they are too much alike in their structure. The selection of Sir W. Jones' elegant translation, beginning "*On parent knees*," does great credit to Mr. W.'s taste; at the same time it is to be regretted, that he did not set such beautiful words in a less artificial manner. The two parts which move in canon are ingeniously constructed, and considering the difficulty of the composition, the modulation is both free and effective—but in music, united with poetry which goes so directly to the heart, we would have had more nature and simplicity.

The counterpoint of this volume is highly creditable to Mr. W. There may indeed be some few errors, but they are so redeemed by the general excellence of the whole, that it would be invidious to point them out.

In Mr. Jolly's glees there is more force than in Mr. Walmisley's, but less invention. The commencement of the first, "*Loud howls the wind*," brings to our mind R. Cooke's glee of "*Now the winds whistle*." Mr. J. we believe, was a pupil of Mr. R. Cooke's. The concluding movement is expressive and highly pleasing, though it contains some passages which have been frequently used by preceding composers.

"*Come Lucy*" is a sweet pastoral composition, especially at the conclusion. Mr. J. does not appear to have read the poetry of his third glee with sufficient attention. He sends us back again at the end of the second line, when the sense is by no means concluded :

"He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires."

Here Mr. J. has put a full stop, and has concluded the first part of his movement. This is not all, for, after the repetition, we do not come to the poet's moral inference—

"As old time makes these decay,  
So his flame must melt away,"

till we have sung through almost three pages, in which the words

"*Or from star like eyes, &c.*" are too often repeated. The same remark may be made on the last movement—

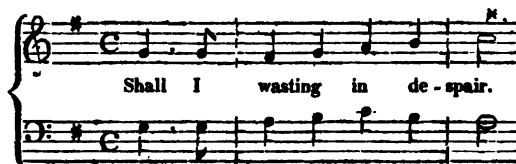
"But a smooth and stedfast mind,

"Gentle thoughts and calm desires,"

Are lines which have no sense in them without a reference to those which follow. Mr. J. therefore should have made no repetition at the end of those lines, but connected the whole together. Young writers are apt to be careless in the management of their cadences. The perfect cadence should of course never be employed, but when the sense of the poetry is completed.

The fourth glee, "*See how beneath the moon-beam's smile*" is a pleasing composition; but here the words are too often repeated; a fault of which Mr. J. too frequently commits.

"*Shall I wasting in despair,*" (the fifth glee) is one of the best in the book. It is in the ballad style, the music agreeing admirably with the antique cast of the poetry. The barring appears to us to be wrong, for as it now stands the cæsura is brought into the middle of the bar, whereas it ought always to appear at the beginning. This would have been avoided by commencing with the half-bar—thus,



The last glee, "*Come fill the goblet,*" has much animation, and considering the trite nature of its subject, may be considered as original as any other in the collection. But should Mr. Jolly's claims to originality be disputed, his compositions bear marks of his acquaintance with the works of our best glee writers, and afford a great promise of future excellence. This we consider to be high praise, for who can be expected to be original at this time of day, in a species of writing so nearly exhausted insofar as melody, or even as novelty of construction is concerned. To select beautiful and striking subjects, and to support them with sound harmonies, to produce variety and effect by modulation, and to construct the parts so that they sing well, must

be the attributes sought, and to them both Mr. Jolly and Mr. Walmisley put in fair claims. We can but conclude as we began, by expressing our pleasure at this demonstrative proof, that there are still persons of condition and taste who support their countrymen in the endeavour to sustain that beautiful species of composition for which they have hitherto been so highly commendable and commended.

*Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, newly adapted for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello; by Muzio Clementi.* London. Clementi and Co.

*Beethoven's Grand Symphonies, arranged for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello; by J. N. Hummel. Nos. 1 and 2.* Chappell and Co.

No art has perhaps undergone more various changes, or has continued from its revival in the middle ages up to the present time, in such a constant state of progression, as music. The later improvements in the instrumental kind, both with respect to performance and composition, are alone sufficient to demonstrate the fact. The strongest proof of the gradual perfection of this branch is discoverable in the increasing estimation we have continual occasion to remark, and the foundation of this very general reception of instrumental music, is to be traced to the splendid productions of genius, that are now sent almost daily into the musical world; knowledge and fine taste are even more universally diffused by their reproduction in such various shapes, and when we see such men as Clementi and Hummel bending their fine talents to works like those before us, we compare them to philosophers who by microscopic observations, bring to common view, natural beauties known previously but to few.

The symphony is perhaps as strong an instance as can be cited of the rapidity and extent of the improvement of music within the last hundred years. In the beginning of the eighteenth century

this species of composition was unknown, and now at the commencement of the nineteenth to what a pitch of excellence is it arrived ! This too has all been effected by the talents of a Haydn, a Mozart, and a Beethoven.

To some of our readers it may be instructive, and it may not be uninteresting to others, if we attempt an analysis of the different means by which these three great composers have produced such wonderful effects, compare their styles, and endeavour to demonstrate the particular beauties of each. We are apt to consider and to believe that music is a language in which the mind and character of the composer is as clearly portrayed as is the genius of the poet in his works. The one speaks as forcibly by means of notes as the other by words, to those who love and understand them. A person enthusiastically fond of the compositions of the philosophic Weber was asked "how can you admire a man so much with whom you never had an hour's conversation!" The reply was, "I have conversed with him for months past through his *Freischütz*." May we not then, by studying the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, discover the powers which wrought such wonderful effects, and learn to revere the superiority of the minds that produced them ? If we draw a comparison between these minds, we shall not find much difficulty in tracing, nor perhaps in accounting for the distinguishing features of the style adopted by each.

The regularity of Haydn's middle and later life, his habits of neatness and precision, the elegant and cheerful tone of his music, denote a mind regulated by certain and fixed principles of action, warmed by a naturally fertile and elegant fancy. As circumstances of early youth tend principally to the formation of character, so the privation and restraint to which he was subjected at this period probably prevented his imagination from bursting forth, and delayed its luxuriance—but at the same time they confirmed him in habits of industry, strengthened his powers of independent reasoning and judging, and thus prepared him for an after period, when aided by concurring circumstances, he became the inventor of that melodious conversation, that fine combination of various and beautiful effects, the *symphony*. Mozart, on the contrary, nurtured in the sunshine of affluence, enjoying the warmest en-



couragement, and surrounded by every possible stimulant to genius from his earliest years, was of a totally different mould. His ardent mind modelled itself by the luxury to which he was a constant witness, and by the life of ease and pleasure, which his circumstances allowed him to lead. His music is accordingly distinguished by its richness and voluptuousness. He was naturally indolent—he wrote only “when the fit was on him,” and it is probable that had he lived before Haydn, we might never have possessed his splendid symphonies composed after the model of the latter. By these remarks we do not mean to detract from the merit of Mozart; his genius was of a kind not to be daunted by obstacles, but it is probable that from the peculiarly opposite situations of the composers, perfectly opposite effects were produced. There was moreover a melancholy in Mozart’s temperament (prompted perhaps by an over-excited imagination), and he possessed a more ardent, though not such constant and unbending enthusiasm as Haydn in the cultivation of his art.\*

There cannot well be a greater contrast than between these two masters and the highest living follower of their steps, Beethoven, both as regards character and style, yet he is the scholar

\* It forms a part of our system of stimulating the intellectual powers of young musicians to introduce into our speculations as much of various science as we consistently can, in order to promote their curiosity and invite them to research. With this view, and not without some hope of eliciting illustrative facts, we bring under the notice of our readers the doctrines of the phrenologists in regard to music. They allot a separate organ (which others have called a special faculty) to music, and they place it just above the exterior corner of the eye brow. But this faculty works in conjunction with others, and we presume (for we are but imperfectly acquainted with the science), that Haydn would be said to have possessed the organ of tune, aided by order and ideality, constructiveness, concentrativeness, conscientiousness, benevolence, and love of approbation. These would account for his superior method, fertility, invention, beauty of structure, unremitting devotion to his art, as well as for the pervading propriety, delicacy, and elegance of his works. Mozart, on the contrary, we should imagine possessed a larger ideality and constructiveness—with the other faculties, conscientiousness and concentrativeness for instance, less developed or altogether deficient. From the voluptuous tenderness that breathes through Mozart’s works, we should also expect amativeness and veneration to be largely developed, in order to account for his particular success in *Figaro*, *Il Don Giovanni*, his *Masses and Requiem*. We should be glad should this meet the eye of a phrenologist, to enjoy and to give the public the benefit of his consideration of these points. Should the musical student be desirous to know more of phrenology, he will find the system of Mr. George Combe one of the most amusing, and to our apprehension one of the most convincing treatises ever written on any subject.

of Haydn. Beethoven however appears to have inbited from his master little more than the technical means which enabled him to follow his own path to fame, and which he has opened through obstacles that would have daunted any but so strong a character as himself. He neither possesses the luxury of Mozart nor the elegance of Haydn, but from his subjects, which are by far more simple, though scarcely so beautiful as theirs, he works out quite as striking and more novel effects than either. His music is marked by originality, strength of design, and romantic grandeur. His great predecessors arrived nearer perfection in the polish of their productions, but in conception we apprehend (in the symphony) he has aspired to heights more sublime than either of them.\* The source of this is his extreme originality, or rather *eccentricity*, which at the same time excites astonishment, and lays him open to the severity of criticism. Haydn himself censured this quality, and assuredly if not curbed by a nice discernment and guided by a just idea of effects, it is likely to lead the way to a wrong estimate of the beautiful. The defects of a great artist in any line are always the soonest imitated and disseminated, and thus it is with the eccentricity of Beethoven. They whom his original vein and his astonishing force delight, are little aware of the power required to pursue his course. The mere effort exhausts the strength allotted to common natures, and many who have tried his arms, have proved only their own "ineffectual fires." At the same time, the disposition to extravagance may be seen to grow by what it feeds on in the mighty master himself, for all propensities are increased by indulgence, and some of his later works afford evident proofs of the dangerous tendency of the habit of exaggeration.

But in the regular process of our essay, we must proceed to

\* Pursuing our phrenological conjectures, we assign to Beethoven very large tune, ideality and constructiveness, combativeness and destructiveness, large also, with concentrativeness, secretiveness, self esteem, firmness, and causality, somewhat more developed than in ordinary men—amativeness and veneration would be comparatively small. These organs will account for his invention and imagination, his vehemence and originality, his contempt of authority and determined adherence to his own rule of propriety, as well as for the general absence of breathing tenderness that appertains to the other great musicians. His causality confirms the power he possesses of working up and working out his subjects as he does. As Beethoven still lives, our conjectures may be brought to a test by the inspection of his head.

examine the foundation on which Haydn raised his splendid superstructure, and for this purpose we must refer to the early periods of the cultivation of instrumental music. The overture, which is the earliest indication of any thing like the symphony, and almost of any species of instrumental music owes its origin to Lully. About the middle of the 17th century he composed it for the *Bande des petite Violons* of Louis XIV. Before his time in the few trios and quartets, which were composed simply for the violin and violoncello, the other parts were generally subordinate to the first violin; but Lully, in his compositions, allotted to each instrument an almost equally prominent part to sustain—he added to the number by drums, &c. and lastly, by the introduction of discords, he varied the monotony of the former system of composition, as well as by the genius and originality of his passages themselves. Until the appearance of Lully's overtures such a prelude was never thought of, and what is even more singular, by their novelty and excellence, they continued for a long time to hold their place and pre-eminence, and were played before operas composed by Vinci, Leo, and Pergolesi, nearly a century after the date of their original production.

Scarlatti was the next composer of overtures. Then followed the *Concerti grossi* of Corelli and Vivaldi, and lastly the concertos and overtures of Handel, Bach, Jomelli, Porpora, and Bononcini, with others of less note. In all these however the fugue was the principal object, and one prominent part was given to the violin or some single instrument. Of all the old masters we should say that the Padre Martini is the one to whom Haydn may be the best compared, if he can justly be likened to any. But truly sublime and unequalled as they were in certain branches of their art, at what a distance are they left by Haydn in the composition of instrumental music! By him were the peculiar properties and characteristics of every instrument developed; by him each was made to speak in its own melodious language to the heart and the imagination.\* It was given to him to reply to the celebrated

\* An eminent professor once said to us—"It is a curious fact, and much to the honour of our art, that musicians can converse in their own language, at any time and in any place." This is exactly true with respect to the works of our three great symphonists; the instruments literally *converse*.—On this head see *The Lives of Haydn and Mozart*, page 63.

query—"Que veux tu sonate?" for he made the symphony descriptive. He it was who first avowed that he formed a little story\* as a guide to the workings of his spirit. In truth the design of Haydn's symphonies is more clearly developed, and his ideas can be apprehended with more facility than either those of Mozart or Beethoven. This it is perhaps that renders them more generally pleasing, assisted by the gay tone of feeling that to a certain degree pervades them throughout. Thus their characteristics are—clearness of design, purity and elegance of taste, yet not without depth of conception, and they are always tempered by a nice and judicious perception of effects, which never allowed him to travel beyond the sight or transgress beyond the sympathy of his audience. The hearer is not perhaps so raised as by Beethoven or so deeply touched as by Mozart, but the feelings never sink below a certain equable and just level; the attention is never strained to understand him; the ear is always interested, always satisfied. He is original, but never eccentric; and though never dazzling, refined and delicate to the highest possible degree. The general analysis of one of his symphonies will perhaps illustrate our ideas on the subject more clearly, and we select the 7th because it is most generally known, and because as it appears to us, it comprises all the distinguishing traits of his style.

The short opening adagio is in D minor. In the *Encyclopédie de Musique* there is an article on the Symphony by Momigny, who decides that the character of this movement is of a religious cast, and he interprets it to be a prayer. We cannot agree however with the learned Encyclopædist; for if the composer had commenced his work in such a frame of mind, it is scarcely possible that in one single page he should have so completely divested himself of the emotions which must have been awakened, as to take up his allegro in a manner wholly unmarked by elevated feeling. It is difficult but not impossible to trace the succession of ideas in the mind of another, and as contrast, though not unconnected, is generally aimed at in the adagio and allegro of a symphony, we should rather imagine the opening of the present to have been constructed upon a less exalted foundation. The subject is contained in three bars,

\* Lives of Haydn and Mozart, page 39.

the last of which\* consists in responses between the higher and lower instruments; the whole of it has the character of expostulation, which is beautifully expressed by the ascent by semi-tones, commencing after it has modulated into F major; that this expostulation succeeds in its object is evident, from the piano repetition of the opening burst, and from its subsequent transition from D minor to the softened key of *E flat*. This is a beautiful idea. To the common observer the movement may seem to present nothing particularly worth notice in its construction. What then does it contain that finds its way to every heart? simplicity, fine taste, and variety; for it will be seen, that although short and constantly repeated, the subject is so exquisitely diversified as never to appear monotonous. This is another capital distinction of Haydn's style, though he can scarcely be said to possess it to the same degree as Mozart. The allegro opens with a graceful and winning subject† in D major, developed by the stringed instruments, and followed by a spirited *tutti*. It is then reproduced in A major, and with his usual care to prevent sameness, the accompaniments are varied. But how manifold are the resources of art, and yet what slender means does it require to produce the finest effects! The next subject which the composer selects is merely the second and third bars of his first. This displays his



unity and clearness of design. Although this movement is of a light and exhilarating character, the connection is still to be kept up between it and the *adagio*, and the new subject partakes of its character just so much as to awaken the same train of ideas, though less vividly. The response is made by the bases, and this serves as another link in the chain, whilst the variations of the passage by the wind instruments; the beautiful conversation maintained between them, and the brilliant keys through which it modulates, continue the elevated state of the mind, and keep both the intellect and the ear in constant expectation and interest.

At length the commencement is resumed, and with what ease and brilliancy are the two themes (from their intimate connection) worked up together? During the first page, the former becomes the ground work for the same *tutti*, which opens the movement, a few bars before its conclusion, the latter is heard from the wind instruments; it then forms a few bars of beautiful contrast, leads off to the concluding *tutti*, and during this, is incorporated with the first, and closes the movement with proportionate vigour and effect. It is perhaps in the *Andante* that Haydn's *forte* lies; for in such movements there is more room for the display of his delicacy and taste. His theme\* in the present instance is soothing, but not mournful, and is kept so forward throughout as to be the principal object in the picture. Indeed although there are in some places several subjects moving at once, yet they all spring as it were from one root, and are like the same flower in its various stages of growth, all different modifications of the same beautiful creation, whilst it continues like its prototype in a constant

The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a treble clef staff containing a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass clef staff providing harmonic support. Dynamic markings 'p' and 'f' are visible. The second system continues the musical development with similar notation and dynamics.

state of progression, acquiring at every fresh period of its existence some addition in richness and beauty.

It is evidently the design of the composer to draw the principal attractions of this movement from simplicity, delicacy of expression, and fine harmony, aware however of the effect and almost necessity of contrast, he has ingeniously availed himself of this resource, without departing from his original plan. Thus he has reproduced his subject in a minor key, in a trio between the flute, oboe, and bassoon, which is followed by a *tutti*, not a mere union to produce change by the contrast of tone, but the addition of instruments, each having a part to perform that is necessary to the general design; that the taste however may not be offended by an instant return to the theme, after this burst, the composer wins his way back to it by a passage, "fine by degrees and delicately less," thus displaying exquisite judgment and taste. Being fully aware that his subject was of too nice a texture to bear immediate or violent contrasts, he has made them steal gradually upon the ear, and in the same manner the movement fades away at the conclusion. The genuine master has adhered to his plan and to the character of his air; there is nothing abrupt, nothing incongruous—all is smoothness and purity.

Haydn was particularly happy in the composition of his minuets and trios. As these movements are too short to be susceptible of very powerful effects, that is to say in connection with the body of the symphony, they should consist of fanciful and brilliant traits of melody, pleasing for their naiveté. They may be compared to the *divertisemens* in an opera—they produce variety and captivate the ear, whilst they afford a point of repose to the attention, and thus the hearer is prepared to follow the composer with fresh energy through his rondo. Haydn's are models in this style.

One of the finest proofs of genius is the power of producing great effects by simple means. The subject of the rondo to the present symphony is a *Bear's Dance*.\* It is introduced upon a



drone base, and is next taken in trio by the first and second violin and tenor. A *forte* of two notes follows, sufficient to rouse the attention of the audience and produce contrast—but Haydn, aware of the quaintness of his subject, has treated it with a corresponding singularity; this *forte*, which has but one note for the trumpets and drums, has for answer three notes from the first violins—and here we must observe, that short as the subject is, (consisting only of thirteen notes), the characters of the two phrases into which it is divided are distinguished through the whole movement; that which is susceptible of the most contrast, and is of the gravest and deepest cast, being put under the care of the corresponding part of the orchestra, whilst the other, which is of an opposite expression, is consigned to the lighter instruments. In fact the band may almost be compared to opposing casuists engaged in illustrating their several opinions of the same question in different ways—the serious and the gay. The entire movement is by this means rendered a complete conversation. The *tutti* are rare, the burden of the dialogue being alternately borne by prominent instruments, always changing, always quaint, always interesting and original. Towards the end the combat deepens, and in the winding up the composer has infused into his treatment of the subject all the force and fire of which it is capable. He had previously invested it with enough only of these qualities to prevent monotony, and has reserved this master-stroke till he has presented it in every other possible guise. The manner is by turns quaint, lively, persuasive, decided—and at last, when we have followed these transitions with increasing interest through all their diversity, the theme bursts upon us full of vigour, energy, and brilliancy, at a time when we think every Protean change has been exhausted: through all this variety the design is clearly and substantially maintained. We enter into the composer's ideas as we do into those of an enlightened person in conversation, without effort and without weariness. His melodies dwell in the memory—the effects produced in treating them are impressed on our minds, and this after all is the true test of an author's perfect success.

\* Haydn was very fond of using old airs as the subjects to his symphonies, and to this end he usually carried a small book to note down any thing which struck him.—*Lives of Haydn and Mozart.*



This general analysis will give some idea of the mode of construction adopted by Haydn in all his symphonies. By a similar examination of one of Mozart's and one of Beethoven's, it is our object to ascertain how far we have been accurate in our description of the principal differences in the three styles, and to discover if any improvements have been made by the two latter in the models left them by the illustrious inventor of the symphony.

If the orchestra in the hands of Haydn be considered as carrying on an eloquent and enlightened conversation, under the direction of Mozart, each instrument appears to speak in the language of a beautifully descriptive poem. We have already referred to the opposite circumstances in the lives of the two composers, which we conceive tended to the formation of two totally different styles, and if they are recalled, these exemplifications of their manner will we think be found clear and expressive. We may then proceed to an analysis of Mozart's symphony in E flat.

In the opening adagio the principal feature is contrast, and the design appears to be to elevate the mind. It commences with a full and powerful *tutti*, succeeded by a descending scale (*piano*) for the first violin, and this is repeated three times, modulating into F minor, when the violin has a syncopated trait of melody of tender expression. The running passages are then resumed, the flute varying the effect by a few broken notes, and the drums, trumpets, and horns being heard in an under tone. Having modulated to the subdominant, which is sustained by the violins and wind instruments, the running passages are taken up by the tenors and basses; but here Mozart consults equally both the character of his instruments and the variety which he is ever anxious to preserve, and thus the scale is re-produced, *ascending*, and with the difference of a flat seventh, which on the second and third repetition is augmented by that of a flat ninth, while the instruments are increased and break off as abruptly on the chord of F with a seventh and flat ninth, leaving the violins and bassoons to close the movement by a legato passage of semitones of a wailing expression. In this movement, emotions of a totally opposite nature and yet equally strong are awakened. We are elevated, we are awed, we are softened, and these effects are wrought nearly by the same passages judiciously varied and employed. What

Mozart may be said chiefly to have aimed at in his music,\* was to excite the different passions in their extremest degrees, and this is the capital distinction between him and Haydn, the latter always preserving a certain medium above or below which we are seldom either elevated or depressed. But Mozart revelled with more freedom in the realms of fancy, and consequently the feelings are more alive to his touches than the judgement. To support this position we only ask the reader to note and recal the emotions which are roused by hearing the adagio to Haydn's seventh symphony and those which arise on listening to that we have just analysed, and to compare his sensations. The allegro introduced by a melancholy passage is legato and cantabile, and a soothing effect is imparted to it by the mellow and rich tone of the horns, which take up the first strain of the subject in answer to the first violin, the second being answered in a similar manner by the bassoons, with the same effect. Again is it taken up in responses by the violoncello and clarionet, when there is a *tutti* in a character of strong contrast, modulating through several keys back to the tonic.

Here there is a link in the chain of connection between this movement and the adagio; the descending scales which there form the principal feature are again introduced, combined however by passages of a bold and decided character. One of Mozart's greatest beauties is the power which he possesses of re-producing one idea in so many and yet such equally beautiful forms, and the present is a striking example. We have already shown that these simple passages, by a slight change, were made to answer two purposes in the first part, *softening* and *exalting* the mind, and now again they serve to exhilarate merely by the alteration of the time and the manner of their accompaniment, or rather connection. We now arrive at some exquisitely expressive solos for the clarionet and bassoon, which are succeeded by a strongly contrasted *tutti*, and then follows the first *reprise*. Here a new subject is worked from the accompaniment to the clarionet solo, and is held in play principally between the stringed instruments. It commences in G minor, passes through the dominant to *A flat*, where

\* It must be remembered that our remarks are entirely confined to the instrumental music of these composers. The same reflections will not so strictly apply to their compositions for the voice.

the violins take up the clarinet solo considerably varied, and modulate to C minor. Then the bases are heard and a *tutti* succeeds, leading to the repetition of the commencement. It will be recollected that the descending passages which formed the *tutti* were in the first part introduced in the original key *E*, but in the present instance, by an alteration of the harmonies, the same idea is re-produced in *A*, and consequently a pleasing variety is the result, as although there is no material change or new subject to the end of the movement, yet the former subjects acquire fresh novelty and attraction from this surprise to the ear, as they pass through different modulations and are heightened in effect by the almost imperceptible graces, which Mozart never fails to append every time he re-touches a trait of melody. The andante which follows\* is in character exquisitely tender, and perfectly describes to our minds "*the luxury of grief.*" It is in *A* flat, and is commenced by the stringed instruments, flute, and bassoon; after the subject has been simply developed, the horns and clarinet are added, and the second part is led by an exquisite solo for the flute into F minor, the violin remaining principal for some time. The first phrase is then resumed in a conversation between the instruments till we arrive at a delicious solo for the clarinet, answered by the flute and bassoon. But now comes the master-stroke. Whilst the subject is carrying on in dialogue between the stringed instruments, the clarionets, flutes, and bassoons are recalling old associations by the repetition of the *three descending scales*, and thus is this simple idea produced for the



fourth time in a totally different and still more delightful shape. We recognise it again some way further on, transferred to the second violin and tenor, whilst the subject is taken by the wind instruments. The beautiful conversation of the bassoon and clarinet, with the other instruments, is one of the principal distinctions of this movement, as is likewise its cantabile style. The parts literally sing, so exquisitely are they blended together. There is about the whole a languor, from its perfectly legato style, and yet a richness and warmth that give rise to emotions the most absolutely luxurious. A great love of contrast is however (as we have remarked) to be found in Mozart's music, and thus the minuet which follows is exceedingly animating. The trio consists of beautiful solos for the clarinet and violin, supported by the horns and stringed instruments.

The subject of the finale is lively and graceful,\* and is led off by the violins. After the first *tutti*, which is of a kind to raise the spirits from the languor to which they would have sunk during the *andante*, the modulation becomes sombre, when having returned to the dominant, the air is trifled with † by the clarinet, bassoon, and violins. Throughout the finale indeed all the instruments may be said to trifle. Nor is this disposition of the parts without design; but to trace this design we must follow the flights of the gayest fancy—we must pursue a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, whilst every new reflection of the sunbeams on its painted wings brightens its tints and exalts their beauty. Thus we catch perpetual glimpses of the subject, which as it recurs, we hear every where perpetually varying; it keeps the mind in the never-ceasing anticipation of new pleasure, and the expectation is never disappointed. Its characteristics are delicacy, grace, and naiveté, and these traits are sustained throughout.



† "Pleased let me trifle life away."—*Hammond's Love Elegies*.

It should appear then from this general inquiry that the chief differences in the styles of Haydn and Mozart may be comprised in a few words. The genius or imagination of Mozart was richer and more various, that of Haydn more regular and more concentrated. The former opened to his talents a wider field of action, and his forte laid certainly in vocal music, whilst the number and beauty of the instrumental compositions of the latter, taken as a whole, may be said to surpass his productions for the voice.\* Mozart has to a certain degree infused into his symphonies many of the properties which belong to vocal music. Hence the languor, tenderness, and intensity of feeling that characterize most of them, and the correct and beautiful manner in which he suits the genius of each particular wind instrument, these being more analogous to the different species of tone to be found in voices, and being better adapted to the tenderness, the voluptuousness, and warmth of his ideas. Nevertheless Mozart is sometimes so completely guided by his enthusiasm and his fancy, that he appears to forget those rules to which others bend, and sometimes his ideas appear to press upon him in such rich and varied profusion as to take from the clearness and unity of his design. This, although a splendid fault, is one which Haydn would not have committed. His plan was laid at first, and it guided him steadily to the last. Nor was he ever drawn aside by the desire of producing an *effect*, however striking, if it were not in perfect consonance with his design.

We must now turn to the great living model of the school of these composers. Beethoven may indeed be considered as having followed them, and at the same time as having enlarged so considerably the extent of the way they struck out as to have left only slight traces of their steps. After what we have already said on the subject of the *eccentricity* of Beethoven, it will perhaps be thought singular we should assert that the germs of this characteristic are to be found in Mozart. They who have studied his works will however, we doubt not, agree with us. For a striking instance we refer the reader to the passage immediately after the

\* We are aware that many will be disposed to differ from us in this opinion, but the test of the merit of music is the general estimation in which it is held; and how much oftener are Haydn's instrumental compositions performed than his vocal, whilst Mozart's operas still stand proudly pre-eminent.

double bar in the finale to his symphony in G minor. We have fixed upon Beethoven's first in C for our analysis, because being one of his earlier productions it possesses only enough of this quality to render it original, and because it is one of the most esteemed though by no means the best.

The first two chords of the adagio display the desire of novelty, as instead of beginning on the reputed key note C, a flat seventh is inserted in its place, which resolves into the chord of the subdominant. Then we have the dominant also with a seventh, which by the raising of the base one tone, passes into A minor, and again we have D with a seventh, which resolves into the chord of the dominant, in which key the *plan* of the movement may be said to begin. It consists only of twelve bars, and leads by a running passage for the stringed instruments to the *allegro con brio*. There is no single word in the English language which describes the character of this movement, and the finale to the same symphony, so well as the Italian one of *Brioso*, especially the latter; in the present perhaps there is a little too much intensity, not however the intensity of Mozart, for Beethoven is seldom or ever tender, his melancholy is of higher cast—

“ A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
’Twas sad by fits, by starts ’twas wild ;”

And in his movements of a lighter character the same wildness is to be found in a less degree.

There is nothing striking or even pleasing in the subject of the present;\* indeed in the allegros of Beethoven this is frequently the case; it appears as if he wished to display his power of producing great effects by slender means, consequently they gain upon us as they proceed, instead of at once rivetting the fancy, as happens when we listen to the beautiful morceaux on which similar movements of Haydn and Mozart, are built. After the developement of his theme, and the first *tutti*, which may be considered in all symphonies as the mere prelude to what follows,



a simple but beautiful trait of melody is made *the subject of conversation* between the flute and oboe, subsequently the clarinet and bassoon are introduced, as it were by gradations, and lastly the violins. The accompaniment to this passage, which in the present instance is formed from the last bar of the subject, is of a kind peculiar to this composer, and is introduced in the same manner in his overture to *Prometheus*. The modulation being carried into G minor, the same solo somewhat varied is taken up by the the bases and leads to a return of the subject in F $\sharp$ . We may here remark that one of the leading characteristics of Beethoven's style consists in the power and character which he gives to his bases. In this respect he might almost be termed the *Handel* of symphonists. If they be ever so simple, they are distinguished by a solidity and originality that always invests the whole composition with grandeur. At the second *reprise* the subject passes through A, D and G to C minor, and the movement here takes a mysterious form; a tremando is kept up by the second violin and tenor, whilst the short strain before alluded to as peculiar to Beethoven, is distributed in alternate solos between the first violin, bassoon, flute, and oboe; after this, the dialogue becomes very curious. A passage, evidently formed on the third and fourth bars of the subject, is led off by the stringed instruments, whilst the first and second bars are kept in constant response by the wind instruments through several keys, till a rolling base concludes it in unison on E, and the flutes, clarionets, oboes, and bassoons lead back to the opening by a *sostenuto* passage also in unison. After a *tutti* which differs considerably from the first, the solo before taken in G by the flute and oboe, is here transferred to the flute and clarinet in C, and it is ultimately conducted again to C minor, while it is taken by the bases thus producing a fine contrast. In the concluding *tutti* we have another alteration. The first bars of the subject are taken by the bases, whilst the last is taken by other instruments; this has never before been the case; but the composer was aware of the strength of this passage when referred to a situation to bring it out, and he judiciously reserves it for the winding up where it produces a magnificent effect.

The characteristics of this allegro are unity of design, simplicity in melody, and strong contrast. In the first there are evident traces of his master *Haydn*, as may be noticed from the fact, that

with one exception every passage is formed on the original subject; in clearness, however, he falls very short of his model; he has not the same pertinacity in adhering to his plan, that is to say, he is contented with keeping up a chain of connection formed of the more prominent parts of his idea, without attending to those finer links which assist so materially, though almost imperceptibly, in awakening previous associations. In the same manner he has not the same well-constructed plan in the use of his instruments as Mozart, who will bring one or two very forward, and assign to them a certain passage which they alone shall work upon, and which will form a *land mark* as it were in his ocean of melody, whilst Beethoven will, for the sake of contrast, transfer an idea from one instrument to another, so that if we would recall it, it comes to the mind in twenty different forms; at the same time Beethoven produces greater and more striking effects from simpler means than either of his predecessors; his combinations are more novel, and there is an innate strength and vigour in his music which can hardly be found elsewhere.

The andante is upon an extremely simple subject,\* of a cheerful though smooth character, and it is so contrived that the instruments take it up one after another in the style of a fugue, which has a rich and novel effect. It becomes gradually more playful as it proceeds, and the first part concludes with a staccato passage of triplets for the violin and clarinet. In the second part we have a good contrast; the key is changed from F to C minor, and again the instruments drop in singly on a succession of minor thirds and fifths, till leading to a staccato accompaniment for the bassoon and stringed instruments, the thirds and fifths are brought in by fits, and give a wild and complaining effect. Gradually the subject is resumed in the major key, and is most beautifully varied, in a manner approaching to a fugue, though it does not conform to the laws of that species of writing. These principal ideas guide the composer the whole way through.

The minuet and trio are, the one spirited, the other graceful and fantastic to a very high degree. Beethoven makes more of this part of the symphony, we are inclined to think, than either of





his predecessors. He infuses into it a larger portion of spirit and contrast, and renders it more important to the body of the work. The trio is between the horn, clarinet, and violin, and is a most exquisite little bit of dialogue.

In the subject of the finale there is more to please the fancy than we have yet met with. It catches at once by its airiness and simplicity; how beautifully is this effect heightened by the passage given to the violoncellos in the second strain; and again, what an animating contrast is found in the passage for the basses, beginning at bar 24. In this movement there is nothing but what is lively and easy, but there is not the same mastery of construction that is to be found in the allegro. The composer appears to write more for the pleasure than the instruction of his hearers; there, it was agreeable reflection, here, it is pure recreation and enjoyment. This we are aware is the general character of the finales to both Haydn and Mozart, but scarcely to the same degree. Those of the former are more refined and chastened; those of the latter richer and more luxurious, and in both they are more elaborate than Beethoven. They appear to us to possess a freedom from all restraint, an exuberance of spirit that carries every thing along; yet the hand of the master is to be observed in the formation of the design and its preservation to the conclusion; and here, where he is not so constantly aiming at effect, the style is more perspicuous.

We have now completed a sufficiently minute analysis of three of the best works of these great masters, to enable us to compare their different styles, and to determine whether any decided improvements have been made in the symphony, as it was left by its immortal inventor. We have already shewn on what slender foundations Haydn raised this lasting fabric. The materials for its formation he drew from the fertile resources of his own mind. He gave character and importance to every instrument then in use,\* assigning to each a part adapted to its powers, he classed them, and taught them a language that is not only intelligible, but delightful to the ear of the musician, and he established certain rules by which he formed a new species of descriptive music, and gave to the mere "concord of sweet sounds" a definite character which it never before possessed, except when in conjunc-

\* The trombone has since been introduced.

tion with or rather subordinate to the human voice. Besides the simple invention of the symphony, it cannot be determined how far this very circumstance might tend to the improvement of the *overture*, which was then comparatively speaking at a low ebb, and which has since improved so materially. Be this as it may, the invention itself was sufficient to immortalize the composer, and as a proof of the stability of the principles on which it is founded, its form has never been altered, except in one single instance, which we shall discuss in its place ; it still consists of the *adagio*, *allegro*, *andante*, *minuetto*, *trio*, and *finale*, and these are still distinguished by the same characteristics that were first assigned to them.

It could not however be supposed, particularly when such a composer as Mozart immediately followed on the track of Haydn, that the symphony should not like every thing else continue in a state of progression, even although its external form remained unaltered. The genius of Mozart was cast in too superb a mould to imitate in any closer manner than that of working on the same principles, and aiming at the same end as his predecessor :\* consequently the styles of Haydn and Mozart in instrumental music differ nearly as widely as in vocal. We have already pointed out in what these differences consist : it remains to show in what particulars or in what degree the latter added to the beauty of the symphony. The distinguishing trait in Mozart's style is warmth and richness of imagination, inasmuch as he possessed this quality in a greater degree than Haydn, so he was able to shadow out his musical pictures with more glowing colours, and to invest them with a greater degree of interest. Thus in his use of the wind instruments he has shown a more vivid perception of the beautiful than Haydn, and in this it is that his grand improvement lies. He has made nicer distinctions between their several qualities, has allotted to each a more decided character ; he has in fact treated them more as the *singers* of the orchestra, from their analogy to the human voice. In other respects what he has done for the symphony has been to enrich it by a more vivid, and to elevate it by a loftier vein of fancy. At the same time the very

\* Mozart dedicated a set of his light quartetts to Haydn, saying, " this dedication is only due to him, for it was from Haydn that I learned to compose quartetts," and he might have added also, symphonies.

ardour which has guided him so rightly in one sense has misled him in another, by sometimes carrying him beyond the limits of that pure and delicate taste which Haydn never overstepped, and by causing him to lose sight of the clearness and unity of design which constituted one of the greatest perfections of his illustrious predecessor.

When Beethoven entered upon his musical career, it is to be supposed naturally, that from being the scholar of Haydn, instrumental music would first absorb his attention. The symphony, at once the newest and highest species of composition, opened a wide and splendid field to the exertions of the aspiring composer—but if we consider the state of perfection in which it was left by Haydn and Mozart, it is evident that Beethoven would be constrained either to become a copyist, or to strike out a new path for himself, and how dangerous would this attempt be to any but one of the most powerful talents?—Such however did Beethoven possess. In his earliest productions, which consisted of sonatas, trios, quartetts, and quintetts for the piano forte and other instruments, he was accused of crude modulation, and an attempt rather to be singular than pleasing. It appears then that originality was his earliest distinction, and this it is that has placed him by the side of Haydn and Mozart in the symphony, without his being the imitator of either. It cannot be denied, that in his first productions of this kind (for instance in the one we have analysed) traces may not be found in the general construction of the style of his masters, yet as a whole no style can be more decidedly opposed to those of his two predecessors than that of Beethoven.

The mind of this master is, we apprehend, of a very peculiar formation, and, if we read his works aright, we should say that he possesses a lofty, though not a rich imagination, and that this, combined with great simplicity and strength of conception, raises him nearer the sublime than either of those who preceded him, at the same time that he appears to possess an inexhaustible fund of originality, from which he draws so constantly as to render it sometimes (as we have demonstrated) a failing rather than an excellence. This was, we regret to say, too much the case in his last grand symphony, produced at the Philharmonic Concert in

the season of 1825.\* We mention this work more particularly, because in it was introduced the single innovation upon Haydn's original plan, before alluded to, in the shape of a chorus, which formed a part of the fourth and last movement, as also in the symphony opening with an allegro, and having no minuet or trio. Beethoven was not generally considered to have succeeded in this attempt to unite the two opposite styles of vocal and instrumental music.

The fact is clear to the philosophic observer, that there must be a natural tendency in the mind to vocal music, as presenting definite ideas to the mind; consequently when instrumental is combined with vocal, the latter takes the lead as it were in the train of associations, the former falls from a principal to a subordinate, and the combination thus belongs to no class, and possesses no distinct character, or if any, becomes a chorus. It appears therefore that the symphony retains its original form unchanged, and that Beethoven has aided its advance towards perfection by strength and sublimity, whilst at the same time his own particular style is distinguished besides these attributes by originality, simplicity, beauty of melody and great power of description, which is alone displayed in that really stupendous work, his pastoral symphony.

The result of this investigation, to our apprehension, is that by a happy concurrence three minds more perfectly formed for the establishment of this magnificent invention, could not have succeeded each other, than those of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first gave it form and substance, and ordained the laws by which it should move, adorning it at the same time by fine taste, perspicuity of design, and beautiful melody. The second added to the fine creations of his fancy by richness, warmth, and variety; and the last has endowed it with sublimity of description and power. O! for the artist who shall combine all these attributes, for what others can be *added*?

We must now turn to the publications which have given rise to these observations, and which reflect the highest honour on the great artists who have brought them before the public. Such tasks should never be thought beneath the consideration of talent

\* See vol. 7, page 80.

and science, for talent and science alone can complete them in the manner they deserve, and the present is a noble instance of the employment of the highest abilities—less for their own aggrandizement than for the honour of the art. We deem it scarcely necessary to add, that the arrangements are both in the highest style of excellence. Their perfect knowledge of the piano forte has enabled both masters to give not too much to embarrass the skilful performer in the slightest degree, whilst the richness and fullness of the compositions are impaired as little as it is possible in the reduction of works for a whole orchestra, to an arrangement for three instruments. We shall only add, that it is the study of such works that forms the musician of true taste, and for this reason the library of those who wish to be considered such, should not be without Clementi's and Hummel's Arrangements of Mozart's and Beethoven's Symphonies.



“*When shall we three meet again,*” an admired Air, composed by Mr. Horsley, arranged as a Rondo, with an introductory Prelude, by F. Ries. Op. 127. No. 2. London. Clementi and Co.

“*The streamlet,*” an admired Air, composed by Mr. Shield, arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by F. Ries. Op. 118. No. 3. London. Clementi and Co.

Mr. Ries has paid homage to the taste of the English by selecting two of the best airs of their most legitimate composers, as subjects for his fancy. This choice has been most happy, for he has at once gratified national pride, done honour to talent, and established (had that been needful) his own claims to that sensibility and invention which are the tests of genius. The air, “*When shall we three meet again,*” is one of the most elegant, chaste, and expressive of our modern ballads, and worthy of the author of “*Gentle lyre,*” and “*By Celia's arbour.*” It is truly elevated in its sentiment, and in its very simplicity borders on the sublime. Mr. Ries in adapting it as a rondo had much to contend with, and

it is perhaps hardly fitted for such a purpose, but we cannot regret the attempt since it has succeeded so well.

The prelude, although it bears no resemblance to the air, prepares the ear for the simplicity and melancholy of the subject. An analysis of the piece could not be a just means of detailing its merits. The composer has taken the elegant simplicity of the air as his model; this is the characteristic of all the new matter, and whenever he introduces or works upon his subject, he preserves its original expression. As a proof we refer our readers to page 5, stave 2, as far as page 6, stave 2, where the flow of melody is beautifully varied, although one idea reigns throughout. The lesson is easy of execution from its simplicity of construction, yet it never descends or loses its interest.

"*The streamlet*" is arranged with variations, and here too Mr. Ries has followed up the expression of the air. They are five in number, and with the exception of the third (in A minor) are in that smooth flowing style which is dictated by the sentiment of the words of the subject. They are neither novel nor extraordinary in their construction, but "win their easy way" by the aid of graceful melody.



*Introduction and Rondo for the Piano Forte: the subject from Dr. Arnold's Air, "When the hollow drum," composed by Thomas Adams. London. Clementi, Collard and Collard.*  
*Introduction and brilliant Rondo, composed for the Piano Forte, by E. Solis. Op. 13. London. Clementi and Co.*  
*The Wilderness Sylph, a Divertisement for the Piano Forte, by P. Antony Corri. London. Chappell.*

Mr. Adams's rondo is somewhat in the old fashioned style, and consequently there is much in it that is solid and good, and a little that is awkward. Some parts would have been better suited to an organ voluntary, for although they are excellent in themselves, they do not assort with the lighter and more modern passages to

which they are attached—the piece is moreover a little too long. It contains however much that is instructive.

Mr. Solis's rondo can boast none of the excellence either of the ancient or modern school; its principal merit is its brevity.

The Wilderness Sylph is a pretty easy lesson.

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*Third Air, with Variations for the Violin, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra or Piano Forte, by C. de Beriot; new Edition.*  
Boosey and Co.

Whoever has heard M. de Beriot's performance on the violin will at once recollect his delicacy and grace, as well as his exquisite taste and feeling. These characteristics all belong to the composition before us. The air itself is one of the most original we ever heard. In the present state of instrumental performance, great powers of execution are necessary to him who would rise high in the public estimation. These M. de Beriot possesses, but his application of them is tempered by fine taste and judgment.—Thus it is with the variations to his air, they display both his facility in execution, and his exquisite refinement and expression, and as a study in both these styles, we recommend it to all those who feel a desire to excel.

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*“L'imagination du moment,” Grand Fantasia for the Harp, on the Romance in Tebaldo ed Isolina, by N. C. Bochsa. Chappell.*  
*Sixth Divertimento for the Harp, by T. P. Meyer. Boosey and Co.*

It may truly be said of Mr. Bochsa that he bestows new life on every thing that he selects as the foundation for his compositions, for he possesses an animation, brilliancy, and above all an apparently inexhaustible fund of invention, that renders every thing he touches interesting. Morlacchi's celebrated romance,

the canvass on which Velluti has painted with such vigour and effect, is here seen under a new form, but one which to the instrumental performer, speaks almost as intelligibly as in its original state it does to the singer. The romance itself being written for the harp, gives sufficient grounds for transforming it into a lesson for that instrument; but had we not seen Mr. Bochsa's we should never have believed the recitative capable of effect in any way but as a vocal composition. Mr. B. has however preserved all its pristine force and feeling, and has yet (by perfectly characteristic additions) given the mere vocal passages a sufficiently instrumental cast; added to this he has interwoven with itsome of Velluti's most beautiful *rifioriture* with great ingenuity. The romance itself is treated with corresponding effect, though it does not require so much talent. The introduction of "Batti, Batti," is very ingenious, but we cannot think this an intended plagiarism on the part of Morlacchi, the feeling of the two airs is so opposite.

Mr. Meyer's Lesson is of a different kind, but its merits are considerable—it displays imagination, taste, and effect, and we do not doubt will obtain the general notice which it deserves.

*Divertimento for the Piano Forte, on the Air "Oh leave me to my sorrow," by T. A. Rawlings.*

*Divertimento for the Piano Forte, on Bishop's Air of "Are you angry Mother," by T. A. Rawlings.*

*"Are you angry Mother," with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. Kjalmark.*

*La Moresca, Introduction and Rondo for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Burrowes. London. All by Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

*The March in the Ballet of Alfred Le Grand, with Variations for the Piano Forte, by Hieronymus Payer.*

*The Garland, a Duet for two performers on the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the Airs of "If o'er the cruel Tyrant Love," by T. A. Rawlings, London. Birchall and Co.*

We have here given our readers a list of easy but really elegant compositions, such as are of a kind to encourage industry, and to



tempt those who are disinclined to practice. Mr. Rawlings has selected beautiful and favourite subjects, and their popularity will not be lessened by his treatment of them. His lesson on Bishop's playful air of "*Are you angry mother*" is characteristic and tasteful, as well as the first in our list, which is rather of a higher species. On the former Mr. Kialmark's variations are very elegant, and his composition is altogether so different from Mr. R.'s, that both may be equally enjoyed without interfering with each other's claims to notice. Mr. Burrowes's rondo is original and very pleasing, and Mr. Payer has treated Gallenberg's spirited march with a corresponding vigour.

1151

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*L'ultimo, a Divertimento for the Piano Forte on Rossini's Air of Riedi al soglio, by D. Bruguier.*

*"Come under my Plaidy," with Introduction and Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. Powell.*

*A Tyrolese Air, with Variations for the Piano Forte, by H. E. Roshyel.*

*The Erl King, by Dr. Callcott, arranged for two performers on the Piano Forte, by W. H. Callcott.*

*"You Gentlemen of England," arranged for two performers on the Piano Forte, by W. H. Callcott. London. J. H. Callcott.*

Mr. Bruguier's compositions all possessed a brilliancy that was very attractive, and the present is of this character. To persons who are desirous of enjoying agreeable recollections of Rossini, this lesson is the last of many that he has published to this effect, and to such we strongly recommend them all.

The second in our list consists of eight easy and agreeable variations on a Scotch air, and the same may be said of those on the tyrolese air, whilst Mr. W. Callcott's arrangements of his father's fine compositions, combine facility of execution with good practice for the beginner, and cannot fail to excite interest from their universally admired subjects.

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*Buy a Broom, the admired Air sung by Miss Love, at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall; the Poetry by J. R. Planché, Esq. the Music by Henry R. Bishop. London. Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.*

The songs of a nation are said to reflect the manners of a people, by recording circumstances that would otherwise fade from the memory, and be lost amidst the infinite waste of things that have been. Here we have a remembrancer of the arrival of certain females from Holland, who vend neat little brooms made of shavings, for ladies to use in freeing from dust their cabinets, piano fortes, &c. which the heavier hand of the housemaid ought not to profane. A lithographic of one of the vendors also perpetuates their habits and appearance. Mr. Planché has assigned ingenious reasons why neither lady nor gentleman "should ever be without one," and his song will probably advance the demand for brooms, and help these poor honest creatures, who courageously seek no very certain subsistence in a foreign land, for it has already had a great sale. It is a pretty little ballad, and Miss Love sings it *con gusto*—that is, with the gusto that hits the level of Vauxhall. She imitates the cry, and the audience laugh. It is as good as "*Cherry ripe*," or even "*Gooseberries green*." But is not this sad work in an orchestra where some of the ablest of the profession are engaged, and where they must consequently either degrade themselves and their art, or obtain less applause than they of the brooms and cherries, who it cannot be denied are *in loco* at the Gardens—the Royal Gardens of Vauxhall. Alas for royalty! "To what base uses may we not return Horatio?"

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*"The Farmer and the Two unfortunate Game Cocks," a Comic Trio, the Words and Music by Bantam Fowler, Esq. of Henley. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

This musical *jeu d'esprit* is evidently intended to be a companion to such pieces as "*Goody Groaner*," "*Dame Durden*,"

"*Poor Thomas Day*," &c. and in such manner will be welcomed by comic glee singers. The subject is a dialogue between a farmer and two game cocks, requesting advice upon the infidelity of their spouses. Our musical lexicons fail to supply us with the definition of the terms used by Mr. Fowler to denote the time and manner in which he wishes his glee to be sung. Perhaps some Lord of the Farm-yard could best explain what is meant by a "graceful crowing time."

A duet between two cats, called "*Meau, meau*," to imitate Rossini, is well imagined.



*Grand Sonata à Quatre Mains pour le Piano Forte, dédiée à Monsieur Onslow, par Fred. Kalkbrenner. Op. 76. London. Clementi. London. Latour, 50, Bond Street, and Chappell, 135, Bond Street.*

This is decidedly the best piano forte duet Mr. Kalkbrenner has written. It is spirited, sound, and although in the most modern style, is neither loaded with bombast nor exaggerated by ornament. It has three movements; the first in F $\flat$  major, marked *conspirito*, deserves attention from the student, from the frequent recurrence of a simple passage (merely the notes of the common chord in quavers), which appears by places variously inverted throughout the movement, occupying 33 pages. Not a bar could be curtailed without injuring the subject, which in many instances is worked in a masterly manner; for instance, at pages 20, 21, 22, and 23, where the influence the study of counterpoint and of the great Mozart has had upon the composer can but be felt by all who know how to appreciate its uses. We may notice also at pages 28 and 29 the brilliant cadence in a series of shakes for the first performer, rising diatonically two octaves, and terminating in a holding shake, while the secondo is running a spirited passage for both hands in the base, quite characteristic of Mr. K.'s style. The second movement we like even better than the first, being in the true and graceful cantabile manner; we subjoin the subject

in five flats, a key whose capacities for beautiful expression have not yet been properly explored by great writers, except Beethoven. The last movement, in F major, is not so promising in its appearance in the first two pages, as it afterwards proves to be. It requires great velocity and security of fingering; there are many sudden transitions, and no lack of double counterpoint; but as a whole this duet will amply repay two experienced players who can meet together to practice, for no other could attempt it, on account of the variety of expression necessary to its due effect.

*Andante quasi Adagio Solo.*

Taken up  
by the first  
Performer.

*The Overture and the whole of the Music in Aladdin, or the wonderful Lamp, a fairy Opera, in three acts, composed by Henry R. Bishop, Composer to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Professor of Harmony and Composition, at the Royal Academy of Music. London. Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.*

In our sketch of music we have alluded to this work, and on reading over the page, we perceive that in relating some facts attending its production, we may have opened the door to a supposition that we think Mr. Bishop composed it in rivalry with M. Von Weber, although it is distinctly stated, that "*the public will consider it as a contest between the two composers.*" We merely

meant to signify that the public, from the time and circumstances, would probably and indeed did as they were urged to do, impute such a competition, but we are quite satisfied no such idea entered his mind. No one pays more sincere homage, we have understood, to Weber's talent than Mr. Bishop, and arguing from all we know of that gentleman's mind we are convinced that he had no thought of rivalry. We have some reason indeed to believe that the flippant paragraphs inserted in the newspapers, probably for the interested purpose of creating a sensation, gave him much annoyance. In his capacity of composer to the theatre he was, as a mere matter of course, called upon to write for the theatre. He must also take the words managers put into his hands. Weber's writing for Covent Garden might or might not be determined upon before or after he commenced his opera. The subject might or might not clash with that on which Weber was employed. All these things were independent of him and out of his controul. We are anxious to set this matter in a clear light, not only because we conceive had any such contest as has been so industriously given out, been premeditated, more caution would have been exercised than there appears to have been, but because we may have given some cause in the page to which we have referred, for supposing that we participate in the belief, which we do not. Indeed we might safely ask whether such an impediment as there being no tenor singer, as was the case at Drury Lane when Mr. Bishop began to write, not to mention others, would not have been sufficient to deter him in this instance, could he have meditated any more direct comparison than arises in the natural course of events between composers of the same age and of the same class? Mr. Bishop must be subjected to the conjoint examination of his productions with those of others, and he has done so much and so well that he may be perfectly satisfied with the estimation he has earned. But for this very reason we imagine he would the more sensitively shrink from the opponency which we are persuaded was saddled upon him, simply for the purpose of exciting in a greater degree the attention of the public.

The story of Aladdin we have said is threadbare. It has been brought out over and over again in pantomime and in farce, till the pristine brilliancy it derived from Eastern magnificence and the machinery of genius and fairy, is almost worn off. Nor is

there any commanding talent displayed in the new adaptation. As a *spectacle*, it must always present abundant scope to the scene painter and the machinist by the changes from country to country, by its subterranean caverns filled with all the natural and all the preternatural treasures that the imagination can body forth—by its deserts and its cities, its palaces and gardens, for earth, air, and ocean, are all at the command of the poet. Its personages ought also to be no less interesting, for they are the creation of the same illimitable fancy, and it is here employed to people the elements as well as to give birth and being to the terrestrial agents, who are to be forms of beauty and minds of power, workers of magic, sultans, and princesses, with all their bright attendance. In point of variety and splendor of decoration nothing was omitted—but the literary part was certainly deficient. Yet upon this must the composer build his portion of the edifice. We may therefore spare ourselves the relation of the plot, in which there was nothing of novelty or contrivance to diversify what was already known, to surprize or to exalt.

Of the overture we cannot think highly enough to give a detailed analysis; its merit is, generally speaking, below the opera. It opens with an adagio, in which the horn has the principal part, and though it differs in many respects from the common construction, will scarcely be esteemed original. The allegro, of which the principal subject is the finale to the opera, is spirited—but it wants melody on which the memory can dwell with satisfaction. Mr. Bishop has aimed at keeping up that connection with the story which ought to be preserved in the overture, and to a certain degree he has succeeded; the principal fault is, that the traits which he has selected for the purpose are not sufficiently striking to make the necessary impression.

The first vocal piece is a chorus of boys and a succession of solos for *Mourad* (the magician) who returns to Ispahan. The boys are the comrades of *Aladdin*, and who thus invite him to share their sports. The first few bars are played before the rising of the curtain. At the very threshold of the edifice it is obvious that melody has been the first and last and greatest hope of the composer, though not without some view to instrumental combinations. Thus the introduction opens with the clarionet principal, the stringed instruments subordinately attending, till the rising of the curtain,

when all the band is employed. It should seem that in this scene, the orchestra is engaged in the description of a beautiful country, with the natural incidents, such as the singing of different birds, and finally the rolling of thunder is heard to fill up the void which must otherwise attend the mere call of the boys for their comrade, as well as to invest the adjuration of the magician with more pomp and circumstance. We cannot pretend to conjecture what influenced Mr. Bishop in his apportionment of the descriptive parts, but as it is quite classical, we must suppose he had Shakespeare and his "words of fear" in his recollection when he accompanied the words "*as lovers greet*," with the ominous notes of the cuckoo, particularly as he brings in the owl and the nightingale, equally appropriate serenaders, soon after. The chorus is light, elegant, and ingenious—the song does not appear to be so happily conceived. Its fault is mediocrity.

"*Are you angry mother*" is a ballad for *Aladdin*, and a pleasing ballad. The structure is consequently simple, the expression is half pensive, half coaxing. A quartetto follows, in the manner of the Italian comic finales. To such words\* it would be impossible to write music at all, unless the composer had the happy art of imagining a general illustration by melody and harmony. We must rather commend Mr. Bishop for writing so well, than dispraise him for not making more than he has done of this trash.

The next air is, "*The ring, the ring, the little golden ring.*" But let not one of our fair young singers, who purchase their songs by their titles in Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine's catalogue, be led to imagine that this little golden ring is any way whatever connected with the symbol of that state which the melody of their sweet voices is to render the more felicitous. This ring, it is true, is a ring of much power, but here it is employed to give freedom, not to take it away. It will be remembered, that Aladdin is served by the Genii of the Ring as well as the Genii of the Lamp. This is the air she sings when she appears—and as it necessarily recurs in the opera whenever Unda is summoned, a melody of more

\* Doctor, Doctor, man of copper,  
Ho! look out on your friends below,  
Was Der great Schah's life depending?  
Do the great Schah's pans want mending?  
'Tis not that, 'tis not that, &c. &c.

than ordinary beauty would be required. Here however the words are a heavy drawback, and how far this operates may be easily discovered by listening to the symphony and the song. The former breathed by the flute, supported by the stringed instruments, and responded to by the other wind instruments, win upon the ear sweetly and stealthily, whereas the melody when married to the words loses by their *ringing* more than half their effect. This however ought not to be visited upon the composer.

"*Genius of Flame*," the scena which follows, is one of those points of resemblance which might well persuade the public to believe that there was an intended competition between Aladdin and Weber's operas. But again we say for this the poet is responsible, not the composer. It is in truth an incantation scene, which is opened by a descriptive symphony, while the fire, &c. is preparing. The song itself is the adjuration of the spirit. The whole orchestra is of course engaged, and what is worse, as the passion is vehement and even thunder is introduced, the notes for the singer must be taken at the top of his voice to enable him to be heard. This comes of the universal rage for noise. Lock and Purcell thought otherwise, but there were no trombones in their days, and the world was content with rich harmony and fine declamation, and animated or soothing melody. Without the slightest disparagement to Weber himself, we fearlessly refer to the witches' music in Macbeth and to "*You twice ten hundred deities*, the conjuror's song in the Indian Queen," for models of a purer and a better taste, and a fancy nearer the sublime than can be produced from Medea, Der Freischutz, or any modern opera of them all. Mr. Bishop has but followed the fashion, though in doing so he has lost himself. We wish at least he had stood by the more antient models, and tried the strength of nature and simplicity against noise and exaggeration. A chorus and dialogue with Aladdin is interwoven, and a trio; "*Beautiful are the fields of day*," for three sopranos follows. This is one of the sweetest morceaux in the piece. Here the composer shows his power, for this is melody.

"*The hour is come*," another declamatory song for Mr. Horn, succeeds. It is curious to trace resemblances in music, and to watch the different emotions that very similar passages awake in different minds. The accompanying parts of this song are clearly



formed upon the well-known and beautiful comic base air by Cimarosa, "*Sei morelli e quattro bai*," which the Italian composer has used to convey the humorous delight of a man counting up the horses and carriages, and "*stoffe*" that he is to enjoy with his wife. Here Mr. Bishop employs the same construction to describe the joy of the magician, at the prospect of possessing the talisman of power, in the search of which he has passed his life. As Mr. B. must have adopted such a structure as a remembrance of Cimarosa rather than an imitation, we must say the analogy appears to us to be too slender to be effective, and therefore it rather acts against than for the object, by the recollection of the superior propriety of its pristine application.

Some of the melo-dramatic strains which follow are exceedingly good. The piece while Aladdin climbs the figure is an imitation, intentional we presume, of parts of *Der Freischutz*. The quartett, "*Here! Here! Here!*" contains some pleasing traits of melody, which though not new are well combined, and together form an effective piece either for private or public performance.

The chorus, "*Nourmahal*," is one of the most striking things in the opera. It is simple, melodious, and strong. The romance, "*A hundred the noblest wait on her throne*," is quaint and pretty; it is sung in duet, but responsively by Misses Stephens and Johnson.

"*Hail, gentle master*;" the finale to the first act is compounded of many parts—first, the melody of the ring converted into a ter-zetto, a short sweet air, a trio, and quartett, another solo and the chorus. Melody is the charm of them all. The fairy march at the conclusion is very clever.

The second act opens with a ballad by Miss Johnson. The simplicity proves that it was written to fit the singer, that is, to display a pure and sweet voice, without calling for much beside good tone and natural expression. The compass is very short, and the melody lies generally within three or four notes in the middle of the staff.

Mr. Sinclair now comes upon the scene, and his first song is of plain construction, leaving the singer scope for declamatory expression and ornament. After some melo-dramatic music, we have an ingenious variation upon the original trio, "*Beautiful are the fields of day*," in a similar shape, but improved by its

diversification. Then comes more melo-dramatic strains, amidst which the fairy march again appears.

"*Tremble ye Genii to your caves,*" is another song of declamation for Mr. Horn. It is all syllabic melody. The score is full, but it is too noisy for our taste, particularly at the close, where it is worked up like an Italian bravura.

Mr. Bishop is far more happy in such things as the next, "*Ere the stars of night arise,*" a duet for Misses Johnson and Stephens. There is a breathing and innocent tenderness in the style that recommends it, while something curious in the accent gives it originality. This is one of the prettiest things in the opera.

The ballet is very quaint and lively, and it is by a very ingenious application of the subject made to introduce the cry of "*New lamps for old,*" and to accompany the quartett and chorus, which it enlivens by its re-appearance. Words ought to stand for nothing to a composer, when such as these are to be set.\* The magician here recovers, by the stratagem of his exchange, the magic lamp, and while the event is pending, the accompaniment expresses a sort of shivering horror at the coming mischance. When he obtains his prize, and shouts "*Victoria, the lamp is mine,*" the triplet passage in his first song of triumph, which we noticed as bearing so close a resemblance to "*Sei morelli,*" again appears. Another effective change takes place when the genii are summoned by *Mourad*; they sing the same air they originally sung to the words, "*Beautiful are the fields of day*"—but here the third of the chord of the subdominant is made minor, which speaks the melancholy of the spirits at the transfer of the talisman they here confess themselves bound to obey.

The next piece is—a chorus of huntsmen!!—a second morning gun, alas! It is no wonder that Mr. Bishop is accused of direct rivalry with Weber, when such subjects are unwisely imposed upon him. There is no proof of penury of invention so strong as an immediate imitation of a *point* that has been successful in another's hands. Any man with the slightest particle of literary

\* There is a lamp on yonder shelf  
Eaten with rust,  
Dirty and old enough to win  
The dearest friend of dirt and dust!

And this is poetry for the lyric Drama!!

pride would have avoided what the most unlettered hearer in the one shilling gallery would determine to be a mere and palpable imitation of the Jager chorus. Mr. Bishop it is clear thought it impossible to evade the comparison, and has therefore, by the adoption of similar rhythm, and a melody not wholly unlike Weber's, been content with a classical allusion, and with the praise of ingenuity rather than put in a claim to originality, where it would be difficult to have such a claim admitted.

"*The days of the valley are o'er*" is another ballad (for Miss Stephens), and is written in the composer's happy vein. Mr. Sinclair's next song, "*Ah what does it avail me now,*" has almost as much title to commendation as any similar part of the opera. It is immensely difficult to write a good tenor song. Let him who doubts it look to the Italian opera. We cannot at this moment call to mind above one or two of decent pretensions in the whole mass of Rossini's works, and the instances in Mozart are not many.

*The finale* to this act is the best thing in the piece, and has certainly high merit. But here again is a close resemblance to a part of *Oberon*.\* We do not accuse the poet of plagiarism or even imitation, because the time of the production of the two will probably exculpate him from any such supposition, but the coincidence is unlucky in one sense for the composer. We must copy the words, in order to convey what Mr. Bishop has done with them.

ALAD. (*hastily.*) That doom is death !

SCHAH. It is not in the breath  
Of mortal man to change your fate.

CHORUS. Allah is great !

ALAD. But, O! to fall from such a height,  
Into endless night !  
Fair Nourmahal too !  
So beautiful ! so true !

(*The sun sets; twilight; during the rest of the scene the stage grows gradually darker and darker, and at last it is perfect night. At the instant of the setting of the sun, the muezzin appears on the minaret to call to prayer.*)

MUEZZIN. To prayer ! to prayer !

\* For the chorus of *Oberon* see page 93 of our present volume.

CHORUS. (*Of all except ALADDIN, who seems overwhelmed.*)

Hark! from the minaret, high in air,  
The Muezzin is calling to evening pray'r!

MUEZZIN. To pray'r!

(*ALADDIN starts up joyfully, as if catching the sound for the first time.*)

ALAD. I shall not die!  
That voice, calling man to pray'r,  
Forbids me to despair.

MUEZZIN. To pray'r!

(*All assume an attitude of devotion. ALADDIN sings the next four, while all the others join in the general chorus.*)

ALAD. O! it comes o'er me, giving life  
Like the first breath of spring, reviving  
The weary wretch with stern death striving  
In mortal strife!

CHORUS. Thou hast given us day—and it is fair!  
Thou hast given us night, to pillow care!  
But, night or day,  
To thee we pray—  
Allah! Il Allah!

The short solos are succeeded by solemn choral harmonies, which are certainly very impressive, particularly where *Aladdin* sings the words "*Allah is great*," as a lead upon long holding notes rising from the tonic to the third of *A* minor. The deep note of summons of the *Muezzin* is in fine contrast with the joyful acceptance of the promise of religion to save from death, by *Aladdin*—and the prayer itself, with Miss Stephens' last solo in the richest part of her rich voice, is finely conceived. We repeat, this is the best thing in the whole opera. The harmonies are in the purest style.

"*In my bower a lady weeps*," is a ballad written for Miss Stephens, with an obligato accompaniment for the tenor, which was taken on this occasion by Mr. T. Cooke, whose extraordinary versatility of talent as an instrumentalist, singer, and actor is well known. This is really a beautiful morceau of melody, and must, we should suppose, find its way generally to the piano fortes of fair amateurs. It lies within a compass of nine notes—from B

upon the upper line of the base to C in the third space of the treble staff.

"*It is night beneath the sea,*" is a sparkling little song for the Genius of the ring. There is more motion and airiness in this than in most of the others. Some accompanied recitatives follow, and then comes Sinclair's aria d' abilità—" *My Araby, my noble steed.*" This is a good song—the subject is expressive—there is room for ornament, and it does not abound in the noisy accompaniments, which to our ears so generally ruin airs of this species. The finale is part solo and part choral, with nothing however of especial mark.

We have gone through this opera with more than usual care and attention, because we wished to ascertain from its contents what degree of truth was attached to the reports so industriously circulated, and because Mr. Bishop is too considerable a man in art not to command the esteem and protection due to his character from the literature connected with music. The result of this examination is our conviction that the opera has not met its due share of approbation, and that for once the public have been ungenerous to an able, a long tried, and most industrious servant. By this we do not mean to hold up *Aladdin* as a superior production of Mr. Bishop's genius, but we do mean to assert, that it contains many good compositions, much agreeable melody, and quite enough of every requisite to have saved it from the imputation of a failure. The composer must certainly be deemed unfortunate in all those circumstances to which we have alluded—namely, the exhausted fable, the intrinsic weakness of the piece as to poetical diction, and those points of imitation or resemblance which placed him directly in comparison with Weber, then in the zenith, though, alas! at the close of his vast popularity. Had the music of *Aladdin* been produced at any other period, we can hardly doubt but it would have attained a far greater share of applause—we are quite sure that by all who will take the pains to give it an attentive examination it will be thought to have deserved more than was bestowed. It was prematurely, as we have heard, brought forward, and though all the singers did their utmost, the rehearsals were not sufficiently numerous or matured, which could not, we presume, have been the case had Mr. Bishop been (which we believe he never was) the director of the music of

the theatre, as well as the composer of the opera. We are sorry to write in a strain which may to some seem the tone of apology or extenuation; but it is not so—it is rather the language of remonstrance against injustice.

*Six Spanish Airs, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by C. M. Sola.*

*Six French Romances, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, arranged by D. Bertoli.* London. Chappell, 135, Bond-street.

When Signor Garcia (a Spaniard by birth) was in England, and when the Spanish were first driven from their country, he and his daughter and family introduced Spanish national airs, some of which were in high fashion at the private concerts of London. Hence, we presume, comes the taste which encourages the publication of the pretty and peculiar things contained in this set. It is curious to observe by what singular circumstances knowledge is propagated in various countries. By these events, the emigration of the unfortunate patriots of Spain and the casual residence of a Spanish singer of eminence, the language of Spain has made more way in England than for centuries. It sings agreeably.

The French set are popular, and of course known. They are both cheap—six songs for three shillings.

*Awake thou Lute and Harp, Recitative, Air, and Trio.*

*Gracious is the Lord, Recitative and Air.*

*For a thousand Years, Recitative and Air.*

*All from the Oratorio of Thanksgiving, composed by Sir John Stevenson.* London. Power.

These are three of the pieces in this oratorio which were the best received by the public, and considered as specimena, are highly

creditable. The first is a high treble song of some execution. The second, for a mezzo soprano, is cantabile, and the third, for a base, is somewhat in the manner of the exquisite verse in the *Dottingen To Deum*, "Vouchsafe O Lord." Handel is clearly the model, and is successfully followed. They who wish to add to their collection of classical sacred music may safely purchase all these songs, and they will be enjoyed as being at once sound and new.

*Midnight*—Air adapted to English words, composed by C. M. Von Weber. London. Birchall.

*Bright ray of Morning*—Air adapted to English words, composed by C. M. Von Weber. London. Birchall.

*Brightly the Moon is beaming love*—A Serenade, composed by Richard Akers. London, (for the author,) by Clementi & Co.

*O taste this sweet compound*, by Richard Akers. Liverpool, (for the author,) by Hime and Son.

*Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining*—Air and Chorus, composed by Dr. John Clarke. London. Birchall.

The two compositions of Weber's are adapted to English words, are descriptive, and the first is very singular and expressive. The second is of the same kind, but differing not in merit but in manner, as night and day—their subjects. They both partake of the genius of their author.

Mr. Akers is a young author, and his compositions are in the plainest style of ballad writing. The serenade is the best, and is pretty. We notice this author more to encourage him to new efforts, than to commend these his first effusions.

Dr. J. Clarke's is a very sweet little thing. It is devotional, and would, we should imagine, be effective in private parties, where the short choral part could be nicely sustained.

*The Overtures, Recitatives, Airs, and Duets in the Serious Opera of Artaxerxes, composed by Dr. Arne, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, arranged from the original scores by J. Addison. In this edition are added the quartet "Mild as the moon beams," composed by Braham, and the accompanied Recitative and Grand Finale composed by Henry R. Bishop. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

Any criticism of this the greatest work of Dr. Arne, if we may reason from its popularity, might now perhaps be esteemed superfluous. But we notice this re-publication, because we earnestly hope it may assist in the more general diffusion of the understanding of the principles of legitimate opera, and thus aid in producing sufficient taste in English audiences, to enable them to enjoy a drama of which lyric poetry is the essence and fine music the vehicle, and induce them to banish those monstrous and anomalous spectacles, melo-dramas and farces, called English operas, which now usurp the stage and bring reproach upon our capacity of judging. It is moreover the first of a series of similar intended republications by the same hand, at which we shall rejoice, if the selection be made with judgment. And let not the learned Editor hold this caution in contempt. We have waded through more operas than we can count or remember, and we pronounce that there are comparatively few indeed worth paper and print. The works of Linley, Shield, and Storace, indeed, contain numberless gems, but he who would go much further must travel very carefully. Many things might be selected, but as entire pieces there are very few that do not contain more tinsel than gold.

Some of the songs have been omitted in this edition. This ought not to have been. The work is not *Artaxerxes*, but a part only, by such contraction. The reason assigned too is invalid, "It was considered too long," says the preface. If so, why then did Mr. Braham and Mr. Bishop make additions? of those additions indeed we can speak most favourably. "*Mild as the moon-beams*" is amongst the best things Mr. Braham has ever written, captivating in its melody and picturesque in its accompaniments. But the reasoning and the fact are at variance. We recommend



the addition of all Dr. Arne's compositions, and an index to this and every opera—without which such a book is inconvenient and incomplete. In every other respect the work is very tastefully got up.

### ARRANGEMENTS.

Select Airs from Weber's *Oberon*, arranged for the piano forte, with an accompaniment for the flute, (ad lib.) by J. F. Burrowes, Royal Harmonic Institution.

Select Airs from Bishop's *Aladdin*, arranged for the piano forte, with flute accompaniments, (ad lib.) by J. F. Burrowes. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Favourite Airs from *Medea* for the piano forte, with flute accompaniment, (ad lib.) by J. F. Burrowes. S. Chappell.

Select Airs from Boieldieu's opera of "*La Dame blanche*," arranged for the piano forte, with flute accompaniment, (ad lib.) by J. Burrowes.

The same for two performers on the piano forte, Goulding and D'Almaine.

Select Airs from "*Aureliano in Palmyra*," for the piano forte, with flute accompaniment, ad lib.) by J. F. Burrowes. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Select Airs from Winter's "*Le Sacrifice interrompu*," for the piano forte, with a flute accompaniment, (ad lib.) by J. F. Burrowes. Paine and Hopkins.

We cannot recommend these publications too strongly. They comprise the most beautiful airs from the most favourite operas, easily and effectively arranged, and present a very useful and pleasing memorial of works that are now generally interesting.

Six favourite Airs in "*Il Crociato in Egitto*," arranged as duets for the violoncello and piano forte, by F. W. Crouch. Clementi and Co.

Select Airs from *Medea*, arranged as duets for the harp and piano forte, by N. C. Bochsa. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Favourite Airs in the ballet of "*Le Bal champetre*," composed and arranged for the piano forte, by N. C. Bochsa. For the Author, 37, Golden Square.

The Overture to "*La Dame blanche*," arranged for the harp and piano forte, with accompaniments for flute and violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa. Boosey and Co.

A. Romberg's Grand Symphony in *D*, arranged for two performers on the piano forte, by W. Watts.

The Introduction and Chorus to "*Il Crociato*," arranged for two performers on the piano forte, by W. Watts. Birchall and Co.

We have mentioned Mr. Burrowes' arrangements under one head, but of these we may also speak in the same terms; they are all excellent of their kind.

#### ITALIAN VOCAL PIECES.

The following are published by Birchall and Co.

##### FROM MÈDEA.—Meyer.

Aria.—"Caro albergo."

Duetto.—"Cara figlia."

Recit. ed Aria.—"Alfine io vi riveggio; to ti lasciai."

Aria.—"Dolce amiche."

Duetto.—"Cedi al destino."

Aria.—"Ah che tento."

Recit.—"Appieu felice"—and duetto, "Non palpitar."

Duetto.—"Ah d'un alma."

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Recit.—"Eccomi quinto e"—Cavatina—"O come rapida,"  
Il Crociato.—Meyerbeer.

Canone.—"Di gioja di pace," Emma di Resburgo.—Ditto.

Recit.—"Pensa e guarda."—Terzetto—"Quel parlar."—

Margherita d' Anjou.—Ditto.

Recit.—"O ciel"—Rondo con variazione—"Mio pianto."—

Ditto, ditto.

Recit.—"Alcandro lo confesso"—ed Aria—"Non so donde viene"—Mozart.

Duet.—"Se ti guardo," Chi non risica non rosica—Generali.

Terzetto.—"Giuro alla terra." La guerra aperta.—Guglielmi.

Terzetto.—“*Con rispetto*,” I due pretendenti delusi.—Mosca.  
 Cavatina.—“*Si ravvisa*.”—Tebaldo ed Isolina.—Morlacchi.  
 Cavatina.—“*Or che la notte*.”—Velluti.

The following are published by S. Chappell :

Aria.—“*Dolce fiamma*” ..... Medea. Meyer.  
 Aria.—“*Io ti lascio*” ..... ditto ditto  
 Aria.—“*Caro albergo*” ..... ditto ditto  
 Duet.—“*Non palpitar*.” ..... ditto ditto  
 Duet.—“*Cedi al destin*” ..... ditto ditto

### MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

We have already noticed the meeting at Brecon. The one hundred and third meeting of the three choirs, the most ancient of English festivals, is this year held at Gloucester, and Birmingham also holds its Triennial music in October. There has been the opening of an organ at Ware, and there are to be two performances at the opening of another at Bury.

The Gloucester festival has increased the magnitude of its arrangements (we believe) this year. It is to be conducted by Mr. Mutlow. The principal singers and instrumentalists are as under :—

MADAME CARADORI, MISS STEPHENS, MISS TRAVIS,  
 AND MISS BACON,

WHO IS ENGAGED FOR THE EVENING CONCERTS.

Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. KNYVETT, Mr. VAUGHAN, Mr. PHILLIPS.

*Principal Instrumental Performers :*

Leader of the Band, MR. CRAMER.

Principal Second, MR. MARSHALL.

*Violas* ..... Messrs. Ashley and Daniels.  
*Violoncellos* ..... Messrs. Lindley and W. Lindley.  
*Double Base* ..... Signor Dragonetti.  
*Bassoons* ..... Messrs. Mackintosh and Stainsbury.  
*Flute* ..... Mr. C. Nicholson.  
*Oboes* ..... Messrs. Ling and Sharpe.  
*Clarionets* ..... Messrs. Williams and Powell.  
*Trumpets* ..... Messrs. Harper and Wallacé.  
*Horns* ..... Messrs. Platt and Rae.  
*Trombone* ..... Mr. Mariotti.  
*Double Drums* ..... Mr. Jenkinson.

Organ, Mr. Clarke.—Piano Forte, Dr. Clarke Whitfield.

Mr. Loder, of Bath, is engaged to lead the Concerts on Thursday and Friday Evenings.

The celebrated Miss Cann, from Hereford, will perform on the Flute, on the Wednesday and Friday Evenings.

Among the other Instrumental Performers are Messrs. Anderson, Nicks, Cummins, Morlet, Glanville, Stainsbury, Milton, Ree, Philpotts, Bond, Chatterway, and Marshall.

The Choral Band, which will be numerous, and supported by the celebrated Female Singers from Lancashire, with those from Birmingham, has been selected with great care.

A service at the Cathedral, on Wednesday, September 13, the sermon by the Rev. Prebendary Banks, will commence the charity as well as the music of the week. In the course of the service "*The Dettingen Te Deum*," the anthem "*Blessed is he*," "*Here shall soft charity*," and Handel's Coronation Anthem will be sung. On Thursday morning there will be a miscellaneous selection, and on Friday the *Messiah* will be performed. There will be grand miscellaneous concerts every evening.

The Stewards are :—

The Hon. Henry F. Moreton.

The Hon. James Dutton.

Vernon Dolphin, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Banks, Prebendary of the Cathedral.

The Rev. Mr. Bowles, Rector of Dumbleton.

The Rev. Mr. Witts, Rector of Upper Slaughter.

It will be recollected and ought never to be forgotten, that this meeting has been established to assist in providing for the widows and orphans of the poor clergy of the three dioceses, and the Stewards undertake to pay any loss that may arise from the inadequate receipts, the whole collection at the church being paid over to the charity. This instance of patronage is we believe the only one in the kingdom.

Of the Birmingham meeting the following programme has been put forth by the Committee of Management.

The Grand Musical Festival, for the benefit of the General Hospital, will take place on the 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th of next

month, under the patronage of the King, and a long list of distinguished noblemen and gentlemen.

THE PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS AT PRESENT ENGAGED ARE,  
MADAME CARADORI, MISS STEPHENS, MISS PATON, MISS  
TRAVIS;

MESSRS. BRAHAM, VAUGHAN, BELLAMY, KNYVETT,  
PHILLIPS, J. ELLIOTT, GOULDEN, EVANS, WHALL, SIGNORS  
CURIONI, DE BEGNIS, &c.

The choral department will be on the same scale as at the last Festival, and being aided by the Birmingham Choral Society, (which, from constant practice, has arrived at a high degree of perfection), greater precision and finer effect may be expected than at any preceding meeting.

The numerical strength of the instrumental band will be nearly the same as at the last Festival. It comprises a large proportion of the most celebrated performers on their respective instruments.

THE LEADERS ARE,  
MESSRS. CRAMER, KIESEWETTER, and DE BERIOT.

THE CONCERTO PLAYERS,  
MR. J. B. CRAMER, on the Piano Forte;  
MONS. DE BERIOT and MR. KIESEWETTER, on the Violin;  
MR. LINDLEY, on the Violoncello;  
And MR. NICHOLSON, on the Flute.

Conductor, MR. GREATOREX, (who will preside at the Organ and  
Piano Forte);

His Assistant, MR. MUNDEN.

The performances commence on Tuesday morning, October 3, at St. Philip's church, with a full cathedral service to be chanted by the Rev. R. Clifton, M.A. Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. The sermon will be preached by the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. In the course of the service will be introduced *Hosannah to the Son of David*, by Gibbons; the *Te Deum* of Purcell; the *Jubilate* of Croft; and some favourite Anthems. The whole vocal body will be employed in the service, aided by the trombones.

On Wednesday morning a grand selection of Sacred Music, in the course of which will be introduced a new sacred drama, the

music from *Joseph*, the celebrated composition of Méhul; and a selection from the great work of Graun, the *Tod Jesu*. The performance will commence with the *Overture to Esther*, newly arranged, for the purpose of introducing the various wind instruments. It will also comprise portions of the *Requiem* of Mozart; the *Creation; Thanksgiving; Revelation*; the celebrated scene from *Jephtha*; a variety of concerted pieces from Handel, Beethoven, Leo, &c. interspersed with favourite airs by the principal singers.

On Thursday morning the Sacred Oratorio of the *Messiah*, in which new arrangements are expressly made to introduce the wind instruments into some parts of the composition; and in others, Mozart's accompaniments will be used.

On Friday morning a Grand Selection, in which will be introduced, with increased effect, *The Triumph of Gideon*, as performed for the first time at the last meeting; the *Seasons* of Haydn; a selection from *Judas Maccabeus*, in several parts of which all the wind instruments will be employed; a grand Chorus, newly arranged; *Glory to God*, and an *Hallelujah*, from Mozart; Chorusses by Haydn, Marcello, &c. Luther's Hymn; Airs by the principal vocal performers, &c. and concluding with *God save the King*, from the Coronation Anthem.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, Grand Miscellaneous Concerts; and on Thursday evening a Dress Ball will be given at the Theatre.

His Majesty has again very graciously permitted the Royal Household Band to lend their assistance.

In announcing a list of performances in which is comprised a greater portion of novelty than has been produced at any former meeting, and trusting that the most difficult compositions cannot fail to be executed by such a band with the utmost precision and effect, the committee of management express a hope that the ensuing festival will prove one of the most perfect musical performances ever given in this country.

A committee has been appointed to superintend the letting of lodgings; ample accommodation has thus been provided for visitors on moderate terms. The register is deposited at the Birmingham Gazette Office.

Since the publication of this circular, Madame Pasta, with

whom a conditional engagement had been arranged, is compelled to remain at Paris.

Miss Bacon has been added to the list of the principal vocal performers, and has accepted an engagement for two of the evening concerts, the uncertain state of her health forbidding her to hazard the fatigue of an entire festival.

We have to notice in the arrangements for this as for the former Birmingham festivals, the distinguishing care so to apportion power and quality, that the nearest possible approach to perfection may be the result. If grandeur be the characteristic of the York vast company of musicians, extreme polish (not however without great numerical strength) is the distinction of the Birmingham meeting. And the managers not only strive to assemble what is most rare and excellent in performance, but to furnish novelty. This is a circumstance we have always strongly urged, and we point the regard of the reader to the paragraphs which relate to the sacred music more especially.—It will there be seen that the great portion of the selections will have been heard only at these meetings—we allude to Mehul's work, to Graun's, Sir John Stevenson's *Thanksgiving*, to *Revelation, The Triumph of Gideon*," and other pieces enumerated above.

Mr. J. B. Cramer (we believe) has seldom if ever played in public out of London. Neither has Mr. De Beriot been yet heard elsewhere. Standard excellence is also preserved in the selection and in execution. To demonstrate this we need only glance to the large portions of Handel, Haydn, and to the names of Kiesewetter, Lindley, and Nicholson.

By such means and such exertions the committee of management must retain the high place they have long since gained. They persevere and they improve. To the meeting of the three choirs, the kingdom owes probably the steady conservation of the principle—to Birmingham the impulse and example that have since created such splendid concentrations of talent as have been witnessed at York, Norwich, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Newcastle, Derby, and Cambridge. Thus charity has been greatly assisted—music incalculably advanced, by the influence of the Birmingham meetings in 1817 and 1820,\* and in times like the present, when

\* See vol. 3, page 121, and our subsequent articles of the great Festivals.

the *circulation* of money from hand to hand, particularly from affluence to trade, is politically important, it is not easy to compute the various benefits to a district arising out of so large an outlay as such a meeting occasions.

The Bury orchestra will number about 100 performers. The principal singers are Miss Paton, Mr. Sapio, and Mr. Atkins.— It is under the conduct of Mr. Nunn.

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## GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

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**T**HE repetitions of these demonstrations of public spirit and musical talent have become so frequent, that almost every thing like general observation has been already exhausted. Their recommendations are now perfectly understood. It has been seen how they benefit charity, advance the interests of trade by the circulation of money in the districts where they occur, rouse public spirit, and increase individual enjoyment. Science is diffused—social delights improved. All these advantages, we repeat, have been seen, felt, and understood. Musical Festivals upon a grand scale have been heard at Edinburgh and at Brecon and at Liverpool and at Norwich. Thus they have been established at the very extremes as well as in the heart of the kingdom. Little then remains for us, except to proceed to the detail of the great meetings which have taken place during the autumn.

### GLOUCESTER.

The Meeting of the Three Choirs was this year held in “the bright city,” being the hundredth and third anniversary. One of the most striking circumstances attending this celebration is, the constant spring of public spirit and benevolence which has induced the gentlemen acting as stewards to incur the risk and frequent loss attendant upon so large and liberal an expenditure as is consequent upon such an experiment. There is no other similar instance. Nothing therefore can be more honourable to the Gentry and Clergy of the three counties, from which classes the stewards are equally selected—three from each. To prove the fearless liberality with which the concerts this year were supported, we mention a fact we have heard from authority, namely, that Madame Pasta was offered five hundred pounds to sing at Gloucester, but her foreign engagements prevented her assisting.

The selections will best speak for themselves. We therefore subjoin them.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 13th.

ACT I.

Overture—*Jomelli*.

New Song—Mr. Vaughan.—“In life’s gay scenes.”—*Calcott*.

Song—Miss Travis.—“Midst silent shades.”—*Back*.

Concerto Violin—*Mr. Cramer*.

Song—Miss Stephens.—“Lo! here the gentle lark.”—(Accompanied on the Flute by Mr. Nicholson).—*Bishop*.

Scena—Mr. Braham.—“Oh! I can bear my fate no longer.”—(Freischutz).—*Weber*.

Cavatina—Miss Bacon.—“Bel raggio lusinghier.”—(Semiramide).—*Rossini*.

Ballad—Mr. Phillips.—“When forc’d from dear Hebe.”—*Arne*.

Scena—Madame Caradori.—“Una voce.”—*Rossini*.

Grand Finale.—“Dove son.”—*Mozart*.

BETWEEN THE ACTS,

French Air, with Variations—Flute—Miss Cann.—*Tulou*.

ACT II.

Overture—Der Freischutz.—*Weber*.

Scena—Miss Stephens.—“Softly sighs.”—(Der Freischutz).—*Weber*.

Glee—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Braham, and Phillips.—  
“When winds breathe soft.”—*Webbe*.

Air—Madame Caradori.—“The last Rose of Summer.”—*Irish Melodies*.

Concertante, Violoncellos.—Messrs. Lindley.

Duetto—Miss Bacon and Mr. Braham.—“M’abbraccia, Argirio.”—(Il Tancredi).—*Rossini*.

Duetto—Madame Caradori and Miss Stephens.—“Sull’ aria.”—*Mozart*.

Song—Mr. Braham.—Kelvin Grove.

Finale.

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14th.

PART I.

OPENING OF GRAUN’S TE DEUM.

Air—Miss Travis.—“What tho’ I trace.”—*Handel*.

Grand Chorus.—“The Arm of the Lord.”—*Haydn*.

Song—Mr. Braham.—The Battle of the Angels.—*Bishop*.

Quartett—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips; and Chorus  
—“Then round about the starry Throne.”—*Handel*.

Air—Miss Stephens.—“Pious Orgies.”—(Judas Maccabæus).—*Handel*.

Recitative and Air—Mr. Braham.—“Sound an alarm.”—*Handel*.

Chorus.—“We hear.”—*Handel*.

Air—Mr. Knyvett.—“Return, O God of Hosts.”—(Samson).—*Handel*.

Chorus.—“To dust his glory.”—*Handel*.

Recitative and Air—Madame Caradori.—“Deh, parlate.”—*Cimarosa*.

Recitative—Mr. Vaughan.—“’Tis well—six times.”—(Joshua).—*Handel*.

March.

Air—Mr. Vaughan; and Grand Chorus.—“Glory to God.”—*Handel*.

Recitative and Prayer—Mr. Phillips—(From the New Oratorio of Thanksgiving.)—*Sir J. Stevenson.*

Chorus—"Sing, O ye Heavens: Hallelujah, Amen."—*Handel.*

PART II.

A SELECTION FROM THE CREATION.

Overture—Chaos.

Recitative—Mr. Phillips—"In the beginning."

Chorus—"And the Spirit of God."

Recitative—Mr. Vaughan—"And God saw the light."

Air and Chorus—"Now vanish."

Recitative—Mr. Phillips—"And God made the firmament."

Air and Chorus—Miss Travis—"The marvellous Work."

Recitative and Air—Mr. Braham—"In native grace."

Recitative and Air—Mr. Phillips—"Rolling in foaming billows."

Recitative and Air—Madame Caradori—"With verdure clad."

Recitative and Chorus—"Awake the Harp."

Recitative and Air—Miss Stephens—"On mighty plumes."

Recitative—Mr. Braham—"In splendour bright."

Grand Chorus—"The Heavens are telling."

PART III.

Fifth Grand Concerto.—*Handel.*

Song—Mr. Phillips—"Tears such as tender fathers shed."—*Handel.*

Grand Chorus—"Rex tremenda."

Quartett—Miss Stephens, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips—"Benedictus." } *Mozart's Requiem.*

Air—Miss Travis—"Agnus Dei."

Recitative and Air—Mr. Braham—"Deeper and deeper."—*Handel.*

Recitative and Air—Miss Stephens—"In sweetest harmony."—*Handel.*

Chorus—"He sent a thick darkness."—(Israel in Egypt.)—*Handel.*

Air—Mr. Vaughan—"O Liberty,"—*Handel.*

Air—Madame Caradori—"Holy, holy."—*Handel.*

Grand Chorus—"The Lord shall reign."—*Handel.*

THURSDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 14th,

ACT I.

Overture—*Les Deux Journees.*—*Cherubini.*

Air—Mr. Phillips—"Lascia amor."—*Handel.*

Quartett—Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett and Braham.—"Mild as the moon beams."—*Braham.*

Scena—Madame Caradori—"Voi che sapete."—*Mozart.*

Cantata—Mr. Vaughan—"Alexis."—*Pepusch.*

Aria—Miss Bacon—"Frenar vorrei."—*Cimarosa.*

Huntsmen's Chorus.—*Weber.*

Song—Miss Stephens—"Rest, Warrior, rest."

Concerto—Flute—Mr. Nicholson.

Scena—Mr. Braham—"What blissful visions."—*Salieri.*

Grand Finale—"Alla bella."—*Mozart.*

## ACT II.

Overture—*Haydn*.

Ballad—Miss Travis.—“Donald.”

Duet—Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham.—“When thy bosom.”—*Braham*.Duetto—Madame Caradori and Miss Bacon.—“Ravvisa qual alma.”—(Il Crociato in Egitto).—*Meyerbeer*.Glee—Miss Stephens, Messrs. Vaughan and Phillips.—“There is a bloom.”—*Knyvett*.

Song—Mr. Braham.—“Blue Bonnets.”

Song—Miss Stephens.—“Eveleen’s Bower.”

Terzetto—Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, and Phillips.—“La mia Dorabella.”—*Mozart*.

Finale.

## FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15th, THE MESSIAH.

## FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 15th.

## ACT I.

Grand Overture, in D.—*A. Romberg*.Glee—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips.—  
“Sweet Thrush.”—*Danby*.Scena—Madame Caradori.—“Ah che forse.”—*Bonfichi*.Duet—Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham.—Echo Duet—*Braham*.

Concerto Violoncello—Mr. Lindley.

Ballad—Miss Travis.—“The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s halls.”—*Sir J. Stevenson*.Song—Mr. Braham.—The Soldier’s Dream.—*Allwood*.Scena—Miss Bacon.—“Elena! oh tu chio.”—(La Donna del Lago).—*Rossini*.Air and Chorus—Mr. Vaughan.—“Softly rise.”—*Dr. Bogee*.Song—Miss Stephens.—“Jock of Hazledean.”—*Cramer*.Grand Finale.—“Tu e ver.”—*Mozart*.

## ACT II.

Rule Britannia, with Drouet’s Variations—Flute—Miss Cann.

Song—Madame Caradori.—“When shall we.”—*Horsley*.

Ballad—Mr. Phillips.—French Air.

Terzetto—Madame Caradori, Miss Stephens, and Mr. Braham.—  
“Cruda Sorte.”—*Rossini*.Fantasia Violin—Mr. Loder.—*Mayseder*.

Air—Miss Stephens.—“Auld Robin Gray.”—By Desire.

Duet—Miss Bacon and Mr. Braham.—“Ah se puoi.”—*Rossini*.

Finale.—“God save the King.”

We have enumerated in a former article\* the names of the principal vocal performers. Mr. Mutlow conducted—Mr. Clarke (of Worcester) took the organ—Dr. Clarke Whitfield (of Hereford) the piano forte. Mr. F. Cramer led all the morning and one evening, Mr. Loder two evening performances. The

\* Vol. 8, page 257.

Italian was allotted to Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bacon, and Mr. Braham—Miss Stephens sung ballads\*—Miss Travis some dramatic accompanied songs and ballads, and Madame Caradori in all styles. There is a delicacy, a polish, and above all a natural sweetness in the manner of this delightful artiste, that has won for her all the applause of public approbation, with all the respect of private life. She is, as she deserves to be, an universal favorite. In the church her "*Deh parlate,*" and in the evenings her "*Should he upbraid,*" "*Voi che sapete,*" and "*Ca m'est égal,*" which last she sung at the particular request of the Ladies of the Stewards, were beautiful specimens of pathos, facility, and arch expression. We have never heard Miss Stephens to better effect, and had she come unknown and without a name, her voice and manner in "*Rest, warrior, rest,*" would have at once raised her to the place she now enjoys in the general favour, so exquisitely was it given. Miss Travis sung with the purity and finish of the school in which she has been bred, and to which she is an honour—the school of antient music and of pure English expression—Miss Bacon with the force and feeling that characterize the *gran gusto* of the Italian drama, and with a volume of voice, which it was universally admitted has never been exceeded, unless by Madame Catalani. The duet from *Il Crociato* with Madame Caradori was allowed by the profession and by those who are in the habit of frequenting the King's Theatre, to have afforded a magnificent proof of the mastery of high science. Her songs were the brilliant bravura from *Semiramide*, "*Bel raggio lusinghier*"—Cimarosa's song of intense passion, "*Frenar vorrei*"—and "*Elena,*" from *La Donna del Lago*.

We have never been more impressed with the grandeur of Mr. Braham's conceptions, the splendour of his declamation, and his pathetic power, than during the morning performances, and his

\* One of Miss Stephens's songs on the first evening was changed for "*I've been roaming,*" and she incurred a good deal of obloquy, and some disapprobation on this account. It is a duty however to state, that both were wholly unmerited, for the change was not made by herself. On the contrary, she took a larger portion of the performances than was allotted to her, and it is due to her to say generally, that no artist ever exhibited a more delightful temper, or more readiness to facilitate and oblige, than Miss Stephens. Upon all occasions she is anxious to task her powers to the utmost, even beyond the limits of prudence, for the public amusement.

singing was far more free from inequalities than we ever remember.

Mr. Vaughan was conspicuous for the polished chastity of his manner, though from the presence of Mr. Braham his exertions were limited. He appears to have lately changed his manner. In "*Thy rebuke*" (*Messiah*) he was more elaborate, but we question whether what is gained in force is not lost in beauty and feeling as well as simplicity, by the alteration. His *Alexis* is certainly amongst the most finished performances heard from an orchestra.

Mr. W. Knyvett's counter-tenor songs are perfect in that species, and cannot, we apprehend, be surpassed in delicacy or pathos.

Mr. Phillips demonstrated the truth of our description in our Sketch of the State of Music.\* He sung very finely in the church, and in the concerts not less successfully. Indeed he manifests an equality of power, which is the characteristic of the soundness of his abilities and the steadiness of his perseverance in study. It is not so much the result of genius (for genius is excess) as of good taste gleaned by sedulous industry, judicious observation, and able direction.

The concerto of Mr. F. Cramer was in the pure, smooth, and elegant manner which admits no species of execution that renders expression doubtful. Messrs. Lindley's concertante, polished as the playing of the father is, must be considered doubly beautiful from the uniformity of the style of the son. We should only multiply unnecessary compliments were we to do more than advert to the concerto of Mr. Nicholson. Mr. Loder played with much grace and good taste, and as a leader is certainly not excelled. Miss Cann (who we understand is a pupil of Mr. Williams, a very finished clarionet player), exhibited very extraordinary marks of talent upon an instrument which has long been abandoned to the other sex. Her tone is clear and sound, her execution rapid and neat, particularly when her age (12 years) is taken into the account.

The festival commenced by divine service at the Cathedral, where the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bankes, one of

\* Vol. 8, page 150.

the Prebendaries. The choir of the Cathedral is noble beyond most others—but the admission being gratuitous, there was but too much confusion from the eager ingress of the people. On each side is a gallery appropriated to the friends of the Stewards, who are admitted by tickets issued by those gentlemen. The Lay Stewards occupy the right, the clerical the left hand side of the church, looking from the orchestra towards the magnificent window (the largest we believe in the kingdom) over the altar. Each of these galleries will seat about two hundred persons, and they were daily filled by the ladies of distinction who visited Gloucester on this occasion. Never was there “a more delightful vision.” At no other assembly, even in the metropolis, did we ever observe more beauty exalted by more elegance.

The Shirehall in which the concerts are held (they are concluded by a ball each evening) worthily demonstrates the public spirit of the district. It was built within the last few years, for the transaction of public business, and with an especial view also to these celebrations. It will seat nearly two thousand persons, and its only fault as a room for sound is, that, apparently no audience, however numerous, will sufficiently damp the reësonance. Hence the passages frequently seem inarticulate, and the increase of the tone is extraordinarily great. It thus aids feeble voices, but acts in the same degree against those of larger volume, while the singer is bewildered, and knows not what quantity of force may be best employed. It is however, in spite of this circumstance, a noble building for the purpose, and all that can be desired is, to have it completely filled.

In a record which we have reason to know permeates the musical society of the country, and to hope will be permanent, we ought not to omit to notice the striking attention on the part of the stewards, which constitutes a feature of the most honourable distinction. They devoted themselves and their time to the business of the meeting and the accommodation of the company, and were most studiously active in every department. They conducted the principal female singers to and from the orchestra, and between the pieces introduced them to the distinguished personages in the room, whose reception of them, and indeed whose general demeanour not only bespoke that easy consciousness which belongs to those who know and estimate justly their own place in society,

but who appreciate and value those talents that are given and employed for the ornament and happiness of mankind. Indeed the persons most elevated by rank, quality, and taste (Thomas Moore and William Lisle Bowles, were in the party of the Marquis Lansdown) seemed anxious only to enjoy and to make others enjoy the high pleasures of this meeting.\* This is as it should ever be, and we fulfil a most agreeable part of our duty in representing this dignified, liberal, and sensible example. The arts are all of one family, and we may cite what has been truly said concerning the patrons of literature in aid of our present endeavour to exalt the characters of both. "In the record of literary glory," writes a modern essayist, "the patron's name should be inscribed by the side of the literary character; for the public incurs an obligation wherever a man of genius is protected." The maxim applies to all artists, and with more force than ever in the present age, when the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of the intellectual faculties are so universal. The great will soon find (they have already found) either the most powerful allies or the most dangerous enemies in literature and the arts. They cannot now stay the progress of information, but they may, if they are wise, by the exercise of a bland and congenial influence, take a principal share in the direction of its course.

We cannot close our account without giving our testimony to the respect and regard in which Mr. Mutlow appears to be held by the gentry of the district, and by the profession. To the estimation of the former, he is entitled, by his long services in the quality of conductor of these meetings, by his connection with the families through so vast a number of pupils as he has taught, and by his general character—to the esteem of the latter, by his attention to their interests—by his hospitality and his uniform desire to promote, in every way, their comfort and professional honour.

It is perfectly understood by the reader, we presume, that the money received for tickets is appropriated to the payment of the charges, and that any deficiency (which has happened but too

\* Each morning the principal performers were invited to take refreshments between the acts, at the deanery, where very many ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood also partook of the refection as elegantly as hospitably provided.



often) is made good by the Stewards, while the entire collection at the church doors, after the music, is given to the charity. The amount this year was as under:—

First day .....	£276	17	7
Second day .....	249	7	6
Third day .....	287	5	7
	<hr/>		
	£812	10	8
	<hr/>		

It is curious that the collection when the admission is gratuitous should approach so nearly to that of the other days, when the tickets are paid for. This fact may perhaps raise a doubt whether it be or be not beneficial to the charity. The subscription to the fund, which has existed from the beginning of the institution, we believe has this year been dissolved on a similar ground—namely, that the value of the tickets issued to subscribers amounts to as large a sum as is paid by them. The advantage which is derived to the place from the circulation of such a total as these meetings bring forth is, we trust, now sufficiently understood, to excite the utmost efforts of the inhabitants towards their maintenance. We have seldom seen it more clearly than at Gloucester, which from its populous neighbourhood and its proximity to so fashionable a sojourn as Cheltenham, is peculiarly benefited. So completely exhausted of the means of conveyance was this latter town, that (as we were told) one lady was drawn in a hand chair from thence to be present at one of the morning performances.

The elegant and pathetic stanzas we subjoin are written by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, and though not produced on this occasion, will we imagine be considered to belong to a work of this nature, and may be appropriately appended here. For while the acknowledgment of such feelings from such a man (laudari a laudato) are amongst the highest rewards talent can enjoy, poetry has seldom been more worthily employed than in celebrating the triumphs of these delightful artists, the virtue of whose lives and the natural grace of whose manners give the finest examples of the polish art lends to moral and intellectual superiority.

*On hearing Caradori singing "Holy! Holy!"*

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

Angel,\* who once to hear a mortal's song,  
 Did'st leave the Seraph-choirs and heav'nly throng;  
 Hast thou, since *then*, in vain essayed to find,  
 Amid the crowd and tumult of mankind,  
 A form as lovely? Hast thou sought in vain  
 To hear once more, on earth, so sweet a strain?  
 Listen, for hark! thy own Cecilia sings;  
 Oh listen; and suspend thy parting wings,  
 And say, repaid at last, for every pain,  
 "Beautiful Spirit, thou art found again."

*On hearing "Auld Robin Gray" sung by Miss Stephens.*

Oh! when I hear thee sing of Auld Robin Gray,  
 Of father, and of mother, and of Jamie far away,  
 I listen till I think it is Jeannie's self I hear—  
 I listen, and my thanks they are—a blessing and a tear!  
 The *tear*, it is for summers that so blithsome have been,  
 For leaves which now are faded, and for days which I have seen;  
 I think of these with sadness, for my heart it is not cold,  
 Tho' many years have stol'n away, and I am growing old!  
 The *blessing* is for thee, Lassie, and may'st thou still rejoice,  
 Tho' tenderness is in thy look, and pity in thy voice;  
 The *blessing* is for thee, Lassie, whose song, so sadly sweet,  
 Recalls the music of "*Lang Syne*," to which my heart has beat.

## BRECON.

The transactions at this meeting are rendered interesting to a degree which can be better felt than described, by their connection with literature, with the customs and manners, and with that noble love of country which distinguish the warm-blooded and warm-hearted inhabitants of the principality. We very much misapprehend the common affections of our nature, if, on perusing the proceedings, the reader be not nearly touched with the earnestness and unity of sentiment they demonstrate, as well as with the prolongation of pristine original enjoyments, in the vicinity of that high civilization which, be it for good or be it for evil, has a continual tendency gradually to abate, if not entirely to destroy, these primitive sensations and the primitive delights grafted upon them. This rare singleness of heart and simplicity of taste is not

\* Alluding to the legend of Cecilia and the Angel.

less clearly delineated in the music selected for the morning and evening performances. But we shall give the schemes, in order that the progression towards modern improvement may be indicated as it advances. We must not however fail to point out, that they must be thus made to accord with the musical notions of the resident, and so to speak, of the stationary population of the district, because opportunities of witnessing very perfect and general demonstrations of the powers of the art are continually exhibited in the very neighbourhood—at Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester—that those whom music upon a grand scale can allure from their homes even to a short distance, must be in the habit of hearing concerts which concentrate all that talent or numbers can perform. Consequently the natural desire generated by knowledge, may be readily supposed to have led such persons beyond the limits of an exhibition so confined. Let us however be understood to speak merely with reference to numbers and power, for if quality be considered, we know not where more talent can be found than in the chosen few engaged on this occasion.

The Eisteddfod or Session of the Bards commenced on Tuesday, September 26, and was “under the auspices of the Cambrian Society in Gwent.” Lord Rodney was the president, and Lady Rodney the patroness. His Lordship opened the business of the meeting by a neat and appropriate statement of its objects.

The Bards being called upon to recite their compositions, *Glanmehescyn* came forward, and spoke several Welsh englynion, concluding with an English Stanza praying for the preservation of our gracious Sovereign. The Rev. Thomas Price, of Crickhowel, stated that the last speaker had in his youth been in the naval service, and that the first ship in which he had served was commanded by the late Admiral Lord Rodney, the father of the Noble President of the Meeting, which created no slight sensation among the audience. An English address to the Bards convened at Brecon, was then delivered by Mr. Henry Jones, who was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Williams, who recited some Welsh englynion. A very spirited poetic address in English, written for the opening of the Eisteddfod by Mr. Henry Davies, of Throgmorton-street, London, was next recited by the Rev. W. J. Rees. The Rev. Thomas Price, of Crickhowel, followed, and delivered so eloquent a speech on subjects connected with the

objects of the Meeting, that Mr. Archdeacon Davies proposed that the speech be printed at the expence of the Society. Col. Wood, the highly respected Member for the county of Brecon, next addressed the company with considerable effect. Two blind boys, William Williams and David Jones, played on their harps, and it was stated that what they knew of music was acquired from Mr. John Jones, who resides at Brecon, and at the expence of a Society instituted for instructing blind boys in performing on the harp, who would likewise cause to be instructed in the same manner any poor boys who might come from other parishes. Mr. Blackwell, of Jesus College, Oxford, next delivered an animated speech in English and Welsh, and stated the decision of the gentlemen appointed to decide on the merits of the poetic compositions.

*Subjects for the Prize Poems, &c.*

- 1st. The Chair Medal, or the highest Premium given by the Society for the best *Awdl* (or Ode) on "*Rhoddiad y Ddedif ar Fynydd Sinai*," "The giving of the Law on Mount Sinai," with a Premium of 15 guineas. Gained by Peter Jones, of Liverpool.
- 2d. For the best Cwydd (or Poem) on "*Buddugoliaeth Trafalgar, a Marwolaeth y Penllywydd, Arglwydd Nelson*," "The Victory of Trafalgar, and the Death of Admiral Lord Nelson," a Medal of the value of 2 guineas, and a Premium of 8 guineas. Gained by William Rees, of Llansanan, near Denbigh.
- 3d. For the best *Englyn* (Epigrammatic Stanza, on "*Yr Haul*," "The Sun," a Medal of the value of 2 guineas, and a Premium of 3 guineas. Gained by Miss Elice Jones, of Liverpool. A second medal given to Thos. Jones, Esq. of London.
- 4th. For the best English Essay "On the Massacre of the British Nobles at Stonehenge, as grounded on the authority of the Welsh Bards and other antient Writers; and of the Identity and real Character of the celebrated Leader Ambrosius," a Medal of the value of 2 guineas, and a Premium of 8 guineas. None received worthy of the Premium.
- 5th. For the best English Essay on "Antient Siluria," "The Extent and Boundary, the ancient History, and present State of the Country included within its Limits," a Medal of the value of 2 guineas, and a Premium of 8 guineas. None received worthy of the Premium.
- 6th. A Miniature Silver Harp, value 5 guineas, with a Gratuity at the discretion of the Committee towards Travelling Expences, to the best Proficient on the Triple Harp. Gained by John Jones, of Brecon.
- 7th. A Medal or a Premium to the second best Proficient on the Triple Harp. Gained by Benjamin Jones.

- 8th. Two Medals, or a Premium to the best Singers with the Harp. Gained by Richard Jones, of Bodfary, and Richard Williams, of Anglesey—(blind.)
- 9th. A Premium of 3 guineas for the best Collection of old Welsh Tunes not published. Gained by Aneurin Owen Pughe, son of Dr. W. O. Pughe.
- 10th. A Premium of 3 guineas for the best original Tune in Welsh Modulation. None worthy.
- 11th. A Premium of 3 guineas for the best set of Variations to a Welsh Tune for the Triple Harp. None worthy.

A second collection of 190 tunes was received, but most of them had been published. In W. O. Pughe's collection, there are two or three very curious melodies, the measure not marked; they resemble the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, and are chanted by the ploughmen in Glamorganshire.

We subjoin one of the melodies, as noted down by the Rev. Mr. Bevan, of Crickhowel, and harmonized by Dr. Crotch.



#### DESCRIPTION OF THE MEDALS,

*Designed and executed by Mr. D. Ellis, Medallist to the Royal Cambrian Institution.*

- 1st. A representation of an Antient Bardic Chair, encircled by a laurel wreath, the whole beautifully executed in bas-relief.
- 2d. The Victory of Trafalgar is allegorically expressed by Naval Trophies, beneath which is a scroll with the plan of the Action; the whole is surmounted by an irradiated trident, showing the dominion and the glory of the British Flag; the wreath, signifying the strength and the triumph of our Victorious Arms.
- 3d. The Sun is expressed, by its genial influence on the produce of the Earth.

- 4th. A representation of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain.
- 5th. A hand issuing out of a cloud, inscribing on a scroll the Map of Antient Siluria—the Books indicate the resources from which the knowledge of the Boundary is derived—the clouds are expressive of the obscurity of antient history—the rays show the influence of the light of truth—the wreath denotes the reward of the learned Investigator.
- 6th. This designation of professional merit is very elegant, and beautifully represented by a finely executed miniature Silver Harp in bas-relief, the number of the Strings corresponding with that of the Muses.
- 7th. On this Medal is engraved a representation of a Harp, with a laurel branch.
- 8th. This Medal has the representation of an Antient Lyre.

During the intervals there was some pennillion singing, and a blind Harper, William Davis, of Glasbury, played.

After this, the contest for the silver harp began: Mr. Parry, Editor of the Welsh Melodies, Mr. Hayter, Organist of Brecon, and Dr. Owen Pughe, were appointed judges.—The first performer was Mr. Benjamin Jones, who played *Ar hyd y nos*, with variations, and his performance took up three minutes. He was followed by his brother, John Jones, who played *Sweet Richard*, with variations, and whose performance occupied six minutes. Benjamin Jones next played *Nos Galan*, which took up four minutes; and he was succeeded by the said John Jones, who played *Llywn Onn*, which lasted five minutes. The judges being called upon to declare their decision on the merits of the performers, they said that John Jones was fully entitled to the silver harp, and Benjamin Jones to the second premium—both of whom were invested by the Lady Patroness with the medals prepared for the occasion. The contest between the Pennillion Singers then began, and the competitors were Richard Williams, Richard Jones, Thomas Jenkins, Richard Williams (blind); the two harpers, J. Jones and Benjamin Jones performed on the occasion; and after contesting for eleven minutes, the merits of Richard Williams (a blind man) and Richard Jones were declared to be so near to each other, that a medal was awarded to each of them. Some singers with the harp after the Glamorganshire manner, then entertained the audience. The Rev. Thos. Watkins, in the next place, delivered an animated speech, and spoke highly

of the merits of the Rev. Thomas Price, whose talents were of that superior order, that if he did not meet with patronage, he should consider him "a flower born to blush unseen, and waste his sweetness in the desert air." The Rev. Mr. Price acknowledged himself deeply sensible of the high compliment that had been just paid him. In order that the Bards might have a subject for the exercise of their talents during the Eisteddfod, a premium of two guineas was proposed by the Secretary for the best copy of six englynion on the "Naval Victories of the late Admiral Lord Rodney," to be sent in on the following morning. Mr. Archdeacon Davies next recommended that gratuities be given to the blind harper, Hugh Powell. After which, Col. Wood proposed thanks to Lord Rodney, President, and to Lady Rodney, Lady Patroness of the Meeting, for their exertions in presiding over the proceedings of the Eisteddfod. Mr. Archdeacon Davies proposed thanks to Sir Charles Morgan, for the support which he gave to the Society, and for his zeal in promoting the proceedings.—Thanks to the Committee were proposed by P. Williams, Esq. Penpont, for their exertions in contributing to the gratification of the audience. Sir Charles Morgan adverted to the thanks that had been given to him, and declared himself at all times ready to support proceedings of so much importance as they had just witnessed. The Noble President, in return for the thanks given to him, declared himself happy in having contributed in any respect to the entertainment of so highly respectable a company, whom he invited to the concert which was to take place in that Hall in the evening. With his Lordship's address closed the proceedings of the morning, and the company, who were about 600, began to separate, after having been much gratified in attending to the interesting transactions for about three hours.

On Wednesday, the votaries of the Cambrian Muse met between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, for the purpose of hearing the Welsh prize compositions recited, which had been postponed from the preceding day, when the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, was called to the chair. The poem on the Victory of Trafalgar was, in the absence of the author, recited by Mr. John Blackwell, and excited no small applause in the delivery. The ode on the promulgation of the Law on Mount Sinai was next delivered by the author himself.

*Copy of the Pritz Englyn, or Stanzas on the Sun.*

Gloyw\* was shriol glyw seirian, gwiw nawsaidd,  
 Gynheswr holl Anian,  
 Gw yr Haul araul, eirian,  
 Bywyd y dydd, byd o dân!

*Rendered into English:*

Phœbus, monarch of the sky,  
 Nature's soul and nature's eye;  
 Darkness at thy genial ray  
 Turns and blushes into day.†

Two concerts on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at the Town Hall, and a morning performance in St. Mark's Church, constituted the musical portion of the entertainments of the meeting. We give the selections entire, for the reasons before stated, and we again call the reader's attention to the indulgence of the *amor patriæ* they display, and which we can but consider as the most honourable as well as the most peculiar trait.

## PROGRAMME OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

## PART I.

Grand Cambrian Overture, as performed at the London Eisteddfod,  
 (MS.)  
 Introduction, Mr. Rolfe, "Our blue seas founted beneath the  
 Roman oars."

\* *Y* and *w* are vowels in the Welsh language; the first sounded like *u* in *but*, and the second like double *o* in *good*; double *d* like *th* in *thou*.

It is by no means an easy thing to compose a good *Englyn*, or epigrammatic stanza, for the rules respecting the metre, number of syllables, point, &c. &c. are exceedingly strict, so that it requires a thorough knowledge of the bardic laws, ere it can be accomplished. The following stanza will give an idea of the double rhyme (if it may be so expressed) and alliteration, with which Welsh poetry abounds.

Sweet the harp's responsive sound,  
 When all around is pleasure,  
 Sweet the voice of every youth  
 Who thinks fair truth a treasure.

† We can scarcely suppose that this young lady every saw the famous pentameter on the first miracle, by the Eton boy, whom Dr. Busby flogged because he shewed up but one line (the Doctor not having read it)—for the thought is the same.

"Vidit et erubuit lympha pudica Deum,"  
 And which has been thus paraphrased—

"The modest water, urg'd by power divine,  
 Confess'd the God and blush'd itself to wine."

Need we add that the Doctor, when he had read this exquisite line, made the boy the atonement of an ample and public apology.



- Druidical Chorus, Miss Heaton, Miss Symonds, Messrs. Collyer, Parry, Heaton, Hedgley, Flavell, and Rolle. (Welsh Air.)  
 Duet, Miss Stephens and Miss Johnson, "As it fell upon a day." *Bishop.*  
 Song, Mr. Braham, "The Laurel Crown" ..... *Parry.*  
 "Ar hyd y nos," with Variations, Harp and Double Flageolet, Mr. Parry and Mr. J. Parry, jun. (MS.)  
 Song, Miss Johnson, "Let hope cheer your bosom," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley. .... *Newith.*  
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Collyer, "The pilgrim of love." ..... *Bishop.*  
 Fantasia, Trumpet, Mr. Harper; in which will be introduced, "When pensive I thought on my love." ..... *Harper.*  
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, "I dinna care to tell." (Scottish.)  
 Duet, Mr. Braham and Mr. Rolle, "O'er the chords with rapture sweeping." (Air, "Of noble race was Shenkin.") .... *G.H.Glasse.*  
 Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson; in which will be introduced the elegant Welch Melody of "Cease your funning." ..... *Nicholson.*  
 Quintetto, Miss Stephens, Miss Johnson, Mr. Braham, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Rolle, "Mild as the moon-beams;" accompanied on the Piano Forte by Mr. Braham. .... *Braham.*

PART II.

- Pot-Pourri, Violin, Mr. Mori; in which will be introduced "The Plough Boy." ..... *Mori.*  
 Ballad, Miss Johnson, "Home, sweet home!" ..... *Bishop.*  
 Song, Mr. Rolle, "The Battle of Hohendinden." ..... *C. Smith.*  
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, "O merry row the bonny bark;" with Harp Obligato. .... *Parry.*  
 Grand Scena, Mr. Braham, "Alexis;" with an Obligato accompaniment for the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley. .... *Dr. Pepusch.*  
 Glee, Miss Stephens, Miss Johnston, and Mr. Rolle, with double accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Mr. Hayter and Mr. Parry, jun. and Bird Flageolet, Mr. Parry, "In Peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed." ..... *Attwood.*  
 Song, Mr. Collyer, "The youth of the valley." (Scottish Air.)  
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, (by particular desire,) "Robin Gray." .. *Reeves.*  
 Duet, Mr. Parry and Mr. J. Parry, jun. "Fairy Elves." (Welsh Melody.)  
 Song, Mr. Braham, "Blue bonnets over the border." (Scottish.)  
 Finale, "Cambria's Holiday," by all the Vocalists, Harp, Piano Forte, and Band.

SECOND CONCERT.

PART I.

- Cydrerdd, an Introductory Symphony, consisting of several National Airs, arranged for the different Instruments, (MS.)  
 Grand Chorus, Miss Heaton, Miss Symonds, Messrs. Collyer, Flavell, Heaton, Hedgley, and Rolle, with a double accompaniment for the Piano Forte, Harp, and Band, "The rising sun."  
 Song, Mr. Braham, "Owen Glyndwr's War Song." (Welsh Air.)  
 Duet, Miss Stephens and Miss Johnson, "Sull' aria." ..... *Mozart.*  
 Air, with Variations, Harp, Mr. J. Parry, jun. "O! let the kind minstrel."

- Ballad, Mr. Rolle, "O! cherub, content." (MS.)  
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Lo! here the gentle lark;" Flute Obligato,  
 Mr. Nicholson. . . . . *Bishop.*  
 Fantasia, Violin, Mr. Mori; in which will be introduced "Le  
 petit tambour." . . . . . *Mori.*  
 Song, Mr. Braham, (by particular desire,) "Revenge." . . . . . *Sallieri.*  
 Air, Miss Johnson, "In Infancy." . . . . . *Dr. Arne.*  
 Rondo, Mr. Collyer, "Oh! tell me no more of thy sighs and thy  
 tears." . . . . . *Parry.*  
 Round, Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Parry, Miss Heaton,  
 Miss Symonds, Messrs. Heaton, Flavell, Parry, jun. and  
 Rolle, "The generous heart." .. (*From Uncle Gabriel.*)

## PART II.

- Pot-Pourri, Flute, Mr. Nicholson. . . . . *Nicholson.*  
 Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "When thy bosom." .... *Braham.*  
 Aria, Miss Johnson, "Voi che sapete." . . . . . *Mozart.*  
 New Fantasia, Violoncello, Mr. Lindley. . . . . *Lindley.*  
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, "Rest, warrior, rest." . . . . . *Kelly.*  
 Song, Mr. Braham, (by desire,) "Kelvin Grove." (Scottish.)  
 Quartetto, Miss Johnson, Mr. Collyer, Mr. Parry, and Mr. Rolle,  
 "The harp's flowing strain;" Harp Accompaniment.  
 (Welsh Air.)  
 Ballad, Miss Stephens, "I've been roaming." . . . . . *Horn.*  
 Song, Mr. Rolle, "Nay, weep not, dear Ellen." . . . . . *C. Smith.*  
 The Ghwent Divertimento, in which will be introduced a Polacca and  
 Lady Rodney's Quadrille, from the Brecon Quadrilles, com-  
 posed expressly for this occasion. (MS.)  
 Finale, "God save the King." The Soli Parts by Miss Stephens,  
 Miss Johnston, Mr. Collyer, and Mr. Rolle. Mr. Braham  
 will sing a Stanza in the Ancient British Language. Full  
 Chorus, Vocal and Instrumental.

## WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

## PART I.

- Introduction—Violin, Flute, Trumpet, and Violoncello Obligati,  
 Messrs. Mori, Nicholson, Harper, and Lindley. (M.S.)  
 "The Lord's Prayer," Mr. Braham . . . . . *Dr. Kitchner.*  
 Chorus, "And the glory of the Lord." . . . . . *Handel.*  
 Anthem—Miss Stephens, accompanied on the Violoncello by  
 Mr. Lindley, and Chorus, "O praise the Lord." . . . . *Parry.\**  
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Collyer, "In native worth." . . . . . *Haydn.*  
 Duet and Chorus—Miss Stephens and Miss Johnson, "Hear  
 my prayer." . . . . . *Kent.*  
 Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "Deeper and deeper still." .... *Handel.*  
 The Hymn of Eve, Miss Johnson . . . . . *Dr. Arne.*  
 "O Lord, have mercy," Mr. Rolle . . . . . *Pergolesi.*

\* This composition is constructed with singular simplicity, from which there is a good deal of effect: It consists of three solos, the two first of which are short, and succeeded by a chorus of no more than four bars. The violoncello is obligato throughout. A short chorus concludes the whole.

- Air Miss Stephens, "Let the bright Seraphim;" Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper ..... *Handel.*  
 Grand Chorus, "For unto us a Child is born." ..... *Handel.*

## PART II.

- "Luther's Hymn," Mr. Braham, and Chorus ..... *M. Luther.*  
 Song, Miss Johnson, "What though I trace." ..... *Handel.*  
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Rolle, "Pour fourth no more." ..... *Handel.*  
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Angels, ever bright and fair." ..... *Handel.*  
 Quartet, Miss Johnson, Mr. Braham, Mr. Collyer, and Mr. Parry, jun. & Chorus, "Their sound is gone out." .... *Handel.*  
 Song, Miss Stephens, "Gratias agimus;" accompanied on the Violin by Mr. Mori ..... *Guglielmi.*  
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Collyer, "He was eyes unto the blind .... *Hunael.*  
 Recit. and Air, Mr. Braham, "Sound an alarm." ..... *Handel.*  
 Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah!" ..... *Handel.*

It will be understood at a glance that the charm of these selections lies in melody and in those qualities of universal acceptance which render a performance delightful to the many, without making them unworthy the scientific, because most of the principal parts are of striking excellence and the chef d'œuvres of the performers. Here all was satisfaction; the singers apportioned their efforts to the weight they had to sustain—the encores were numerous, and the exertions of the committee and the conductor for the general pleasure of the audiences were perfectly appreciated. Mr. Parry merited indeed the very honourable vote of thanks given him by the noble patrons and the committee of management after the Eisteddfod, for he superintended all the arrangements for building the orchestras, &c. and devoted himself with equal success to the various departments that required his assistance. The receipts were fully adequate to the purposes—namely, to the remuneration of the performers—the charge of the premiums and medals—the gratuities to aged bards and minstrels—with a surplus towards the fund for the support of the widows of the clergy. In a word, the gratification was great, was universal.

## BIRMINGHAM.

This meeting commenced on the third and terminated on the sixth of October. We cannot convey so complete an idea of the arrangements as by copying the entire scheme of the performances, which will thus serve both as a recital and a record.

## TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 3.

## THE FULL CATHEDRAL SERVICE.

Anthem, "Hosannah to the Son of David" .....	<i>Orlando Gibbons.</i>
Te Deum .....	<i>Purcell.</i>
Jubilate .....	<i>Dr. Croft.</i>
Anthem, "When the Son of Man" .....	<i>Kent.</i>
Psalm XLI. "How blest the man."	
Anthem, "Thou O God" .....	<i>Dr. Greene.</i>

## TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3.

## ACT I.

Sinfonia (Jupiter) .....	<i>Mozart.</i>
Verse and Chorus, "God save the King."	
Ballad, Mr. Phillips, Hebe .....	<i>Dr. Arne.</i>
Duet, Miss Bacon and Mr. Braham, "M'abbraccia" .....	<i>Rossini.</i>
Song, Miss Stephens, "Rest, warrior."	
Concerto, Piano Forte, Mr. J. B. Cramer.	
Scena, Signor Curioni, "Va lusingando" .....	<i>Caruffa.</i>
(CLARINET OBLIGATO, MR. WILLMAN).	
Glee, Sequel to "O Lady fair" .....	<i>Sir J. Stevenson.</i>
(WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR A FULL ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS, BY MR. GREATOREX).	
Aria, Madame Caradori, "Ah! che forse" .....	<i>Bonfichi.</i>
Grand Scena, Signor De Begnis, "La tua torcia," and Finale } by all the Principal Singers .....	<i>Weigl.</i>

## ACT II.

Overture (Der Freischutz) .....	<i>Weber.</i>
Irish Air, Miss Travis, "The harp that once in Tara's hall."	
(WITH PIANO FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT, NEWLY ARRANGED BY MR. W. KNYVETT).	
Glee (Five Voices, with Double Choir), "Blest pair of Syrens" .....	<i>J. S. Smith.</i>
Scena, Miss Bacon, "Bel raggio lusinghier" .....	{ <i>(Semiramide)</i> <i>Rossini.</i>
Trio, Madame Caradori, Signor Curioni, and Signor De } Begnig, "A qual colpo," .....	{ <i>Rossini.</i>
Recit. Mr. Braham, "Yes, even love to fame must yield" } Air, ditto, "O 'tis a glorious sight" .....	{ <i>(Oberon)</i> <i>Weber.</i>
Concerto, Violin, Mr. D. Beriot.	
Song, Signor De Begnis, "Amor mi pizzichi" .....	<i>Rossini.</i>
Romance, Madame Caradori, "ça m'est egal" .....	<i>Jadin.</i>
Finale to First Act of Il Don Giovanni .....	<i>Mozart.</i>

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4.

PART I.

Overture, Estber (with additional Accompaniments) .....	<i>Handel.</i>	
Sestet, Miss Travis, Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Goulden, } Phillips, and Bellamy, and Chorus, " <i>This is the day</i> " ..	<i>Dr. Croft.</i>	
Recit. Mr. Braham, " O loss of sight" .....	} (Samson)	
Air, ditto, " Total eclipse, no sun, no moon" .....		<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus, " O first created beam" .....	} (Saul)	
Air, Mr. Bellamy, " Brave Jonathan" .....		<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus, " Eagles were not so swift as they" .....		
Air, Miss Stephens, " In sweetest harmony they lived" ..		
Chorus, " O fatal day" .....	} (Tod Jesu)	
Chorus, " The Lord hath prepared" .....		<i>Graun.</i>
Recit. accom. Mr. Phillips, " 'Tis done, the Seraphim" ..		
Trio, Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett and Vaughan, ' Pour forth your tears" .....		
Solo, Mr. Phillips " Weep no more" .....		
Choral, " Yet weep, O weep" .....		
Solo, Mr. Phillips, " Weep no more" .....		
Semi-Chorus, " Behold us here adoring" .....		
Choral, " The hour of woe" .....		
Chorus, " Hallelujah."		

PART II.—JOSEPH,

*A Sacred Drama—(the Music by MEHUL)—arranged expressly for this Meeting.*

Song, Miss Travis, " What tho' I trace" .....	<i>Handel</i>
Grand Chorus, " Glory to God," (from <i>Gardiner's Judah</i> )	<i>Beethoven</i>

PART III.

Quartet, " How long, O Lord" .....	} (Revelation)	
Chorus, " Babylon is fallen" .....		<i>J. Smith.</i>
Air, Miss Stephens, " Let the bright Seraphim" .....	<i>Handel.</i>	
(TRUMPET OBLIGATO, MR. HARPER.)		
Recit. Mr. Phillips " For a thousand years" .....	} (Thanksgiving)	
Air, ditto, " The snares of death" .....		<i>Sir J. Stevenson.</i>
Chorus, " The chariots of God" .....	} (Jeptha)	
Recit. Mr. Braham, " Deeper and deeper still" .....		<i>Handel.</i>
Air, ditto, " Waft her, angels," .....		
Chorus, " Rex tremendæ Majestatis" .....	} (Requiem)	
Quartet. with Double Choir, Madame Caradori, Miss Stephens, Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Braham, Vaughan, Philips, and Bellamy, " Benedictus" .....		<i>Mozart.</i>
Chorus, " Confutatis and " Lacrymosa" .....		
Song, Madame Caradori, " Ah ! parlate" .....	} (Sac. d'Abramo)	
Double Chorus, " Gloria Patri," (from a <i>Dixit Dominus</i> ) ..		<i>Cimarosa.</i>
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, " And God created man" .....	} (Creation)	
Air, ditto, " In native grace" .....		<i>Leo.</i>
Recit. Mr. Braham, " And God said" .....		
Recit. accomp. ditto, " In splendour bright" .....		<i>Haydn.</i>
Grand Chorus, " The heavens are telling" .....		

## WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4.

## ACT I.

Overture, by desire, (Anacreon) .....	<i>Cherubini.</i>
Quartet. "Placido è il mar" .....	{ ( <i>Idomeneo</i> )
	{ <i>Mozart.</i>
Song, Mr. Vaughan, "In life's gay scenes" .....	<i>Calcott.</i>
Duet, Madame Caradori and Miss Bacon, "Ravvisa" ....	{ ( <i>Crociato in Egitto</i> )
	{ <i>Mayerbeer.</i>
Concerto Violin, Mr. Kieswetter.	
Ballad, Miss Travis, "The silver crown."	
Glee, Five voices, "Thou art beautiful, Queen of the valley"	<i>Calcott.</i>
Cavatina, Madame Caradori, "Ah! come rapida"	{ ( <i>Crociato in Egitto</i> )
	{ <i>Mayerbeer.</i>
Duet, Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "Now hope, now fear"	<i>Braham.</i>
Finale, Loadstars, (arranged for a full Band and Chorus by	{
Mr. Greatorex) .....	{ <i>Shield.</i>

## ACT II.

Overture (La Gazza Ladra) .....	<i>Rossini.</i>
Scena, Miss Bacon, "Elena oh tu" .....	{ ( <i>La Donna del Lago</i> )
	{ <i>Rossini.</i>
Glee, Five Voices, "Mark'd you her eye" .....	<i>Spofforth.</i>
Song, Mr. Braham, "Blue bonnets over the borders."	
Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley.	
Song, Miss Stephens, "Lo, here the gentle lark" .....	<i>Bishop.</i>
(FLUTE OBLIGATO, MR. NICHOLSON.)	
Glee, Four Voices, "Bird of the wilderness" (harmonized by	
Mr. Greatorex.)	
Canzonet Francese, Madame Caradori, "La Plus Jolie."	
Finale, the Tramp Chorus, the Solos by Miss Travis .....	<i>Bishop.</i>
Leader, M. DE BERRIOT.	

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 5,

## THE MESSIAH.

THURSDAY EVENING, OCT. 5,

## A DRESS BALL.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6.

Chorus, "Immortal Lord of earth and skies" .....	{ ( <i>Deborah</i> )
	{ <i>Mandel.</i>
Recit. Miss Stephens, "Alas! I find the fatal toils" ...	{ ( <i>Suzanna</i> )
Air, ditto, "If guiltless blood" .....	{ <i>Mandel.</i>

Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "To heaven's Almighty King" ..	}	(Judas Mac. Handel.
Air, ditto, "O Liberty" .....		
(VIOLONCELLO OBLIGATO, MR. LINDLEY.)		
Duet, Miss Stephens and Miss Travis, "O never bow we down" .....		
Chorus, "We never will bow down" .....		
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "So will'd my father" .....		
Trio and Chorus, "Disdainful of danger" .....		
Recit. Mr. Phillips, "Be comforted" .....		
Air, ditto, "The Lord worketh wonders" ..		
Recit. Mr. Braham, "My arms" .....		
Air, ditto, "Sound an alarm" .....		
Chorus, "We hear" .....		
Recit. Mr. Bellamy, "Haste we my brethren" .....		
Chorus, "Hear us, O Lord" .....		
Recit. Miss Paton, "O let eternal honours" .....		
Air, ditto, "From mighty kings" .....		
Grand Chorus, "The arm of the Lord" (introduced by Mr. Gardiner in his Oratorio of Judah .....	} Haydn.	

PART II.—THE TRIUMPH OF GIDEON,

*A Sacred Drama—(the Music by WINTER)—the second time of its performance.*

Recit. Mr. Bellamy, "These as they change" .....	}	Calcott.
Air, ditto, "In winter, awful thou" .....		
Quartet (arranged for a full Band by Mr. Greatorex), "Our soul with patience" .....	}	Marcello.
Chorus, "Lord, thou art gracious" .....		
Air, Miss Travis, "Holy, holy, Lord God" .....	}	Handel.
Grand Double Chorus, "The Lord shall reign" .....		

PART III.

The Musette in the 6th Grand Concerto (arranged for a full Band, with Wind Instruments, by Mr. Greatorex) }	}	Handel.
Spring (the Seasons) .....		
Chorus (newly arranged for this Meeting) "Glory to God in the highest, Hallelujah! Amen" .....	}	Haydn.
Recit. Miss Paton, "And God said" .....		
Air, ditto, "With verdure clad" .....	}	Mozart.
Luther's Hymn, Verse, Mr. Braham, and Chorus.		
Recit. Mr. Bellamy, "When King David" .....	}	(Creation) Haydn.
Grand Chorus, "God save the King" .....		
		} Handel.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6.

Leader, Mr. Kiesewetter.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, C. Minor .....	Beethoven.
Frost Scene, the solo parts by Miss Travis and Mr. Phillips	Purcell.
Cavatina, Signor Curioni, "Se ella m'è ognor" .....	Rossini.
Glee, Miss Stephens, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips, "The first glimpse of Erin," harmonised by Sir J. Stevenson.	

Concerto, Piano-Forte, Mr. J. B. Cramer.

Ballad, Mr. Phillips, "Oh no, we never," arranged from a French Air.

Quartet, "The maid who'd wish" ..... } (Inter. Sacrifice.)  
Winter.

Song, Mr. Braham, "Kelvin Grove".

Finale, Misses Stephens and Travis, Signors Curioni and De Begnis, and Mr. Phillips, "Ah! guardate" ..... Rossini.

#### ACT II.

Overture, Euryanthe ..... Weber.

Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Braham, "O when thine eye" } (Inter. Sacrifice)  
Song, Miss Paton, "There was a time" ..... } Winter.

Sestet, "Now by love and peace" .....

Concerto, Flute, Mr. Nicholson.

Ballad, Miss Stephens, "Donald."

Duet, Signors Curioni and De Begnis, "All' Idea" ..... Rossini.

Fantasia, Violin, M. De Beriot.

Ballad, Miss Paton, "I've been roaming" ..... C. Horn.

Scena, Signor De Begnis, "I Violini" ..... Mosca.

Verse and Chorus, "God save the King."

The church of St. Philip, where the morning performances are held, is a fine church, but in almost every sense of the term inappropriate to the purpose of oratorios. The space is divided into three aisles, and arches supported by columns intersect them.— There are galleries above. Hence not only must one half of those who sit in the pews be placed with their backs to the orchestra, but the arches and columns intercept the view in so many points of vision, that it is no exaggeration to state that two seats of three are bad throughout the whole church, with the exception of the patron's gallery, which fronts the orchestra. Besides this capital defect, the want of free and open space for the sound, which is impeded and absorbed by arches, columns, and galleries, injures the effect and diminishes incalculably the power of the voices and instruments. This absorption is felt by the principal singers and acknowledged by the auditors, even in the fullest choral parts.\*

One of the most sublime effects produced during the whole week belongs to the chant by the numerous voices in the performance of divine service on the first morning. The organ and trombones were the sole accompaniments. We have rarely if

\* We are glad to find that it is in the contemplation and amongst the hopes of the very active promoters of this great meeting, to be able to erect rooms expressly for the occasion. It is scarcely to be doubted that the inhabitants will zealously second any plan for advancing the interests of the festival.



ever been so rapt by the power of music exalting the worship of the Supreme Being. The whole service was magnificently solemn and impressive. It is a little singular however that Purcell's *Te Deum*, which was written with instrumental accompaniments, should be selected to be performed *without* them, particularly when there is another, by the same composer, expressly for the organ. Amongst the fine effects the beautiful and sublime simplicity of the responses of Tallis must not be forgotten. Dull indeed the sense, and obdurate must be that heart, which such glorious praises of Almighty power and goodness would not touch and penetrate and purify.

The evening concerts are held in the theatre, which is esteemed to be the most spacious and complete we believe out of London. It is however certainly not very favourable to music. The first concert, it will be seen, was judiciously selected and arranged, and perhaps we cannot so plainly set before the amateur the theory of the compilation, as well as the slight and partial defects, as by an analysis of parts. One specimen may serve for all.

1. *Sinfonia, Jupiter*. One of the best specimens of the modern symphony, and a striking demonstration of how far it is possible to impart to instrumental music the power of exciting a deep interest, without presenting to the mind any absolutely definite ideas.

2. *God save the King*.

3. *Hebe*—the simple, strong, and natural melody of the English ballad of the middle age.

4. *M'abbraccta*—the impassioned dramatic style of the modern serious opera, with some portion of the application of ornament to expression developed by Rossini.

5. *Rest, Warrior*—the dramatic-pathetic modern English ballad, of the next age to Arne.

6. *Concerto* (Mr. J. B. Cramer)—the unambitious and beautiful style of playing—smooth and brilliant, but polished and expressive—seeking effects only by the legitimate powers of the art and the finer direction of mind.

7. *Scena*—the expressive but not unornamented style of the modern tenor, heightened by an obligato accompaniment, mingling passion, delicacy, and science.

8. *Sequel to O Lady Fair*—properly to be called a semi-chorus

with solos and a responsive chorus, set off by instrumental accompaniment.

9. *Ah che forse*—a light and elegant aria di mezzo carattere, mingling expressive execution.
10. *Scena*—to display the humour of the singer and the felicity with which the Italians select and treat comic subjects.

#### ACT II.

1. *Overture, Der Freischutz*—the finest and most descriptive of modern overtures, explaining the story and exalting the mysticism of the opera by the unity of its design, the appearance and reappearance of the several airs, by traits of melody and harmonical combinations.
2. *Irish Air*—a specimen of the national music of the sister kingdom, with an ornamented accompaniment.
3. *Blest pair of Syrens*—one of the most beautiful and scientific of English glees.
4. *Bel raggio*—a modern aria d'abilità.
5. *Ah qual colpo*—a light and elegant modern terzetto, preceded by an introductory trio, combining execution and comic expression.\*
6. *Recitative and Air*—a declamatory and powerful dramatic bravura, in the modern German style.
7. *Concerto, M. De Beriot*.
8. *Song—Amor perche*—to display the power of rapid articulation of notes and words, combined with comic expression and catching melody.
9. *Romance—"Ca m'est egal"*—the French national chansonette, exalted by the peculiar delicacy, naivete, and archness of the singer.
10. *Finale*—the complicated concerted music of the Italian drama.

Here then we have great variety of style, transition, and contrast—song, duet, trio, and concerted piece—the English glee, the Italian terzetto, and finale—bravura—aria di mezzo carattere, and the scena buffa—the English ballad—the Irish national air and

\* Omitted in the performance, because the instrumental parts were said not to be forthcoming.

the French chansonette—the scheme, in a word, has much diversity with much excellence, and not without novelty in selection. We must however consider the entire bearing of all the concerts, if we would rightly appreciate the choice and arrangement which belong to such a meeting. This we shall do hereafter.

The sacred selection on Wednesday morning, the 4th of October, is indeed most highly to be commended. For while some of the finest productions of Croft, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Cimarosa, Leo, and Haydn, are to be found, there was also introduced music entirely new to this country in the *Joseph* of the French composer, Mehul, besides a selection from the *Tod Jesu* of Graun, and pieces from Sir J. Stevenson's new oratorio, *Thanksgiving*. The selections from Handel, which were taken out of *Samson*, *Saul*, and *Jeptha*, were the most forcible scenes, and each so connected that the dramatic interest was preserved, and the subjects formed one entire whole.

There is weight, solidity, and fine passion in Graun's music, and being chiefly choral, it stood in effective contrast to the light and beautiful composition of Mehul which succeeded, and is chiefly remarkable for the simplicity of its construction, the elegance of its melodies, and its delightful characteristic expressiveness. The air "*How long are the days of his mourning*," is a peculiar instance of this dramatic adaptation, and nothing could be more exquisitely graceful than the manner in which it was sung by Madame Caradori Allan. Yet with this airiness and simplicity, there is a gravity which not alone reconciles the ears to music which must instantly be known to be French, from that indescribable peculiarity which stamps all national music, but which the heart and mind acknowledge to be in harmony with the place and the occasion. We recollect indeed no composition that embraces such opposite points. We now speak of the music, both to *Joseph* and to the *Tod Jesu*. The English words are far beyond our praise. They who at all understand the difficulty of such adaptation, can but be struck with their purity and strength. The biblical scholar, the poet, and the musician, will alike feel its excellences.

The materials of the second evening concert were neither so lofty a kind nor so varied as those of the first. The sacrifice to popularity is too considerable, for we maintain that the public

taste is and ought to be formed by the direction of such performances. We shall state our objections in our general summary.

*The Messiah* was the performance of Thursday morning, and the ball occupied the evening. We regretted to perceive that it was by no means so well attended as on the former occasions. The theatre, where it was held, is prepared for the purpose by covering the pit with a platform, so as to form one entire floor on a level with the stage. On this large area the company dance and promenade, while the boxes are occupied by those who prefer to view the brilliant spectacle at their ease. The stage was canopied with draperies to represent a tent, and set round with rural scenery, the whole being lighted by a row of very elegant lustres. Mr. Ballamy, the present manager of the theatre, deserves honourable mention for the taste displayed in the various decorations.

The selection for Friday morning is again marked by strength and novelty. The parts from Handel are amongst the most splendid and dramatic of his works, and what is of no small importance best calculated to display the peculiar characteristics of the performers, while those from Haydn contrast, by their airy sweetness, with the grandeur of him, who according to Mozart "was the master of them all." The repetition of Winter's *Triumph of Gideon* confirmed the favourable impression made by that work three years ago.

In the selection for Friday evening the same objections apply as to that of the second concert.

But we must consider the performances as a whole, and it is not easy to carry ideal perfection, that vraie idée de l'impossible, much further, either in selection or performance. It will, we doubt not, be universally admitted that musical erudition and taste could not be more successfully exerted than in the choice and arrangement of the morning performances; for it is not only their praise that something of almost every composer of sufficient eminence to demand a place in such oratorios, is to be found—but that the various strong points are most judiciously adopted and most appropriately placed. Light and shade, relief and contrast, sublimity and gracefulness, are made to succeed and give to each a double charm. Nor is this all. Novelty has been sought and found, connected too with those other characteristics of greatness which can alone render a composition worthy to be received

amidst so strong a host of supreme talent. We must repeat that this particular is essential to the success of grand musical meetings. It is not now as it was formerly. A generation does not pass away in the interval between festival and festival. Their recurrence is so frequent even locally, and the repetition of the finest parts of standard works so continual, generally,—the temper of the age is so much changed from the wide range and closer cultivation of musical study, and from the intercourse with foreign countries where novelty is more sought perhaps than true excellence—all these things, we say, have wrought a change in the dispositions and habits of our countrymen that renders novelty one of the most indispensable points in the preparation of these grand demonstrations of art.

The evening concerts certainly cannot claim the same undisputed admixture. Their fault is a too liberal and undiscriminating concession to the fashion of the day. Nor does this censure apply to a single piece or two, but to by far too many. We might even hesitate as to the admission of some of the best, both of the ballads and concerted pieces, in such numbers; but as to the exclusion of such things as "*Kelvin Grove*," "*Blue Bonnets*," "*The Sequel to O Lady Fair*," and more that might be enumerated, there can be no question. They can never be allowed to belong to concerts which ought to aspire to form the taste of the public. In themselves they are either decidedly vulgar or decidedly inferior—in execution they allure the singers (even the greatest) to tricks which they themselves despise. Hear Mr. Braham for instance in one of these things, when he sings to box, pit and gallery, or hear him before an audience that can distinguish and appreciate his powers—extremes can neither descend lower nor rise higher. They may show versatility, but are they not degrading to the finest talent the world ever saw? A certain decorum is always necessary to the intellectual distinction that ought to mark the application of ability in art; and it is indeed the highest of the attributes of talent—it is even more so in its direction by others, because the possessor may often be supposed to be misled by the flattery of public applause—*Mille habet ornatus mille decenter habet*—is a commendation that should never be forgotten. In such a case as this we contend there is an obligation far greater than ordinary to aim at

forming the public taste, to which end only the very finest models should be exhibited.\*

If our theory should be doubted we may turn for examples of its justice very safely to the performances at this very meeting. Two of the most general encores were given to Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, and to Weber's overture to *Der Freischutz*. Mr. J. B. Cramer's concertos were perhaps the most rapturously received of any pieces in the whole scope of the concerts. Messrs. Kieseletter's and De Beriot's had scarcely less applause. Now we may safely ask from whence has this obvious, this universal love of instrumental music proceeded, for if it must be granted that something is to be allowed for the individual merits and popularity of the concerto players—the overtures owe their reception only to the diffusion of scientific knowledge and a sound taste? Whence, we ask, has this proceeded? Simply and truly from the example, the persevering example, of the Philharmonic Society of London. It was their thought and their act to assemble the finest possible band for the promulgation of instrumental effects—it was their effort that congregated an audience capable of judging, and from that centre has diverged those rays which now begin to pervade and to illuminate the whole kingdom. This striking fact goes before any vocal instance that we could quote, and it amounts to a demonstration, that the public taste is to be raised or lowered according as the difficult task of selection is well or ill executed. It is on such occasions as these that the corruptions of the theatres and the gardens, whose managers have little in view beyond the receipts at the door, are to be in some degree, abated and corrected. We can say thus much to the directors of this festival with the confidence of being listened to with the temper that belongs to a philosophical view of the domains of art.

\* It cannot be denied that there is a lamentable dearth of really worthy English compositions, for which we are at a loss to account, for there is a demand for them, which the acceptance of the paltry things to be found as their substitutes in all concert bills sufficiently proves. We have frequently noticed how very very few songs that have a portion of natural strength to live, are produced. While such is the fact, the English composer ought not to complain so loudly as he does of the preference given to Italian music, nor perhaps ought much blame to lie upon those who are called upon to make out schemes which comprehend no less than from 40 to 50 vocal pieces. Nor should it be forgotten, that the singers are always anxious to do those things which gain them the most applause.

They have earned a high name, and are emulous of raising it to the highest. They will therefore canvass our objections in the spirit of justice and candour, and as Canova used to say, reply "by the chissel"

The supreme praise of this meeting belongs however to the perfection of the band, to the power and precision of the chorusses, and to the pervading accuracy and arrangement which mark the entire proceedings. These excellences do not enjoy the praise or the gratification that really belongs to them, and would as surely follow them, on account of the buildings wherein the concerts are heard. This will, we trust, be remedied, for it is an enormous drawback. This circumstance gives to York and to Norwich an inconceivable advantage. The town owes it to the promoters of its festival not less than to its own honour to remove the evil as soon as may be practically possible. The energy with which the inhabitants generally, as well as individually, pursue the object may be learned from the vote of thanks passed by the Committee, not less than by the general attendance, which descends from Lord Howe, the president, to the heads of the police, and includes many various loans and services by individuals, that shew the disinterested good will of all parties.\* There is one gentleman, how-

#### \* GENERAL HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM.

At a meeting of the committee for conducting the musical festival, held at the committee room on Saturday, October 7, 1826, Isaac Spooner, Esq. in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

That the respectful thanks of this meeting be given to Earl Howe, for his unwearied exertions and constant attendance as president during the musical festival, by which the interests of the charity have been very greatly promoted.

That the thanks of this meeting are due to the nobility and gentry who honoured the musical festival with their presence and support.

That the respectful thanks of this committee be given to the Honourable and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, for the countenance which he has uniformly shewn to this institution, and more particularly for the able and eloquent manner in which he advocated the cause of the charity on Tuesday last in St. Philip's church.

That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Rev. Robert Clifton, for the admirable and impressive manner in which he chanted the service on the first morning.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Mr. Greatorex, for the great skill with which he conducted the band, and for the additional accompaniments to various pieces of music composed and arranged expressly for this festival; and to the several vocal and instrumental performers, who, by the spirit and precision which marked their performances, produced an effect never exceeded, perhaps never equalled in this kingdom.

ever, whose name does not appear, but whose judgment and exertions may, without any invidious comparisons, entitle him to the gratitude of all who benefit by, and all who partake in, the gratifications of this most gratifying occasion. We need scarcely add, that we allude to Mr. Joseph Moore.

That the thanks of this committee be given to the Rev. John Webb, A. M. for the skill and ability with which he has translated the sacred drama of Joseph by Mehul, and the selection from the *Tod Jesu* of Graun, for the especial use of the festival, thereby enabling the public to enjoy the gratification of hearing the music of two beautiful composers whose works were little known in this kingdom.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Mr. Munden, and the members of the oratorio choral society, for their continued exertions, and for the increased ability displayed by them on the present occasion.

That the thanks of this committee be given to the different gentlemen who undertook offices at the church, theatre, and ball-room, during the festival, and discharged their various duties with so much credit to themselves and advantage to the hospital.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Major Hutton, commanding the 4th Dragoon Guards, for the readiness with which he furnished the aid of the military during the festival; to the officers on guard, for their polite attention to the different regulations suggested by the civil power; and to the non-commissioned officers and privates on duty, for their valuable services, by which order was preserved in all the avenues leading both to the church and theatre.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Mr. Welch and Mr. Amphlett, the two constables, and to the various civil officers, whose constant attention preserved peace and good order during the festival.

That the thanks of this committee be given to the principal coach proprietors, Messrs. Hart and Co. Evett and Co. Vyse and Co. Waddell and Co. and Radenhurst and Co. for their continued liberality in forwarding various parcels on the business of the festival carriage free.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Messrs. Johnson, Berry, and Harris, for their liberality in lending ten splendid chandeliers for the ball, and particularly to Mr. Harris for his personal assistance.

That the thanks of this committee be communicated to Messrs. Haughton and Roberts for the loan of cloth for the awnings.

That the thanks of this committee be given to Mr. Beardsworth, for his liberality in giving gratuitous accommodation of standing room for carriages during the festival.

The accounts of receipts and expenditure not being finally closed, it is not in the power of the committee to state the exact profit which the charity will derive from the festival, but the total receipts up to this time are nearly £10,000.

That the above resolutions be published in the Birmingham papers.

ISAAC SPOONER, CHAIRMAN.

The Chairman having left the chair, which being taken by the Rev. Dr. Gardner,

*Resolved*—That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Chairman, for his able conduct in the chair and his uniform exertions to promote the success of the oratorio.



The access of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties to this meeting was not less considerable than heretofore, and their donations were munificent. Mr. Rolfe, the elderly gentleman who sent 100*l.* for his seat last festival, doubled his bounty on this occasion. The entire account stands nearly as under, and we are happy to perceive that the benefit to the charity is greater, though the total of receipt was less. This was owing to the diminution of expence. It is to be observed, that several of the performers were engaged for a part of the performances, viz.—Madame Caradori, Miss Paton, Miss Bacon; Signors Curioni and De Begnis. A variety is thus provided which could by no other means be accomplished.\* Viewed as a whole, the festival of 1826 may certainly be considered as keeping up the progression towards attainable perfection. The example of this town, which has given rise to such astonishing efforts in other places also, is not lessened by repetition, but Birmingham still maintains its rank with its original brightness—its original dignity.

TUESDAY.

Church .....	£324	18	0
Collection .....	460	0	4½
Theatre .....	700	12	0
	<hr/>		
	1485	10	4½

WEDNESDAY.

Church .....	1301	17	6
Collection .....	482	8	6
Theatre .....	946	16	0
	<hr/>		
	2731	1	6

THURSDAY.

Church .....	1297	0	0
Collection .....	362	19	7
Theatre .....	498	6	0
	<hr/>		
	2167	19	7

FRIDAY.

Church .....	1257	11	0
Collection .....	488	11	6
Theatré .....	1294	4	0
	<hr/>		
	3040	6	6
Additional Donations .....	156	17	6
Books .....	350	0	0
	<hr/>		
Total .....	9921	15	5½

This total is increased by sundries to £10,100. The profits are nearly £5000.

\* The expediency of such a plan admits of much doubt.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ONCE upon a time, as you must well remember, a great man, now no more, called us "a nation of shopkeepers." Some old philosopher, whose name I forget, defined anger to be a "short madness;" and certainly, we can only account for the absurd declaration just mentioned by supposing, that the eminent personage who made it was labouring under the influence of temporary insanity. "Shopkeepers," Mr. Editor!—No: we have warehouses, magazines, saloons, repertoires, temples of taste, temples of fashion, &c. &c. &c. but no shops: and Mr. Fig, of Gracechurch-street, grocer, who, after the fatigues of the day, seeks for rural retirement at Hackney; or Mr. Firkin, cheesemonger, of Newgate Market, who every afternoon enjoys *otium cum dignitate* at Turnham Green, would be justly offended, if when speaking of their vocations, you were to talk of any thing but their "houses of business."

But, though we are *not* a nation of shopkeepers, we are, beyond all contradiction, a great manufacturing people. To prove this, it will not be necessary to advert to such vulgar productions as are our cutlery, broad cloths, potters' ware, and a thousand other things; it will suffice, if we only take a glance at what has been done, and is now doing, in literature and the arts.

Think, Sir, of the ease with which voyages and travels are now made by gentlemen who were scarcely ever out of the sound of Bow bells; and of the "collections," "wreaths," "muse's offerings," &c. &c. which are put forth by worthy persons who were never guilty of writing a verse; think also of our inundation of novels, romances, and tales, which are as much like each other as a set of nine pins!

What shall we see if we turn towards the stage? Formerly, when the art of play-writing was in vogue, men found it necessary to tax their invention; but, now, in this case of play-making we manage much better, and by arranging or deranging the popular story of the day, we can fabricate a drama which shall have *its* day, and charm "the most enlightened audiences of the British me-

tropolis." And have we not, by the dint of our industry, bent even the mighty genius of Shakespeare to our purpose? We have: some of his finest plays have been converted by us into indifferent operas; and, now confiding in the talents and perseverance of my countrymen, I would venture to propose, that we reverse the above-mentioned process, and convert into fine plays some of those bad operas of which we have such a prodigious *dead* stock on hand.

Do you remember the Polygraphic Society, Mr. Editor? There was a glorious contrivance! by the help of which we were to have had Titians for a trifle, and a Raphael, or a Rubens, for little more than the prime cost of canvas, colours, and stretcher. What occasioned the dissolution of so admirable a society, I know not; however, I trust, that it will be immediately revived—especially as the steam engine is so wonderfully improved—and then we may snap our fingers at Sir Thomas Lawrence and the whole Royal Academy.

But it is in music—in that delightful art, Sir, which engrosses so much of your attention and mine—it is in music, I say, that the manufacturing system now shines forth upon us with so much glory. Open the catalogues of our first houses—of Clementi, Goulding, and Chappell, for example—and what will you find there? original works? nonsense! The drudgery of invention we have left to the “old ones.” They toiled, and sweated for our advantage; and it is with the capital which they have left us, that we now cut such a figure. Thus A takes the fashionable melody, or an air composed some sixty or an hundred years ago, which he arranges for the piano forte or harp; B arranges it for the harp and piano forte; C puts a flute accompaniment to A’s arrangement, D confers the same favour on B—substituting the violoncello, or horn, for the flute; then comes E who re-arranges the whole for “two performers,” and E is followed by F who deranges it for the use of “one.” In this way we might go through the alphabet—and what an admirable system it is! All are gratified—names find their way to title pages, which could not have got there by any other method, and the public pays for all. Encouraged and rewarded by this kind and generous public, we mount, as it were, on the shoulders of our forefathers, and go on exulting; as a certain substance, in a certain story, is said to have

exulted, when it floated down a certain stream, in company with certain apples.

There was a time, however, when I, and several of my acquaintance, laboured under serious apprehensions, that our "operatives" might be stopped, for want of the "raw material." Handel never cut up well; and though the minds of some of our "artists" possess the property of an inverted telescope—that of making great things appear small—yet they have not been able to do much with him, if we except a few successful experiments on some of his overtures and chorusses. Nor can we say, that Haydn has yielded much to our knife; but Mozart!—Philosophers tell us, Mr. Editor, that the whale is constantly followed by immense shoals of small fish, which derive all their subsistence from him; and in the moral world, we may observe something which corresponds to this fact in the natural. Thus, when a man of extraordinary genius appears, he is quickly followed by a crowd of commentators, editors, and expositors, who may almost be said to move and have their being only through him. In the case before us, how consoling it is to think on the numberless small fry of arrangers, adapters, &c. who have been snatched from oblivion, and have enjoyed their "little day," by the power of Mozart. But as the best stored granaries may be exhausted, I and the melancholy few to whom I have before alluded, began to fear, that even the vast resources of the great German might fail, when, lo! Rossini appeared. To some of us he was a perfect God-send, for a short season; but, alas! as my aunt Fibblestone says, and she has been three times to hear different operas composed by him—"it is the same thing over and over again," or, according to my uncle, who is a good performer on the flute and jews' harp, the variety which Rossini affords us is such as seamen enjoy on a long voyage—that is, "pork and pease" to-day, and "pease and pork" to-morrow. We have Meyerbeer, and have had poor Weber; but the first is a mere dilution of Rossini, "with a little German hock in the glass"—to use a well-known professor's joke—and the last—God rest his soul—has furnished more contributions than we had a right to expect from one who was taken from us so prematurely.

There is a most important fact, Sir, which it is now necessary I should state, for the benefit of all parties concerned—mark it well:

OUR CONTINENTAL NEIGHBOURS ARE ENDEAVOURING TO RIVAL US IN THIS PARTICULAR BRANCH.

I have it from the most undoubted authority, that there is a manufactory now set up in Paris, at the head of which is Master Camille Pleyel—and every body considers him to be a very ingenious workman. At Vienna, M. L'Abbe Gelinek has been long employed in the construction of variations, and he has produced them in such quantities, that it is thought he has machinery for the purpose. Hümmel, Pixis, Czerny, and a thousand others, are driving a roaring trade, and will endeavour, no doubt, to undersell us, even in our own markets; but I trust that "British industry" will still prevail, (capital I say nothing about) and that we shall succeed in defeating the arts and machinations of these foreigners.

Business however, carried on so extensively, must require a proportionate supply of materials, and my former apprehensions would have returned, with redoubled violence, had I not lately taken a trip to the metropolis—in the course of which my mind was set at rest by two recent and most admirable inventions.—These are the "musical kaleidoscope" and the "melographicon," by the help of which, airs may be made, in endless succession, for variations, rondos, divertimentos, serenades, nocturnos, or any thing else for which a fine name, drawn from the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom, can be found. Of these contrivances it is not possible to speak in terms too high; and one of the great advantages attending them is this—that if the tune we *make* from them be good for nothing, we shall have the greater merit if (from it) we manufacture any thing that *is* good, or, which is quite the same thing, that will sell; besides we shall avoid the reproach, which some illnated persons too frequently cast upon us—that of spoiling melodies which we had not wit to invent; and this "is no small matter," as Mrs. Somebody says in the play.

In the midst of the satisfaction which I feel at these noble discoveries, one thing presses heavily on my mind—the Melographicon and Kaleidoscope may be exported—through the ill-timed liberality of Ministers—or they may be smuggled out of the country. We may easily imagine the joy which our Continental rivals would feel in possessing themselves of such precious contrivances; for they are like ourselves, and will never take the trouble to invent

for the public, while the public is content to pay them for vamping up the inventions of others. Is it not then necessary, dear Mr. Editor, that something should be done to secure to us, and our posterity, advantages which if once lost, may never be regained? You, it is said, mingle a good deal in the political world. Perhaps you might get to the ears of ministers. Parliament meets early this year, a most fortunate circumstance, and a short bill would be sufficient. Then smuggling might be guarded against, by the simple expedient of doubling, or tripling, the number of custom-house officers, and those on the preventive service, and by issuing out to them fresh and most vigorous instructions.

These after all are mere hints which I respectfully submit to your superior judgment, and, trusting that you will do something on this important occasion, and that soon,

I remain, Sir, your obedient humble Servant,

ONE of the LABOURING CLASSES.

York, Sept. 24, 1826.



## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**H**AVING for some years been in the habit of attending some one or more of the provincial Musical Festivals, I am induced to trouble you with a few remarks I have occasionally made, and to offer a few suggestions towards an improvement in the management of them.

First—I have observed it to be a general rule in all these orchestras, that the treble choral voices are all ranged on one side, the base voices on the other, and the alto and tenor voices between them. The inconveniencies of this arrangement appear to me to be these two :—First, from the treble voices being all on one side, and the base on the other, it must happen to persons sitting in the side galleries, or in the stalls and side seats of cathedrals, that a partial effect is produced; there being to those situated on one side a great preponderance of treble, whilst to those on the opposite side, the base will predominate.

The second inconvenience is that, in case of the introduction of any of the double-choir chorusses (as those in Israel in Egypt and others), the singers must half of them change over to the opposite side, in order to produce an equal division of trebles, altos, tenors, and bases on *each* side of the orchestra, which sometimes interrupts the performance and makes a confusion in the orchestra.

Now I would simply ask, what evil would result were the choral voices always to be arranged according to this last method? The general effect would then be much the same wherever an auditor might place himself, and the singers would be always in their places for either single or double-choir chorusses.

I would next make a few observations upon *contrast*, a quality as necessary in music, as light and shade in painting, but which, like all other good qualities, may be *carried too far*. That this is often the case in certain popular chorusses, as the effect of modern refinement, in attempting to improve upon the conceptions of the great Handel, I shall now endeavour to prove.

The chorusses I particularly allude to are "*He gave them hailstones,*" "*For unto us,*" "*Lift up your heads,*" and the Coronation anthem "*Sadoc the Priest.*"

In each of these some contrast seems intended by the composer between the first and the succeeding parts, and is, I think, sufficiently attended to by him without the necessity of any alteration. For instance, in the *hailstone chorus*, as it is frequently termed, the introductory symphony, which is evidently intended to be spirited, is yet played by the violins, hautboys, tenors, and bases alone till the 22d bar, when the trumpets, trombones, double drums, full organ, and the whole of the voices are introduced at once; and surely this will afford contrast enough, without playing the whole of the introductory symphony so soft as to become quite tame and insipid. In the chorus "*For unto us,*" the violin and other *accompaniments*, except at the words "*Wonderful Counsellor,*" &c. are marked *piano*, but that is no reason why the voices in this exulting chorus should be kept down as if they were singing a lullaby, since without this, sufficient provision is made for giving an emphasis to the words alluded to, by the composer not employing the four vocal parts together except at such emphatical part; the voices and accompaniments being at other times but *thinly* dispersed till the latter part of the chorus, when after having, for

the fourth time, repeated the words "Wonderful Counsellor," &c. it is carried on full to the end.

In the chorus, "*Lift up your heads,*" the first thirty-three bars are sung in three parts at most, the four voices not singing together till the words "*He is the King of Glory,*" at the thirty-fourth bar. Yet as the introductory parts are meant to be *semi-chorusses*, it can by no means be proper that they should be sung as *duets* or *trios*. To give them their proper effect, and to express the words with due energy, at least three or four of the principal voices should be selected for *each part*.

With respect to the Coronation anthem, the first or introductory symphony (in which the base marks the time in equal quavers) seems intended by the composer to give the idea of a grand procession, for which reason no *piano* is marked, all the instruments playing in their natural style for twenty-two bars, at the end of which, were *contrast* here really intended, the introduction of all the voices at once, with the trumpets, trombones, double-drums, and the full chorus of the organ, would be sufficient for the purpose; the effect of *Haydn's Surprise* (by a transition from the *pianissimo* at once to the *fortissimo*) not having been, as I conceived, in the contemplation of the composer in any of the foregoing instances. Were indeed this introductory symphony a short one of ten or twelve bars, instead of twenty-two, then it might, with much propriety, have begun *piano*, with a gradual swell; but it being a great deal too long for a continued swell, the greatest part of it might perhaps with good effect, be played *mezzo forte*, with a gradual increase to the *fortissimo* during the three or four bars immediately preceding the introduction of the full chorus.

Were this last, or the Hailstone chorus to be played as mere *instrumental* pieces (which may be done) or as organ voluntaries, then indeed, for want of this vocal reinforcement, the first part of each might be played softer than the rest, with much propriety—but when performed in all their parts, I can see no reason for deviating in the least from the directions the composer has himself thought proper to give in the scores.

The next remark I have to make is of a contrary nature, my objection being, not that the first part of the chorus is performed too soft, but in too *loud* a style. The chorus I here allude to is,



that concluding the first part of the Messiah, "*His yoke is easy,*" which seldom goes off well, and is consequently, in general, but little attended to. Why this should be the case may perhaps be thus accounted for. The sentiment expressed by the words is evidently a continuance of that of the preceding words, in the air, "*He shall feed his flock,*" and "*Come unto him,*" which are set in a soothing pastoral style, and I think that this chorus should be sung in a style of the same character, and not in the boisterous manner it usually is. To give countenance to the idea of this being intended by the composer, it may be observed, that although no piano is marked in the score in the voice parts, yet all the instrumental accompaniments during the first thirty-four bars of the chorus are piano, except three short passages of about a bar each, which passages being doubtless intended to produce a little light and shade or contrast, this is but poorly effected, if while the instrumental performers are attending to it, the singers are throughout the whole chorus putting out their voices to their utmost extent. Could I therefore suppose that my opinion would have any weight, I should recommend, that in this chorus all the voice parts should be marked piano as well as the *instrumental*, except at the three short forte passages above mentioned, when they might extend it to the *mezzo forte*, and at the thirty-fifth bar (where the last forte is marked) then the *full* chorus to commence, and continue with the *full* organ to the end, it having been played soft during the former part. Were this chorus to be once performed in this manner, I am confident that it would be noticed and much approved of, as nothing, I think, produces a finer and more pleasing effect than a great many voices singing piano, and the sentiment of the preceding words would be kept up. Sufficient eclat also would be given to the conclusion of the act or part by the last seventeen bars of full chorus.

Whilst upon this subject, I cannot but give great credit to the directors of the concert of ancient music, or their conductor, for the improvement they have made in several of Handel's chorusses and of some of the ancient instrumental pieces, by the introduction of a little contrast, where contrast became necessary, to prevent too much sameness, particularly in the chorus, "*The dead shall live,*" in Dryden's ode, which is so long as to require a little of this variety to make it interesting throughout.

Since writing the above, I have read the article entitled "The Great Symphonists," in your last Magazine, with much pleasure, though in one part of it I do not think you are quite correct, on which account I hope you will excuse the following remarks.

From your account of the origin of the overture, and of the subsequent symphony (page 217), one must be led to infer that the instrumental compositions of Haydn *immediately* succeeded those of "Handel, Bach," (not J. Christian, I suppose, but his ancestors, Emanuel and Sebastian) "Jomelli, Porpora, Bononcini, &c. in all of which the *fugue* was the principal object." Now I think it should be well known that between the ancient compositions just alluded to (amongst which the name of Geminiani might have been inserted), and the grand orchestra symphonies of Haydn, there was an intermediate link or set of composers, namely, Abel, J. C. Bach, Stamitz, Vanhall, Richter, and others, of whom the last-mentioned is said to have been the introducer of this style of music about the middle of the last century, which style was probably then adopted for the purpose of giving more play to the wind instruments, which seem to have been but little understood by the former composers. It was at first very simple and uniform, the symphony then consisting of but three movements, of which the first, a spirited allegro, was the principal—after and contrasted to which, followed a soothing andante, and ending with a gig or rondo. So very uniform was this style of writing, that speaking of them as theatrical pieces, I remember having formerly heard it said, that the first movement was always calculated for the meridian of the *pit*, the second for the more refined audience of the *boxes*, and the third for the *gallery* auditors. As a specimen of these, the then popular overture to "*La Buona Figliuola*," by Piccini, may be referred to.

These symphonies were also remarkable for the first introduction of the reiterated semiquavers upon one note in the violin parts, and reiterated quavers in the base, the latter of which were sometimes continued for several bars together, which gave occasion (as I once heard) to the following anecdote:—Mr. Handel happening to be at the harpsichord, a short time before he died, when one of the earliest of these symphonies, in the key of D, was performed, after having been for some time drumming upon the tonic, a change of modulation to the dominant made A the reite-

rated base note, on which he facetiously exclaimed " *Now A is trompe*" (trumps), and on a subsequent change to the key of B minor, " *Now B is trompe.*"

During the early progress however of the modern symphony, one considerable improvement took place, of which most of the succeeding composers have more or less availed themselves, namely the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, which, it is said, were first introduced by the elder Stamitz of which beautiful specimens may be seen (of the *crescendo* at least) in the first and last (or *pit* and *gallery* movements) of No. 11 of the periodical overtures published soon after the middle of the last century by Bremner, of which that of the " *La Buona Figliuola*," before mentioned, is the twentieth. I remember too having formerly seen a set of six symphonies by Haydn, composed much in the style of these, which were remarkable, I thought, for their sprightliness and simplicity.

It was however, I believe, not many years after this, and before he came to England, that he introduced the opening Adagio, and the minuet and trio succeeding the Andante or middle movement, thus extending the symphony to five movements, upon which plan No. 56, one of the latter periodical overtures, by him, is an early specimen. No. 40 (in the earlier style of three movements) is also published under his name, but I have heard that he disclaimed it.

He also now began to make much more use of the wind instruments than had before been usual; those parts in the Andante movement of most of the early symphonies and periodical overtures being usually marked *Tacet*. The *trumpets* and *kettle-drums* were also by him brought much more into action than they had been before. So little use indeed had then been made of the *latter*, that before Haydn's arrival in this country the only piece of this kind, selected at benefit concerts for grand effects, was (as I well remember) Rush's Overture to the Royal Shepherd, till Vanhall's celebrated forty-second of the periodical Overtures made its appearance, after which (about the year 1780) Giardini's Overture to Astarte, for a grand orchestra, was published, and a few years after that, Martini's Overture to Henry the Fourth.

Since the time of Haydn's arrival in England, when he began composing for the Musical Fund Concerts, and for those of Salomon at Hanover-square, these powerful instruments (with the trombones) have been introduced, not only into every overture or

symphony, but into every movement of them; *grandeur* having at length become an indispensable requisite in each of the later modern symphonies.

To this state then we may reckon the modern symphony to have been brought by the great Haydn, who by considerably lengthening the movements, introducing a greater variety of modulation and contrast, with a kind of conversation between the different instruments, made them much more interesting than they had been before; so much so, that I remember on once hearing it observed by some one to Mr. Clementi, at Willis's rooms, that one of Haydn's grand symphonies then just performed had taken up nearly twenty-five minutes—he replied, “had it lasted an hour, I should not have thought it a minute too long.” Here then, Mr. Editor, I can join, and proceed with you, from page 217, in all your subsequent remarks upon Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven's compositions.\*

Whilst I have the pen in my hand, I would take the opportunity of making another observation to which I have been led by perusing (in the same magazine) the several schemes or bills of the different Philharmonic and Royal Academy concerts, in which I was struck with the manifest contradiction in terms, from every concert concluding with an *overture*. This seems to be as glaring an impropriety as would be the publication of a *preface* at the conclusion of a work, or a *postscript* at its commencement. It

\* As the diffusion of knowledge is our principal end, we are always most happy to receive and profit by the hints of our correspondents.—In the present instance, however, we think it but right to state that our object in the article on the “Great Symphonists” was to make them and them only the principal subjects, and consequently the sketch of the state of instrumental music, previous to the time of Haydn, was as brief as possible; added to which, the uniformity of the article would have been destroyed, had we detailed the slight improvements made in the symphony by the composers mentioned by Senex, and whose works now sleep in oblivion, having passed over in silence those of greater musicians which are still listened to with pleasure. After all it is difficult to say in what the improvements of these composers consisted. The plan of their overtures was formed after that of Corelli's concertos, and the *Cres.* and *Dim.* were the result merely of the gradual advance in art, and made more probably by performers than by composers, and the wind instruments may be said to have been more frequently introduced, but surely not used before the time of Haydn.

therefore seems to me as if the term *symphony* were adapted for full pieces not particularly intended as overtures, but which might be introduced in the middle of concerts, or as concluding pieces. According to this notion the difference between an overture and a symphony might be thus explained. An overture should always begin full, or *tutti*, so as at once to command attention; whereas a symphony might begin either in that manner, or *piano*, like the sixth periodical overture by Stamitz, (which though the term *overture* is used in the general title, would, I think, be more properly termed a *symphony*), or with a gradual swell, like the third of Abel's first set of overtures.

As some corroboration of my opinion of the expediency of the *real* overture always beginning full, I am induced to mention the following circumstance. Being at the first performance of Dr. Crotch's sublime Oratorio of Palestine, at the Hanover-square Rooms, in 1812, the overture *then* began with the violins and bases *pianissimo*, after which the wind instruments came gradually, stealing in, as it were, producing a fine swell and the most pleasing effect. Many of the auditors, however, not seeming to be aware of the oratorio beginning in this quiet manner, were talking and inattentive, till a general *hush!* seemed to fix their attention. In consequence of this, I afterwards suggested to Doctor Crotch the advantage of prefixing two or three bars of full harmony, by way of obviating this objection, after which, and a short pause succeeding it, the original opening might then begin, with improved effect. As this however, he observed in reply, required some little consideration, he should wish to take the opinion of two or three other friends upon it; soon after which he wrote to inform me that in a late conference on the subject, it was determined that the overture should begin *tutti*, and accordingly (in compliance with the opinion of those friends he had asked, though contrary to his own,) the full chord of C minor was, in the printed score, prefixed to the former opening.

The same reasoning will equally apply to Gluck's celebrated Overture to Iphigenia, which also beginning *piano*, seems to require one or more introductory full chords to fix the attention of the audience, the good effect of which I have experienced at a subscription concert, in the management of which I then had some share.

After all, it may be thought that there is no impropriety in concluding a concert with an overture to any particular opera, (as "Prometheus," &c.) as the term overture may be considered as applied to the *opera* and not to the *concert* in which it is introduced. The objection will however still hold good to such overtures (many of those of Abel, Bach, Haydn, &c. for instance,) as are not so attached, being selected for that purpose, such overtures being manifestly intended as *concert overtures*, in allusion to which I see no reason why, for the *concluding* of them, short full pieces might not be composed and published under the name of *finales*.

SENEX.

Chichester, Oct. 1826.

*Analysis of Martini's History of Music (continued from p. 31.)*

## DISSERTATION I.

### ON THE MUSIC\* NATURAL TO MEN.

THE Padre commences this chapter by premising that he has often reflected on this curious circumstance, that although we are naturally inclined to love music, we are nevertheless by nature incapable of forming or producing that to which it gives us such intense delight to listen. The mind and body were made by the Creator to act in unison, the former, which is entirely under the guidance of the will, would it is evident, did it lie in the power of volition, produce that with which it is pleased, but the body is under the influence of organic power, it is therefore in the body that the defect lies. Were music *produced* by the same instrument by which it is *heard*, it would doubtless be as perfect as that which it would imitate, but the machinery of the human frame is constructed of organs, various in their means, as the instruments of sense and motion are very different in their modes of action. The *ear* is formed for hearing, and is the passage through which the sound of music passes to the mind which can feel and understand it—but to produce music we must use the organs of speech, distant from the ear, of a very different construction, and but ill suited to obey spontaneously the dictates of the mind; thus the organs of hearing are by nature perfectly adapted to the agreeable admission of music, whilst on the contrary, the organs of speech are naturally incapable of producing music at once satisfactory to the ear and the understanding. Nevertheless the providence of nature is remarkable, insofar as she has endowed all with organs formed for the production of a certain species of music, possible to all and proportioned to the inclination felt in the mind.

The fact of an almost perfect uniformity in the *spontaneous* or early music of all nations proves sufficiently that nature has ordained in our formation a tendency to some determined method or form in music, which may thus be termed *natural*. According

\* *Canto* is the word here used by the Padre—the literal translation is *song*, that is, the music of the voice. We have thought it right to translate it *music*.

to this law we are furnished with two faculties or dispositions with respect to music—the one tending to the formation of *natural* music, the other to its perfection by means of *art*; then it is that music becomes *artificial*. Here however the Padre remarks, that one who would become perfect in singing must not understand by the word *art* merely *precepts*, and the method of putting them in practice. Suppose a person to be endowed with the best natural disposition for music, by frequent attention to good singers, and by great pains in imitating them, he will in the end equal them. Precepts and method may render the acquisition of art more rapid and secure, but *practice* alone brings certain possession.

At present however the music *natural to men* calls for our attention. Music, or that faculty of giving pleasure to the ear by a series of *acute* and *grave* sounds, is entirely distinct from speech, which does not possess the varieties of *acute* and *grave*, that is to say, it passes through them with such velocity and momentary vibration as to be inappreciable by the ear. As to the voice itself, it is a sound produced by the corporeal organs, and is given to us by nature as a means of expressing our internal sensations, which from their variety require different *sounds* to give them utterance; the voice however can only be varied by *degrees*, and these degrees give rise to *acute* and *grave* sounds in their ascent or descent. Perhaps we have no terms in which to express with propriety the various inflections of the voice, which although they are perfectly intelligible to the ear, must, in order to satisfy that organ, be arranged in a definite series, and in this series each gradation is now distinguished by the name of *interval*—and it must be remarked, that although the undefined inflections of *speech* do not offend the ear, yet if in *music* the degrees or intervals in this series are not the same amongst themselves, that is to say *concordant*, they become at once intolerable. Next follows a description of the three scales—diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic, and their formation by tetrachords, with or without the tone of disjunction, also the division of the note into commas. Nine is the number the Padre decides upon, as being the oldest division made by Boetius, and supported by many other learned professors. This division is now generally adopted, whilst the later ones of seven and five have been rejected.

He also gives a very nice description of the difference between



the major and minor modes, and of the semitone. The diatonic scale of an octave, formed on the present plan, which is derived by the Padre from *Ptolomeus*, is that which he considers to be the music\* most *natural to men*. Although however this scale he says was intended by nature for our pleasure, and is that to which the ear most naturally inclines, yet this pleasure, like all others, is limited by the intervention of the *imperfect fifth*, and the *Tritone* in a succession of scales, and they are unavoidable. He likewise remarks on the difficulties of him who diverges from the diatonic scale, and enters the chromatic from the confusion of semitones,† and the loss of the *perfect fifth*, and *octave*, so naturally agreeable to the ear.

Daily experience teaches us that every sense is restricted by certain limits, beyond which it cannot pass. That of sight will serve to exemplify this position: The eye determines the colour, distance, and apparent size of bodies, but in judging of these particulars its power is limited, as is evident, from the artificial aids, without which our ancestors would have been unable to make those discoveries that have enriched physics, perspective, and astronomy.

Besides this, nature has placed in the universe an innumerable series of things, adapted to become the objects of each particular sense, provided the sense be endowed with a disposition to receive their impressions—moreover in us, some senses have a greater degree of susceptibility than in animals, whilst they possess some others more acutely than we do.

If nature has thus assigned limits to the pleasures of the other senses it is not a matter of surprise that she has likewise assigned them to that of hearing, and thus in the series or scale constituting natural music, we cannot proceed far without encountering the disagreeable sounds of the *imperfect fifth*, and the *tritone*, or *major fourth*. In order to obviate the unpleasant impression produced on the ear by these sounds, it is necessary to disturb the continuity of the series of notes, by introducing between the discordant sounds, notes of longer value, thus to remove the impression of the first sound, to which the last will form an *imperfect fifth* or

\* Canto.

† How far have modern composers outstripped the simplicity of the Padre's ideas with regard to the use of chromatic distances and discords?—*Translator*.

some other discordant interval. The regular gradations of the scale being thus disturbed, it ceases to be the *spontaneous* or *natural* music of men, which the Padre determines to consist of the uninterrupted portion of the diatonic scales, formed by two or (at most) three tetrachords, though he seems to consider two, that is *the octave*, as the most perfect. With his accustomed precision and minuteness he proceeds to treat of the distant intervals, which were well known and in use amongst the Greeks, under the name of *simple*, whilst the closer intervals were called *compound*. Amongst these *simple intervals* there are three common to all systems, the 4th, 5th, and octave.

The Padre's object at present, however, is to discover the system best adapted to the *music natural to men*. In the formation of the three scales, he, as usual, adheres to the principles laid down by the antients, which he assigns as a reason for commencing the diatonic tetrachord, proceeding from a semitone to two tones, by a *minor semitone*; it is true that amongst the old theorists there were three principal systems for the formation of the diatonic scale: The one which the Padre has selected, called the "*Diatona Diatonica of Eratosthenes and Ptolemeus*"—the second, beginning by a major semitone, called the "*Diatonica Intensa of Ptolomeus*," and the third, beginning by the *precise half of a whole tone*,\* called the "*Diatonica Intensa of Aristoxenus*."

Such is the importance of this first note that its influence extends through the whole tetrachord: thus, if we begin with a minor semitone, it requires to be followed by two major tones, if by a major semitone, the subsequent sounds must be a major and minor tone. The third method requires after it two equal and similar tones. But we must return to the system already adopted, that of beginning with the minor semitone, and of which the first tetrachord consists of a minor semitone and two tones. Some (the Padre remarks) might be tempted to ask why this order is imperative? but experience decides this question, as he says it is almost an insurmountable difficulty to pass from a semitone of one species to one of another, the regular progression being pointed out to us by nature, which is sufficiently proved by the chromatic and diatonic scales, there having been very few singers in Greece,

\* "*Un semitono met  precisa d'un tuono intero.*"

nor is there one now alive capable of running through these scales;\* and what reason can be assigned for this but the impossibility of passing in the chromatic from a minor to a major semitone, and in the enharmonic through the still more minute divisions of the scale? After this particular description of the three genera, the Padre proceeds to give one of two more, the *mixed* and the *participated*,† which were admitted into music by Euclid.

A *fourth* being the extent of the notes comprised in the music of the antients, was the same in the three genera, which in fact consisted only of different divisions of the same tetrachord—the diatonic being divided into a minor semitone and two tones, the chromatic into two semitones and a minor third, the enharmonic into two quarter tones and a major third. The two other genera mentioned by the Padre separate it into still more minute parts, the first consisting sometimes of five, sometimes of six sounds, and the last always of seven. The mixed genus is so called from its partaking of the character of each of the simple genera, being composed at pleasure either of the *diatonic* and *chromatic*, the *diatonic* and *enharmonic*, or the *chromatic* and *enharmonic*. He gives examples of the series of the sounds in each of these combinations.

The *participated* genus is composed of semitones, *diatonic*, *chromatic*, and one “peculiar to itself,” and this series never changes. To this is added, a diagram explaining this genus.

This view of the different genera and their distinctions, is sufficient to establish the position that the diatonic is that most natural to man. The Padre observes, that the authority of the ancient writers is to be respected, but still more, the fact of this scale having been the longest in use, as no other was discovered before the reign of Philip of Macedon, that is to say, for three thousand six hundred years. Amongst the first promulgators, if not inventors of the chromatic scale, were a certain *Agathosi*, who flourished in the age of Plato, and *Timotheus*, a Milesian, who lived under the reign of Philip. The enharmonic was discovered by *Olympus*.

\* The Padre seems to consider this incapability as a proof of its being inconsistent with the dictates of nature, not as resulting from the imperfect state of art, which present practice must decide it to have been.—*Translator*.

† *Participato*.

The simplicity and ease of acquirement that belongs to the diatonic, and the difficulty appertaining to the other genera, is the chief argument adduced by the Padre, in support of his position, and on this head experience is our teacher. As a still stronger test, he says, let any one who has the natural ability, sing the scale without teaching; the two tones he will execute well, but on reaching the semitone, which concludes the tetrachord, his intonation will infallibly fail; his ear will prompt him to proceed by equal distances.

To establish the difficulty and unnatural character of the chromatic scale, this fact is sufficient, that it became after a time obsolete, and remained so until the sixteenth century, when composers and singers united in an unsuccessful attempt to master its difficulties and bring it into use. The great obstacle to its attainment is the passing from a minor to a major-semitone, and thence to a minor third, to form the tetrachord: were the semitones both of the same kind, or were the second arbitrary, the undertaking would be much facilitated, though the last distance, the minor third, is perhaps even less accordant with natural instinct. Still more inharmonious and difficult of acquirement is the enharmonic scale, where you must pass through the minutest divisions, the two first degrees, consisting, according to Aristoxenus and Euclid, of three twelfths of a tone, while the mixed genus is equally harsh and unprepossessing, as it includes all the difficulties of the three other genera. Experience however has taught us that the participated genus now in general use contains fewer obstacles, nevertheless the frequent use of semitones, and the not finding one interval in the octave justly divided, is both offensive to the ear and difficult of attainment; in fact, there are few or no singers, however great, who could execute a song written in this genus, filled with accidentals,\* (that is to say, containing frequent modulation), at sight, and without accompaniment. In all systems there are two modes of composition, the one proceeding by the regular gradations or degrees, the other by distant intervals. Thus the Greeks divided the various movements of song into the following classes: *Recta*, that which proceeded by a regular series of sounds from grave to acute; *revertens*, that which moved in the same order

\* This expression throws light upon the nature of this genus, of which we could find no explanation in modern authors under the name he uses.

from acute to grave; *circumcurrens*, that which ascending by a conjunct tetrachord, descended by a disjunct one; *nexus*, where the song was carried through distant but determined intervals; *pettia*, where it moved through intervals according to the will of the composer; and *extensio*, where it remained or rested for a time on any given sound. He then gives examples of the scales in all the genera to prove how few discords the diatonic contains, and how many are to be found in the others, as an additional proof that the former naturally belongs to us. The Padre next introduces examples of distant intervals in the same order, for the same purpose, showing how many more discords must be used in all other genera, than the diatonic. He then resumes the thread of his argument, and continues it with some very close reasoning. "I will not," he says, "deny to the Greeks the boast of having had amongst them those who were in possession of the chromatic and enharmonic scales, or to our own times, that of using the *participated* genus. I would not diminish the glory of him who had attained a high perfection in any genus, but in the mean time what study, what fatigue, has it cost to attain this perfection, and what repugnance must have been felt in departing from that to which all are by nature inclined."

In truth how can nature require of us a thing to which she has so little disposed us, that it costs the greatest labour in its attainment? If the case require it, and we were naturally inclined towards the more intricate genera, where would be the necessity for art to give us that with which we were already endowed? yet we know that from the time of the revival of these systems to the present day, years have been spent in their acquirement. It is true, that even the diatonic scale is perfected by art, for this reason, that nature, when she endowed us with qualities which may be employed for the benefit of mankind, did not create them so perfect, but that we are obliged to improve them by treading the difficult path of virtue.

Putting aside the faculties of less importance with which we are gifted, that of *reflection*, so necessary to man, will serve as an example. Every one is born with this noble faculty, which leads us to the search and recognition of truth—but amongst the greater portion of men it is so imperfect, that without the assistance of *Dialectics* it could not reach that certainty which confers dignity

on the use of the sciences—and thus we must distinguish the faculty of *reflection* from that of *sound reflection*. Few without serious application and a long course of instruction, which they receive from art, reflect with *judgment*, though all *do reflect*. Art is therefore indispensable to perfect that which is innate, in this instance, and in every art and science. We obtain from nature the disposition which leads to the exercise of a certain faculty, and from art the means of perfecting it, without its losing the value of being a natural impulse.

This natural impulse or disposition leads us in music as in every thing else, where it is directed, and it is certain that without instruction we are guided by this disposition to the diatonic scale; but as all our faculties are bounded, they are in this also imperfect, and art & constant exercise can alone assist us towards perfection; but here I must observe, upon a mistake which on first sight many might very easily be led into; the genera must as well as the diatonic be inherent in us, as they also may be obtained by the help of art. We must distinguish between *capacity* and *faculty*. *Capacity* I consider to be that remote disposition, or tendency to receive & to retain the action of some power which will produce a certain effect. There is then this difference between *capacity* and *faculty*—that in the latter, the power which produces the effect is *intrinsic*, and in the former that power is communicated, and imparts to it the last disposition necessary for producing a certain effect. Hence it arises, that whoever possesses a *faculty* for any art, has at the same time readiness and facility in acquiring—but he who has only the *capacity* is so little endowed with these qualities, that without the last disposition being communicated to it by means of art, he never even attempts the difficulties. As an example of this, without digressing from my subject, we have without doubt a capacity for imitating the music of birds, but yet so remotely and languidly that there are but few, and those few only by great labour, who have succeeded in imitating the cock, the quail, &c. No one that I ever discovered has been able to equal the nightingale, the lark, the linnet, or the more beautiful singing birds.\* Even bird catchers are obliged to use whistles to deceive their prey.

\* Here also the Padre was behind our times. The translator has heard many persons imitate all these birds most accurately and most beautifully.

This is exactly the case with those who would make themselves masters of the chromatic or enharmonic scales. The acquirement may certainly be made, as the Greeks formerly did it, but as we only possess the *capacity* and not the *faculty* for them, their difficulties will cost immense time and labour, and the total loss of these systems in the middle ages will clearly show how great these difficulties must be.

Nor ought we to be surprised, that although nature has endowed us with one species of music, she has likewise permitted us, by the assistance of art, to become skilful in another. She has gifted each bird with a song peculiar to itself, yet many of them (for instance the parrot and magpie) may be taught to speak, and the blackbird, the lark, and the linnet to sing airs, yet because they may do this by the assistance of art, does it follow that it belonged naturally to them to speak or to sing airs? It appears clearly that we must either believe this to be the case, or that we are like birds naturally inclined only to one species of music, *the diatonic*.

The Padre then introduces examples of the systems and harmonic proportions invented by the principal old writers on the mathematical part of music, Euclid and Ptolomeus, and of the five genera of the diatonic system admitted by them, which have only, he says, convinced him, that whilst all other genera can hardly be sung even with the help of instruments, the diatonic may be performed alone, and without any accompaniment--and if this facility do not prove it to be natural, he says "I know of no better human means for proving any thing to be so." And thus concludes the first dissertation.

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## ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION AND IMITATION.

FROM THE FRENCH.

**M**UCH has been written upon this topic, and it forms a proper subject for discussion, as all men are sensible to music, and those who are not sufficiently informed to speak on the art, may boldly give their opinion on its effects. But every one has judged according to his degree of sensibility, and has very naturally imagined that the generality of mankind felt as he himself felt. Hence have arisen eternal disputes and hyperbolical assertions on musical expression. By one its dominion is declared to be unbounded, by another it is held to possess no influence at all. Both these exaggerated judgments are equally removed from truth and reason. To say that music could paint flattery, fatuity, prejudice, &c. would be too hazardous an assertion; to imagine such a power belongs to it, one must be governed by all the blindness of enthusiasm, as also to persuade oneself that the feeble tints of these indefinable emotions can be rendered by sounds, of which the uncertainty is sometimes felt in the language even of the strongest passions—and it is carrying the mania for paradoxes too far, to refuse to music any kind of expression.

What! shall the immortal works of Jomelli, Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa, their enchanting melody, their harmony, rich in images and effects, be considered merely as sounds to amuse the ear, without reaching the heart? and, like the luminous rays diverging from a prism, do the sounds only present to us a brilliant variety without an object? Can any one profess such an extravagant doctrine?

Oh ye who should be weak enough to yield to such sophistry, or so organized as to adopt similar errors, study the history of this art, you will see that it has formed in all ages the delight of man, and if you are insensible to its charms, judge at least of its potency by its miracles. Instrumental music has no other expressive power than that which exists in the various combinations of melody and harmony, the tone and quality of instruments, from the lips and from the bow. It paints emotions and passions, but



as its means are little diversified, its images remain sometimes uncertain. Alternately martial or pastoral, brilliant or soft, cheerful or plaintive, the symphony is a musical Proteus. Unfettered by the constraint of words, the composer delivers himself over to all the caprices of his genius; he assumes all characters; the essential point is, to preserve in that which he selects, the unity which ought to prevail in all the productions of art.

Musical expression is alone perfect when poetry lends its assistance to fix the imagination on some definite idea, without which it is left to wander in the wilderness of sound; then all tends to the principal end, that of pleasing and of producing a species a dramatic illusion. Music imparts to poetry a delicious harmony and enchanting colouring; it brings out those traits by which the poet has aimed at moving the affections, and the two arts unite to form a divine language. If the composer would obtain this happy accordance of sentiment and sound, he cannot study the work of the poet too attentively, in order to discover its full scope, to identify himself with his fellow labourer, and to extract what is best from all the resources presented to him.\* The passions are distinguished by feeble shadows and almost imperceptible degrees, and one may easily be deceived in their expression. The gaiety of a queen is not that of a peasant; the wrath of a hero demands other accents than that of a soldier. What sounds would be sufficiently piercing to express the misery of Clytemnestra on seeing the preparations for the fatal sacrifice! It is feeling in all its force, it is the cry of nature. The grief of Andromache, mourning Hector at the Court of Pyrrhus, should be deeply felt, but two years of separation have dried her tears, and the violence of despair has given place to tender melancholy. The feelings of Clytemnestra and Andromache are the same, but their situations differ. The musician ought to follow each character in its minutest details, giving to the words not only the expression which belongs to them, but that also which the situation demands.

\* We have lately had an instance of the truth of this observation. When poor Weber (than whom no one ever more studiously adapted sound to sense) was about to write his song from *Lalla Rookh*, which Miss Stephens sung at his concert, he procured the poem, and read it through, before he would set a line of the fragment presented to him for music.—Ed.

Expression is a quality both of vocal and instrumental music and accompaniment. The finest effects are produced by the union of these powers. In a serious or comic air, or in one of a soft and affecting character, the vocal part will be the principal. The orchestra sustains it, and fills up the intervals during which the voice is silent. Simple modulation, full and rich harmony, with noble and graceful melodies, are employed in such a work, and if it be sung by a beautiful voice, joining its own power of expression to that of the composer, the result will be perfect. If the passion to be given is one of extreme violence, the voice alone will not suffice for its expression. The musician then calls the orchestra to his aid. Accents of anger or despair cannot form a continued strain, the composer must content himself with declamatory and forceful passages, whilst the impetuous and agitated strains given to the orchestra take from the otherwise too great monotony of the declamation. There is no melody for those who can only discover it in the trifling and subordinate parts or effects, but those who can appreciate the style will applaud, and with reason, the noble subjects, the beautiful movements which so well unite themselves to the discourse of heroes.

Let us give to sentiments of tenderness the softest modulations, and if we are to paint exasperated passions, gloomy colouring must be employed. There is nothing so dull and flat as an opera which offers no contrast, where all is voluptuous, and

*Jusqu' à je vous hais, tout s'y dit tendrement.*

The author who composes without vigour and enthusiasm struggles to raise himself, and always fails. There is merit in his work, yet it appears good for nothing, because it is without those *traits de force*, those dramatic effects which make the contrasts, and which, like masses of shadow placed in front of a picture, bring out the figures and repress the fainter tints of the back ground.

It is the ordinary defect of the Italians; their muse excels in painting the softer affections of the soul, and in uniting nobleness to grace is rarely dramatic, and still more seldom tragic; probably they consider that the expression of the most violent passions does not appertain to music, or they may fear that their representations will become disagreeable from being too true. Who would recognise the terrible imprecations put into the

mouth of Camilla by the great Corneille, when they hear the charming and graceful duet which she sings with her murderer, in Cimarosa's opera. Tancredi's air, "*Di tanti palpiti*"—does it not better suit Babet, presenting the lily and orange flower to her lover, than the Syracusan hero, the rival of Orbassan?

The musician ought to adhere to the character of his poem, opera, cantata, or romance, without stopping to develop the sense of every word. His design should be grand and unembarrassed by minute details. "In the fine arts,\* instinct is more necessary than reflection; German composers follow too closely the import of the words.—This, it is true, becomes a merit in the eyes of those who love the words better than the music; and it cannot be denied, that any disagreement between the sense of the one and the expression of the other, would be disagreeable. But the Italians, who are the real musicians of nature, make their airs conform only generally to their words. In romances and vaudevilles, as there is not much music, the little that there is may be subservient to the words; but in the grander effects of melody, we must touch the heart by producing immediate sensations."

"Those who do not love painting in itself, attach great importance to the subjects of pictures: they would recognise in them the impressions of a dramatic scene; it is the same thing in music. Those who are but slightly affected by it, exact from it a perfect concordance with the slightest variety in the words; but when the mind is really alive to the powers of music, all that distracts the intention in the slightest degree is impertinent—and, provided there is no opposition between the poetry and the music, the mind is wholly given up to that art which bears the palm above all others. "For the delicious reverie into which it plunges us, annihilates the ideas expressed by the words, and the music awakening in us the sentiment of infinity, all that tends to particularize the object of the melody must diminish the effect."

Thus the composer must not be guilty of a misconstruction of sense, by giving to the word *sitting* the proportion of ornament which its literal meaning seems to claim, should it be found in an air of a melancholy cast. If the writers of fugitive witticisms

\* L'Allemagne, par M. de Staël.

are censured, what will be thought of musicians who, laying aside all recollection of their subject, amuse themselves by playing upon words, rising to the skies on the word "*fly*," and sinking as suddenly on the word *descend*, and who reaching at once the height of absurdity, endeavour by the use of notes to picture to the eye the image of the object of their strains? A celebrated composer cites as a model of expression the musical passage given to the following line in the opera—

"Mais dans un doux esclavage."

"Remark," says he, "the circular line formed by the notes: do they not present physically to the eye the chain which binds the husband?" Can one imagine any thing more pitiful? Is music composed for the eyes? Such puerilities are unworthy a man of taste.

But it is in religious music more particularly that the most singular mistakes are to be met with. A musician ignorant of Latin guesses at the sense of some word, and it is from the meaning of this word that he determines the character of his composition. In Paris, in 1810, I heard a mass, *the Agnus dei* of which was a pastoral: the author had discovered without difficulty that *agnus* signified *lamb*; lambs are not without their attendant shepherds, and he must at once imitate the bagpipe and the reed.

Music, of all the arts, is the most powerfully seducing; on this head let us be allowed to cite a page from the sublime author of *Emilius*.

"Imitation through the art of painting is always cold, because it wants the succession of ideas and impressions, which by imperceptible degrees warm and animate the soul, and because all is said at the first view. The imitative power of this art, with many visible objects, is limited in its effect to very feeble representations. It is one of the great advantages possessed by the musician that he is able to raise images and emotions through the sense of hearing, which are not immediate objects of that sense, whilst to the painter it is impossible to represent any thing which is not an immediate object of the sense of seeing. The greatest wonder of an art, which has power to express by movements only, is, that it can form them to convey the image of perfect repose. Sometimes sound produces the effect of silence, and silence that of sound; for instance, a man will sleep during equal and monotonous reading,

but he wakes the instant it is discontinued; art is fertile even in finer substitutions than these. It can excite by one sentiment sensations similar to those produced by one of a totally opposite nature, and as the relation can only be felt in proportion to the strength of the impression, so painting, destitute of this power, with difficulty returns the imitations drawn from it by music. Let all nature be wrapt in the tranquillity of sleep; he who contemplates it does not slumber, and the art of the musician consists in substituting, in the place of the image, the feelings which its presence excites in the spectator. It does not absolutely represent the object, but it awakens in our soul the same feelings which would be felt on beholding it.

“Thus, although the painter can gain nothing from the score of the musician, the skilful composer will not leave the easel of the painter without having reaped some benefit. Not only will he agitate the sea at his pleasure, excite the flames of a conflagration, bring down showers, and increase the violence of torrents, but he will augment the horror of a dreadful desert, darken the walls of a subterraneous prison, calm the tempest, restore tranquillity to the air and serenity to the sky, and will spread new freshness over the words, by the power of his orchestra.”

In the gloomy spot where the ashes of the ancestors of the unfortunate Juliet repose, the pale and uncertain light of the lamps by which it is lighted, add still more to its horror. How imposing is this image of death. We can almost imagine the shades of the departed rising from their cold graves. The pencil has produced its effect to render the illusion complete—music comes to animate the picture. From the orchestra are heard melancholy chords, whose extreme softness contrast with the solemn sound of the funeral bell. The notes of the bassoon and horn, the plaintive sounds of the oboe, and the dull murmur of the stringed instruments and kettle drums, seem to proceed from the tombs. It is no longer music which strikes upon the ear; these are the graves of the unhappy shades, the slight sounds made by the hovering spirits. This feeling accords so well with the religious awe and soul-felt extacy of the auditor, that he forgets the means by which they are produced.

Musical expression however has limits which must not carelessly be overpassed. All attempts of such a kind serve but to de-

monstrate the incompetency of the art and the folly of the artist. One thinks to represent a storm, another the break of day, a third a village wedding. Indeed composers have carried their absurd presumption so far as to attempt the imitation of a battle : What have they produced ? Noise, and nothing but noise. Instrumental expression is too vague : words alone, or the mute representation of objects can give that clearness which is wanting to music, and rectify the false interpretations of the auditor upon the sensations it is intended he should experience.

I go to hear a new opera, of which I do not know the subject ; I hear an impetuous and vehement overture. At first the orchestra does not throw out all its power, but the increasing crescendo several times recommences, at last ends with the most brilliant effect. I endeavour to discover the meaning of the composer. Is this strongly agitated music the resemblance of passions which are to be the cause of bloodshed, or the imitation of a conflagration, a sedition, or of a battle ? I examine the character of each musical phrase—they all apply alike to the objects which cause my uncertainty. The curtain rises, a flash of lightning breaks through the clouds, and I am astonished at not having understood that the composer was picturing a storm. The object thus disclosed, all my ideas are fixed upon it, and I applaud the fidelity of the picture. None of the details escape me ; wind, hail, thunder, all are discoverable in the symphony which before appeared to me a crash of unmeaning harmony. The slow movement, and sustained and legato sounds which follow this musical tempest, are an imitation of the calm which succeeds in nature. I hear the murmur of waters, the warbling of the inhabitants of air ; the sound of a horn represents to me the huntsman who has missed his path—my delusion is complete—I enjoy it, and throw myself with delight into the snares the musician has spread for me, since it is by deceiving he must charm me.

These are fine symphonic effects ; instrumental music has expressed all without the aid of words, but has not the scenery served as interpreter to the composer ? He would have exhausted all the magic of his art without having made his ideas intelligible, if the view of a forest transiently illumined by lightning, had not developed them in the minutest details.

The composer of a battle symphony has not these resources ; in

vain does he cover his absurd score with as absurd explanations; his audience have not before them a book which will aid them to comprehend this infernal chaos, this undigested mass of common places, whose deafening effect can only be compared to the uproar made by peasants to collect their fugitive bees.

Let us suppose an immense orchestra, furnished with every possible means for imitating the noise of a battle, the explosion of the artillery, the cries of the soldiers, the clashing of arms, the groans of the dying, trumpets, drums, the hissing of canon balls, the galloping of horses, all assisting to form a frightful medley; and as the whole goes forward at the same time, the noise is always the same. For the sake of exactitude, shall the musician abuse the patience of his audience, by prolonging to satiety the fracas of his sonorous machinery? Where shall he find contrast, when the extremest fortissimo hardly touches the verge of imitation? how? by the simplest and most natural means. He imposes silence on the combatants, drums, trumpets, and even cannon themselves, stops balls in their passage, in order that the plaintive cries of the wounded may reach our ears, and when these unhappy wretches have groaned sufficiently, the combat recommences with redoubled ardour, until victory is announced.

An organist, strengthened by the extraordinary resources of his instrument, may attempt the production of gigantic effects; Vogel, executing the taking of the Bastille, often succeeded in the illusion. The thunder of the organ of St. Sulpice would bear comparison with the battery of a town, but it is the height of absurdity for a pianist to thump the keys of his instrument, and think to represent the cannon, and it is more ludicrous that a guitar player should say to me seriously, whilst twangling the pitiful catgut, *this is a combat, this is a storm*, and then passing on to demonstration, explains the details which my obtuse understanding could not comprehend. It would be lowering myself to these absurdities to attempt to combat them by reason.

The chase presents more means of expression, and above all of perspicuity, on account of the calls of the horn, which are familiar as being common to the sport. It is necessary however to have been a-hunting in order to comprehend such a symphony, and to have followed the stag from the turning off to the death. If one does not understand all the different calls, the overture to *Le*

*Jeune Henri* will appear a true imitation only in the galloping of horses and the barking of dogs.

Jealous fury, the remorse of a great criminal, grief, joy, religious hymns, village dances, martial strains, bag-pipes, every thing in short that has a marked character, is capable of real expression, and the musician cannot depart from it without exposing himself to the scorn of the most ignorant. It is not thus with the more tranquil and softer affections of the soul. The delights which spring from friendship and love, the sorrows of two lovers, the little contrarieties which are met with in the course of life, all offer but faint tints. The expression may be true, but it will be undetermined as the sentiment to which it relates.\*

We must not then conclude, that if music describes two different feelings by the same traits, that expression is a mere chimera. Such partial reasoning will only seduce drawing-room critics; the experienced connoisseur will easily expose the absurdity of such a conclusion. The composer has committed to paper a trait of melody; but his notes are ineffective, the disposition of these hieroglyphics, traces no image, expresses no passion, in fact, the minims and crotches bear no relation to joy or grief, and the composer must have recourse to the singer in order to give life to the insignificant and silent picture. There are then two kinds of expression; that of composition, and that of execution, and it is from the happy union of the two that all the most beautiful effects of music are produced. This is so true, that the least alteration in the key or time will entirely change the character of an air. Play the sombre and vehement opening of Mozart's symphony in G minor, in the major key, and the brilliant and cheerful air of

\* J'ai perdu mon Euridice,  
Rien n'égalé mon malheur.

Boyé asserts, that this air is so gay that it has been used as a country dance, and he adds that the following words would suit it much better:

J'ai trouvé mon Euridice  
Rien n'égale mon bonheur.

I am willing to allow that the soft and melancholy melody given to these words of Orpheus may assume the expression of touching joy; the sadness and gaiety which would be successively given to this air, being neither of them of a marked character, the effect is weakened on both sides, and the melody would not shock us were a sentiment totally opposite to that it was intended to reader given to it.

On se pâme de joie ainsi que de tristesse.

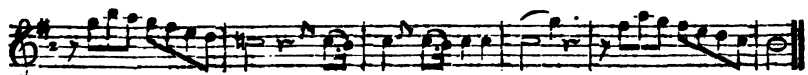


*Joconde* will be the result. If the vaudeville of *Aussitôt que la lumière*, of which the rhythm is so crude, he played piano, and in six-eight time, it will become note for note, the *Musette* of Nina. If the chorus performed during the repose of *Atys* be quickened, it will produced the subject of that which opens the second act of *Cendrillon*.

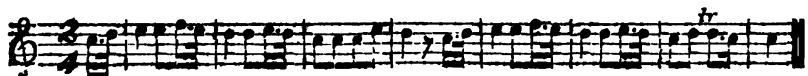
## Symphony de MOZART.



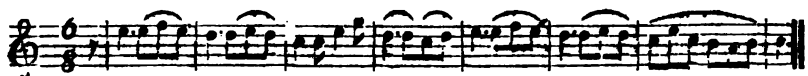
## Air de JOCONDE.



## VAUDEVILLE de M. ADAM.

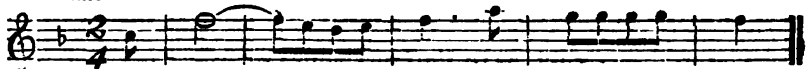


## MUSETTE de NINA.



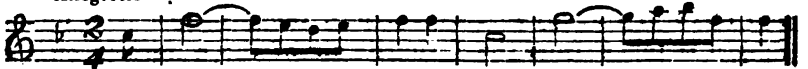
## CHŒUR d'ATYS.

Lento.



## CHŒUR de CENDRILLON.

Allegretto



The singer ought to follow up the intentions of the composer, to conform to the laws which he has prescribed to him, and to bend

to every shade of feeling that the words express. It is on him that the musical effect depends. In vain is the score marked with all the signs in use to express force and agitation if the performer is frigid; and if he yields at ill-chosen periods to vehement transports, if he only utters smothered tones, useless in the general effect and almost without meaning, or discordant howlings, the expression will be extravagant and absurd. There are limits which it is necessary to know how to touch without overpassing them; because a melody may be given with either a sad or gay expression, and be used indifferently for a romance or a witty couplet, must it be affirmed that the musician expresses two sentiments with the same melody? Let him execute his work, and you may then form a correct opinion. Music above all arts must not be judged without being heard. A movement, whose effect appears upon mere inspection uncertain, will take a decided character—for the power of the orchestra, the details of the accompaniment, will blend so finely with the accents of the singer, that the intentions of the composer will be no longer doubted.

In a picture, green is always green, and red is ever red; nothing can change the essence of colors. It is not the same with poetry and music. Phrases will give whatever meaning is intended, and the same verse, the same subject, will express by turns feelings diametrically opposite. A lover says to his mistress—“*to night then!*” two gamblers, two gluttons, two assassins, two robbers, at parting, use the same words. What totally different meanings are rendered by this one phrase—an assignation, a game at cards, a supper, a murder, a robbery. It need not be observed that the inflexion of the speaker can alone give the feeling which agitates him. The expressive power lies not in his words, but in his manner of uttering them.

Cruel, as tu l'affreux courage  
De la voir mourir dans mes bras.

Has not the vocal passage given to these words all the nobleness and force of tragedy? Nevertheless, the principal part of the subject is taken from the favourite air of the watermen on the Boulevard—in fact it is the *Bourbonnaise*, which Eliza, Eneas, and Dido sing in turn. Has Gluck ever been reproached with having ended the first air of *Rinaldo* by *toto carabo*?

If the verses of the great Racine can inspire different sentiments without the aid of parody, what must be said of a musical subject whose meaning is neither known or felt by half its auditors? The finest scenes of the *Cid* and *Horatius* have been most humourously parodied, and the man of taste himself is sometimes surprised into enjoying these grotesque travesties. The more sombre the original subject, the more is the parody susceptible of comic effect; and the remote relations between the opposite ideas are a constant source of ridiculous situations, and *jeux d'esprits*. The intentions of the poet may thus be thwarted, and laughter may be excited by what he purposed should draw tears. But the same results can never be obtained from the works of the musician—and he who attempts to render a serious air comic, will not excite laughter; his imperfect caricature will offer nothing but a disgusting medley of pathos and buffoonery; the melody will be disfigured, but not the instrumental accompaniment. The parodist will find himself in constant opposition to the orchestra, which would not fail to mingle noble and impassioned traits with the absurd tones of the singer. The instrumental part, the accompaniments, the key, the mode, the time, and the effects of harmony, all equally assist towards the expression of vocal melody. The orchestra serves almost as much as the words, to impart clearness to the composition. If the genius of the composer be displayed in the invention of his melodies, his imagination and taste are recognized in the use he makes of harmony and his instruments, according to the situations and emotions he has to picture.

After having consulted his heart, the musician discovers a suitable idea to express that of the poet. But this is not all, added to the power of creation—he must possess an exquisite sensibility and a nice discernment, to determine exactly the key, the mode, and the time, adapted to the melody, and to select with taste the voices and instruments by which it should be executed. Although musical expression derives its greatest power from the combination of sounds, their cast and quality must be considered. The energy and grandeur of the base voice adapts it to strong passions and religious music; it has too much weight, and perhaps ruggedness for the expression of the softer emotions. The tenor, on the contrary, is distinguished by sweetness and flexibility; its noble and touching character imparts the most seductive expression to

the quality of tone. The female voice unites power and lightness; the quality of the middle part of it is rich and expressive, and that of the upper combines the brilliancy and vigour demanded by great effects. A psalm or hymn cannot be accompanied by horns and flutes. The bassoon is a beautiful accompaniment for a romance—in pastoral music the oboe is delightful—the clarinet may be either melancholy or martial—the violin is universal—it reigns the sovereign in the orchestra, of which it is the foundation. The alteration of the third gives a sombre character to the minor mode. Triple time possesses but little grandeur in a quick movement—6-8 is only employed in the serious style, for an adagio or andante, where the slowness of the movement corrects what would otherwise appear too lively. Again, the selection of keys is an essential point. Each has its peculiar distinctions—F, E, D, are brilliant—E flat, C minor, sad and solemn—A and E are adapted to tender expression; B minor is harsh and wild, and its harmony dry—C is martial, F minor lugubrious. Without obeying implicitly these and similar observations, the composer must use the means presented to him by art carefully, so as not to forget the character of each separate key. Experience has proved what I have advanced. If the works of great masters be consulted, such as overtures, airs, duets, chorusses, dances, and pieces of a determined character, I do not hesitate to affirm that my application will be found to hold good. Like the softer affections of the mind, there are also relations between the more vehement passions, and the idea that they each possess a separate character, which has sometimes been entertained is without foundation. Is it to be imagined that the inflexions by which an author has finely expressed the passion of jealousy, are so intimately connected with the nature of this emotion as to be inapplicable to any other, and that all those who shall in future essay the treatment of a similar subject, must of necessity copy this model faithfully? No, doubtless the same end may be attained by different and perhaps opposite means. Musical expression possesses power, sweetness, agitation, calm, vehemence, roughness, grace—but it is incapable of those almost imperceptible shades which form the only difference between passions of the same character; thus the same effects which paint jealous fury will different words, express the remorse of a great criminal.

Declamation is the foundation of the language of music. Lulli consulted Mademoiselle Champmélé, Gretry, Mademoiselle Clairon, and the two composers have reproduced in several pièces the tones, inflexions, and accents of these celebrated actresses. If it be allowed that declamation is an imitation of nature, why should this quality be denied to musical expression, which merely enforces the speaking voice, and subjects it to a determined rhythm?

“The relations in the fine arts to each other, and between them and nature, depend on the emotions of the same kind, which they awaken in the mind by different means.\*” This is the solution of the problem already given by Rousseau. The finest symphony of Mozart, the Laocoon, the picture of the Pass of Thermopylé, the recital of Saint Barthelemi in the Henriade, touch the heart in the same manner. One of Haydn’s andantes inspires us with feelings of the most voluptuous tenderness, in a similar manner to the Odes of Anacreon, or the paintings of Albano. The flute transports us to the groves, and the clarion to the field of battle, like the poetry of Theocritus or Pindar. “The musician is no more free than the painter—he is ever and every where subjected to a comparison with nature.

“If he describes a storm, a brook, a zephir, his models are from nature; he can find them no where else. If he pourtrays any imaginary object which has no reality, such as the groaning of the earth, the trembling of a shade which rises from the tomb, and which he makes like the poet—

*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingit :*

“there are still sounds in nature answering to his idea, if it be musical; and when the musician meets with them, he instantly recognizes them. As soon as he discovers them he appears to know them again, although he has never before heard them, and however rich nature may be in treasures for the musician, if we do not comprehend the language in which she addresses us, she ceases to be so; her’s becomes then an unknown, and consequently an useless idiom. If music be expressive in the symphony, where it is invested with only half its being, what will it be in the song, where it becomes the picture of the human heart?

“Every feeling says Cicero, has its natural language, its

\* L’Allemagne par Mde. de Stael.

expression of force, its tone, its gesture, and which is what the word is to the idea.—Thus their continuity ought to form a species of discourse, and if it contain expressions that embarrass, from not being sufficiently explained by those which precede and follow—if they are undecided or contradictory, we are unsatisfied. It is true it may be said that there are passions which we recognize in music, as love, joy, sadness—but for these few distinct expressions there are a thousand others, which are inexplicable. This is not to be denied, but does it follow that they have no expression at all? It is sufficient to feel without defining them. Intelligence is conveyed to the heart, independent of words, and when it is touched it understands every thing. Besides in the same way that there are strong emotions to which words cannot attain—there are also some so delicate that language cannot explain them—and this is especially the case in relation to sentiment.”\*

If all the passions have bounds adapted to their expression, music, although limited in its imitations, is nevertheless an imitative art, since it is furnished by nature with models, and the means of representing them. Aristotle, Cicero, Rousseau, Batteux, and many other writers, have established this principle; I shall not therefore attempt to refute all that has been written to prove the contrary.

Music, which represents minutely the results of certain actions, such as the noise of hammers, striking the anvil, the song of birds, the whistling of the wind, the rhythm of a gallop, is commonly called imitative: I shall rather term such music *picturesque*, to distinguish it from the impassioned and dramatic music, which is likewise imitative. It is chiefly against picturesque music that critics have aimed their shafts; and they are constantly mistaken in attributing to the art the faults of the artist.

Corelli, in one of his concertos, intitled *Christmas Eve*, has endeavoured to represent the adoration of the angels and shepherds. Handel has sought to imitate in a symphony the noise of a cascade;† and in his oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, he has attempted to describe, by staccato and pizzicato notes, the leaping and jumping of the reptiles spread over the lands of Pharaoh by Moses, and

\* Batteux.

† Handel's water music.

Raimondi\* introduced, at Amsterdam, the adventures of Telemachus in a symphony. Although the music of these masters may be excellent, they have nevertheless failed in their ends. Such images are not to be described by sounds, and the portrait bears so slight a resemblance that even the most discriminating are unable to discover it. But if by certain signs the audience could be let into the secret, picturesque imitation would have powerful charms, and its fidelity would perhaps be its chief merit. Thus the author of the *Matrimonio segreto*, has very happily placed the rhythm of the gallop in "*Pria ch'è spunti in ciel l'aurore,*" the air in which Paolo informs Carolina of his projected elopement. I could cite an immense number of passages from the oratorios of Haydn and Jomelli, which are imitations, but placed with taste and judgment, and the effects of which are sure, because the discourse or action of the personages prevent all false interpretation.

It cannot be too strongly recommended to composers not to abuse these means, and above all, not to employ them in the recital of an action, or during the action itself. If the verse or the word which gives rise to a musical picture is placed in a philosophical discussion, or in the reflections of a lover, picturesque imitation is but a useless conceit, which persons of taste will be careful not to applaud. I delight in the rhythm of a gallop in the overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, and in the trio from *Blue Beard*. The first-named of these pieces represents to me a chace; the other, a troop of soldiers arriving to deliver Fatima. The noise increases, their march becomes more rapid, they approach—I hear, I see them: but it frequently happens that there is neither action, recital, nor motion to explain the mystery.

If it is a charge against musicians that their pictures are sometimes faithless, we would answer, that the artist should reproduce nature in the general, and rather endeavour to represent the beau idéal than to lose himself amongst the pitiful details of an exact but servile imitation—

\* This composer has published a musical battle, in which are to be found the word of command, marches, counter-marches, charges of cavalry, cannon shot, cries of the wounded, &c. &c. But what, amongst so many follies, seems yet more absurd is, the meeting of a council of war, where the old warriors give their opinion in semibreves and minims, whilst the impetuous youth speak in demi-semi quavers, roulades, chromatic scales, and shakes.

*Soyez riche et pompeux dans vos descriptions.*

Music, united with poetry, makes so strong an impression on the soul, that, even when stripped of the charm of words, vocal airs still preserve their expression. These are but associations, but they act in a powerful manner. Would you hear without trembling, airs which recall certain catastrophes? What tender emotions, what affecting sentiments have been excited by the quartet in *Nina*.

Airs which have been long known, and are engraved on the memory of every one, give room for ingenious allusions, and a musician is sure of applause who introduces them in a serenade, a divertimento, or a public fete. The clarinet plays the subject, and the words fly from mouth to mouth. The use of these *speaking airs*, of these musical proverbs, is a great assistance in the explanation of the pantomime of ballets, and add to the poignancy of the couplets of a vaudeville. There is no action in life, no passion which has not its expression in vocal music, and what is more, its established expression.

Our lyric stage must be wholly unknown to those who do not understand what most of these airs signify. For the very reason that they strike the mind and carry to the heart the meaning and sentiment of the words, a rule should be made not to use them in churches—transforming them into canticles. Nothing has so wretched an effect as this medley of known airs upon the organ, or military instruments. Instead of adding to the pomp of divine service, and to the assembling of the faithful, such music would only distract their attention to profane subjects, and would lead them to the ball and the opera. Affix any strong association to an expressive melody, and it will leave so profound an impression on the memory that it can never be effaced.

There are also melodies to which accidental associations give an expression not to be forgotten. They have never been accompanied by words, but they have always been applied to the same actions, and have been heard in the same places. Thus a call of horns instantly gives the idea of a hunt, a gavotte that of a ball: favourite airs recall to the Swiss and the Scotch following the camp, the happiness they enjoyed in the midst of their mountains, and on the laughing borders of the Rhine and Tweed.

Why do the old so much prefer and esteem ancient music? be-



cause the most pleasurable moments of their lives, the strongest sensations they have ever felt, are linked by imperceptible chains with certain melodies which they have heard or performed in their youth. Sensibility is lost in proportion to the decay of our organs. The old man, who will remain unmoved at the best modern opera, will stamp with delight on hearing that which pleased him in his youth. He was then young and ardent; now his ear is deafened, and his heart no longer beats. It is of little consequence to him if music has gained—he has no longer the means of enjoying it. Whenever he opposes the modern system to the ancient, the recollection of pleasure tasted in its height will necessarily carry him away.

Who better than we can judge of the effect of patriotic airs on the multitude! more especially on soldiers? The most eloquent orator would in vain exhaust all the resources of his art to bring back to the encounter a troop of mutineers, or those who had been struck with terror by great reverses—let the charge be beaten, and upon this warlike rhythm let the air they are used to be played by the fife: the murmurs will cease, the soldier will blush at his weakness, his courage will be reanimated, his past glory will present itself to his imagination, and this cherished strain, which has so often led to victory, like the electric spark, will strike at the same instant on all ears, will echo in all hearts, and the coward will become a hero.

We have made great concessions to those who appear to doubt the expressive power of music. It will be seen that our observations have no other end than to rectify general opinions on this subject, and to make a distinction between the power of the art and the attempts (often too daring) of the artist. It is not narrowing the domain of melody, if we reject with disdain all which appertains to juggling and bad taste. Would literature be less rich for losing rebuses and puns? As far as regards the fine effects of melody and harmony, the delicious sensations produced by vocal and instrumental music, all that we could say would be far below the wonderful powers of musical expression. We only invite the incredulous to hear the German, Italian, and French virtuosi; and if the works of Haydn, Cimarosa, and Mehul, performed by a fine orchestra, appear to them an agreeable but unmeaning noise; if the brilliant periods of Viotti and Bohrer,

if the pathetic accents of Vogt, Tulon, Dacosta, Duvernoi, and Gebauer, have no other merit in their ears than that of having overcome great difficulties—if admiration or feeling do not raise their souls to extacy, almost even to delirium, on hearing Martin, Ponchard, Roland, Garat, Pellegrini, Tacchinardi, Garcia, Mesdames Duret, Regnault, Garat, Branchu, Fodor, Pasta, and above all, Madame Catalani, the wonder of our day, they are unfortunates we must pity; they are deprived of the highest enjoyments art can afford. But they should at least be silent and not throw upon the powerlessness of music that blame which they had far better attribute to their own organs, and persuade themselves that no more attention is paid to their complaints than to those of the sick man, to whom every flower looks yellow, or who feels cold during the dog days.



### MOZART AND SALIERI.

**I**T was some time since reported that Salieri, the composer, was an agent in the death of Mozart. This calumny, though contradicted, has been of late revived anew. The following letter from the composer Neukomm, written soon after the decease of Salieri, and which is the document which has been alluded to as conveying *the original* proof of Salieri's innocence of the charge, has appeared in a German periodical :

*Paris, April 15, 1824.*

**SIR**—The public papers persist in repeating that Salieri has confessed himself the cause of Mozart's untimely end, but none of them have mentioned the source of this horrible report, which defames the memory of one, who for fifty-eight years has engaged the universal attention of Vienna.

It is the duty of every honourable man, when an unfounded report is current, by which the memory of a celebrated artist will be dishonoured, to relate all that he knows. During my residence in Vienna (from 1798 to 1804), I lived on the most friendly terms with the family of Mozart, and I am therefore acquainted with

the exact particulars of the last hours of that great composer who died, like Raphael, in the prime of life, not by a violent death, as is now generally reported, but of a nervous fever, which he brought upon himself by such close application as would have destroyed a much stronger constitution than he possessed.

Mozart composed during the year 1791 (the last of his life)—1. a grand Cantata—2. the *Zauberflöte*—3. *La Clemenza di Tito*—4. a Concerto for the Clarinet—5. a grand Cantata—and 6. his immortal Requiem. He was already unwell, when he set out for Prague, whither he was summoned to compose the opera of *La Clemenza di Tito*, for the Coronation of the Emperor Joseph II. On his return to Vienna he undertook the composition of the Requiem.

Enfeebled, entirely by unceasing mental exertion, he was attacked by a profound melancholy, which induced his wife to take his score away from him. This measure, and the care of his physician, restored him sufficiently to compose his celebrated cantata, the brilliant success of which so invigorated him, that Mde. Mozart could no longer resist his earnest entreaties for the restoration of his score of the Requiem, which was not yet finished. As he applied himself arduously every day to this task, his attack of melancholy increased as his mass proceeded; his strength failed him, he could no longer rise from his bed, and at length he expired, in the night of December 5th.

Mozart had entertained for a long time previously a sort of presentiment of his death. I myself well remember my master Haydn's relating to me, that at the time he undertook his first journey to London (towards the end of 1790) Mozart said to him, with tears in his eyes, "I fear this is the last time we shall see each other, father." Haydn, who was much older than Mozart, imagined that his age, and the danger to which he exposed himself in this late journey, had inspired his friend with fear for him.

Mozart and Salieri entertained for each other a mutual esteem, without any intimate friendship, for they were accustomed at Vienna, each to acknowledge the other's distinguished merit. No one could impute to Salieri any jealousy of Mozart's talents, and whoever was acquainted with him (as I was) will agree with me, that this man led, for eight and fifty years, an unblemished life,

employing himself simply in his art, and taking every opportunity of doing good to his neighbours. Such an one, I think, could be no murderer—a man who, during the four and thirty years that have passed since Mozart's death, has preserved that delightful flow of spirits which has rendered his society so attractive.

Even if it were proved that Salieri declared himself when dying the perpetrator of this dreadful crime, one ought surely not so easily to receive as truth, and promulgate as such, the words which escape from an unhappy dying old man of seventy-four, worn out by ceaseless pain, when it is known how much his intellects had decayed for months before his decease.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

### SIGNOR CURIONI.

**T**HE condition of the tenor singer of the Anglo-Italian stage differs from that of the prima donna, and indeed from the comic base of that theatre in one important particular. While the names of one or both of the two latter are to be seen in almost every concert bill of note, public or private, in the metropolis, and even in most of those in the larger towns of the provinces, the former is far less often heard beyond the walls of the King's theatre. If it be asked why this is so? we can only reply, that the eclat which attends the first women of the opera, brings them into universal estimation—that their talent is of a kind to contribute most to general gratification—and last not least, that for the most part they, after a short residence in this country, study some of our best English songs with success. Mesdames Mara, Catalani, Ronzi De Begnis, and Caradori, have all pursued such a course, and have all been in turn highly and deservedly favourites with the whole public of England. The buffo is perhaps of later introduction generally. Morelli and Ambrogetti but began the reign which the inimitable humour of De Begnis has established. Perhaps too some share must be allowed in fixing the popularity

of the comic base to the captivating compositions in this style, which Generali, Rossini, and Mosca have superadded to those of Cimarosa, and his immediate successors. But while such causes have continually brought the singers of those classes prominently forward—the tenor seems to have a limited range beyond the region of the stage. Viganoni, who was a very sweet and polished chamber singer, and was probably heard to more advantage in a concert room than in a theatre, was, if recollection serves us, more employed in London than any of his successors. Garcia rarely appeared at the public concerts of the metropolis. At the Norwich festival, though he sung most splendidly, he was not appreciated—at Birmingham the subject of our present memoir gratified only the few. The truth is, we believe, that the style is not sufficiently understood, and therefore is not extensively felt. Why—may perhaps be gathered in the progress of our description of Signor Curioni.

The formation of the tenor voice, as conducted by the Italians, is rarely, as it appears to us, so trained as to give it the richness and smoothness which we more frequently find in the voices of great English singers of the same register. Harrison was perhaps the finest instance of *quality*, but his style was purely and wholly the cantabile. He was nothing the moment he attempted to declaim, or to execute rapidly or with energy. Sapio possesses what is generally understood by *quality* to a considerable extent. There is still in Braham's voice a soundness, richness, and brilliancy, whether employed in one style or another, and when the tone is neither forced nor interrupted by over exertion nor peculiar expression, that we never heard equalled by many degrees in any Italian. Garcia possessed a magnificent organ. The voice it is true was past the best when he first came to this country, but we doubt whether, commanding as it was in volume, compass, and facility, he ever enjoyed that *quality*, which of all the Italian tenors we have ever known, Viganoni and Crivelli alone partook. We conceive that this want of liquidity, for we must describe the quality (as philosophers describe cold to be the absence of heat) by what it lacks and what the ear desires—we conceive this want of liquidity to proceed from forming the tone so high in the head, by which the several parts of the organs suffer more contraction than consists with the production of this

liquid sweetness. Hence the hardness which is too often one of the prominent characteristics of Italian tenor tone, particularly when the singer exerts himself to increase the volume or extend the compass in the higher parts of the scale. It follows as a necessary consequence that this hardness appertains more to voices of small or of moderate than of great power. Signor Curioni's is of the middle term; it has considerable but not superlative volume, and has certainly been augmented in its quantity by exercise. It is pure to the most polished degree, and is not without brilliancy; but the defect we describe as appertaining to Italian tenors in general, is always to be regretted, whenever this excellent singer finds it necessary to aim at increasing his power. This is to our ears the drawback upon his exalted merits in other respects.

The character of Signor Curioni's mind, as displayed in his execution of the music upon which his conception is employed to embody passion, is that of sound, energetic, and delicate faculties, free from extravagance of every sort, and evincing those properties which in social life would constitute the good man and the gentleman. It will not now be doubted or questioned that the analogy between the moral qualities and technical attributes of the artist is very complete. If Signor Curioni manifests as he does both grace and sensibility in his singing, the latter is always tempered by the former. There is an ingenuous modesty, a sense of propriety in all he does, that may perhaps operate against his hurrying away his audience by the vehemence of passion, but he is sure never to endanger their sympathy, while he thus secures their perfect approbation. It is owing to the predominance of this quality that he excels more in passages of a pathetic than in those of a fiery or declamatory or violent cast. For although his voice is not commanding by its power, the effect is not so much reduced by this circumstance as by his natural reluctance to appear in any sort extravagant.\*

\* The strong likeness of Signor Curioni to the best portraits of Shakspeare must, we imagine, have struck many of our readers. His chin is not quite so long nor his forehead so ample as those of our great dramatist, the resemblance therefore was more complete about four years ago, when Signor C. was thinner than he is now. But still it is too considerable not to be the subject of remark among physiognomists.

Sign. Curioni's intonation is as faultless and even more so than that of most of those performers who are compelled to task their powers for such exertions as the immense space of the King's Theatre demands.\* Though he is often urged by the passion of the song to push his power to the very verge, he rarely indeed if ever strays beyond the boundary where he is liable to encounter danger. His election is dramatic without exaggeration, pure, manly, articulate, and in many instances pathetic—all however with a temperate interpretation of the extent of art as modified by propriety and the sympathy of his less heated audience.

In his execution there are marks of the same ruling intelligence. There are no flashes of the imagination hurrying him along, and few flights of florid facility. His ornaments are elegant, but never

\* It may not be inapplicable to say a few words in this place upon the exertions public singers make. We are very much disposed to believe that every voice has a certain degree of volume to which it may be expanded, with comparative ease to the singer, and that to pass beyond this, is not only useless but worse than useless, for force does not augment the diffusion of sound, at the same time that it is inimical both to tone and tane. The reason we believe to be mathematically demonstrable. *Tone* is produced by vibrations, that are not only appreciable, but that bear certain absolute musical relations. A noise is produced by vibrations, that are so irregular as to be inappreciable, and that have no certain musical relations. The moment the voice is forced, the sound degenerates into a mere noise, and to whatever extent it proceeds, loses the distinction of tone properly so called. Hence it does not fly so far. Singers rarely can judge of the effect of their exertions, nor how much it is proper to make. The writer of this article arrived late at the concert given in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House in London, when Queen Caroline was present. At the moment he entered the part of the Hall, which was filled to suffocation, furthest from the orchestra, Madame Camporese, by no means a voice of extraordinary power, had begun her song. Finding the room so filled he sought a better seat, and entered at another door nearer the middle. In both situations he heard the singer as well and distinctly as possible. Still dissatisfied with his position, he immediately obtained a seat at the piano forte, and directly behind Madame Camporese. To his astonishment the voice did not seem to pass beyond the six first rows, and it appeared so absolutely feeble compared with the space, that but for the personal demonstration he had of the fact, he should not have believed the singer could have been heard at all in the body of the room. He has since repeated the experiment upon various other voices (Madame Catalan's in particular), and with nearly the same results. From this narrative it is clear that singers ought never to transgress the limits of *natural* force, but to aim at preserving the tone and intonation in their utmost purity and perfection, for the instant they do so transgress, the sound becomes insofar less audible as well as less beautiful. One thing more—thin tone is heard at further distances than that which is thick and rich. Madame Caradori, whose tone is remarkably thin and delicate, was said to be heard as well if not better than any singer in the minster at York.

redundant. They are best in their lighter and current application to the body of his songs and recitatives, for in the set cadences, after pauses or at closes, there is a monotony which requires to be corrected and varied by a bolder use of invention. The voice perhaps from the absence of the lubricity in its tone, and from the high production we have already described, certainly places impediments in the way of volatile execution—but there is nothing that can deny to its possessor the power of diversifying to a more pleasing extent those graceful conclusions, which if they are not skilfully ornamented beyond the expectation of the hearer, in a word, if they do not exalt the expression and vary, and we may say exceed the passages of the composer, are employed to little or no purpose, because they neither increase the pleasure of the hearer nor the reputation of the singer. Thus it will be seen, Signor Curioni is chaste to a degree that we have seldom found an Italian in his selection and application of his *rifioramenti*—those which he appends being illustrative rather of the elegance than of the fancy of the inventor.

Taken then as a whole, Signor Curioni must be considered as a singer *du premier rang*, but not as a pre-eminently gifted individual of that high class. He pleases at the moment, and he pleases upon reflection, but he seldom heats by his passion, enraptures by his tenderness, or melts by his pathos, though his singing is never without a portion of each or all of these attributes of expression. He is less dramatic than any stage singer we ever heard, taking into the account that he is always expressive. There is just so much elevation as bespeaks a mind self poised, and tracing out its own course.—The intellectual qualities of his style are strict propriety, an absolute avoidance of affectation and extravagance, much gracefulness not unmixed with energy—in short, there is that self-command and pleasing deportment which, as we have before said, is analogous in manners to that bearing and behaviour which form the conduct of a gentleman—a character we have every reason to believe Signor Curioni sustains in private society, where he is esteemed alike for his talents, his amiable demeanour, and his virtues.

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*The Fitzwilliam Music, being a collection of sacred Pieces selected from Manuscripts of Italian Composers, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, now for the first time published, by permission of the University of Cambridge, by Vincent Novello, Organist to the Portuguese Embassy. Vol. 2. London. For the Editor. Shacklewell Green.*

In our notice of the first volume of this collection we have already given its history.\* We may therefore proceed without further preface to the contents of that before us. They are taken from the manuscripts of Pergolesi, Leo, and Clari, with one movement by Cafaro. Pergolesi, the tender, the elegant Pergolesi, exhibits a singular instance of the temporary absence of taste in his countrymen, who hooted his music and pelted the poor composer while living, but after the short period of only two years, when death had satisfied personal malice and mollified public asperity, they sought for his compositions with the utmost eagerness, admitted and admired their excellence, listened to them with rapture, and even called them "divine." If we could find an excuse for the want of judgment the Roman audience thus displayed on hearing his "*Olimpiade*," we might say that the simplicity, delicacy, and grace escaped the observation of the critics, while the inferiority of Pergolesi in force and invention gave the offence, for these are characteristics of his style. Music nevertheless owes much to his genius. He gave the last finish to the cantata, and may almost be said to have perfected melody by affixing a more decided rhythm than it had before possessed.

Another fact that attends the history of Pergolesi's works is, that the critics of his day censured him for admitting a manner too dramatic into his writings for the church. But this charge has been regularly brought against composers out of number ever since theatrical music began to be so generally cultivated; and with but too much reason. The cause however is sufficiently obvious. Unless an author adheres religiously to the study of the ecclesiastical manner, his taste must be far more austere than be-

Val. 8, p. 107.

VOL. VIII. NO. XXXI.—1826. \*

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longs, we may say, to human nature, if he resists the accumulated force of the vivacity and novelty of combination and of phraseology, as well as the enlargement of the means of expression (whether legitimate or not we shall not here discuss) which have universally attended the progression of the art. To enhance all these in the estimation of the student come the fashion of the time and the public approbation, which in Italy especially, has usually accompanied the favourite of the day. The difficulty indeed of preserving the separate and proper beauty of the two styles belongs only to very rare and very exalted instances. Even Haydn, with all his genius and all his elaboration, has mixed them, and perhaps Mozart is almost the only master of late date who has, in the felicitous instance of his unrivalled *Requiem*, kept the strength and purity essential to this grave style of writing. But to demonstrate how time changes, while it simplifies as it were the interpretation of the same passages, it is well known that many of the most beautiful in Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, are borrowed from his operas; yet they appear to modern eyes and ears to possess a character truly ecclesiastical—an advantage they derive solely from lapse of years, and from the advancement since made in the invention and application of those new means of expression which now occupy the stage, but which may probably pass in their turn to the church. The truth is, "man is a bundle of habits;" there is an analogy of feeling and sentiment (so to speak) in all his pursuits, and his gravest affections can be moved only by means that have some relation and resemblance to those by which his lighter sensations are excited. However much it may be to be wished that this were otherwise, experience tells us it is so, and that probably, it ever must be so.

One very peculiar privilege appertains to the music for the church which does not belong to that for dramatic purposes. The perpetual straining after novelty, which urges the composer for the theatre to stretch his imagination for new effects, is not felt as regards ecclesiastical music. Favourite compositions in the latter species are retained for ages, and if at first they were assimilated to the lighter music of the day, the recollection of the resemblance is lost, because the stage is perpetually supplying a fresh and more progressive manner, which obliterates those traits which were at the time of their birth considered dramatic in the music for the

church of a former age. Handel's operas in that early period of operatic composition were thought to smell of the church, because in England especially, sacred music, had been and still was the most popular and predominant. Now we are apt to consider, *mutatis mutandis*, that the little church music that has been of late years composed, smacks marvellously of the opera. From this charge Haydn is certainly not exempt, and scarcely Mozart. Of English vocal services we can scarcely be said to have had any since the days of Boyce. What has been written is confined very much to the manuscripts in the choirs of the organists or choirmen who have composed them.

The first piece in the collection, a sestet by Pergolesi, would be esteemed a fine composition, were it not faulty in the prime respect that the motivo or principal subject is not expressive enough for the terrific annunciation the words convey—“*Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ, reges,*” and so on to the end of this psalm, which is full of the grandest and most appalling imagery. The theme is smooth and flowing, and not unlike Handel's air in the *Messiah*, “*But thou didst not leave.*” No comment is required to convince the reader that such a subject is unfit for such words. The composer however has endeavoured to obviate this objection by employing two choirs and two orchestras. This expedient produces some contrariety and some vigour, but the original defect is not remedied—more especially when we consider the instrumental accompaniment. Though written for two orchestras, the learned Editor has considered the second almost so entirely a transcript of the first, that he has omitted their parts altogether. The truth is that Pergolesi, in the desire to avoid elaborately learned and crowded accompaniments, which was the practice of a preceding time, ran into the contrary extreme. His must be thought meagre and uninteresting, and thus they serve in the sestet before us to mark only the more pointedly, the want of vigour and just expression in the voice part. His notion of rendering God's judgments more terrible seems to have been by accompanying the words in a manner which brings to mind the parish bells on a rejoicing day.



Pergolesi appears to have been somewhat careless in the construction of his instrumental parts. In the example which follows (extracted from the first symphony) the consecutive fifths cannot be said to be avoided by the intervention of the seventh, D; but the parts are better in the score than the arrangement, for Pergolesi has made the middle or tenor part fall in contrary motion to the base, but the learned Editor has made all the parts rise together.



We have frequently remarked such lapses as this in Pergolesi's accompaniments, thin as they always are.

The chorus "*Gloria patri*," and the succeeding fugue, "*Sicut erat*," &c. must be deemed very superior to the sestetto—the fugue is particularly beautiful. It consists of two principal and two subordinate subjects, the whole of which are treated admirably; there is however a trifling passage for the violins, which might well be spared.

In the sixth bar of the *Gloria* we find an E flat, which we conceive must have been an interpolation of some former copyist. Pergolesi, whose writings are remarkable for their purity, and whose ear seems to have been most delicate, could scarcely have intended such a monstrous and uselessly harsh combination and progression as we here find. We can but wonder why Mr. Novello thought fit to retain the passage without correction.

The compositions of Clari in this are unquestionably preferable to those in the former volume, but still they are not of a sufficiently

striking or beautiful character to satisfy us as to the superior excellence of this composer. The verse "*Stabat Mater*" is good. We do not like the suspension in the tenor (bar 1.) Had this part fallen at once to C, the effect would have been better. We will not do the composer the injustice to imagine he could meditate a pun upon the word *pendebat*. We advert to these minute defects only with a view to the advantage of those who look into our pages for the sake of improvement. Such trifles cannot be taken to detract from the merits of men so eminent, though they may serve to sharpen the observation of the student. The next movement we fear must be esteemed sadly deficient in just expression. Are we prepared to feel the mournful import of such words as these—

"Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam et dolentem  
Pertransiuit gladius,"

by a symphony like the following ?

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for a symphony in G minor, marked Andante. It consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a 3/8 time signature. The second system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction 'etc.'

This must have been considered even in his own time (1753) very trite and unmeaning. There is also a great error in the counterpoint,

for, in the 9th bar, consecutive octaves in the extreme parts are not saved by the semiquaver rest. It argues ill for the reputation of Clari, that the severe and fine taste of his Editor could find no better specimen, as we presume he must have had the whole of the *Stabat Mater* to cull from.

The next movement, "*O quam tristis et afflicta*," is beautiful and characteristic, though it falls short of Pergolesi's upon the same subject.

The propriety of setting the words "*Quæ mærebat et dolebat*," as a fugue, may perhaps be questioned, but it appears to us that the idea is to keep up a sort of querulous wailing, by the succession of the vocal parts, which are solemn and beautiful. The first attribute is however disturbed by the accompaniment, which cannot but bring to the mind of the English hearer Handel's song—"O ruddier than the cherry." Who was right in the appropriation of this succession of sounds, Handel, when he applied it to express the revelry of a sensual monster,\* or Clari in imaging by its agency the sorrows of the holy mother?

The best movement selected from the works of this composer, either in the present or former volume, is the fugue (at page 58), in the words "*Cum Sancto Spiritu, &c.*" From the calmest review of these pieces, we must consider Clari as an accomplished musician, but inferior to Pergolesi in grace and expression, and to Leo in vigour. At the close as at the commencement of our examination, we confess ourselves still at a loss to perceive what reasons could have induced a man of such fine taste and ripe judgment as the learned Editor, to commend him so highly.

Cafaro's fugue on the word "*Amen*" affords a very beautiful specimen of clear and effective writing. The musical contrivance on this word is admirably adapted to signify that joy which Christians of all denominations experience in assenting to the glorious

\* Curious differences have arisen amongst critics about this accompaniment, some contending, that though the conception is excellent, the agency is very imperfect. Polypheme exclaims—

"Bring me an hundred reeds of decent growth  
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth."

The hearer expects three trombones at least, say the objectors. By no means say the defenders, the hundred reeds were to construct a syrinx or Pan's pipe, and had there existed in Handel's time performers so skilful as are now to be found, he would probably have introduced that instrument, which the descending passages for the flauto piccolo are obviously intended to imitate.

truths of their religion. Handel's conclusion of his almost inspired *Messiah* is the noblest possible example.

This fugue is curious on account of its freedom. The tenor comes in at first *without licence*; that is, without any resemblance to either of the two subjects—(see bar 9)—and almost the whole of pages 51 and 52 consist of an episode, which may be called foreign to them. The effect of the whole, however, is very charming, and we prefer it to many other compositions of greater elaboration. We cannot understand Mr. Novello's mark of augmentation.—(See bar 3 of the alto part in page 51).—When a subject is augmented, we conceive that the value of the original notes is doubled, or, in some cases, quadrupled.

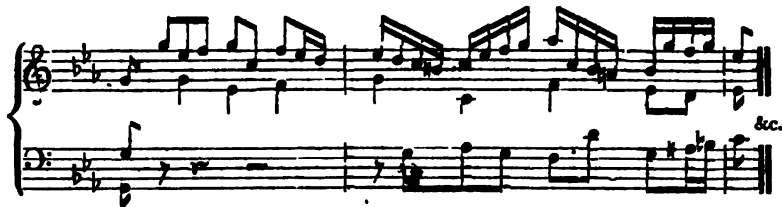
Now Cafaro's first subject is this—



and we cannot discover what relation to it the following theme has, if we except the first note.



That the intervals found in the subject are also found here, we readily admit—but that is not enough: we should have the original form of the melody preserved, though in an increased proportion—as, for example, in the following passage from Sebastian Bach:—



In the above beautiful extract, the scientific reader will observe, that the subject is not only augmented in the inner part—crotchets appearing for quavers, &c. but that it is also inverted in the bass, with a degree of freedom which always characterizes the writings of its great author.

It is with a view to the advantage of our studious readers, and with the hope of drawing their attention to such points, that we have indulged in these remarks—the sum of which is this, that the worthy Editor has mistaken a part for an augmentation of the subject, which the author intended merely to fill up the score, and as a species of pedal, on which the other imitative parts might move; at the same time judiciously deriving it from his principal theme.

This volume is enriched with three compositions by Leo—a master whose works always interest—a “*Kyrie Elässon*”—a “*Qui tollis*,” and a noble fugue, “*Cum Sancto Spiritu*.”

The introduction to the “*Kyrie*” has great force, and is much superior to the fugue itself, which we think, on the whole, not so good as the others which have fallen under our review. The quartet, “*Qui tollis*,” is very fine—the parts beautifully written, and the expression just and appropriate. The fugue, “*Cum Santo Spiritu*,” with which the volume concludes, and Pergolesi’s fugue, “*Sicut erat*,” are certainly the finest pieces of its whole contents.

The introduction is curious, the voices singing the following theme in unison, the second violin, alto, and bases accompanying it, likewise in unison.



The Editor calls this the “subject,” when he points out a diminution of it, which we shall notice presently; the fugue, however, begins thus—

Musical notation for the beginning of the fugue "Cum Sancto Spiritu". The score is written for two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It features a complex rhythmic pattern with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The lyrics "Cum Sancto Spiritu." are written below the upper staff, with "Cum" under the first staff and "Sanct - - - - - to Spi - ri - tu in." under the second staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and "etc." to its right.



But it must be with a reference to the notes of the introduction, which are afterwards regularly introduced, that Mr. Novello calls the following a diminution—



on which we must make a remark, which will apply equally to what we have before said concerning augmentation; it is this—whenever a subject is augmented or diminished, *it must appear, at the same time, in its original form.*

This is a rule which we draw from the practice of the greatest masters. Observe the example which we have given from Bach, and it will be perceived, that while the subject moves in one part by quavers, it moves in another by crotchets. The same contrivance may be observed in Handel's chorus, "*Let all the angels of God worship him*"—where the subject is led off in quavers and answered in crotchets. The following example of diminution is from Sala, in which it will be seen, that the subject is led off in minims, and answered by crotchets.



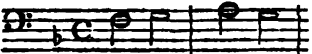
Now a glance at the passages, marked by the Editor, will shew us, that they are not passages of augmentation or diminution, according to the practice of the greatest fugue writers. In the first instance which we noticed, the augmented part does not agree with the subject; and in no instance does the subject, *in its original form*, accompany the augmentation or diminution. But this, as we have just shewn, is an indispensable condition, and properly so; for if to effect such augmentation or diminution as we find noticed in the volume before us, nothing more were necessary than to encrease or diminish the value of the notes of the subject, and then accompany them with parts in free song, this, we apprehend, would not constitute that difficulty which gives such artifices of composition their value in the eyes of the learned.

In the "*Kyrie Elision*" (page 44, at the bottom), there is, in the first canto, a passage of real augmentation of the subject, which is led off by the base.—This has not been noticed by the Editor.

We must not conclude without giving it as our opinion, that this volume certainly exceeds the first in excellence. Nothing can augur so well for the success of such a work as the promise this fact holds out of the Editor's intention to select only such matter as may be found better as it proceeds further. The reliance of the musical world upon Mr. Novello's judgment is already great, and will we doubt not be strengthened, if it be possible, by the progress of this publication.



*Introduction and Fugue on a subject of Four Notes, no others being used all through the Movement; composed for the Piano Forte or Organ, by Wm. Crotch, Mus. Doc. London. Welsh and Hawes.*

We so seldom have the pleasure of reviewing any new compositions of Dr. Crotch, that even this short introduction and fugue are acceptable, as a relief to the accumulation of matter of another description, "metal less attractive." In another part of our review we have noticed the infrequency of good, or even tolerable compositions for the organ; owing, as we verily believe, to the circumstance of so very small a portion of the organ players cultivating sufficiently the nobler powers of their instrument, assisted by a sound and well conducted theoretical knowledge. Assuredly the worthy writer of the fugue before us belongs not to the above class, but has laboured hard in his vocation to establish a better order of things. This fugue, as the title-page mentions, is formed upon four notes only, and is a proof of the writer's great skill as a contrapuntist. The subject  is first answered in the fifth above, at the same time inverted in diminution in the base; at bar 4th and 5th both parts are inverted in diminution, and throughout the whole fugue one ever-varying interchange of

the parts of this subject, augmented and inverted in single and double diminution (to point out the frequent occurrence of which adequate marks are given) shews how much may be achieved by a skilful and experienced writer, out of the slender materials of four plain notes. As a study, we should recommend this piece to young writers for the organ, not altogether that they should imitate this particular kind of subject, for few would be found with patience to do justice to such, but that they may learn to write with perspicuity and adherence to one form, and its adjuncts, and not fancy themselves great fuguists, by merely taking up the subjects in the fifth above and eighth below, and then running riot amidst a confusion of flats, sharps, and naturals, that have about as near a relation to the theme as the empty prattle of a crowded ball-room to the lectures of a philosopher.



*Parodies on Popular Songs, with a Paradoxical Preface by Lady Clarke. The Music composed and arranged by Sir John Stevenson. London and Dublin. Willis and Co.*

It has often afforded us matter of wonder that such a work as the present had not been produced before in this age teeming with subjects for parody, especially of a musical nature; but as it is not too late to follow the example of the Phillips's and the Cottons of a former time, or Smiths of our day, we have opened these popular parodies of Lady Clarke's in expectation (shall we confess it) of a little of that species of popular amusement by some persons [designated by the comprehensive monosyllable "fun." There are twelve airs in the collection, consisting of six Irish, an English, a Russian, Spanish, and one melody by Mr. Owenson, with two by Sir John Stevenson. In her "preface paradoxical" Lady Clarke informs us that "the words are little more than unpretending interpretations of *one* sense of the airs to which they are set," and

that "they were written to amuse the members of her own family." The first, "*Love's hobby horse*," (music by Mr. Owenson) appears to be a general parody upon those extravagant love songs, in which the amorous swain compares his mistress's face, lips, eyes, hair, &c. &c. to all the charming things his ardent imagination can conjure up. All these excellences are turned into ridicule by Lady C.'s swain, who describes his mistress's nose as a "pretty little hobby horse for Cupid to ride upon," and says that her "tongue's a little robin red breast, who from his nest pops in and out." The melody is a very pleasing one, but we cannot see how it is to be rendered light enough for such poetry. No. 2 is called "*The blue belle*," and is a parody on the air of "*Mary I believed thee true*." We shall give the words entire, as a favourable specimen of the fair parodist's style.

Julia I believed thee blue,  
 But never man was more mistaken;  
 For soon I found you scarcely knew  
 Our poet Hogg from Friar Bacon.  
 Moore you just as little knew,  
 In Crabbe you're backward, and by Cupid,  
 You said although with Burns you glow,  
 That Young and Gay were old and stupid.  
 Fare thee well, false blue belle.

How can you read Dean Swift so slow,  
 And say that Pope's not worth a cross, Miss,  
 That polished Steele's a rusty beau,  
 And Goldsmith's ingots nought but dross, Miss.  
 Fare thee well, I tell thee true,  
 No more I'll be your scribbling dandy;  
 Your nose, and not your stockings blue,  
 Your inspiration nought but brandy.  
 Fare thee well, false blue belle.

My "Thoughts on Locke" have curled your wig,  
 Such conduct miss can never man gain;  
 You answered in the Magazine  
 My "Ode to Spring" with "Lines to Langan."

Fare thee well, of thee I'll think,  
 Thou 'st cost me many a sheet of paper;  
 I melt like wax, I've spilt my ink,  
 My body's wasted to a taper.  
 Fare thee well, false blue belle.

The next is called *Moon versus Gas*, in which Counsellor O'Connell, "counsel for Moon," Serjeant Goold, "for Gas," and the Lordly Judge of punning notoriety, amuse us as much by their paradotical pleadings and jokes, as any one can reasonably expect in the compass of six verses. A "Description of Dublin" follows, in which we can discover nothing to entitle it to particular notice. This is set to an Irish air, as is the one preceding and two following, called "the Schoolmaster" and "Mrs. Moony at home." These are both intended as pictures of Irish manners and customs, which we cannot but think they hit off with rather more adherence to *absolute truth* than the parodist herself would be pleased to hear from the mouth of another. Of the "Yorkshire Captain" and "Evening Belles," which follow next, the last (by far the worst attempt at parody in the whole set) is the air set to Moore's "Evening Bells," slightly altered but greatly disfigured by such alteration. No 10, "the Boarding School Miss," and No. 11, "Captain Rose," may rest in peace. The last in this little volume is "Captain Bell," a parody upon "Isabelle," the favourite Spanish melody. These burlesque words go equally as well as the original verses by Mr. Bayley to the air, and are not devoid of humour. The title page is decorated with a lithographic epitome of the subjects in the volume, and is humourously conceived. The only complaints we have to make against this book are—first, that it does *not* fulfil the promise held out in the title page, of containing "parodies on *popular* songs," at least there are but *six* out of the *twelve* that we can recognise as such; and secondly—with the exception of the "Blue Belle," and "Captain Bell"—any one could write the rest in twenty minutes. But this is an age of experiment in musical matters.

## HANDEL'S CONCERTOS.

*Twelve Grand Concertos, by G. F. Handel; adapted for the Organ or Piano Forte, by Wm. Crotch. Birchall and Co.*

These arrangements or adaptations, unlike those alluded to by our correspondent, "One of the Labouring Classes," call both for notice and commendation. In this age of novelty and excess, every effort that is made to keep before the eyes of the musician those works of the old and *original* masters, which ought to serve genius as beacons, to save it from falling into the snares of false and exaggerated styles, now too frequent amongst us, reflects credit on the undertaker, and the present work is amongst these attempts.

Handel's greater works, his immortal Messiah and finest oratorios, have already "stood the test of ages," and will continue to be revered as long as there is a spark of exalted feeling, but his lesser compositions are we fear falling fast into oblivion. It is impossible to stem the current of opinion and feeling which will still change with time and season, and although it cannot be denied that even Handel has written a good deal in every style that could not survive the age in which it was composed, yet there is much of every kind amongst his works, that if brought to light would stand as noble models of the strength and solidity of times gone by, to lead on the aspiring genius, and to shame the many who have bowed to principles of false taste and vitiated custom.

The style and resources of piano-forte playing are now so totally altered to what they were at the time these concertos were written (about the year 1737), that they are scarcely to be recommended for that instrument. The study of them will nevertheless confer precision and strength on the performer, together with a just idea of grandeur; at the same time they are so admirably arranged\* as to be perfectly fitted to the purpose, though the execution is not of

\* We cannot help observing, that there is however in these concertos *one* modern improvement introduced—namely, the striking reiterated semiquavers with alternate fingers, which are so marked by the Learned Doctor.

a kind to initiate the player into the difficulties of modern composition. It is to the organ that they are properly adapted—on this instrument all the effect they demand may be given, and they in their turn will display that sublime instrument much better than the compositions now frequently published for it, in by far too light a style. These concertos are most judiciously selected; it is needless to particularize them—suffice it to say, that they are amongst Handel's best.



*A first Melange on "Una voce poco fa," and "Ecco ridente il cielo," for the Piano Forte, by Camille Pleyel. Cocks and Co.*  
*Bolero de Leocadie, arrangé pour le Piano, par Camille Pleyel.*  
 Birchall and Co.

*Grande variazioni di Bravura on "O Cara Memoria," by Jerome Paer.*

*Petite Polonaise avec Trio pour le Piano Forte, par Ignace Moscheles.*

*Four Grand Waltzes for the Piano Forte, by F. Hoffman.*

All by Wessel and Stoddart.

*No. 2, of two admired Polonaises for the Piano Forte, by J. Mayseder. Cocks and Co.*

This list is one presenting mostly pieces for amusement alone, and they will form an agreeable relaxation from severer practice. Mr. Pleyel's lessons are light, brilliant, and attractive, especially the first. Mr. Paer's (which is dedicated to Master E. Schultze) has higher pretensions; the variations are showy and difficult, but they cannot boast of much novelty. Mr. Moscheles's is an elegant trifle. Mr. Hoffman's are very pretty waltzes, and Mr. Mayseder's is in his usual cheerful and easy style.



*No. 1, of a Selection of Duets for the Piano Forte and Flute. The celebrated Sonata in F for the same, by Beethoven.*

*No. 2, Sonata in D, by J. N. Hummel.*

*La Chasse, Rondò Brillant for the Piano Forte, by Chas. Czerny.*

*Variations on a favourite Russian Air, by C. M. de Weber.*

All by Cocks and Co.

*Brilliant Polonaise for the Piano Forte, on the German Arietta, "True Love," by J. P. Pixis. Wessel and Stoddart. This Edition is revised and arranged for Piano Fortes up to C, by C. Dumon.*

It is with much and sincere pleasure we observe the works of the finest German piano-forte composers daily gaining ground in England and rising into general circulation, for the fact not only secures to these artists the celebrity and estimation which are ever due to exalted talent, but proves at the same time the progress which we are making in taste and knowledge, and leads our native composers to emulate (and will we trust eventually to equal) the perfection which we admire in foreign masters. Thus we consider grateful acknowledgment to be due to those gentlemen who bring forward works which are of such general utility.

The sonata of Beethoven's (Op. 17) in F, is one of his earliest compositions, which circumstance does not diminish its merits, as it possesses none of the eccentricity that characterizes his later works. It is distinguished by simple and beautiful melody, and execution of a solid and striking character, and is a lesson of great beauty and interest. In its original form it had, we believe, a horn accompaniment, and it may now be procured with one for a violin or violoncello.

No. 2 is a composition of considerable celebrity; it was performed by the composer last year at one of his concerts in Paris, and is of a very superior class. Mr. Hummel's style is the result of natural genius and taste, aided by the instructions of a fine master—his are the genuine productions of the enthusiast, formed on the soundest principles of art, and they consequently never fall to the standard of mediocrity. The allegro in the present is vigorous and animated, containing beautiful melody. The style



of the *andante* possesses the solidity and intensity belonging to his school and his country, and the rondo is chaste, elegant, and inspiring. There is a brilliancy about Mr. Czerney's music that renders it always attractive, and no term can be so well applied to that before us, but it is on a hacknied subject, and is a lesson that cannot add much to its author's fame.

Poor Weber's is full of that originality and concentrated feeling which can only be perfectly relished by his admirers, but by them it cannot fail to be appreciated.

Mr. Pixis' is a composition of talent, though scarcely worthy of *his* genius—it has not his usual solidity. We are sorry to see his name to a set of quadrilles. Fashion cannot authorise such misapplication of talent.



*“Dolce ed Utile,” a Melange of Original Compositions for the Spanish Guitar, selected, corrected, and fingered by Mr. Derwort.*

*Grand March from the Ballet of Alfred, arranged for the Piano Forte and Guitar, by G. H. Derwort.*

*Andante and Variations on the German Air “Ein freies Leben Kühren wir,” for the Guitar and Piano Forte, by Jos. Kuffner.*

*Serenade pour le Piano et Guitare, par Leonard De Call.*

London. All by Wessel and Stoddart.

We have often wondered that the guitar is not in more general use amongst amateurs, being as it is, an instrument peculiarly fitted for accompanying the voice, and when highly cultivated, to the piano forte, and not nearly so difficult or expensive as the harp, to which it may be best compared. It has lately however been brought into more notice, and that in some measure by the exertions of Mr. Derwort, who has composed and arranged for it much and successfully. His publication (the first on our list) is particularly adapted for its further advancement. It consists (at present) of six numbers, containing andantinos, waltzes, rondos, &c. by Giuliani of Vienna. These are easy,

agreeable, and in various styles, and are put forth with an elegance that does credit to the publishers. The march is in itself brilliant, and is arranged in a manner to set off to the best advantage its own merits and that of the instrument. Mr. Kuffner's lesson is one of considerable execution, but its beauties are quite sufficient to tempt the performer to overcome its difficulties.

The serenade gives to the guitar more accompaniment than display—yet it is an agreeable lesson.



*Second Edition of twenty-four Studies for the Flute, composed by Raphael Dressler.*

*Nos. 1 to 12, of a Selection of favourite Melodies, arranged for the Flute and Piano Forte, by R. Dressler.*

*Mayseder's "La Sentinelle," arranged for the Flute and Piano Forte, by R. Dressler. London. Cocks and Co.*

Mr. Dressler, who is a native of Germany, enjoys there a considerable share of popularity as a composer for the flute, and the pieces before us will gain credit for him in this country. His studies are written with a view to the acquirement of execution, and consist of exercises in the scales and chords of all the major and minor keys, and may be recommended to the beginner as an excellent means of obtaining a solid foundation to work upon, the benefits arising from which will never cease to facilitate his progress.

Mr. Dressler's airs are well chosen, for they are very popular, and at the same time really good. They are mostly in an easy and tasteful style, and are of a kind to afford great pleasure, whilst they are calculated to initiate the student in the different styles of the gay, the graceful, the plaintive, and the brilliant—and to all youthful admirers of the flute they will prove a stimulant to exertion from their attractive character.

*La Sentinelle* is well arranged.



*Deux Divertissemens sur des Airs favoris pour le Violoncello avec Basse, composé par W. H. Haggart.*

*Romberg's Aria, Bel Piacer, adapted as a Solo for the Violoncello, by W. H. Haggart.*

*Fantasia on two Themes from Der Freischutz, for the Violoncello and Piano Forte, by W. H. Haggart.*

*Grand March in the Ballet of Alfred, arranged for the Violoncello and Piano Forte, by W. H. Haggart.*

London. All by Wessel and Stoddart.

All these lessons by Mr. Haggart are good of their kind. The solos are on beautiful airs, well suited to the character of the violoncello—indeed the selection of subjects is always made by Mr. H. with good taste—it is the same in his fantasia, which, though little more than an adaptation, is very pretty; the arrangement of the popular march in Alfred is likewise good. None of the lessons are particularly difficult, though requiring neat execution in their performance.

*Introductory Exercises or Studies for the Harp, in two Books, by C. N. Bochsa. London. S. Chappell.*

*Petite Bagatelle, a Rondo for the Harp, on the Air of "Buy a Broom," by C. N. Bochsa. London. Goulding and D'Almaine.*

*Pleyel's Introduction and Rondo on "Vieni fra queste braccie," arranged for the Harp by N. C. Bochsa. London. Cocks & Co.*

Mr. Bochsa is so well known as a master, that his studies want but little recommendation, for we can but speak of them in terms of praise. They are written for the purpose of being used intermediately between Mr. B.'s own instruction book and the more difficult studies which he published some years since; so that he has now presented his pupils with a complete course of practice. These studies are composed with great care, particularly as

regards the fingering. Thus their practice, even without the superintendance of the master, is rendered serviceable, as the pupil can scarcely go wrong. They embrace almost every species of passage and style, up to a certain pitch of difficulty, and are in every way worthy of notice.

*Il faut suivre la mode*, says Mr. Bochsa, and composes an easy showy lesson upon "*Buy a Broom*;" but we trust that it was in the same vexation of spirit that we see him waste his fine abilities upon such flimsy nothings.

The arrangement of Pleyel's previous arrangement is nearly as good for the harp as it is for the piano forte.



*Medea in Corinto, Opera seria in due atti, musica del Signor S. Mayer.* Paris. Carli.

The splendour which Madame Pasta's personification of *Medea* has cast round this opera makes it imperative upon us to look into the score, and to give some account of its structure and its merits. But for this incitement, and it is one which has filled all England and must soon fill all Europe with a desire to witness this magnificent performance, we should perhaps have found it difficult to have persuaded ourselves to the task, or to have given any sufficient reason to our readers for the examination of a work now not new, and possessing as music but few claims to their consideration. The *Medea* of this great actress as well as singer was one of the most classical illustrations of classic antiquity the stage has ever boasted. Few indeed are the triumphs of a similar kind which opera can shew, while they are the continual attributes of the two other species of dramatic entertainment—the tragedy and the ballet.\* It is the peculiar praise of Madame

\* We earnestly recommend to those who estimate "the poetry of motion" at a low rate, to read the works of the celebrated Noverre on the art of dancing. They will not only find a very ingenious able and philosophical dissertation on the structure of representations in action, but in the programs of some of his ballets, the most beautifully poetical illustrations of mythology and history. This great artist was not only applauded and even crowned

Pasta, that she united to a great degree the several excellences of the drama, the opera and the ballet. Mind, voice, and action, all combined to render this performance complete, and it would be difficult to say which was most predominantly striking.—Musicians have left the King's Theatre, without any recollection of the musical traits—so powerful were the effects of the conception and the acting, while persons whose main attention has been given to the drama have been chiefly moved by the admirable art of the singer. Enjoying no personal acquaintance with Madame Pasta that can entitle us to speak of her intellectual acquirements or habits of research, we can only judge from the public exhibition of her powers, of the method by which she has attained such perfection. There is however so curious and so felicitous an accordance with the opinions of great authorities in her apprehension of the character and with the finest graphic illustrations, that we are strongly tempted to believe Mad. Pasta must have formed her personification upon these models. A no less striking congruity appears with the theory of the part as laid down by the best critics, and to demonstrate our position we shall cite the preface to Potter's translation of the *Medea* of Euripides as embracing the opinions both of himself and of other erudite authorities.

when living, in the Lyric Theatres of Europe, from St. Petersburg to London, but was eulogized for his various talent by contemporary writers. Arteaga, whose praise is fame, thus speaks of him—"Never was there a writer who has so much ennobled the art of dancing as Noverre. The mysteries with which he invests it are so astonishing, the eloquence with which he assails the imagination, through the agency of the legs and feet, is such, that it is not his fault if the literati do not abandon the study of all other sciences for that of composing ballets. Nor did he content himself with literary speculations alone; he wished also to reduce to practice what he taught to others with his pen. He obtained universal praise and admiration for his *Death of Hercules*, *Medea's Assassination of her Children*, and other ballets, got up and successfully brought forward by him in the theatre of Stutgard, under the protection of the Duke of Wirtemberg, decorated and aided by the dramatic and musical arts. Besides these, his *Semiramis*, taken from Voltaire, assisted by the music of Gluck, and represented at Vienna, caused the spectators to tremble with horror, leaving it doubtful whether this immense effect was produced by the terrible argument itself, the force and simplicity of the action, or the truth and expression of the music. The practicability and stability of the theory being thus experimentally proved, it is not to be wondered at that this species of heroic pantomime was universally extended, particularly in the theatres of Italy?"

Euripides, says this learned translator, has exerted upon the character of Medea "the utmost efforts of his art and genius. This illustrious princess, the daughter of a powerful king, descended from the Sun, and celebrated for her science, found herself on a sudden forsaken by the man she loved, whom she had saved from inevitable destruction, for whom she had betrayed her father and her country, whose fortunes she had followed, or rather directed, for eight years, and whom she had never offended: thus injured by her faithless husband, insulted by Creon, and rudely driven with her two sons from his kingdom, she feels her misfortunes in their full force, and meditates the severest vengeance; to effect which she accommodates herself to every circumstance; is condescending and insinuating to the Corinthian dames who form the chorus, submissive to Creon, courteous and suppliant to Aigeus: at her first interview with Jason she reproaches him with severity, but with a calm dignity, sustains her superiority even in her utmost distress, and refuses the offer of his treasures with a generous indignation: but as soon as she had secured a place of refuge, her fiery and impatient spirit flames out, and her whole soul is bent on revenge. Creon had not only betrothed his daughter to Jason, but had treated her with the greatest indignity; his daughter had alienated the affections of her husband from her: and should the race of Sisyphus, whom she held in contempt, triumph in her misfortune, and make a jest of her ruin? They must perish: the account of their death is dreadfully great. For Jason a punishment still more dreadful was reserved; she had two sons by him, and was passionately fond of them, but she knew that the father would be most sensibly wounded through them; she therefore determined to kill them. The struggle indeed was great. The poet has given this fierce and vindictive character all the tenderness of a mother; he had otherwise outraged nature, and drawn an Ate hot from hell, not a woman: she acknowledges that the dreadful deed would fill her own heart with anguish; but Jason would suffer in it; there the flames of revenge blaze out, and every softer consideration gives place to their terrible fury. Thus the astonished Jason finds himself at once deprived of his bride, deprived of his sons, and even of the mournful satisfaction of burying them, and is left to grow old in misery, and at length to perish wretchedly; whilst the implacable Medea flies from Corinth through the air in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

"This seems to have been a favourite subject with the ancients. Ennius translated the Medea of Euripides into Latin; Ovid wrote a tragedy on the same story; and Mæcenas is said to have added to the number; these are lost: had the Medea of Seneca undergone the same fate, good taste and literature would have suffered no great loss. With him Medea is uniformly in a rage; and when he should have been tracing the workings of a feeling mind, he puts us cheaply off with turgid declamation, or uninteresting description. The wise and learned Medea of Euripides is here a sorceress that shocks us; the whole fourth Act is taken up with her horrid incantations, of which P. Brumoy says well, *c'est moins un enchantement magique, qu'un hurlement infernal*. After the robe is thus enchanted, she sends her sons with it to the bride to procure her favour to them, though Creon had promised to treat them with a father's tenderness, and Jason had declared the same in the warmest and most affectionate terms, which destroys the motive for sending them so finely contrived by the Greek poet. The effects of this fatal robe, which by Euripides are described with so minute a simplicity, that we are led from light circumstances to deeper and deeper horrors, are here represented in general and unaffected terms as a raging fire which had consumed the palace

and endangered the city. Medea now proceeds to the murder of her sons, to punish them for their father's guilt,

Vos pro paternis sceleribus pœnas date,  
 which totally mistakes the intention and destroys the effect. Her irresolution, the struggles between nature and revenge, and her pathetic parting with her children, had formed in Euripides a scene too beautiful to be omitted; but all the tenderness of it is extinguished by a burst of madness, in which Medea sees ghosts and furies: she then outrageously wishes for as many children as Niobe had, that she might destroy them all; massacres one in the sight of the father, and then departs in her car drawn by winged dragons. Yet after all these scenes of rage, horror, and slaughter, the conduct of Creon and the infidelity of Jason are so mitigated, that they are scarcely culpable; the former was threatened with a war by Acastus, if he longer gave refuge to Medea; prudence therefore required him to send her away; and Jason was compelled to yield to her banishment by both the kings, hinc rex, et illinc; and what most prevailed with him was his affection to his children, who could not otherwise be saved; nay farther, he had by his tears and entreaties obtained of Creon that the sentence of death, which he would have denounced against her, might be softened into that of banishment; so that he is represented rather as an unhappy man, than as a faithless and perjured husband, and as such is the object of pity; whilst Medea, without sufficient cause, transported with a blind and ungovernable rage, is no longer an injured and resentful wife, but an infernal fury, and the object of abhorrence; and this totally destroys the moral of the drama, whose intension it was to display the dreadful consequences of infidelity in the connubial state.

“The great Corneille, with these two different models before him, was so unhappy as to imitate the splendid faults of Seneca, rather than the chaste simplicity of Euripides. It gives one pain ever to mention this excellent person but in terms of the highest praise, which is justly due to his merits both as a poet and a man; but truth extorts this unwilling censure on his *Medée*: yet even his faults are the ebullitions of a great genius too much indulging a rich and vivid imagination. P. Brumoy was led by the nature of his undertaking to examine this tragedy, which however is not one of Corneille's best productions, of which he was himself fully sensible; the Critic's observations are judicious; to them the reader is referred, as whatever degree of censure there may be in them, it comes with more propriety from the poet's countryman, than from a stranger who wishes only to commend, and apologize in the words of Brumoy, *Il ne m'appartient pas de faire le procès à Corneille. Il faut respecter jusqu'aux défauts des grands hommes.—Il seroit seulement a souhaiter qu'il n'eût pas quelquefois porté l'imitation de Sénèque et de Lucain jusqu' à épouser leurs défauts. Après tout, cela ne diminue en rien la gloire d'un si grand Génie, qui a toujours enchéri sur ses modèles.*”

The author of the Italian libretto, upon which Mayer composed his music, has wisely adopted the plan of Euripides, and hence the varying situations and passions which have afforded so fine an occasion to Madame Pasta for the display of her dramatic powers. The composer of the music has flourished during our own times, but his style appears to have been formed before the last age of florid notation. A Bavarian by birth, he has received his education and perfected his musical taste between Germany

and Italy. There is simplicity in his melody and strength in his harmonies, but we cannot consider this opera as entitling him to the rank adjudged to him by the French critics—namely, as approaching to Mozart. There is not indeed in our judgment sufficient beauty to justify our entering upon a regular analysis of its parts. We shall content ourselves with a general description, and with an examination of its more prominent scenes only.

The introductory chorusses are just agreeable and tolerably expressive, and as much may be said of the solos, which introduce *Crcusa* as awaiting the arrival of *Jason*, and the hero himself on his return from his warlike expedition. The passion begins in the dialogue between *Medea* and *Jason* which follows. It is conducted for a considerable time in recitativo parlante, and the object of the composer seems to have been to fetter the singer as little as possible, to give room for powerful declamation, and merely to support the voice and occasionally to throw into the accompaniment impassionate illustration. At the close of this appeared one of the most extraordinary gleams of Madame Pasta's genius. *Jason* concludes his remonstrance and solicitation to her to depart from him with her children in these words:—

*Gia.* Ah! l' amor tuo t' illude.  
Abbi pietà di te; volgiti intorno  
Un sol guardo, o Medea. Fosti regina:  
Regina più non sei; darmi volevi  
Il regno de' miei padri; io stesso, errante,  
Lungi dal suol natio,  
Che sperar posso? Che mi resta?

*Medea* replies by a solitary word—IO.

We shall now cite the latter part of the passage, with the notes of the composer.

The image shows a single line of musical notation on a treble clef staff. The melody is written in a style characteristic of 18th-century Italian opera, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notes are mostly in the middle range of the staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes. The phrase ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Che sperar posso di che sperar posso che mi-res-ta? I-o.

It is impossible to convey the dignity with which Madame Pasta invested these two notes. She gave them with the whole power of her voice, at the same instant flung wide her arms above her head, and her whole figure seemed to dilate with a passionate majesty that can only be understood when seen, and when seen too as the climax of the preceding expostulation.



A duet, "*Cedi al tuo destin*," which is entitled to high praise, closes the scene. It affords scope for the finest expression, for it changes from shade to shade of various passion, yet the melody is so simply constructed as to be almost syllabic throughout. In one pathetic appeal the great actress, who, as the title propheticly indicates, is the all in all of the opera, sung so beautifully as to allow the ear to be the conductor to the other senses, an office usurped by the eye almost throughout all the rest of the part—so completely does the action dispossess the singing of its accustomed precedence. We transcribe the passage.

Mi - - ra oh Di-o Me - de - a ti prega

mi - - ra Me - de - a ver - sa pian - to ver - sa pianto a pie di

tuoi Me - de - a versa pian - - to a piedi tuo - i.

*Egeus* presents himself in recitative, which, like the former, is of the unambitious, but declamatory species. The symphony, which is somewhat curiously constructed by the alternate adoption

of the melody for the base and the base for the melody, promises however more than the vocal part performs. For the air which follows in the original score Signor Torri substituted another of Mayer's "*Dolce fiamma del mio core*"—one prettiness for another.

The finale to this act, if not better than the rest, is at least equal to any other piece in the opera. It exhibits a complete example of the power of the lyric drama in combining a vast number of parts and interests in a contemporaneous dialogue, the parties to this finale being no fewer than the whole dramatis personæ. It opens with a chorus of priests, who make preparations for the nuptials of *Jason* with *Creusa*, and invoke the propitious presence of Love and Hymen. *Creusa*, *Creontes*, and *Jason* utter their several feelings. *Medea* and *Egeus* mingle with the spectators, and express apart their painful endurance of the scene. The ceremony proceeds. The father and the lovers breathe their vows of affection, while *Medea* and *Egeus* call down the wrath of heaven upon these impious rites—the populace give vent to their joy in exclamations. At length *Medea* rushes in—overturns the altar, stops the rites, and finally a band of the friends of *Egeus* enter, seize and carry away the destined bride, *Creusa*.

The term "*effective*" is the best we can use in order to describe the very complicated music that all this implies. The single parts have, in some instances, passages of sweet melody; the principal is almost note for note with the air, "*Let not rage,*" in *Artaxerxes*, while there is a simplicity in the structure of the concerted portions that gives strength and uniformity to the whole.

The second act opens with a chorus and cavatina for *Creusa*, which is introduced between the divisions of the former. Both are light and melodious. The next scene is the incantation, which merits a more enlarged analysis.

Gluck, in his *Alceste*, appears to have been the first who employed his talents with effect upon a similar subject. To trace the progress and the resemblance from this composer down to Weber, who has produced the last and most striking scena of the same species, might afford a curious subject for investigation; but it is not to our present purpose to pursue it so far. There is however one striking difference. All the writers before Weber kept their preternatural machinery from the view of the spectators, he

produced the agents his magicians invoked. The scena before us commences with a symphony, which introduces a dialogue in recitative, between the attendant and *Medea*. It is at least a singular coincidence that the trait which is most prominent, both in this and in the *Freischutz* incantation, should be a base passage,\* which reappears at intervals,



while the other instruments are employed much in the same manner, namely, in short and rapidly repeated notes that convey a shuddering sort of tremor, while the base is almost entirely composed of modifications or repetitions of the introductory passage. The vocal parts are purely syllabic, and may be considered as the declamatory expression of the words by wider inflexions, which is the vocal exaltation of passion. The author of the libretto has had Virgil in his recollection, for he puts a translation of the well-known passage,

“ *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo,*”

into the mouth of *Medea*. The recitative is interrupted and enforced by short ritornels, and the band is thus brought in to assist in heightening the description. The whole is bold, energetic, and impassioned, affording a fine ground for such an artist as *Mad. Pasta*. At length *Medea* is left alone, when the real incantation scene commences, to which all we have described is but the prelude, though still so connected with it as not to be separated. The invocation of Night and Tartarus and Hecate, and the Ghosts and Furies, is in a style between accompanied recitative and air, for while the measure is preserved the vocal part is elocutory, and is scarcely more sustained than is absolutely necessary to confer elevation and mysterious dignity. The colouring is committed to the orchestra, and is performed more by the agency of harmony than by the shadowing of different instruments, as is the more modern practice. The base passage we have quoted is however the basis, and continually comes in either in its proper intervals,

\* See vol. 6, p. 388.

or in modifications of the original. The Furies are made to reply generally upon one sound, or simply sinking from the fifth to the tonic at the close of their assentations. *Medea's* part is very chromatic, and the modification continual. But there is nothing exaggerated; it is all solid force, and did indeed afford noble scope for the various expressive powers in voice, gesture, and countenance of Madame Pasta. One of the most curious things is the manner in which groupes of notes in the accompaniment, triplets or quadruplets, equal and unequal notes, are employed to describe the changes of passion, from the dark vengeance which dooms her rival to death, to the agitation that accompanies the mention of the perfidy of *Jason*. The whole indeed is well worth the examination of the philosophical musician, and as it appears to us is remarkable for energy of conception, and strength and purity in the execution, rather than for flights of imagination.

It is not our purpose to go into a complete analysis of the opera, we may therefore pass lightly over the two duets—the first between *Jason* and *Creusa*, and the second between *Egeus* & *Medea*. The latter is by far the most effective, and indeed it was always well received in the opera. It consists of three movements—the first an *allegro moderato*—the second an *andante grazioso*—and the last a more rapid and forcible *allegro*. The three present a combination of vigorous melody, gracefulness, and passion—but not we think in any thing like a very eminent degree. We shall in the same way glance by the scene in which *Jason* is informed of the death of *Creusa* by means of the enchanted robe, and come at once to that between *Medea* and her children. This consists of perpetual transitions from passion to passion. It is almost all exclamation, and the only relief that the actress experiences during this trying test of ability, is an occasional strain from the chorus, (within) who are seeking to avenge upon her the death of *Creusa*. In the meanwhile all the vengeance she feels against *Jason* urges her to slay her children, while maternal love struggles with the unnatural act. There is a force in this scene that surpasses any thing to be found in the former part of the work. It is the deep tragedy of music. One passage we must cite, as it appears to us to afford a curious and a fine instance of melismatic expression.

e gene e ge - - - - -

- - - - - me e

ge me ancor - - - - - e gene ancor.

The acting of Mad. Pasta in this scene was beyond all praise. Her self-abandonment, her horror at the contemplation of the deed she is about to do, her bursts of affection were pictured with astonishing strength, yet with such simplicity as demonstrated her profound study of the passions. Her folding her arms across her bosom, and contracting her whole form as it were in order to shrink from the approach of the children, was touching beyond description—nor was her pursuit of them and her manner of striking the blow less powerfully conceived and executed.—The finale, during which *Medea* takes her flight in a car drawn by dragons, is marked by the same simple vigour of style that characterises all the stronger parts of the opera.

It is impossible to imagine a work more highly dramatic or more impassionate than *Medea*, and though, had we never seen it acted, or so magnificently acted, as by Madame Pasta, we should probably have found it difficult if not impossible to have conceived that it was capable of such effect as mere music, yet having witnessed the performance, its intrinsic merits cannot be denied nor doubted. The proof is before all Europe. We may say of the composition, that the style is nervous and pure—the harmonies full and various—the modulation natural, though learned and expressive, and the whole highly dramatic and expressive. But we question whether there be a single passage which has sunk into the memory, and we are free to confess we left the King's Theatre almost without the recollection of having heard a note, so completely was imagination rapt by the sublime personification of the actress. Yet the pieces do not want melody. It is not however modern catching melody—and we are afraid we must

admit that our ears have been too much accustomed of late to the tinkling and glittering passages of Rossini and his school, to be as satisfied as we ought to be with a style of writing so much more pure and natural as that of Simon Mayer in his *Medea*.

“*Io vi perdono o stelle,*” *Duetto nell Opera,* “*Zadig ed Astartea,*”  
dal Signore Vaccaj.

“*Stelle che miro,*” *duetto, by the same.*

“*Dopo due lustri,*” *Terzetto, nell Opera,* “*Donna Caritea,*” dal  
Sig. Mercadante.

“*Qual ardir ! tu mio rivale,*” *Duetto from ditto.*

“*Ah crudel che mai facesti,*” *Duetto nell Opera,* “*Giulietta e Romeo,*”  
by composta dal Sig. Vaccaj.

All by Grua and Co. Albermarle-street, Piccadilly.

There are two circumstances which operate most injuriously to the fame of composers in general ; the first is, when garbled and incorrect copies of a few insignificant pieces find their way to a temporary notice, such for instance as some favourite singer choosing one of these to exhibit their powers upon ; the world instantly sets them down as very pretty writers in their way, and although perhaps after a lapse of time some sound work of better construction and loftier scope should claim the reward of a higher appreciation, yet such is the state of public feeling, that it is seldom bestowed, because by that time perchance they are in pursuit of some other novelty. Such has been the case with the continental vocal composers of late. The public know literally nothing of the following names : Vaccaj, Orlandi, Pacini, Speranza, Solieva, &c. excepting by a few trifling canzonets and light duets—and yet most of these masters have written between ten and twenty operas each, (particularly the three first). The cause of this lies much with the principal singers ; they, one and all, adhere to the absurd custom of repeating nearly without any change the same pieces, season after season. The concert singers especially seem averse to study *any* but those that have been already made popular by

the operatic or theatrical vocalists, whereby they run the hazard of very equivocal comparisons. There are *volumes*, nay *reams*, of excellent compositions lying wet from the press, at more than one publishers. Why do not some of these professors exert themselves more to command attention rather than to follow for ever those who more judiciously entice it? The second cause we have alluded to, as tending to obstruct and obscure the fame of composers, is, the pernicious practice resorted to by publishers of raking together all their early and immature writings, and showering them forth on the public after their name has become favourite and familiar by some judicious or great work. Such has been the case with Weber's. Here, after "Der Freischutz" has established a foundation for his fame came such things as "Natur and Liebe," Preciosa, and many other unequal, every-day productions, which, whether judged by themselves, or by comparison with his great work, must (unless by new and strikingly effective compositions he can keep the vestal fire of fame alive) lower, and depreciate the well-earned reputation of even the most highly gifted. We have been led to these remarks by having lately had opportunities of perusing many excellent, although unknown vocal compositions of recent date, and having formed a selection of some of the *best* of these, we shall (when our space will admit) notice such, for the benefit of our vocal readers. No. 1 is a duet from a late opera of Vaccaj's, which has had very great success on the Continent. The key D flat will somewhat startle our tyro vocalists perhaps at first, but they will find enough of genuine sound harmony, with a free and judicious style of melody, to compensate for the practice. No. 2 is one of the most spirited and effective duets for tenor and base that we ever recollect to have seen since Rossini's best efforts in that way. We are perfectly astonished that it has never been sung in public. The middle and last movements are particularly good. It requires great animation in both the singers who would attempt to do justice. A very few such pieces as this would establish Signor Vaccaj as a composer of no ordinary talent. No. 3, "*Dopo due lustri*," is a very pleasing terzetto from a new opera of Mercadante—and although we certainly find Rossini at second hand here and there, yet upon the whole there is a gracefulness and flow about it welcome to ears now too frequently indurated with the discord of harsh sounds. No. 4 is a duet from the same

opera, apparently for two tenors. There are three movements; the first in two flats, common place enough, but the second, marked *largo cantabile*, in five flats, has a charming effect, chiefly derived from the beautiful expression afforded by the temperament of the key in which it is set. The last movement in the same key as the first, F, is spirited and well worked up. The very small number of effective duets for two tenors extant renders this very acceptable to amateur singers. No. 5 loses its effect by being detached from the opera, but we have little doubt it is in loco an effective song.

*The Death of Absalom, composed by Thomas Drake. London.*

(For the Author.) By Birchall and Co.

*The Winds are high on Helle's Wave, Recitative and Air, by S. Nelson. London. Chappell.*

*Softly, softly, blow ye Breezes, a Song, composed by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. London. Callcott.*

There are but few writers now a days who have courage enough to trust to plain and natural expression. The praise of Mr. Drake's song is, that he has done so. There is a measured solemnity and power in the march of his music that accords well with the subject, and these are strictly preserved throughout—in the first of the two movements especially. The second is a cantabile, in the same chaste style—there is melody throughout, but the closing phrase is as pathetic as it is simple.

Mr. Nelson (whom we presume to be the base singer of that name) has produced a good cantata for that voice, consisting of a recitative, a bold middle movement, and a sostenuto to conclude, as the most approved fashion directs. Though there is neither much of what is new or rare in the song; it may fairly be said to form an agreeable addition to the limited stock which singers of this register enjoy, and it is certainly creditable to his taste.

Mr. Horsley's song is distinguished by the elegance and tenderness which belong more to himself than to any existing composer.



It seems indeed to our judgment more expressively beautiful than any thing he has printed of late, and while it resembles in some sort "*The Sailor's adieu*," it approaches in delicacy and pathos his more exquisite Ballad—"When shall we three meet again." It is not only in the melody, but in the little soft touches in the accompaniment that we find the master and the man of feeling.

This needs only to be known to be as popular as its predecessors, to which we have made allusion.

*Jane, the Mountain's pride.*

*I planted a Rose Tree.*

*Like the Flower of the Valley—Cavatina.*

*No longer the Song of the Lark—Rondo.*

*Now the gentle Dews of Spring—Ballad.*

*The Words by W. Mac Gregor Logan; Music by John Barnett.*

London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

*O many have sworn to adore me—Canonet.* London: Wessel and Stoddart.

*Monody on Weber, by the same Authors.* London. Cocks & Co.

So long as novelty is in demand, there is no necessity to ask why such verses as the majority of these songs are written—why they are set to music, or why they are published. Novelty must be had, and Mr. Logan and Mr. Barnett are content to furnish a copious supply, without any very attentive regard to the matter. The first five, in the above list, are just such prettinesses as come forth daily; the fifth has more merit, and is a song of which a singer of fine expression might make something. It has purity, simplicity, strength, and above all, an intensity of feeling which, it appears to us, is the quality which exalts Mr. Barnett's compositions. Exactly the same character may be given of the Monody on Weber. The words are the best we have seen on the same subject, and though the music is not comparable to the *ode*

on the death of Gen. Moore, to which the title page informs us it is intended to form a companion, yet it has marks of the same sensibility and the same mind which produced the first-named and most excellent of all Mr. Barnett's productions. Those who desire light little novelties may buy all the first five, the third excepted (*Like the flower of the valley*), to the morality of which there is a strong and sufficient objection. The last are in a better taste, and may be esteemed above the mediocrity of the ordinary run of songs.

◆

*Lord, how secure and quiet do they Live—Hymn, composed by Dr. William Carnaby. London. Chappell.*

This is a smooth and flowing composition, well worthy of the mind from which it proceeds. They who have fine tastes or need the tranquillizing effects of sacred and sweet melody, will here enjoy all that we shall venture, from old experience, to call the blessing of such a satisfaction. It must be a wayward heart that is not both softened and bettered by listening to such a strain. For the consistent solace of the evening of the Sabbath nothing can be more desirable, and we commend it to notice as being at once devout and beautiful.

◆

*Duet—My Ornaments are Arms ; the Music by a Lady.*

*Duet—Myrtillo's Lament. London. Ewer and Johanning.*

Despite the multitude of publications that swarm forth "like gnats in the air," duets may still be said to be rare, and good English duets rarer still—yet singing in two parts is amongst the most delightful of vocal exercises. We have endeavoured more than once to stimulate our composers to the task, and as they do not answer the call, we suppose the voice potential of the music-sellers is against our supposition that they "are wanted in the trade." These two are of different characters; the first brief but spirited, and the last tender and pathetic.

*While the Breeze of the Morning;*

*Of all the Flowers the fairest;*

*Stay, my Charmer. All composed by C. H. London. Wood, Small, and Co.*

*Put round the bright Wine, composed by Esther Eliz. Fleet. London. Monro and May.*

*The Bonnie Lassie, composed by Mrs. Miles. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

These compositions, which we believe to be the productions of females, have all merit, though of various kinds. C. H. has clearly a taste for melody, and melody that is sweet and natural. It is curious how Paisiello's air, "*Je suis Lindor*," fastens upon the memory. "*Whilst the breeze of the morning*" is a paraphrase of the first trait of this beautiful air, though it is to be traced no further than the first bar or two. Still we say C. H. has a just taste for melody.

"*Put round the bright wine*" is an excellent table song. The verses bear the stamp of Professor Smythe's fine temper, as well as of his elegant mind.

Mrs. Miles' song, though scarcely so good as her former Scotch ballad, "*She's a winsome wee thing*," is yet a lively and agreeable production. Indeed this lady has too much taste, as well as too much reputation, to print any thing that is likely to detract from the high character she has earned as a player and an instructress.

*Oh Touch that Harp, a Capatina, composed by J. Blewitt. London. Chappell.*

*Love's Contradiction, a Song composed by George Henry Derwort. London. Wessell and Stodart.*

*Love's Message—the same composer and publishers.*

The primitive significations of words are often lost, it is well known, in their metaphorical applications, and with respect to musical terms, they will soon come, by the laxity with which they

are used, to bear any interpretation that a composer or a singer may choose to put upon them. Thus it is with the title "cavatina," which Mr. Blewitt has affixed to his song, properly a recitative and air. Not that we would quarrel with him for its abuse, because he has only done what an hundred others are doing every day, and indeed he may be nearer the truth than many, though still far enough off. We must however take some occasion to reprove the practice. "Cavatina," says M. Framery in his portion of the article in the *Encyclopædie Methodique*, "En Italien *cavatina* est un diminutif de *cavata*, qui veut dire *otée*, *retranchée*. C'est une portion de recitatif soumise a la mesure, et aux formes regulieres de la melodie, et par consequent distinct et pour ainsi dire separée du reste. Ou si on l'aime mieux, on a voulu exprimer ainsi un air dont la seconde partie est *retranchée*." Koch, in his Dictionary of music, thus defines the word—"a short air in which there is scarcely any repetition of the words, and no melismatic extensions of syllables. It has no second part."

It will be seen that Mr. Blewitt's is a recitative and air, and it is remarkable that it has not only an allegro movement, but it consists almost entirely of repetitions of words and melismatic passages. We also beg to repeat that Mr. Blewitt does not stand alone; he no doubt will be able to bring authorities for what he has done "plenty as blackberries," though not half so good. But this is the very reason why we attack his title (not him) for it really is time to bring back musical language to some distinct meaning. Indeed it has always appeared to us perfectly unnecessary and even absurd to apply Italian terms to English vocal music. Mr. Moore, the best and most classical authority we can possibly cite, has very judiciously rejected all foreign expositions in his directions for performing his national airs. With respect to instrumental music the case is different, because such compositions may and do travel abroad, and consequently demand the same universality in the directions that music as a language itself enjoys. But foreigners who understand enough of English to relish and sing our songs, will find English words of direction for their performances equally intelligible. To continue the use of Italian is spontaneously to wear the badge of our servitude and dependence, to do homage for our present possessions; we call upon all true hearted and sound headed subjects of King George the Fourth who write music, to abjure the custom,

Mr. Blewitt's recitative and air is written in what would be called by Book-reviewers an ambitious style, and the phrase is very transferable to music—it means showy without much of solid worth. It is impossible to deny to the author a desire to leave the beaten tracks, or a play of fancy, but these are rather demonstrated in the glitter of the verbiage than in the intrinsic originality of the thought. The vehicles he uses were good once, but they, like the dresses which have descended to domestics, are seen to be threadbare, even while they look gawdy. Such appears to us to be the true description of this composition. We cannot deny that the phrases have a certain and definite expression—we cannot deny that they have been employed, and successfully employed—we will not deny that they are put together with some touch of passion; but to go back to our first image, there are too many colours, and they are showy rather than in good taste—gay but not ornamental. The qualities thus brought to view want only more study, more exercise, and more austere self-correction, to render their possessor a superior writer.

"*Love's Contradiction*" is also ambitious, but not to the same degree. There is more invention and a better application. The imagination of the author runs riot, but it is not vented in common places—rather perhaps in extravagancies. This however is the "*quod ampatem*," which, if Mr. Derwort be a young man, time and study will mellow into practised ability. And indeed we think we already perceive indications of the justice of our judgment in his other song, which whether produced first or last manifests a more chastened exercise of the same fancy, and is both quaint and agreeable. It is published separately for the Spanish guitar and piano forte.

*Love in a Shower, a Ballad.*

*O here in my Bower, Cavatina; the Music by Augustus Meves.*  
London. Chappell.

Two light and airy little songs by a professor well known for some elegant compositions for the piano forte. Mr. Meves has

presented in close contiguity, doubtless with a moral intent, the comparative advantages of the universal passion, under two different aspects and influences. The words of the first, the title tells us, are by Mr. O'Meara, and we find in them the following lines :

Come hither sweet maids there's a bridge below,  
The toll-keeper, Hymen, will let you go through.

We must conclude the gentleman is from Ireland, and we are led to this conjecture by the following piece of humour. The composer has thought it right to repeat "*there's a bridge below*" with the laudable intention no doubt of enforcing the remembrance of this piece of information—but to make it stronger, there has crept in the monosyllable "*sure*," and the passage stands "*sure there's a bridge below*." The little god Love is the interlocutor, and we have often heard that ladies with a twang of the brogue upon the tongue, are the most irresistible—the widows too who resort to Bath for the benefit of the waters in their distresses are sadly belied by novelists, if the gentlemen of the sister Island possess not the same advantage. Ah, Mr. Meves, you are a wag!

The shady retirement of "*O here in my Bower*," not less than the laughter and roses, we are free to confess is more to our taste than "*Love in a Shower*;" and all prudent young ladies we are almost certain will be of our opinion, *to a man*, as any body who writes an O' before his name, might, could, should, or would say. Indeed we can "shew it in rhyme."

"Poor Hal caught his death standing under a spout,  
Expecting till midnight when Nan wou'd come out—  
But fatal his patience as cruel the dame,  
And curst was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.  
Whoever thou art that reads these moral lines,  
Make love at home and go to bed betimes."

Old Travers, the author of "*Haste my Nannette*" and "*I my dear*" has set the verses, if we remember rightly, and Poor Purcell is said by some to have caught the illness of which he died from exposure to a rainy night. Hence we infer, as well as from Sir John Falstaff's exposition of his feelings after immersion in cold water, that "a shower," however it may fertilize all earth besides, is more fruitful in the production of colds than matrimony, and hence also most damsels we fear will eschew "*Love in a*

*Shower.* "O here in my Bower," may however be more fatal than even the clouds themselves, from which it affords a shelter—Queen Dido to witness.

Interea magno misceri murmure cœlum  
Incipit; insequitur commista grandine nimbus !

\* \* \* \* \*

Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem  
Deveniunt \* \* \*

Nec jam futurum Dido meditatur amorem,  
Congugium vocat, nec prætexit nomine culpam.

We have no time to translate; ,but O, dear Ladies, "O beware of love"—particularly of "Love in a shower"—and above all, if he speaks the brogue, "sure."



*Book II. of Twenty-four Grand Studies for the Piano Forte, by Henry Herz. This Edition has been revised, and arranged for Piano Fortes up to C, by Mr. Moscheles. London. Cocks & Co. Studies for the Piano Forte, composed for the use of the Royal Academy of Music by C. Potter. London. For the Proprietor, by S. Chappell.*

*Exercises for the Piano Forte, for Beginners, by C. H. H. Rink, with some Additions by W. Clarke. London. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.*

*The Practice of the Scales for the Piano Forte, with a developement of the plan of fingering them, by Thomas Turvey. London. S. Chappell.*

We have before\* noticed the first book of Mr. Herz's publication, and the present does not give us much reason to add to the remarks we made at that time. We then explained the plan of the composer, which appeared to be rather that of rendering his studies more useful for the purposes of style, than for those of execution; from this original design he has however deviated a

\* See vol. 7, p. 396.

little in his second book, which is considerably more difficult than the first. This was to be expected; the studies in the former being also in the more familiar keys, whilst those of the latter are in the more abstruse. We cannot however leave the subject without adverting to the little room they give for the practice of cantabile and expressive playing. We forbore mentioning this circumstance till the completion of the work, in hopes that the second number would contain more in this style; but we are disappointed. It is true that throughout it is unmarked by the extravagance that pervades much of the modern music, but as taste and feeling are to be strengthened, if not imbibed by the study of fine composers, to make such works a secondary consideration is a palpable omission on the part of the master who furnishes the mould in which the student is formed, and we must (however unwillingly) confess this to be a little the case with the book before us. But we would not by such observations take from its general merits. It claims the attention of all those who are sufficiently advanced to relish the peculiar beauties of the composer's school, and to conquer the difficulties which the studies present.

It is from artists of Mr. Potter's class, men who, endowed with fine natural abilities, have been raised to the highest rank in their profession by the further assistance of the best theoretical and practical education, that we naturally look for those precepts and examples which are to direct the followers of their steps. We opened Mr. P.'s book with high expectation, because he has been nurtured in the right school, and we have not been disappointed. As a scholar of the great Beethoven, he evinces at once his good taste and real science, by adhering to his master as a model, without producing a servile copy, and this we conceive to be the test of the scholar who has really profited by the instructions of his master. Thus Mr. Potter's style is imbued with a large share of the solidity, energy, and profound science of the German school, and his "Studies" bear the marks these characteristics always bestow.

English musicians already possess an invaluable fund in this species of composition in the works of Clementi, Otamer, and Kalkbrenner; and although it is nearly impossible to make any important additions to these, with regard to execution, yet *style* changes yearly, aye, we may almost say monthly, and these altera-



tions must be attended to both by master and student. By this we do not mean to advance that every frivolous addition or invention (of which there are now too many) is to be considered as an improvement in art, for by this means we should very soon possess no standard by which to estimate perfection and mediocrity, but we merely wish to infer that it should be the chief object of the composer who undertakes such a work as the one before us, to take the standard excellences of the highest school as the groundwork on which to engraft the best and leading characteristics of the styles which have successively been introduced and established by the potent authority of the talented player and composer. This appears to us to have been the end aimed at by Mr. Potter, and as we have before observed, he is peculiarly fitted to the purpose by his education in that school which is universally acknowledged to be *the highest*, and under that master whose mighty genius still supports a fabric of its own creation. In the present instance we consider comparison as both unnecessary and invidious. We shall not therefore enter into any, but merely give it as a general opinion that no work of the kind has appeared for some years so superior as a whole as the present.

It is much to be regretted that it is out of the composer's power to introduce, within the limits to which he is necessarily confined in books of this class, a greater diversity of combination, as it is indispensable to make some particular passage the subject of each study. Mr. Potter has explained the purpose of each one of his; they are written principally for the practice of the "antient style," of brilliant modera execution, for legato and staccato playing, and for delicacy and strength of touch. In the first (which we must consider as forming a principal ingredient in Mr. P.'s own style) he has succeeded best; of this the second and fourth are beautiful specimens; the twentieth, in the brilliant style, is a most excellent study for execution; the twenty-first for lightness of touch; and the eighteenth, for the practice of the octave, are also very good. We do not distinguish these few as alone worthy of notice; the studies are all very superior in their kind, and fully answer the purposes for which they are intended; and although our limits prevent us from giving a further analysis, we trust we have said enough, if our opinion be of any weight to interest those who are not of Mr. Potter's immediate friends, for to all masters his

book will be a great acquisition. We cannot conclude without remarking that Mr. Potter, being an Englishman, so much the more valuable should his work be in the estimation of his countrymen.

Mr. Clarke has brought before the public a very useful work in the shape of an instruction book for children from eight to ten years of age. It is perhaps a singular fact, that amongst the daily increasing number of such productions, we scarcely find one that has not some peculiar recommendation. The plan pursued in the present is equally judicious and original. The object is evidently to make the scholar proceed by the most regular and progressive steps, and for the following reasons, from the preface to the first part, the exercises are written as duets.

“In my opinion the scholar should be accompanied by the master as soon and as much as possible, in order that steadiness and accuracy in the knowledge of time may be speedily acquired.

“The scholar who plays alone wanders in an extensive and unknown field, and for a long time continues to be unsteady. For this reason these exercises are arranged for two persons. One of the parts may be played by a scholar who is somewhat farther advanced. This is a circumstance which merits particular attention; and as lessons in music are very expensive to parents, the master should endeavour to instruct two scholars at once as often as it is practicable.”

The first part consists of exercises of the easiest description, but there is one circumstance worthy of remark, which is, that in order to present as clear and definite idea as possible to the mind of the child, the *ledger* lines and spaces are designated the *upper* and *under* lines and spaces.\* The second part continues on the same sensible plan. These exercises must not be considered as suited to any but beginners; they will be found to require a previous knowledge of the notes, and the divisions of time are not explained with the accuracy necessary for a child—but as a mere book of exercises it is on a most sensible plan, and well worthy of notice.

\* We recollect the circumstance of a child of six years of age being obliged to give up the study of music (in which she afterwards made considerable progress) because it was found impossible to make her understand the word *ledger*.

Mr. Turvey's treatise on the diatonic scale is clear and comprehensive, and his practice of the scales is conducted in a judicious manner.

### ARRANGEMENTS.

Select Airs from Medea, arranged as Duets for the Harp and Piano Forte, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for the Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.

Overture to the Caliph of Bagdat, as a Duet for the Harp and Piano Forte, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments, by N. C. Bochsa.

A Selection of Airs from Aladdin, as a Duet for the Harp and Piano Forte, by N. C. Bochsa. All by Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

The favorite Airs in Medea, arranged as Duets for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Burrowes; in three Books.

The same for the Piano Forte and Flute, by J. B. Burrowes. S. Chappell.

Favorite Airs, from Winter's Interrupted Sacrifice, for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault; in four Books. Cocks and Co.

Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Clarke Whitfield.

Blest Pair of Syrens, arranged with a Piano Forte Accompaniment, by Dr. John Clarke.

Heroes when with glory burning, arranged with a Piano Forte Accompaniment, by Dr. John Clarke. All by Birchall and Co.

Overture by Mozart, arranged for the Piano Forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.) by G. Kiallmark. Goulding, D'Almaine, and Co.

La Gaité, a Set of Quadrilles, from Elisa e Claudio, by J. P. Pixis. Wessel and Stoddart.

A Second Set of Quadrilles, from Medea, by Challenger. S. Chappell.

A 49d Set of Quadrilles, from *La Dame Blanche*, by P. Mustard. Boosey and Co.

Twelve favorite Airs, by Mozart; arranged for the Flute, with Embellishments, by Raphael Dressler.

Airs from Spohr's *Faust*, arranged for the Flute, by Raphael Dressler.

*La Dame Blanche*, set for the Flute, by C. Saust.

*La Sacrifice Interrompu*, set for the Flute, by C. Saust.

All by Cocks and Co.

## MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS.

### THE KING'S THEATRE

Remains in the possession of Mr. Ebers, and the arrangements are announced. The management devolves upon Mr. Bochsa. Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Ayton, Signora Teobaldi, a contralto, with Madame Pasta, who is expected to come in May, Signors Curioni, Donzelli, and Zuchelli, are the principal performers engaged. Negotiations have been opened with Galli. Signor Coccia has left the piano forte as conductor, and Mr. Pio Cianchettini has refused to preside on account of the extremely low compensation offered him. Spontini's *La Vestale* is to be the first opera brought out, and *La Schiava*, in *Bagdad*, will be the second, in which Signor Zuchelli will appear. Signor Coccia is engaged to write an opera. Meyerbeer it is said will be here early in the season and Rossini late.

There have always been an incertitude and a mutability about the Italian Opera House that belongs to no other establishment, and these annunciations can but be regarded as the preliminary arrangements of a season prematurely commenced, in consequence of the early meeting of Parliament. What is to follow must, we conceive, depend not a little upon the success which shall be found to wait upon the progress of the performances. The principal singers are all of the first class, but none of them *multi nominis*.

Madame Caraderi's ineffable sweetness and propriety have not only sustained her in her place by the side of a succession of the greatest singers and actresses of the time, by the side of Ronzi de Bagnis, Colbran Rossini, Catalani, and Pasta, but by the mere dignity of her simple gracefulness, she has continually risen in the public estimation, of which she enjoys all that such powers can attract. She is never seen or heard but with the pleasure that attends the perception of nature, skill, and elegance. Of Miss Ayton and Signora Teobaldi, we know little or nothing. The foreign journals have spoken of them in a tone that rather indicates rising mediocrity than already exalted talent. Of Signor Carioni we have spoken at length in another part of our miscellany. Nor is it probable that a more ostensible tenor could have been obtained. Donzelli and Zuchelli are both singers of repute. Concerning Madame Pasta we need say nothing. All that is to be wished is the assurance of her arrival in time, and we have the strongest reason to believe it is her fixed intention to be in England on or before the first of May. There appears then to be sufficient promise, should the females new to this country be found equal to what the public has a right to expect. We have before remarked how vigour and relaxation succeed each other. Last year was perhaps not remarkable either way, for if Velluti's popularity, which was never very high, gave way soon after the beginning of the year, and if Bonini never enjoyed the reception to which her skill as a musician entitled her, the glorious successes of Pasta compensated for the previous coldness that attended the performances. The opera seems to be a sphere in which two great planets can rarely reign together. The public flocked to hear Velluti at the close of the season of 1824-1825, when he first came over—but he was eclipsed, totally eclipsed, by Madame Pasta, and it is curious that in Benelli's season of extravagant engagements, Colbran, Catalani, and Ronzi, all ruled in turn, but not together or in succession during the same period. The opera-going world will worship but one deity, but if that deity be "of power," they are not very prone to change their musical religion. Catalani and Camporese reigned for many years. Ronzi De Bagnis grew in favour so long as health permitted her stay in this country—Pasta still triumphs, and we have spoken of the esteem which increases

around Caradori. It should not therefore seem so difficult to preserve the favor of the inhabitants of this region of fashion as has been represented. No place of amusement is so exclusively, so munificently supported by the nobility and the affluent portion of the public. They have a right to performers of the very highest rank that Europe produces, and we have shewn that they are neither slow to appreciate nor so volatile as to desert real excellence. If then the opera fails, it is not for want of public patronage. The causes of failure are to be sought in the eternal suits in law and equity, in the want of a consistent plan pursued with firmness and constancy—in the discredit entailed upon the concern by the repeated changes in the managers and the management, and by occasional defalcation in the payments, as in the case of Waters and Benelli. There can be no question but the receipts of the King's Theatre are amply adequate to the provision of the finest opera in Europe, and to afford at the same time a profit commensurate with the magnitude of the engagement, under the conduct of men of judgment, integrity, and responsibility, could the concern be freed from its perilous incumbrances and still more ruinous suits. Nay more—we are quite certain it might be placed upon a footing to render it both highly profitable and highly honourable to the proprietors and to the country.

### THE ORATORIOS.

Mr. Bishop has again had the courage to resume the proprietorship and conduct of these performances, and he has fixed the under-mentioned nights :

January	30th,	(King Charles' Martyrdom),	Covent Garden.
March	2d	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane.
—	7th	..... Wednesday	..... Covent Garden.
—	9th	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane
—	14th	..... Wednesday	..... Covent Garden.
—	16th	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane.
—	21st	..... Wednesday	..... Covent Garden.
—	23d	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane.
—	28th	..... Wednesday	..... Covent Garden.
—	30th	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane.
April	4th	..... Wednesday	..... Covent Garden.
—	6th	..... Friday	..... Drury Lane.
June	2d	..... (Whitsun Eve)	..... Covent Garden.

The principal singers at present engaged we understand to be Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, Miss Love, and Miss Paton, Mr. Braham and Mr. Phillips—Mr. Bishop has also sent an offer to Berlin to Mademoiselle Sontag, and made proposals to Miss Bacon, whose intention it is to pursue her studies abroad, should health permit. Mrs. Salmon was also applied to, but her present purpose is to return to the Continent.\*

It may at the first glance seem a bold assertion to make, that these performances are perhaps more important to the public—that is, to the great body of the people, to whom music is a solace and a delight—than any other that the metropolis can boast. But the reason is very plain and sufficient. No other concerts are so cheaply or so universally accessible—box, pit, and gallery, at play-house prices, are open, and he who sits in the one-shilling gallery may enjoy as fine a concert as he whose pride and whose purse lead and enable him to purchase the ease and precedency of the dress boxes. The consideration is very important, for who would not lament that a knowledge of art should not be thus cheaply propagated, or that a current which carries along so much amusement, always diffusing and often purifying the general principles of taste so widely and beneficially, should be stopped?—a circumstance but too probable from the errors and the losses of former schemes of management.

The oratorios must now be no longer taken as sacred performances during a penitential season. They are grand miscellaneous concerts, retaining just so much of sacred music as may keep up the semblance of the original cause of their establishment, and affording opportunity to those who may desire to enjoy such nights as these when *The Messiah* is given entire, or the solemn portions of the other evenings. Mr. Bishop is unquestionably a man of fine taste, and he will we trust render the oratorios as far as possible the vehicles of the best music; not of one but of all

\* We are most happy to understand that Mrs. Salmon's nervous illusion is dissipated, and that she is now restored to her pristine confidence in her delightful powers. We felt perfectly satisfied that her vocal organs had suffered no injury, but that the effect was entirely the consequence of nervous apprehension, as erroneous as unnecessary.—Since Mrs. Salmon's retirement, the musical world has felt and understood her loss, and should she again return to professional life, this charming singer will perceive, we doubt not, how much in esteem her talents are held.

schools, for it is vain to suppose that audiences can be attracted by any but general selections. If he dares to expunge from the bills the low and frivolous ballads, which in their common profusion are become not only the disgrace of concerts, but the corruption of the public taste, and if he can succeed in directing the fine talents of the singers to the noblest specimens of the great masters, he will render an immense service to the art and the country, which expects no less from such a man.

The Philharmonic Concerts begin on Monday, Feb. 19, and will continue fortnightly till Monday, June 4.

The Antient Concerts take place every Wednesday, and commence in March.

### GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

The meeting of the Three Choirs will be held at Worcester.

The Governors of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital have determined to hold the second Festival at Norwich in the autumn of 1827. Sir George Smart is engaged to conduct.

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## DR. HODGES ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF ORGANS.

NO. I.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**T**HE organ, from its power, variety and continuity of intonation, has been deservedly named the prince of musical instruments—yet is it the most indefinite of all. One organ differs from another, not only as most instruments do from those of their own species respectively, in power and quality, but also in shape, in magnitude, and in many of even the important details of its mechanism. Indeed, organs agree one with another, for the greater part, only in this one grand distinctive principle, that their sounds are produced by compressed air acting upon certain pipes by means of valves and keys placed under the controul of the performer. The number, the variety, and even the very form of the pipes, are all in a measure indeterminate; so are also the degree of density of the air (or as it is technically called *wind*) employed, the number of the keys (or more properly the *compass* of the instrument), and the number of *ranks* or sets of keys. Such moreover is the possible complication of its mechanism, that it seems bounded only by that which has bounded and will continue to bound the prosecution of many a foolish as well as wise project, deficiency of pecuniary resources.

This deplorable want of classification holds out strong temptation to a dishonourable few of the otherwise respectable body of organ-builders, and affords them abundant opportunity for skreening themselves from the imputation of fraud. It would be well were organists invariably clear of this charge; but whilst human nature continues what it has been, it is much to be feared, that those whose consciences allow them to receive from the manufacturers a large per-centage upon the building, sale and erection of instruments, in most cases too without the privity or concurrence of the purchasers, cannot act with that independence and upright-

ness in the supervision of the work, which they might manifest were their pockets unconcerned.

But it is not my present design to enter into a disquisition upon the moral delinquency of musicians or of instrument-makers.— This topic, I trust, will engage the attention of some of your amateur correspondents, who, being altogether unconnected with the two parties implicated in the transactions referred to, other than as portions of that public which pays both, may express their sentiments with more boldness and decision than would become the observations of an individual who is identified with one class and brought into frequent contact with the other.

Neither is it my purpose to attempt such a classification of the different species of organs as I have already hinted to be desirable both for the community and for the conscientious among those who are engaged in the erection of such instruments. Such a classification would be extremely difficult, if not impossible. The public therefore must continue to depend upon the integrity and honourable feeling of those whom they employ; an exhibition of confidence which, although sometimes, is probably not often, and certainly not always, abused.

It is my intention, by your kind permission, to avail myself of your pages, in successive numbers, to lay before the musical world some thoughts upon the *improvement* of the noble instrument which has been already so frequently named. The organ, although confessedly the noblest, the grandest of instruments, has not kept pace in improvement with others in some sort its rivals. The piano-forte has arrested an undue share of popular estimation. One reason for this may be the comparative bulk of the former; but I apprehend a more philosophical cause will be found in the mechanical ingenuity which has been expended, almost squandered, upon the one, whilst it has been, at least in anything like the same degree, denied to the other. Where, for instance, has there been in organ-building any thing parallel to that grand improvement upon the harpsichord, whereby it became a piano-forte? The organ retains yet its old *harpsichord* character. It wants that capacity for *expression* which the piano-forte possesses. And yet I verily believe that there is scarcely a good effect possible upon the best piano-forte ever yet manufactured, which might not be rendered producible upon the organ,

combined too with all its preceding points of superiority; and moreover that to these may be added many others equally legitimate, perhaps to an unlimited extent, of which no other instrument is or can be susceptible.

Some improvements have been made in organs 'tis true, but they have nearly all related to merely trifling points. The *character* of the instrument has undergone no material change for about two centuries, excepting only in the adoption of what is called a *swell*. This contrivance, which (I believe) is an English invention, simple as it was, gave to the instrument capacity for a degree of expression of which before it was utterly devoid. Since that, a considerable diminution has been effected in the mechanical power necessary to keep a supply of wind; and by the ingenious adaptation of reversed or compensating ribs to the bellows, a near approach to equability of compression, upon which equable tone much depends, has been attained. My friend, Mr. Flight, of London, has yet further improved this department by the introduction of what he calls a *panting* bellows, by means of which all jerks in the wind, so frequently occasioned by hasty or inexperienced blowers, are prevented; but this, being his invention, I am not at liberty to describe. He also invented the "composition pedals," an ingenious mode of placing the stops under the controul of the *feet* of the player, whereby changes can be produced with greater quickness and facility than heretofore. Of both these, and many others which he has either executed or contemplated, I hope he may be prevailed on to favour the public with a description.

Copula stops, or connecting movements, whereby two or more ranks of keys are made to act simultaneously, sometimes at unisons, sometimes octaves or fifteenths, to each other, constituted another improvement, now in almost general use. I was both surprised and disgusted, a few years ago, at seeing in the shop of an organ-builder in London, in an unfinished instrument, an octave stop of this description, marked "patent," and at being told that it was a *new* and vast improvement, whereby the power of the organ was doubled; having known a similar stop in an old organ, many years before. In this instance there was no remarkable ingenuity, excepting the ingenuity of deception. The connecting movement acted upon the valves, *without pulling down the keys*, so that an inexperienced

performer might hear the effect without being conscious of the cause. It is worthy of mention, as a caution to unwitting purchasers, that this same instrument was a full semitone above concert pitch—in consequence of which the builder was enabled to economise his metal so far as altogether to omit the insertion of what ought to have been the largest pipe in each stop throughout the organ, and to substitute at the top of the scale the smallest in its place—a pipe of considerably less than the hundredth part of the bulk and weight which it professed to be, the compass of the instrument being about four octaves and three quarters.

Besides these few, I am not aware of any decided improvements which have been as yet brought into general use. Various attempts have been made to remedy the *tunc* of the organ, but none can be said to have succeeded. Those which seemed to promise the nearest approach to perfection were found too intricate for the practical musician, and too expensive for the average of purchasers. A delicate and beautiful instrument, constructed upon the principles of the Rev. Henry Liston, as developed in his elaborate treatise on perfect intonation, and afterwards erected at Calcutta, I have been informed has since been cut down to an ordinary organ, and tuned according to the common system of temperament. Perhaps however this tremendous bar, perfect tune or intonation, may not be insuperable—but this is a part of the subject which I shall defer for the present.

In the prosecution of my plan I propose to describe first those few improvements which I have actually realized, and secondly some others which are awaiting convenient opportunities for execution.

The reader must not be surprised if he find some of these ideas incompatible with each other, i. e. incapable of simultaneous action upon one set of keys. He must not, on that account, put them down as contradictory, seeing that they may only lead to the construction of different species of organs, having dissimilar properties, powers, and modes of action, and being capable of various effects. Neither must he charge me with plagiarism or theft, if perchance I start any notions which he himself may have revolved, but neither executed nor otherwise made public. After all I claim no property in the ideas, and if any individual in any instance should come forward and prove his own claim to priority of in-

vention, I shall readily yield the palm to him, even although I were previously unconscious of my own lack of originality. At all events the community at large may reap some slight benefit from the publication.

I shall conclude the present communication with a short description of

### AN IMPROVED SWELL,

recently and successfully set in action at St. James' Church, in this city.

It will not be necessary to enter into a statement of the mechanical and musical details of organs such as are found in our cathedrals and many of our parish churches. The professional part of your readers need no such information, and if there should be any to whom it may be at all desirable, they may find a concise description in the *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, vol. 4, p. 36. It will suffice in this place briefly to advert to the principle on which the swell of an organ is constructed.

Imagine then a room, chamber, or box, having a door or opening on the top or at one of the sides—and imagine further two persons, of whom one shall be placed within the box or chamber, and the other without, the door being closed: if now the person within the box sing or make any kind of noise, the person on the outside will hear it indistinctly, but upon gradually opening the lid or door the sound will appear to become more and more forcible or loud, even although within the box it might have been all along of uniform intensity; and at the same time it will seem to approach the auditor more nearly, although the distance between him and the cause of the sound have remained unaltered. On gently closing the lid or door through which the additional sound has thus made its escape, it will seem to recede from the ear of the listener, and in a measure to die away.

This is essentially the organ swell. Substitute for the room or chamber a large wooden box, for the person singing or speaking a set or several sets of pipes, supplied with wind, and acted upon as the rest of the organ is, and for the lid or door a sliding shutter or set of Venetian shades, the motions of which are determined by a pedal placed near the organist for that purpose, and the apparatus is complete.

The shutters or shades when at rest are usually closed either by

the action of their own weight, or by that of springs or weights attached to them; and in this state it is the old "Echo," a name given to the invention when in its infancy, before the discovery was made of the crescendo and diminuendo, producible by opening and shutting the box.

Even when thus closed a considerable quantity of sound contrives to find its way out, which is owing to two circumstances—first, those few outlets, which if not accidentally left, must be designedly made, for the escape of the air that actuates the pipes within—and secondly, the conducting property of the materials of which the box is constructed, through the very substance of which it is conveyed. The first never can be completely obviated—for should the box be made air tight, during performance the atmosphere within it would become gradually more and more dense; which process going on, the sound of the pipes would become more and more weak and flat, until the density of the air in the box being equal to that in the bellows, the current would cease and the pipes would be silenced. Even should the bellows appropriated to the swell be placed *within* the box, in which case they might be supposed by their collapse to make room for the wind passing through and out of the pipes, and on the contrary, to absorb it again when re-filled, whereby the same quantity of air would be always in the box, whether in the bellows or not—seeing that air being elastic occupies a smaller space when compressed than it does in its ordinary state, there would still be an inequality of wind, and consequently an uncertainty of tune, which would inevitably defeat the proposed advantage.

But it is not so much this necessary escape of a small quantity of air as the perviousness to sound of the materials of the box, which has limited the effect hitherto produced from the swell. It is therefore to this point that the improvement now to be described is directed.

Recurring to the mode of illustration before employed, imagine a room or chamber of *stone*, having a place of entrance in one of the sides, which entrance shall be closed with *two* doors, placed one before the other. Imagine a sound to be produced within the chamber, both the doors being shut, (the case is of every day occurrence in lawyer's offices and in some commercial counting-houses, as well as in many private dwellings,) if tolerably loud,

some little will still be audible on the outside. Open then one of the doors, yet more may be distinguished; and upon opening the second, all that passes within may be freely heard without. If this be done carefully, opening the second door soon after the first begins to move, a gradual crescendo or swell will be produced, but of superior power and effect to that which could be elicited by means of one door only. The reason is sufficiently obvious. Whatever fraction of sound may be intercepted by one obstacle, it is evident that a similar fraction of the remainder will be intercepted by another similar obstacle. So much, common sense would infer. The same effect however would not ensue were a single door of twice the thickness substituted for the two—i. e. a plank of two inches thick would not interpose so great an obstacle to the transmission of sound as two unconnected planks of one inch each. But as a development of the grounds of this assertion would lead to too great a length, and involve a consideration of the very first principles of acoustics, I must not at present indulge myself so far as to enter into it. The experiment may easily be tried by those who wish to ascertain the fact for themselves; and in trying it, it may be well to notice the difference arising from, not only the different consistency of the matters employed, but also the nature of their surfaces, e. g. of wood smooth or jagged, planed or unplaned, painted, sized or covered with cloth, and that of different sorts.

The stone chamber with its double doors just referred to, aptly illustrates the principle of the new swell box. It would have been a difficult and expensive undertaking to erect a stone chamber in an organ, especially at the very top of the instrument. This therefore was not attempted. Any material possessing, as it regards sound, the same or perhaps superior non-conducting property, would amply supply its place. In the present instance several such were thought of, as wool, mill-puff, hay, and carpenter's shavings. The latter were eventually fixed upon and employed, as being not only economical but durable.

First, an outer case was made to the original box (which produced what was esteemed a very excellent swell before) enclosing it at the top, bottom, and sides, at the distance of about five inches. The interstices between the old box and the new case were then carefully stuffed with shavings, so that very little sound could

escape that way. There remained the back and front to be provided for. The former, having the doors assigned to the tuner, was left undisturbed, only two other doors were added, one outside or before the other, making in that direction three obstacles through which the sound had to make its way before it became perceptible. To correspond, in the front were placed *three* sets of Venetian shades or blinds, made to close very tightly, in the manner which will shortly be explained. These sets of shades do not all open simultaneously, although acted upon by the same pedal; but, by a very simple arrangement of cranks and levers, (which it would be superfluous to illustrate by a drawing, as every mechanician will quickly perceive how to adapt a similar or equivalent contrivance to any organ upon which he may be called upon to operate), on the gradual depression of the pedal, one set commences its motion, then a second, and finally the third, each of the latter two with an accelerated pace as compared with that which preceded it, so that all three arrive at their extreme opening (an angle of 45°) at the same moment, when the shades fall into parallel lines, presenting scarcely any obstacle to the free escape of all the sounds which the enclosed pipes are capable of producing.

Each of the shades is of the thickness of three eighths of an inch, and consequently the substance of the three together would not amount to one inch and a quarter, which is about the thickness of the sliding shutter previously used; yet, both the positive power of the swell when open, and (if I may use the expression) its negative power when closed, are so much increased, that between its past and present effect a comparison can scarcely be instituted. Each of the shades is clothed or covered on both sides with some material supposed to be less permeable by sound than wood is, which material is also made to project an inch beyond the edge, on one side at the top, on the other at the bottom, of the wood, so as to cover the joint or opening which even in the nicest workmanship must be left between moveable parts, and thus to constitute a kind of double rabbet. Any substance which is moderately soft and non-elastic, yet capable of retaining its shape, will do for this purpose. The same is also applied to the *end* joints of two out of the three sets of shades, and would have been attached in like manner to the third (which was the first manufactured), had not the artisan employed thought proper in his



wisdom to improve upon the plan sent him to work by, by substituting what he considered a better manner of hanging or centring the shades than that laid down—the consequence of which was, that the end joints of that set could not be covered, and that the effect of the whole is probably not quite so great as it otherwise would have been.

Yet enough has been done to exhibit the principle and that astonishingly. The full swell, though consisting of nine stops, (viz. open and stopped diapasons, principal, twelfth, fifteenth, tierce, hautboy, trumpet, and octave cremona), may now be used with good effect in the accompaniment of a single voice; and although the shades being closed, when coupled with two or three stops of the great organ, it is scarcely perceptible, yet the shades being opened, it is sufficiently powerful to be heard in connexion with and almost predominant over all the rest of that very powerful instrument. The delicacy of the effect of single stops, by no means delicately voiced, is truly novel and astonishing, insomuch that if but a slight extraneous noise be made, it becomes inaudible. It reminds the auditor rather of the diminutive instrumentality of a musical snuff box when unaided by a table as a sound-board, than of the effect of such a ponderous mass as a large church organ. The varieties of effect, from the heaving crescendo of the Æolian harp to the flashing sforzando of an immense orchestra, are also deserving of notice; all of which are brought under the immediate command of a single performer,

I have thought it possible, but venture it only as a speculative idea, that a similar effect might be produced by the employment of woollen cloth or blankets, stretched upon slender frames, whereby the entire swell might be surrounded, which frames should be arranged in tiers, layers or strata, after the manner of a nest of pill-boxes of different sizes. Experiment would quickly decide how many of these were necessary. Possibly five or six would be found sufficient. The crescendo or diminuendo might be produced by opening or shutting successively the frames constituting the front series, one at a time, for which purpose each frame might be fixed so as to turn on pivots or hinges at the top or bottom. It cannot be supposed that much sound would find its way through a series of blankets, whilst the wind, having been as it were strained or filtered, would freely escape. Such an apparatus

might be made to work very lightly. One objection to it occurs, and that is, the destructibility of the material by moths. This however might be obviated by previously immersing it in some chemical preparation, and possibly alum would answer the purpose.

I am, Sir, your very faithful Servant,  
EDWARD HODGES.

*Bristol.*

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**H**AVING been, as I think, very unjustly treated, I sit down to appeal to you; not doubting that, from your critical justice, I shall obtain reparation for the wrong which I have suffered.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that dramatic music has constituted one of the chief pleasures of my life for many years; and, without vanity, I may say that I have acquired no small tact in judging of it. This, indeed, is universally acknowledged—by my family; for I have not an aunt, nor a sister, nor a cousin, even to the fourth remove, who will venture to speak of the last new opera, till he, or she, shall have heard *my* opinion.

Like all the world—that is, like all the best bred part of it,—I have taken several trips to Paris in the course of the last few years, during which I have been delighted and astonished to observe the efforts of our gay neighbours in dramatic music, and the great advances which they have made in it towards perfection.

Now to the subject of my complaint.—Happening a few evenings since to be in a large party, (my cousin Maria was one), the conversation turned on the relative merits of the French and English opera, and I loudly declared my belief that the former was vastly superior. This declaration, which I really thought would be implicitly received, produced a burst of indignation, which was followed by a contemptuous laugh. Imagine, Sir, my surprise—aye, Sir, and imagine, if you can, the pain I felt, when, on looking towards Maria, I perceived that she was hanging down her head,

and the expression of her blue eyes, of which I just caught a glimpse, convinced me that she was sorry for what I had said.— This fired me, and I determined to defend my assertion, in a most resolute manner; but, unfortunately, I am a little inclined to stutter, and when I lose the perfect command of my temper, my infirmity increases almost to a complete impediment of speech.— This was the case on the occasion which I have just mentioned; therefore, after two or three ineffectual attempts to begin, I was obliged to give up the point, and listen to a string of sentiments about “Love of country,” “Native genius,” “True British feeling,” &c. &c. all brought up in a clap trap style which would have done honour to the school of the Dibdins. “However,” said I to myself, as I walked home, “the business, my dear friends, shall not rest here. S’death I’ll write about it, and send my letter to the Editor of the Musical Quarterly Review. From him, I am sure of a candid hearing; and even should I prove in error, he will reason with me, and think it rather better to correct me by fact and argument, than by a horse laugh.”

Thus, Sir, it comes to pass that I trouble you: and, if you could find room for this letter in your valuable miscellany, I should feel extreme pleasure—not only at seeing something of mine in print, but because it would still more confirm my cousin in the opinion which she whispered to me before we parted, that “I was right?”

Permit me, now, to examine a little into the subject of the French and English opera; though I cannot suppose that there are fifty people in the kingdom who doubt on which side the superiority lies. In this examination I shall put out of the account all that the French may claim from the labours of the distinguished foreigners whom they have invited to their country, from time to time, and shall confine myself to their native composers. Of them I shall not think it necessary to quote any who were anterior to Gretry, and this is depriving myself of an advantage. For Duni, Philidor, Monsigny, and Gossec, are names still remembered with respect. After Gretry we may reckon Mehul, Lesueur, Berton, Catel, and a host of others, who have served to advance the musical drama of France to its present state.

Turn we now to England, and let us see what has been the state of her opera, since the days of Arne; and let me ask, Sir,

how many of our composers have produced an *entire* opera, since *Artaxerxes* was written? I have heard of "*The Lord of the Manor*," by Jackson, but never having seen it, I cannot tell whether it is original, or partly compiled. I may say the same of Linley's "*Sellma and Axor*," "*the Camp*," &c. but his "*Duenna*," which is still performed, is a mere pasticcio, as every body knows. Shield and Arnold may be next mentioned, but I can name none of their works which are not made up by compilations from others. Had Storace lived, he would have done wonders for us, by the establishment of a much higher style of writing than that to which we had been accustomed before his time. But Storace was a notorious borrower—a sort of musical worker in mosaic:—may he would often help himself to other people's materials, without any acknowledgment, and would mark them as his own. A striking instance of this occurs in the last movement of the overture to "*the Siege of Belgrade*," which is, afterwards, wrought into the chorus "*Wave our prophet's famed standard of glory on high*;" and also in the march of Turkish soldiers in the second act. These Storace has been good enough to call his own, though they are both taken from a sonata of Mozart's (Op. 19) now in every one's hands. Indeed it seems that the production of an entire opera is too much for the intellect of a British musician; for we frequently find two or three of them straining in concert to bring forth something for the recreation and delight of John Bull. On one occasion, six or seven clubbed their wits together—this was before the mania for "*Joint Stock Companies*" had spread so widely—and the precious result was—"*The Cabinet*," which contained as little really curious and worthy of preservation, as any cabinet which has been put together since the flood.

It is said that Bishop—who towers like a giant above his feeble dramatic contemporaries—has written some *entire* operas; and the "*Knight of Snowdon*" and "*Aladdin*" are named as being among them. It may be so—but I have not had the good fortune to hear those compositions; for, owing to some trifling defects in the plot and dialogue, and not to any want of excellence in the music, the "*Knight*" is gone into exile, and "*Aladdin*'s lamp is passed out. We have then to the honour and glory of our dramatic school of music, ONE entire and *standard* opera—

namely *Artaxerxes*. I am aware, that the author of this opera preceded the composer from whom I have chosen to date my account of the French school. But, Mr. Editor, if you will not allow me this small advantage, there is, as a lawyer would say, an end to the case. Presuming then on your indulgence, I now proceed to shew how the account stands between us and our Gallic neighbours.

To begin with Gretry.—What have we, as a set off, against his “*Tableau Parlant*,” his “*Zémire et Azor*,” his “*Marriages Samnites*,” his “*Richard Cœur-de-Lion*,” and thirty or forty other operas? We have “*Artaxerxes*.”

Again—what have we, as a set off to Mehul’s “*Stratonica*”—his “*Euphrosine*,” his “*Gabrielle d’Estrees*,” his “*Joseph*,” and many others, of almost equal celebrity? Truly, Sir, we have “*Artaxerxes*.”

Proceed we to Lesueur, and let us ask, what we can balance against his “*Caverne*,” “*Paul et Virginie*,” “*Télémaque*,” “*Les Bardes*,” “*La Mort d’Adam*,” &c. &c. On the word of a gentleman, I can think of nothing but “*Artaxerxes*.”

Berton, Catel, Boyeldieu, and many more, have written operas which it might tire your readers to enumerate, but which have exalted them to a high rank in the estimation of their countrymen. Now to all these, what have we to oppose?—“By my knighthood” would I swear, were I a knight, that I can name nothing but “*Artaxerxes*.”

Seeing of what inestimable consequence this opera is of to us; that it is our sheet anchor, our single hope, as we may say, let us value it accordingly. Let generation after generation listen to it, with respectful attention—relieved, now and then, lest it should pall on our ears, with that classical production, the “*Beggars’ Opera*.” Let future Misses follow the example which has been almost uniformly set them, for the last half century, and “come out” in “*Artaxerxes*,” let all gentlemen who appear “for the first time these three years,” chuse “*Artaxerxes*,” and let dearly beloved John Bull hug “*Artaxerxes*” to his bosom, and laugh at all those who dare to laugh, or sneer, at him.

I am, Mr. Editor, with the greatest respect, your’s,  
UN GIOVANE.

London, Sept. 21, 1826.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**T**HE utility of discussion is admitted to lie in diffusing clearer notions than were before possessed. I am quite aware that they who accustom themselves to trace causes and effects will find nothing new or remarkable in what I am about to say. But I address myself to youthful students, and my object is, to make intelligible to such the reason or the theory of practice in their art. To declare that pupils practice with a view to acquire perfection, facility of execution or knowledge, are all expressions in common use, but they appear to me to stop short of that perspicuity which is indispensable to understanding the exact design. The most necessary point in all cases to be first settled appears to me to be the end—the means are secondary, but both must be clearly understood, if we hope to proceed in any thing with success.— Allow me then to request you will insert the following account of the matter under consideration.

The first object of a singer (or one who would be a singer) in his practice, is not only to attain the best possible tone, the greatest possible volume, and the most perfect intonation, but it is to gain first a clear understanding, a precise notion of these separate and conjoint powers; and secondly, to establish such a consent between the mind and the organ, that what the former conceives, the latter will execute with the utmost certainty and precision. Thus unless the artist entertain a previous and complete intention as to the quantity and quality of the tone he is about to produce, his execution must always be a matter of chance. He should form, so to speak, an intellectual, an ideal representation of the coming note, and this representation his voice should be trained to produce with absolute accuracy. This, as I conceive it, is the true end of practice. Let it however be observed; that I do not mean to introduce the cultivation of a fine taste into my definition—that belongs to other studies. I merely speak of the judgment of what is practicable, which is learned by exercise, and the obedience of the powers in their mechanical action, which is so secured.

The same theory applies to the practice of any instrument. The finger of the piano forte player ought not to descend without his having an exact notion of the tone he is about to produce, nor ought the performer on a wind instrument to breath into his reed or mouth-piece until such a notion be formed; the coincidence of his execution will then prove the value of his practice.

I need scarcely add, that the exaltation of the performance will depend upon the elevation this beau ideal has reached, not less than upon the obedience of the mechanical action to the will. This elevation, however, depends upon the faculty or combination of faculties, we call taste. But as I believe very few young players have considered the nature of practice in this way, I hope a clear notion of its intent and purpose may be useful in enabling them to adopt the means to the end with more certainty than is generally perceptible.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A STRICT TIMEIST.



## FOREIGN INSTRUCTION & ENGLISH JUDGMENT.

### TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A GOOD deal of pains has been taken at various periods and in different portions of your miscellany to point out and establish the claims which the English now possess, not only to that taste but to that exaltation in the practice of music, which if not absolutely denied to them by foreign nations, is nevertheless held to be at an immeasurable depth below the pretensions of the continental nations. Italy presumes upon her long-acknowledged supremacy; Germany upon her erudition, and upon the popular cultivation of the art which is so intimately connected with the system of education in that country; France upon her rising school, which has certainly conferred much eminence upon its learned professors and very industrious scholars. Italy produces

almost all the popular vocal music for Europe—Germany most of the instrumental—France however has of late given to the world something of both. Italy is the birth and breeding place of great singers—Germany has lately sent forth one or two of reputation\* and an abundance of instrumentalists—France has never produced a singer of sufficient excellence to make any fame abroad—but some of her instrumentalists have gained great credit of late—they have been chiefly violinists. So stands the foreign account. And what has England, to speak in our shopkeeping phrase, what has England to bring *per contra*?

With respect to composition, there is some truth and more falsehood in what is said about English genius. Much light has been already thrown upon this point by two letters published in former reviews.† It is there proved, that England is neither without composers of originality and merit, nor without variety of production, equalling the continent in all species but one—namely opera, and even in operatic music the fault lies not so much with the composer as with the taste of the public, which is still kept down to “a jargon of dialogue and song.” With respect to performers, both instrumental and vocal, it has been also shewn in other parts of your Review, that English talent has risen to the very topmost heights—Billington and Braham, Wesley, Lindley, Griesbach, Holmes, Nicholson, and Harper, to wit.

These observations are however merely general and prefatory. The real subject of my address to you is to discuss the propriety of that opinion every where prevalent in England, that it is essential to artists to visit foreign countries, receive foreign instruction, and earn a character in foreign lands, and in Italy especially, before their countrymen can be expected to see and appreciate and applaud their merit. This is the question I propose to examine.

Of the advantages of foreign travel or of study matured by an investigation of the various methods of various schools, of that assimilation in short of different excellences, which is to be attained by a coextensive observation, I do not of course intend to advance the smallest doubt. All I mean to bring into dis-

\* Mademoiselles Sontag and Unger.

† Vol. 5, page 440, and vol. 6, page 151.



cussion is, the justice of the supposition that foreign study and a character earned abroad are indispensable to fame at home.

The circumstance which entails the greatest share of ridicule upon our countrymen, and the most justly too, is the diffidence they display in giving themselves due credit for right and natural feelings, and in the consequent hesitation with which they express their opinions, be they favourable or unfavourable. The self-confidence, with which I wish to inspire my countrymen, according to M. Bombet,\* is only to be found in Italy. I shall transcribe the passage—

“ You will be disappointed, my dear Louis, if ever you visit Italy, to find the orchestras so inferior to that of the Odeon; and perhaps not more than one or two good voices in a company. You will think that I have been telling you travellers’ tales. No where will you meet with an assemblage like that of Paris, when you had, at the same opera, Madame Barilli, Mesdames Neri and Festa; and for men, Crivelli, Tachinardi, and Porto. But do not despair of your evening; the singers, whom you will think indifferent, will be electrified by a sensible and enthusiastic audience; and the fire spreading from the theatre to the boxes, and from the boxes to the theatre, you will hear them sing with an unity, a warmth, a spirit, of which you have not even an idea. You will witness moments of delirium, when both performers and auditors will be lost in the beauty of a finale of Cimarosa. It signifies nothing giving Crivelli thirty thousand francs at Paris; you must purchase also a public, fitted to hear him, and to cherish the love which he has for his art. He gives a simple and sublime trait; it passes unnoticed. He gives a common and easily distinguished embellishment; and forthwith, every one, delighted to shew that he is a connoisseur, deafens his neighbour, by clapping as if he were mad. But these applauses are without any real warmth; his feelings are unmoved; it is only his judgment which approves. An Italian gives himself up, without fear, to the enjoyment of a fine air, the first time he hears it; a Frenchman applauds with a sort of anxiety. He is afraid of having approved of what is but indifferent: it is not till after the third or fourth representation,

\* The nom de guerre, which the lively writer who appears also as M. De Stendhal and M. Beale, has chosen to affix to his “*Lives of Haydn and Mozart.*” His real name is Bally.

when it is fully determined that the air is *delicious*, that he will dare to cry *bravo!* accenting strongly the first syllable, to shew that he understands Italian. Observe how he says to his friend, whom he meets in the green-room at a first representation: *How divine that is!* He affirms with his lips, but with his eye he interrogates. If his friend does not reply with another superlative, he is ready to dethrone his divinity. The musical enthusiasm of Paris admits of no discussion; every thing is either *delicious* or *execrable*. On the other side the Alps, every man is sure of what he feels, and the discussions about music are endless."

A similar predominance of self-love over feeling is ascribed to the English with even more force than it is here attributed to the French. And it is true. The strong sense which the English entertain of the worth, propriety and diffidence bestow upon their possessor, checks the vivid expression of the sensibility that really belongs to us. But this appearance of coldness is attributable at least as much to manners as to nature. The effect however is unfavourable to art and to artists, and assists more than any thing else to entail upon us hesitation in judging for ourselves, and the deference we yield to the judgment of foreigners. In this, as in all other cases, energy of character gains its ascendancy over indecision, and thus we not only lose the exaltation which attends a bold and determined utterance of feeling, but the credit for that portion of it which we really possess. The remote but certain consequence is loss also of the rank we ought to enjoy in the estimation of others, and the power of conferring the palm of eminence where it is justly due. Thus it is we send our countrymen and countrywomen abroad to win the meed which is to be the passport to our own applause, rather than bestow it at home.

It is not however to be disputed, that if frequent opportunities of hearing music, and the absence of those more powerful incentives which divert the attention of English subjects from the fine arts, confer a superiority of judgment, as it must be admitted they do, it is not to be disputed, I say, that these circumstances make the Italians better as well as more sensitive judges than ourselves. This is another and a juster cause for our diffidence than those I have rehearsed. It is not in Italy as it is in England. Many of the great towns it is well known are emulous of their own

credit, and they employ composers expressly to write for their theatres.—Venice, Milan, and Naples, afford the three highest examples, but these are by no means all the places capable and desirous of affording opportunity and encouragement to dramatic writers. In England on the contrary, all novelty has its birth in the metropolis, and all the provincial theatres borrow their support from that one emporium. In Italy it consequently happens that there exists an *amour propre*, a municipal *esprit du corps*, as well as a sensitive and strong love of art, which prompts the inhabitants to an independent judgment. In England, on the other hand, the provinces defer to the authority, while they borrow the much of the metropolis.

This single fact however abates the force of the superior opportunity of information Italy enjoys in no small degree, in respect to the appreciation of talent. The supremacy which professional talent obtains, is won, I say in London—for instance at the Antient or Philharmonic Concerts, or upon the boards of the King's Theatre. Now I question whether finer judges in the various styles are to be found in any city of Europe than are assembled in these several places. Yet strange as it may seem, these are the very people who will most frequently pronounce that a singer must “go abroad to form a style,” or “make his or her fame in Italy.” Why *such* judges, persons so competent should thus pronounce, I am utterly at a loss to understand.

Yet our musical annals present some very strong exceptions to this rule. Amongst the most popular English female singers of the present day are Miss Stephens, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Paton—neither of whom have cultivated music abroad. Miss Stephens had a long probationary education, and took her place almost at once. Mrs. Salmon and Miss Paton worked their passage up in public, and through the several gradations, from the lower steps to the top of the ladder. Madame Caradori Allan also has won her easy way by degrees to the favour she now so eminently deserves and enjoys. But can these singers, it will be asked, bear comparison with a Catalani or a Pasta? That is a question we will proceed to examine.

Madame Catalani's general qualities are too well understood to need illustration now. She is one of the few so highly gifted by nature that ages may pass away without producing a second

She had a rare beauty of form and feature, united with a most surprizing organ. Her attribute was passionate expression—her meed, admiration. But the point we are investigating is, how much of her power of pleasing she derived from study abroad, which, had such a creature been born an Englishwoman, she might not have gained by study at home? Passion was Catalani's talisman. Passion there is so little in English music, that we may affirm, without the hazard of contradiction, that no English female in our day has evinced any force of expression that will compare with the high Italian dramatic singers. Here then we seem to arrive at the distinction. Deep intense passion is only to be learned in the dramatic school, and the English have no dramatic school. All the great foreign masters are or have been dramatic singers. Crescentini, Velluti, Garcia, Pellegrini, cum multis aliis. They teach for dramatic effect—they give force, transition, delicacy, and pathos in all their energy. Nor is it too much to say that we know of few or no English songs that will admit of such diversity as can be thrown into one Italian aria.

Madame Pasta in the same way falls into the same class with Catalani, and is perhaps a more extraordinary instance. Every body knows that ten years ago Pasta was a miserable second-rate, and with so little visible demonstration of natural power, that her subsequent advance would have been considered impossible. But she has studied (and laboured too) incessantly in the school of art, and by the force of passionate expression has even converted defects (her thick tones, now called *sons voilées*) into beauties. Her style has not the less force because it has not the volume of Catalani, while it has more finish. But still she has been made in the school of dramatic passion—where Englishwomen enter not.

Your opinions at large, Sir, with respect to the talents of the three English females I have mentioned, are before the public in former distinct scientific memoirs. You admit, while you give each and all of them credit for exquisite beauty and perfection of tone, intonation, finish, and execution, that passion is wanting to them all. Delicacy they all possess, some of them have reached some degree of pathos, but passion is certainly not allowed to be amongst their attributes. Miss Paton has gone furthest towards passionate expression—but her early or her no vocal education

has left her to struggle on without the technical elementary principle the most indispensable,\* whilst the variety of her attempts and her devotion most especially to the trash she sings upon the stage, and to the comparatively coarse manner of an English theatre—all these causes have diverted her from that concentration of mind and talent which makes the supremely great singer. Taken in all styles—taken as a musician, Miss Paton is beyond all question the cleverest female singer we have, but there is not one style, properly so called, in which some one or other does not excel her. In a ballad the finish, equality, and beauty of Miss Stephens's voicing, her delicacy and truth place her infinitely above Miss P. In execution Mrs. Salmon distances her not less completely. From mere distraction of pursuits she has never attained the gusto of the Italian manner; and in the church Miss Travis, or any of the others, exceed her. Yet if the trial were to depend upon diversity of talent, Miss Paton would outshine them all, without equalling, in particular portions, any of them.

We have no English male vocalist who is entitled to the character of impassioned, but Braham—Knyvett and Vaughan and Phillips are orchestral singers. Their expression is limited, and certainly cannot be considered as passionate. I remember Braham before he went to Italy. He was bred in the Italian school, but though he sung with great feeling, he was young and exhibited more of what I shall call rather instrumentation than mind before he went abroad. *There* he gave loose to passion—then he learned by experience to surrender himself to feeling and to trust and employ his own strong intellect. This has made Braham the great singer he is—he might perhaps have had less defect by more concentration of his powers; but this it was that gave the energy of manner, the dramatic effect to his style. Sinclair wanted Braham's mind, and has frittered away his strength by assimilating only the ornamental parts of the Italian manner. These examples, and Braham's in particular prove, I think, that the advantage Italy possesses over us lies in her purer and more perfect opera.

\* Miss Paton never had an equal, rightly-formed scale, and she will labour under the evil brought upon her by the want of early judicious instruction in this particular, to the end of her public life. With all her great ability, and very great it most unquestionably is, this defect she has not been able nor ever will be able to surmount.

We must descend *per saltum* to the incipient parts and principles of our system of musical education. We now possess a school—a national school in the Royal Academy, at which there are professors of great repute. But as this may be deemed of too recent origin for my purpose, I must point out that we have always had the foreign singers and masters of the highest reputation Italy could send forth, amongst us. Crescentini, whom Italians by common consent admit to be almost the sole depository of the true *arte del canto*, was some time in England. Garcia and Velluti have both established academies\* here. Pellegrini† taught, to say nothing of Mead, Camporesi and Ronzi de Begnis. In short the best instructors are continually pouring into London. What then can Italy yield us in this respect that we do not enjoy?

There is however one general exception, of which I own myself unable to compute the force. The eminent singers are thus chiefly employed upon the just principle (so far as it goes) that “art is best taught by example.” Now these eminent singers have so little time to spare from their preparation for their public engagements and the performances, and they are so exorbitantly paid for tuition, that they cannot be supposed

\* Be it observed I do not mean to advocate these seminaries, which I hold to be very little better than delusive modes of laying the fashionable folks under contribution. I do not say that so good is to be done by such methods of instruction, but I affirm that even the foundations of a great singer can never be so laid. The loss of time to all but the master is immense, and it is this very saving that makes him resort to such means. Twenty or more young ladies assemble with their Maupas, and each rises in turn and sings a short passage or *solleggio*. To listen to the far greater proportion of these poor girls, who, in addition to their natural deficiencies, are terrified at exposing their incipient efforts to the keen sarcastic observation under which they make their attempts—to listen to the great majority is horrible, and utterly destructive of feeling, ear, and taste. To make the matter worse, when they have all run the gauntlet, they all shout and scream this same passage together. In the midst of this din, I have heard Garcia join in with the whole thunder of his power, while his daughter stood clapping her hands upon every beat in the bar, and the accompanist thumped the chords upon the piano forte, and this they called teaching a class. Two hours were thus murdered, and the parents looked on with complaisant endurance, and paid their half guinea for the lesson contentedly. But has any one scholar fit to be heard been made in this way? and another more pertinent question is—how many voices and how many ears have been irretrievably ruined by such helter-skelter promiscuous exercise?

† If I have omitted other excellent masters, it is not invidiously. I merely take a few *par eminence*, whose ability will not be liable to dispute.

to pursue the duties of instruction with the same vigour that they would employ were they more at leisure. They rarely teach *cas amore*, in this country—the prices they charge sufficiently declare that money is the object. The best instruction in Italy would not cost one-fifth of the sum that is demanded in England—and some have had the effrontery to demand as many pounds for lessons, as in Italy they would have given gladly for as many shillings. To have instruction cheap is certainly one of the advantages of visiting foreign countries—but if instruction be had there from public singers while they remain before the public, I do not think much is to be gained from the superier attention of the master. The powers will submit only to a certain portion of labour, and this portion is all but exhausted by their duties to the public, which in Italy are much more continual than in England.

How far the formation of the taste by hearing is to be advanced with greater advantage abroad than in London, it would be rash to assert. There are in the first and highest place concerts of the most exalted excellence always going on from February to August, though neither so easy of access nor so cheap as is perhaps quite requisite for the purposes of the student. In truth the oratorios and the concerts of the pupils of the Royal Academy are the only cheap concerts. These latter must be incalculably beneficial,\* because they are really excellent in all the principles of their arrangements, and the execution is more than sufficiently perfect for the purposes of study, except perhaps to those who need only the highest polish. But the difficulty of access to good concerts to persons really musical, and particularly to young professors, is much smoothed by the liberality with which admissions are distributed. There is too the service at the Cathedrals of St. Paul's,

\* The advantages to be derived from subscribing to the Royal Academy is not by any means so generally understood as they ought to be and will be. Independently of the pleasure of promoting an institution which does so much honour to the country, so much good to the individual, and tends so decidedly to exalt the character of the instructors of our children, by preparing them for their duty through a virtuous as well as a scientific education, independently of these specific and universal benefits which he assists in diffusing, the subscriber may enjoy for a small sum an almost continual power of hearing the finest music in all styles, of seeing most of the patrons of music in this country, who assemble at the Academic performances, and most of the eminent professors. We say nothing of the opportunities of making musical connections and acquaintance which may hence arise.

Westminster Abbey, and the Chapel Royal; there are three Catholic Chapels, where fine music by fine singers is to be heard for sixpence—and lastly, the Opera House, the Great Theatres, and in the summer, the English Opera House and the Haymarket. Of these latter however we speak with the reservation necessary in a country where the thing called opera is nothing more than a jargon of song and dialogue—where indeed opera is not.

I believe I am warranted in saying, that throughout all France and Italy there exist no such musical treats as the *Antient*, the *Philharmonic*, and last year the *Royal Academic Concerts*—and though more frequent and better opportunities are to be found in Germany perhaps for hearing fine concerts, there are none *so fine* as these. With the exception of the frequency of the opera in Italy, London then really presents greater opportunities of enjoying public performances of the greatest excellence than can be attained abroad. It is much to be doubted whether even the Catholic Chapels afford more admirable examples than are to be heard in London, particularly when the difference of the two services are both to be embraced, as they are at home and cannot be abroad. Even in the *Sistine Chapel*, I am informed by persons of undoubted judgment and veracity, who have lately visited Rome, the performance is by no means what it has been always represented.

With respect to private musical society a distinction must be drawn. In London, the private concerts are of diverse kinds, but there are two classes more especially, which you, Sir, have already described at length.\* There is the concert for fashion-sake—the concert for connection-sake, and the concert for the sake of music. In all these however “the talent” of the country is more or less engaged, and much is to be learned, but chiefly where “the artist bestows his leisure upon the elegant society of kindred minds who are solaced and raised and refined by the contemplation of superior talent, and who shed the reflected lustre around the small but happy circle in which they move.” “It is fitting,” as your Correspondent whom I quote has well said, “that the houses of artists should be conservatories of art, and nothing is more becoming, nothing more honourable, than the

\* See vol. 4, page 440, *Pallix v. Scudamore*—and vol. 7, page 295.



existence of that universal reception, that universal reciprocity of intercourse and assistance which artists commonly observe towards each other. Art should respect, support, and extend art. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the musician, all aid and elevate each other and their several faculties by the interchanges of ability." From all these several sources I repeat much is to be learned, and perhaps there is no city in Europe where such assemblages are so frequent or so good, taken as a whole.

Italy, it may be said, presents more opportunities than England for that species of instruction which is to be derived from constantly having the attention directed to the art, and from mingling in conversation with its lovers and professors—in short, from the collision of many minds turned to the same pursuit. In Italy music may be said to be the national passion, whereas in England other objects draw off the strongest intellects. All this is very true, but when it is remembered that the days and hours of an artist are busied in this one employment, and that it necessarily leads to the society of artists and amateurs, if not exclusively, so much as to occupy full as much time and thought as the mind can bear to be given to one and the same subject, the supposed advantage which Italy bestows in this particular, is very much diminished, if it does not disappear altogether. There is however something in the stimulus which the universality of musical taste implies.

I think I have now gone far towards proving that whether we consider the first rudiments of musical education—the after-polish by the assistance of great masters—the correction of the judgment by the noblest examples at public performances, or the practice to be gained in private society, I think I have gone far towards proving, I say, that England possesses as many and as great advantages as can be found in any capital of Europe. Why then should we not be able to form artists equal to those formed abroad? and why, I may ask still more emphatically, why should we hesitate to pronounce upon merit, or stoop to take our tone from other countries?

Perhaps it may be thought I have answered the first of these two questions in a degree, by the admission that we have no legitimate opera and therefore no dramatic school, in which I have

admitted the great singers of other countries are formed. I must grant the validity of this argument, while I lament that such grounds for the depression of our national musical character should exist. And I here take occasion to support what you have often urged and recommended, namely, that a portion of the patronage of the nobility and the higher classes, now wholly given to the Italian theatre, should be directed towards the formation of an English opera. How extraordinary it seems, that while every professor and every amateur having the least pretensions to judgment, unhesitatingly avows the first cause of our backwardness—while they frequent, applaud, and form their taste upon the Italian opera, how extraordinary it seems that no effectual effort should be made to plant an establishment for an English lyric drama! So long as this is not done, so long shall we remain behind our neighbours in the most striking, the most impassionate, and that which has ranked and must be accepted in the world at large as the most exalted department of art.

The answer to the second question depends much upon natural diffidence, and more perhaps upon habit. England has so long been accustomed to the dictation of foreigners, and so long heard her taste is borrowed, that she is more than half persuaded the charge is true. But if it were quite true, so long as she *has* formed her taste, there is no just reason to fear to express its injunctions. Not to do so is unjust to the artist and injurious to the national character. I do however entertain well-grounded hopes that there is a rising determination to assert our own judgment in music as well as in politics, and if the former art does not usurp so much of our consideration as the latter science which involves our liberty, it may yet be fairly taken to operate materially upon our happiness, as derived from the solace of our amusements, public and private. By what I have written, I beg to be understood as by no means intending to exclude the foreigner or the foreign school from their due share of honour, but I wish the facts and arguments I have stated to be calmly weighed, and whatever portion of truth there may be in them, to be fairly allowed to the side of my country and my countrymen.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Jan. 16, 1837.

**ORIENTAL MUSIC CONSIDERED.**  
*(Continuation of Essay the Second.)*  
**ON THE MUSIC OF THE PERSIANS.**

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**TO THE EDITOR.**

SIR,

SOME specimens may be seen of this music of the Dervises, with a translation of the passages relating to their manner of performing their choral dances, in the Harmonicon, No. 12, page 185. These dances are doubtless of very ancient origin, (See Dr. Brown, page 20), and although the rude and extraordinary music which accompanies them, can give us very little encouragement to praise their taste and skill, yet as they serve to show how music has been held in esteem, so as to form a constituent part of their religious ceremonies, are sufficiently useful in the present enquiry. The Persians have likewise a kind of "funeral games," in which sacred hymns and lamentations form no inconsiderable part of the spectacle. "A very curious spectacle of the Persians was witnessed by this writer ;\* it is called the Tazies or Desolations, a kind of funeral games, instituted in memory of the martyrdom of the Imans, Hassan and Hussein, sons of Ali. It is very difficult to give an exact description of such a spectacle, even after having seen it. The object of these Tazies is to remind the people of the martyrdoms of Hassan and Hussein, sons of Mahomet ; both perished at Kerbela, in a great battle against the false Caliph Yezid. This festival commences on the first of Mourazzen. During those days of mourning, all the mosques are hung in black, the public squares and cross-ways are covered with large awnings, and at regular distances are placed stands, ornamented with vases of flowers, small bells and arms of every kind. The Mollahs stationed in pulpits sing in a mournful voice sacred hymns and lamentations ; and the whole auditory respond to them with tears and deep sighs. During this extraordinary festival, there appeared two great mosques of gilt wood, car-

\* M. Tanguin, "Journey in Persia," page 199.

ried by more than 300 men, both were inlaid with mirrors and surmounted with little minarets. Children placed in the galleries sang sacred hymns, the soft harmony of which agreeably recompensed the spectators for the frightful shoutings they had heard just before." Here we have a strong proof of the universality of the "song feasts," those remains of ancient and venerated customs, observed in different forms as the progress of religious liberty and civilization occasion throughout the Continent of Europe, Asia, and even America.\* I have before said that no very favourable opinion existed with regard to the military music of the Persians; and the following account of it, by the above writer, will be sufficient to confirm every one who is not absolutely trumpet proof, like good Queen Elizabeth, in that opinion. "Music has many charms for them, but it is still in its infancy among them, like most other arts; † it is however softer ‡ than that of the Turks; and the Persian singing, frequently accompanied with what we call the shake, has less monotony than that of their Turkish neighbours. The Nei, a kind of flute, when played by an able musician, is not deficient in a certain degree of harmony, and far preferable to the soporific virtue of their stringed instruments. As to their military music, it is impossible I believe to find any that is more truly barbarous. Figure to yourself the united sounds of many trumpets of eight or ten feet in length, in which the performers blow until they are breathless; to this add drums and kettle drums, and you will have but a slight idea of the horrible din daily heard at the King's palace; indeed all the city resounds with it. These military concerts, executed at the summit of a high tower, are one of the prerogatives of the King and the

\* See Dr. Brown's "Dissertation," page 23, giving an account of the song feasts of the Iroquois and Huron tribes of American Indians.

† "Learning is more rare in Persia at present than in the two last centuries. Poetry, for which this nation has had a decided taste, is still much cultivated, but it is on the decline. Writing, which here forms an essential part of science, is also less beautiful than formerly, and it is very difficult to procure, even at high prices, the worst specimens of those fine MSS. so much sought for by Orientalists."—(Same author, page 194.)

‡ This is a most amusing distinction; we know that hardness and softness are relative or comparative terms; but never saw them so nearly allied before. The Turkish music is described by several writers as "rather a hideous din than a regular harmony;" and at the conclusion of the above extract M. Tangoin tells us that we can have but a slight idea of "the horrible din daily heard at the King's palace! &c."

Princes of the royal family ; they are renewed every morning at sun rise and in the evening, at sun setting. In giving the above account, I speak as one accustomed to the melodious sounds of European music. In point of taste every thing is relative and arbitrary. A Persian would probably be insensible to the ravishing concords of our orchestras. You have heard of the Turkish Ambassador, who when first present at a performance of the opera, felt great pleasure in the confused noise of the musicians, made while tuning their instruments, but who remained cold and insensible to the charms of the music itself ! The case, whether real or imaginary, is in character with the taste of his nation. I do not attribute it to fanaticism, nor the repugnance which that sentiment inspires for all that is foreign ; but in reality to national taste." As a frontispiece to his book, M. Tangoin gives an engraving of the interior of a harem, consisting of six female figures, two of whom are playing before a superior or Sultana, the one on a kind of tambourine and the other on a guitar, which she appears to be accompanying with her voice. This writer mentions that the harem of the King of Persia, like that of the Grand Signor, is guarded by white and black eunuchs. This is a decided contradiction to Captain Vaus Kennedy's statement, that no eunuchs are to be found in Persia (see Note in 1st part of this Essay.) Certainly Captain K. is in the minority with regard to this question ; almost every other writer on Persia agreeing with M. Tangoin ; but at the same time, as he brings forward nearly an incontrovertible proof of the correctness of his statement, I think we ought to believe him.

That music, of however tasteless a kind to European ears, has formed and does continue to form, a considerable feature in the amusements, feasts, \* &c. of the Persians, sufficient has been shewn

\* It may be interesting to observe in another far different country, how frequently music is found to lend its aid in the domestic festivals of its inhabitants. In the Canton Grigione, in Switzerland, there are two societies, one of the youths and the other of the maidens of the villages, which meet on the 31st of December, the last night of the old year ; two parties from these societies, consisting of twenty youths and twenty maidens, go out at ten o'clock to serenade the principal personages of the place, by signing in chorus, various simple but pleasing airs of their country, which they keep up until after the new year comes in. They then proceed to the principal inn, where a supper is prepared ; no married person is allowed to enter here ; but (to shew the patriarchal simplicity of these people) each youth, commencing with the

to prove, and although it is now entirely out of our power to conjecture what sort of music accompanied the march of Xerxes' army to the straits of Thermopylae, or breathed in the ears of the Sultana, and courtiers at the banquets of Alexander and Cyrus, yet doubtless it "nerved the warrior's arm," and called forth love and pity in the breasts of the hearers of those days. The Persians have ceased to be a warlike people—they are fast losing even their love for poetry and the slight insight they had obtained into the sciences—music will therefore most probably continue in its present uncultivated state among them, or gradually become less and less thought of, until it ceases to exist in any other way than as the confused noise of "sounding brass" and "tinkling cymbal." One more extract and I shall conclude this Essay, which I introduce merely as tending to shew the analogy between the nuptial feasts of the ancients and those of the Persians. After describing the manner in which the morning of the day is spent Sir R. Porter tells us, "that the lady is led to her future apartments, accompanied by her female relations and waiting maids. Her friends of the opposite sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feasting commences, with the drums and other musical instruments still playing the most conspicuous part." I regretted very much, on perusing the excellent work of Sir R. Porter, that in one particular instance in which he might have aided the researches of the curious in oriental music, he omitted an evidently good opportunity of so doing. I allude to the notice (and it is the only one given of any painting representing musical instruments) contained in a description of the pictures in the Shah's palace—"the Chehel Setoon, or Palace of Forty Pillars." One of these represents a banqueting scene, "in which the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of the persons present are painted with almost Flemish precision." It is to be regretted that as a matter of curiosity, both to artists and musicians, Sir R. did not give us a notion of the forms of these instruments and dresses; it might

eldest, takes the hand of the eldest maiden, followed by the others in rotation of seniority, and leads her to a seat, or rather to a share of a seat, at the head of the table, there being but one chair, one spoon, knife, and other table articles for the two. Thus in pristine simplicity they sit down to their repast. In this part of Switzerland none of the doors of the inhabitants are closed at night, in such state of peaceful security do these worthy people live.

have thrown some light upon a subject which the more it appears involved in mystery and ancient tradition, the more it engages the attention of the enquirer in such matters, whose passion for endeavouring to develop the state of art in remote times, is fed and kept alive by the slightest hint or communication that can, in the smallest degree, tend to furnish materials for reflection or comparison,

I am, Sir, your's,

F. W. H.

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## ON THE MANAGEMENT OF MUSICAL FESTIVALS.

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“It is an error of the utmost magnitude to believe that such celebrations can continue long to attract the public regard, unless new and enlarged provisions for the general arrangement and instruction be visible on every succeeding occasion. The arrangements must keep equal pace not only with the progression of the times, but with the knowledge and expectations of the public and with the desire for novelty, which is one of the most common incentives of human actions.

“Such exhibitions should contain none but the choicest and the most perfect specimens of art, and these should be varied as much as is consistently possible, that the comparison between the several powers and degrees may be complete.”—*Quarterly Musical Mag. and Review*, vol. 7, pages 413 and 415.

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## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

**I**n the very many articles that have proceeded from your hand upon the subject of the Musical Festivals, which now fill so important a space in the regard of the public, you have pointed out failures in the nicety of arrangement in a manner to be of essential service to those engaged in the direction of these prodigious assemblages. But as the instruction conveyed is scattered over a wide field and mingled with so many other particulars, I have thought

that a concentration of general principles, and of some of the details resulting from them, may still be useful, since the appetite for these meetings, so far from diminishing by indulgence, appears to grow by what it feeds on. Three are already announced for the present year—at Worcester, at Norwich, and in Wales—Liverpool I have heard is also fixed, and it has been said that it is proposed to hold a meeting at Leicester, where the amateur, Mr. Gardiner, resides, whose name will go down to musical posterity with his oratorio of Judah. There is indeed a noble spirit of emulation raised, and the assistance thus rendered to various charitable institutions has given permanency to what the mere love of art or pleasure, however ardent, would never have been able to establish.

The few sentences I have selected as a motto from your article on the last York Festival concentrate perhaps all that can be said upon the great principles of management. It is rather by details that I am to illustrate what I wish to have understood; and in so doing I shall avoid all personal instances where it is possible, and where it may be impossible, I trust no one will take offence at examples which are intended for the general service, and not to cast odium upon the individual. Indeed, Sir, it is constantly remarked, that where great abilities reside there is little captiousness, and perhaps the rule will hold also in its inversion. I need scarcely therefore put myself to much pain on this account, for strong minds always feel how much allowance is indispensable, and are ready to grant it to the full where the intention is right.

The management of musical festivals is commonly delegated to a committee, whose judgment is supposed to be assisted by a conductor and his aides de camp. In some instances individuals are made responsible by the acceptance of the sole direction of the execution of certain parts of the design, such as the maintenance and practice of choral societies, the engagement of performers, or the selection and arrangement of the music, &c. &c. Thus the nominal power generally resides with the committee, though it is sometimes more nominal than real. If it should be asked how this can be? it may be truly answered that the interposition of patrons, who may not with safety be offended, the interests and friendships of some, the ignorance of others, together with the arrogant claims of performers—all co-operate to distract and weaken the general authority so indispensable



to the nearest possible approach to perfect performance. I think then I am justified in laying it down as the first and most essential rule, that the parts should be so allotted that responsibility should always attach—not to a number but to a few, in order that failure (for success is the criterion of judgment and exertion) should surely light upon the real authors of disgrace. And as the reputation forms no mean portion of the reward where there is seldom any pecuniary interest, it is only necessary to divide occupation and to reduce the execution of the plan into as many parts as is consistent with the vigour and unity of the whole. The collective wisdom of the body should be exerted in the first instance in discussing and appropriating the many incidental duties—but once appropriated, the praise of success, or the disgrace of failure, should be certain to be brought home to the authors.

To this grand end, the numbers of a committee should never be too large, but should be adjusted to the functions they have to perform, and the selection should be made with reference to the knowledge, intelligence, and capacity of the persons composing it, as well as to their condition in life or influence in the place. These last qualities are very useful in the promotion of every design towards which the good opinion of the public at large must be conciliated, and where so much depends upon the character of the undertaking, which is in fact the character of the undertakers. To such men belongs no mean or easy task, for there is the office of supporting by personal correspondence and communication the splendour of the occasion, and by drawing around them the patronage of those who have by their station a right to be sought and attracted by a dignified court and attention. It is no slight preparation to a prosperous issue to obtain the commendations of rank and affluence. These ought not to be disregarded as being extrinsic from the excellence of performance. The natural operation of title and fortune, because they imply a habit of extensive information and taste and honourable judgment, is to bring respect to any place where they are found and to any cause which they espouse, and hence their presence and superintendence, as it were, secure the most vigilant attention in subordinates, as well as that nameless attraction which attends and allures all inferior degrees of society to become participators in the same amusements with those of

elevated situation.\* I certainly would not counsel any thing approaching to servile solicitation. Far from it. But it is most desirable and most useful to demonstrate boldly but respectfully to those in high station, the absolute duty of aiding the diffusion of art and the encouragement of talent, the advancement of particular charity and of general circulation, and above all, the progression of the civilization and of the happiness, which there needs no particular proof now to shew, arises out of such celebrations. And here we arrive at the office of the patrons, which is to dignify and to adorn. It becomes their station to support all great and useful undertakings. It seems to be the condition in which Providence has leased to them property of such extent, because in no other way can it be expended worthily. Such patronage exalts their character for intellect and taste, and insofar confirms the respect they ought to inherit, but which mere station does not confer. Thus then it is twice blessed. Doctrine so sound can not be too often inculcated nor too clearly apprehended, for there is no disputing that it is now more momentous than ever to the commonwealth, that intelligence and virtue should sustain wealth and title. Nothing also will stand against the increasing allurements of luxury on the one side, and the growing information of all the other classes, on the other. Thus policy as well as propriety pleads our cause. But let it be clearly understood that it forms no part of the office of patron to interfere with the arrangements or even with the engagements†. It is on the contrary enjoined by the strictest rule of duty to avoid all such interference. If my Lord or Sir John has particular points to carry, it is most likely that he interrupts and probably frustrates some part of the general plan. He descends from his high elevation to serve a purpose.—He interposes in a manner unbecoming

\* If I be not misinformed, the Norwich meeting was carried *against* the sentiments of the higher families of the county, and owed its success purely to the convincing power of excellence and the discernment of the public at large. Now the effects are so completely established, that not only opponency is at an end, but some of the most strenuous adversaries to the former festival are the first to patronize the second. If I be misinformed, you, Sir, can set me right.

† An exception must be made in favour of those stewards, who as in the case of the meeting of the three choirs, liberally take upon themselves the risk of the expences, in behalf of the charity they so essentially serve. Such persons are in fact the managers, and as they incur the hazard, have the clearest right to direct the proceedings. This however is the exception, not the rule.

and improper, and sinks himself to the place of a member of the committee, without enjoying its opportunities of information or sharing the labour, or assuming the responsibility. He takes an unfair advantage, and barter in point of fact his support for the favour which he demands. There is one species of power which some patrons enjoy, and which requires a very sound discretion in the execution—I mean the power over the rooms in which the meetings are held. Corporate bodies or privileged individuals have not unfrequently the power to negative a meeting altogether, by denying the use of a particular building, the only one in which numbers so large can assemble. As they have the custody of the property, they ought unquestionably to stipulate for the perfect preservation of the valuable and sometimes venerable structures under their care. But their precautions should be no further extended. I know not whether my conjecture be well founded, but I have always imagined some such cause as over-caution must have contributed to the erroneous position of the orchestra in York Minster at the last festival. For what else can account for such a mistake as placing the band immediately under the tower, where the absorption of the sound must act so excessively against the production of the best effects, and especially after the experiment of 1823 had decided the opinion of almost every one in the orchestra against that site! I repeat therefore that the custodes of all buildings ought to limit their restrictions to fair security against the injury of the property, but they are by no means warranted in any interference with the arrangements, where absolute security is not the object.

For similar reasons patrons ought never to influence the choice of the persons acting on the committee. Interposition by circuitous channels, is often more fatal than when it is direct, since they who will consent to pandar to the sinister desires of those who ought not to appear except in their proper sphere, are less likely to exercise discretion than their employers. Their errors will be in proportion to their zeal, and they will be liable to press the favourite point, with a view to oblige my Lord, when the nobleman himself would most certainly, with the sense and urbanity which mostly appertain to well-bred persons, suffer himself to be convinced by reasoning, and abandon his project with a good grace. Not so their tool—he wins or loses favour,

as he does or does not succeed, and therefore his obstinacy is rendered more inveterate by his interest.

After all, Sir, there is little to be apprehended from the interference of Patrons, if they are judiciously treated. Persons of their order are seldom disposed to do more than suggest, and though they expect deference, are rarely so unreasonable as to demand compliance when good reasons can be stated for dissent. Still it may be useful to lay down the rule, because if I be right, it may spare future discussion. Opinions thus promulgated are weighed, and if found to be just, they diffuse themselves through so many channels, that they are sure, sooner or later, directly or indirectly, to reach their object.

I have said that the numbers of a committee should be as limited as is consistently possible with the various duties required. Indeed it should seem to be an useful provision to begin with no more than are absolutely required to carry on the business, and to expand these numbers as the occupations multiply, towards the period when the festival actually commences. The first things to be done are to solicit patronage, fix the place, determine the period\* and the scale of the performances;—then comes the grand task—the selection and arrangement of

\* It is very desirable that the managers of meetings should confer together on this point, and give the artists time to refresh themselves with necessary repose, as well as to travel with some degree of leisure. Human nature cannot undergo the quantity of fatigue incident to such labour as the singers are called upon to perform, without a great and manifest disadvantage to their execution of such tasks. Only conceive the wearisomeness of sitting four or five hours in the orchestra during a morning performance, besides the exertion of singing, and then attending the evenings daily (rehearsals included) for five successive days. Then there is all the previous trouble of receiving those who visit them, of dressing, &c. This year Leicester, Worcester, Norwich, and Liverpool, take place on successive weeks. The artist must pass twice nearly across the kingdom. All the intermediate time between the close of the one meeting and the other must be spent upon the road, and in some cases it will hardly suffice to transport those who are engaged at them all from the one to the other. How can it be practicable for females, and females naturally and by education the most sensitive, to bear all this wear and tear and retain their powers in full brilliancy? It is physically impossible—and it is not too much to predicate that the performance at Liverpool will be far inferior to that at Leicester, Worcester, or Norwich, from this very circumstance alone—yet how easily might much of the evil be avoided by a previous understanding and a spirit of accommodation between the managers!

the music and the engagement of the band. It is in this department that I so urgently deprecate the always unnecessary and often importunate and ruinous interference of incapable persons, whether they belong to "the great vulgar or the small." Nay, so tenacious am I of implicit adhesion to the informed, luminous, undivided, disinterested, accurate, circumspect, discreet, and temperate judgment required, that I would if possible delegate the first draft wholly and entirely to one such mind, if such is to be found, and if not, I would commit departments to the persons known to be most conversant with each—I would have these few (*very few*) amalgamate their choice, and then I would submit the whole to the committee as to a sort of public from whom a general opinion can be collected of the entire design; the framers should produce their reasons for the schemes they have adopted, and especial care should be taken to consider the plan not only in its separate parts, but as *one complete and entire whole*. It is for want of such a luminous and comprehensive view, (and sometimes from the interference of patrons), that such anomalies as have been justly blamed in almost every great meeting, have been suffered to pass. I will not say that perfection is attainable, but we are now engaged in the endeavour to render the approach to it as close as possible. This can only be effected by a most scrupulous, minute, and severe survey, which may enable us to buoy out the passage and to shew every rock and quicksand, however small, that endanger the pilot, his vessel, and his crew.

When we consider the whole scope of the second paragraph I have quoted at the head of my paper, it is of fearful extent, for it requires not only an erudite acquaintance with the entire range of ancient and modern composition, but a fine taste, and a power of methodical arrangement, which can be derived only from a consummate knowledge of effects as well as of the predilections and even prejudices of a mixed audience. It demands a disinterested acquaintance with the claims of performers and of the public estimate of such claims. It implies a most patient study, and a temper not to be disturbed or thrown off by the harsh, the petulant, and above all, the ignorant cavils of the many who think themselves fully justified in dissenting against insulated parts,

without the slightest power of comprehending the whole. Indeed these are the folks most to be dreaded, for in every place there are critics, who enjoy the ear of small circles, and who, if they have heard half a dozen benefit concerts in London in as many years or in one year, esteem themselves and are esteemed by others of still less information, to be quite competent to stigmatize by wide generalities, and in the broadest and coarsest manner, all that does not fall in with their tastes, or more properly all that they do not comprehend. These gentry are certainly the "small critics," but they constitute at the same time great annoyances. From a cause somewhat analogous, it happens that professors and amateurs so seldom work well together. I have seen it somewhere remarked, that professors despise amateurs for the want of technical knowledge, while amateurs return the contempt of professors by depreciating their narrow and imperfect views of art. Both perhaps have reason on their side, but this very allowance ought to demonstrate to both the benefits to be derived from mutual consultation and concession. Nothing is more true than that it is difficult to make men value justly in others the qualities they do not themselves possess, and most probably do not fully understand. But in this case each may supply what is desirable to the other, if they have the good sense and good manners not to insist too obstinately on their own infallibility of judgment.

With respect to selection the embarrassment lies between novelty, and predilection for old and most meritorious favourites. This also regards the choice perhaps between pieces which time and opinion have consecrated. But the difficulty is smoothed when it is recollected that no performance can go on without large drafts upon Handel, Mozart, and Haydn. Their standard compositions are however so multifarious that great variety is to be found in their works alone. The object is to demonstrate styles more than masters, and these are now so multiplied, that even the wide range of a festival is scarcely ample enough to embrace them all. For it must not be forgotten that the manner of a singer or an instrumentalist, sometimes creates a variety by the deviations of genius from the ordinary track. Let Pasta and Catalani, Salmon or Stephens, for instance sing the same songs, and they would no more be the same style than the performance of the same concertos by Cramer or Moscheles, Kieswetter, Mori,

or De Beriot. Hence the difficulty of determining which style or which performer to prefer, and hence not only the judgment but the temper necessary to weigh and measure the probable bearing of public favour as it operates locally. Where there is a near approach to equality, *perhaps* local partialities may be allowed to decide the dubious point. I put the matter hypothetically, for I am most averse to the admission of any extrinsic interference with the intrinsic excellence that must constitute the charm, the greatness, the glory, and I may almost say the majesty of such concentrations of the talent of past and present ages.

I shall not attempt to enumerate the several styles for it would only do mischief. This is a knowledge not to be conveyed by a mere recital, and I feel if I were to address myself to the task, I might add to the license of the tongue, which but too many are already prone to exercise unsparingly, without any sound basis of judgment. And as the task of selection should only be assigned to those who are really competent by long acquaintance with the works of the great masters, by frequent attendance on the best concerts, by connection, correspondence, and communication with professors, and above all, by an intimate knowledge of the progression of taste and the reputation and qualities of artists, it is sufficiently clear that no outline I could draw within such limits as those by which I am restricted, could be at all serviceable to such connoisseurs.

Upon one point, however, I must strenuously insist, namely, that no concessions ought to be made to vulgar popularity in the choice of the music. The committee, who should consent to the introduction of any such trumpery pieces, merely because the galleries of the London theatres have encored them thrice, ought only to be regarded as unprincipled time-servers and corruptors of the public taste. They are not in the wretched condition of the managers of playhouses, who must live to please, because they must please, to live. A horse, or a monkey, or a Frenchman that can imitate a monkey, are to such entrepreneurs legitimate sources of income; and though these are the lowest deeps into which they plunge for pelf, yet their operas, from which not a few of the pieces sung in the evening concerts at festivals are taken, occupy not much higher places in the scale. I have also to warn selectors against concerted pieces of sounding authority indeed, but of very little

more real dignity or importance. . Not that I would be understood to exclude English ballad, or French chansonette, or *any* species that can shew a clear title to be admitted by good taste. Of such however one or two specimens are abundantly sufficient. I should treat even things of higher pretensions with the same rigour—airs with variations, English or Italian, for instance—and the very highest productions of what is called science—grave and learned choral or concerted pieces. All these should be shewn rather because all should be embraced, than as matters of choice. The nicety I desire to hit, is, to have the selections majestic, touching, or lively, but always interesting, and never sinking below a consummate exhibition of art, or derogatory to pure taste in all its diversity. Novelty I must still insist upon, and in this respect Birmingham alone has set a worthy example. I wish indeed it were carried further, and that premiums or other incitements were offered to living composers for new productions for such and such festivals expressly, according to the suggestion of one of your Correspondents.\*

It is with this department that the just claims and unjust pretensions of performers—of singers especially—are so liable to interfere. But, Sir, let us endeavour to examine this matter with candour and justice. The success of the meeting is all in all to the managers—fame is all in all to the performers. Yet both these interests are so intimately blended, that they spring from one source, and have one end. For if reputation does not crown the efforts of the singer, success cannot be said to crown the meeting. It is therefore always expedient to consult the singers, who know in what they are most applauded, but never to yield a point where the character or consequence of the performance is hazarded. If we turn, Sir, to the York Meeting of 1823—see what havoc was occasioned by the concessions made to Catalani! That lady trampled upon the Committee and their regulations, the just rights of other singers, and violated almost every principle of musical consistency and propriety. Such and so great were her innovations, that the necessity of a firm resistance to such demands was demonstrated and acted upon at the next meeting. And unless I am greatly misinformed, there were other vocalists

\* See vol. 6, page 418. Even the Ancient Concert begins to feel the tedium of eternal repetition, and has lately introduced a little more change.



who refused to sing any of the songs allotted to them on the first evening—although those songs were selected from their own lists!! An edition of 1500 books was sacrificed. This was a contest of course about position—but the time of the Committee at such a moment (the very day before the meeting) was wasted, the rehearsal injured, and the public disappointed. Even in 1825 the three great English tenors sat in the orchestra, and the public listened to the melody and accompaniment of the unsung "*O thou bright orb,*" played upon the organ. But I believe this and the intrusion of a ballad were the only cases which the laws laid down by the committee at this second festival did not meet. Catalani would only consent to sing "what she liked, where she liked,\* and in any key she liked," and the treaty broke off accordingly.

In considering the engagement of the band I must first make some general observations as to principles; and perhaps I shall startle the reader when I say, that I consider the attractive power rather as derived from the whole scope and effect, than from the potency of one or more names. The magnitude and grandeur of the orchestral numbers—the general talent—the majesty of the chorus—the dignity and diversity of the compositions performed—the assemblage of such a multitude of persons, and even the spectacle itself, are all causes of concentrated excitement more active than the name of any eminent vocalist. Observe, I assume it as a basis, that it is always most expedient to engage the best and highest in every department, when it can be done consistently; but there is often so near an approach both in excellence and fame in eminent singers, that so long as there is a choice, which I contend there always is, no such extravagant sums as have been lavished upon individuals, ought to be so lavished. Who, for instance, would now presume to estimate the comparative merits and popularity of Pasta and Catalani in this country? I am sure I would not. But I will take upon myself the hazard of asserting that no one performer, at such a meeting, can compensate the expenditure of 600 or even 500 guineas. For the matter must be thus computed. Will A, B, or C, superadded to such a list of superior names as can always be assembled for a fair (yet very handsome) remuneration, bring into the treasurer's account 500 or 600 guineas, with something for profit, more than such a

\* Meaning in whatever place or position in the schemes.

list, with the other sources of attraction I have enumerated above? I contend, *totis manibus*, that any such expectation is perfectly fallacious, and I appeal to Norwich, where super-eminent names were not, and to Cambridge and Newcastle where they were; or if further proof be deemed necessary, to Birmingham with Catalani and Birmingham without her. Even in the year 1826, a year of such commercial depression, the receipts were more productive (certainly not less) to the charity than in the year of the commencement our high and palmy state of commercial activity, 1823. This, Sir, I look upon to be conclusive.

But there is another point of view in which I would place this matter. Are the performances of these prodigies so agreeable to the many as the simpler style of Madame Caradori, Mrs. Salmon, or Miss Stephens? Are they so generally, so universally pleasing? I should say no. Catalani was certainly a most extraordinary woman. Volume of tone, force of execution, energy of feeling, and beauty of person; all combined to allure the hearer and delight the spectator. But still I question whether she ever inspired an English audience with half the real, homefelt delight that any of the three females I have named above, are always certain to afford. Take Pasta from the boards of the King's theatre, and place her in a provincial orchestra, and I am morally certain that not one person in an hundred (I might go further) who attend the meetings would be found to appreciate her perfection, or even to apprehend at all where it lies. I therefore contend, not only that there is no just reason why such sums should be lavished upon individuals, but that it is contrary to the interest of the art, its professors, and the charities, to indulge any such inordinate cupidity.\*

Not, Sir, that I would depreciate the fair rewards of pre-eminence by nature and by art, by power, study, perseverance,

\* Observe how it mounts by indulgence. Mad. Pasta, it has been publicly stated, required 1000*l.* at first, for one of the festivals, whither she was solicited to go, but came down to 500 guineas, by the mediation of a friend—Miss Garcia asked 400 or 450 guineas, and obtained £320, at York—this however was conceded on account of so many other disappointments. Catalani rose to demand peremptorily a division of the receipts, and would have taken the lion's share into the bargain, together with the virtual management. Nay, I know a plan was laid, and on the point of execution, to concentrate all power in her own hands, by engaging the principal English vocalists for a whole season in her train!

and fortitude, for all these are implied in a great, a pre-eminent vocalist. This matter has been much misunderstood—the emoluments over-rated, the endowments and exertions underprized. The education of a singer costs a very large sum—very many years of intense study, and great efforts both intellectual and bodily. Not one in a thousand rises to the station we are speaking of, and that one is exalted often at the sacrifice of many of the other solaces of life. The condition of a pre-eminent singer partakes of the nature of all ambition and of all lofty position. It separates the possessor from humbler and perhaps happier associations. It is seldom reached till late, and much privation, more anxiety, and commonly no little acrimony, are suffered during the attainment. When unconnected with the stage the remuneration is comparatively small, though the sum paid for one meeting appears so large. I speak advisedly when I assert that the most prosperous female concert singer that has ever appeared, has never, upon the average of her professional life, enjoyed a gross annual receipt, to say nothing of the drawback of expences, amounting to seven hundred per annum. I believe the same computation will apply to male concert singers, taking the same average, and abstracting the stage, the church, and tuition. Indeed I feel sure I exceed their gains in this estimate. The stage, Italian or English, is the grand mine of wealth, but how few can bear the fatigue, and how few retain all that is necessary to the celebrity we are contemplating, amidst the numberless drawbacks that surround a theatre! Amongst our English females Miss Stephens has hitherto stood alone.

And while I am upon this topic I must say a few words to mitigate the severity of the judgments pronounced against singers in general, for the solicitude they show concerning the choice of songs, and the position of names, &c. &c. down to the size of the type in which they are to be announced. To other minds these appear to be fanciful and frivolous pretensions of no utility and no validity. But such is not the fact. The choice of songs ought always to be indulged to singers, insofar as allowing them to name a number, from which a selection may be made. It is indeed absolutely indispensable to their reputation. With respect to the other matters there is a conventional understanding abroad that precedency and place belong only to certain rank, and the public

at large is prepossessed in favour of this or against that singer, by the manner of their announcement, and the position of their songs in the bill. I would therefore urge upon committees the superior dignity and propriety of sacrificing at once all the littleness of red and blue, capitals, &c. &c. and a reliance upon the intrinsic excellence of the whole. The changes which singers are apt to require are more often the effect of agitation and of hope than of any just cause. Silence these feelings at once by making the fiat of the committee absolute and unchangeable. Let all the circumstances that can benefit the performance (which is in effect to give the fairest play to all concerned) be most maturely weighed and considered, but when once determined, let nothing superinduce a change. Such firmness would eventually be found far more grateful to the feelings, and far more advantageous to the interests of performers than any concessions that can be made. Of course I assume a competent judgment and its unbiassed exercise in those appointed to select and arrange the schemes of the performances. All this I would have decidedly made known in contracting the engagements, nay I would go further, I would annex a forfeiture to non-fulfilment, while the expectations as to the class of songs, and every other particular likely to produce differences or alterations, should be fully explained between the contracting parties previously to the formation of the engagement. Nor would I suffer a performer to sing in a concert who had not attended a rehearsal—the pieces selected for trial being at the discretion of the directors. This stipulation should be a *sine quâ non*. Due time must therefore be taken. The consequence of the present irregular method is, that the rehearsal is almost always sacrificed, and the performance very often injured. But I am persuaded all these evils arise from want of foresight, and want of clear explanation at the outset. As matters are now managed I believe that if all the singers were to throw up their engagements a few days or even hours before the commencement of a festival, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain any redress. Look to what happened at York in 1825, and at Norwich in 1824!

I have much pleasure in admitting that there are some individuals who should be exempted from the charge of whimsical or vexatious demeanour. It is proper to observe also, that the changing of songs, keys, &c. may not always proceed from caprice.

To say nothing of real illness, it is easy to conceive that in the execution of such amazing difficulties as are surmounted by vocalists of the first class, the slightest alteration in health, or even in feeling, may create a just desire to change either key or song—to substitute something which the mind, in its present state, feels itself more able to encounter. But the utmost latitude which the most candid person can give to such considerations will, I fear, fall far short of justifying conduct, which every one who is professionally concerned with eminent vocalists, has abundant cause to experience and regret.

Any material disappointment occurring near the time of a great meeting, may prove irremediable, or if to be remedied at all, is obviated with such large expence, that in no instance ought there to be less than two principal singers to each part—or if not absolutely two to each part, two that may be available in case of accident. To preclude the possibility of misprision on the part of the performers, abstracts of the schemes should be prepared in time, and sent to each, not for approval but to be obeyed, and books should be delivered at their abodes before or immediately on their arrival. This done, it rests with the committee to deliver up the offender against any of the laws to the instant judgment of the public. But such precautions are useful not only in the event of wilful transgression; they tend to prevent wilful transgression, and they are really most desirable to the performers themselves, as timely notices of what they have to do.

Experiments have been recently made with respect to engagements, which appear entitled to much consideration. At Cambridge I believe the idea was first started, but this was a speculation founded and conducted in a manner to place it out of the pale of regular management, and consequently is not entitled to be cited for a precedent. The Birmingham meetings stand upon a different elevation. At the last of these but few of the singers it appears were engaged for all the performances. Mad. Caradori, Miss Paton, and Miss Bacon, Signors Curioni and De Begnis, sung at a part only of morning or evening concerts. By this means not only a longer list of names and a greater diversity of style can be comprehended. The expence is somewhat increased, because the charges for travelling, lodgings, &c. to sing at two or three performances, are as great as if they were laid on an engage-

ment for the whole. The question then is—does it hold out greater attraction to the public to offer a succession of names, than to produce the same great singers day after day? Here again we encounter the choice between the two principles which most bias human nature, novelty and prescription. It is a nice point, and one which I dare not presume to decide. I think however we may safely conclude, that if three singers of nearly equal celebrity, or if one name, however great, were put up for successive days, the larger share of temptation would be found to attend the three. In making our computation, we must look to the component parts of the audience—subscribers and single tickets. Those who make up their minds to subscribe for the set, which a given number must always do, are not to be affected by either mode of proceeding. It is then in the conversion of single tickets into sets, or by persuading the person who would be content with hearing A once, that it is equally necessary and agreeable to hear B and C that variety operates, and thus it should seem that to extend the list of singers is proportionally to extend the allurements. On the contrary, there is a danger of giving superior interest and fashion to one concert over another—a danger which is always felt to attend some of the days of a meeting.\* *Perhaps* this latter evil might be obviated by the plan of changing the singers and placing the highest on the days weakest by position? But above all, the local capabilities ought to be understood and well weighed, for there is a limit in all cases which cannot be passed, and the preparation should in all respects be first of all computed with a judicious conformity to this the main principle.

The formation of Choral Societies constitutes the most important improvement that has been of late applied to the general management of festivals. Intrinsically, a most assured stability was given to this magnificent feature of the performances, and indeed

\* The position of the ball is on this account very important. At York they had a ball on the first and last evenings—at Liverpool the same—at Birmingham it takes place in the middle of the week—at Norwich it concluded the meeting. In the one case there is the danger of departure before the week is over, in the other of non-arrival till towards the end. Where there are opulence and spirit to meet it, the York plan is the best. In all cases where it can be achieved, the ball ought to be in costume. At York, the first ball was a general rendezvous and a dress ball only, the last was in costume. Nothing could be more flat or unattractive than the last Birmingham ball proved.

(with the exception of the Abbey Meetings) the chorusses were never rendered truly magnificent till this means was adopted.\* Extrinsicly, an interest proportionate to the numbers of those connected with the societies was drawn around the meetings, and an astonishing stimulus has been given to the cultivation of music. I believe the country is indebted in a great degree to Mr. Munden, of Birmingham, for the propagation of this excellent plan.† It has been followed wherever the hope of a future festival has sprung up. So well maintained have these societies been, that the embarrassment lies in selecting from the members, who are almost always more in number than can be employed. Not only do they form the nucleus, if I may so term it, of the festivals, but concerts generally flourish the more from their institution, and choral concerts are given from time to time in the towns where they are planted. I mention these latter, because they afford needful and most excellent encouragements to those who aspire to be partakers in this species of collective celebrity.

Concerning the instrumental band it is necessary to say but little. It is however due to instrumentalists to state that they very rarely indeed subject themselves to a just cause of complaint. Even the most celebrated—those whose assistance is as indispensable as the first singers—are alike modest in their demands and affable in their demeanour. The chief point to which I would object is the duration of the principal concertos. Such exhibitions of the powers of instruments form an essential portion of all performances—but they are usually carried to an immoderate length. Nor ought any concertos upon instruments too feeble in their tone to produce adequate effects, be introduced. The distinction is drawn exactly between those designed for concert playing and those appropriate to private society and solace. To the latter class I am afraid the piano forte‡ and harp for instance are to be

\* In Holland scientific instruction in singing, and the art of singing in parts especially, forms an integral part of the system of public instruction, which is now universal there.

† It is impossible to be present at the festivals in that town without observing the beneficial agency of this very intelligent professor's assistance in the orchestra.

‡ At Birmingham, last year, nothing was more rapturously received than Mr. J. B. Cramer's concertos. But there the theatre was so small (comparatively speaking) that all the delicacy of his smooth and elegant style could be apprehended.

reduced. In small theatres, or rooms of moderate dimensions, they may be admitted, but in great buildings the effect—all the beautiful effect is lost or destroyed.

It may be thought singular that I have not mentioned the Conductor, who seems from his office to be the chief agent and actor in this mighty preparation. But there are valid reasons for my having so long delayed to introduce the consideration of his functions. The conductor must be or rather ought always to be a professor, because with whatever talent an amateur may be gifted, whatever share of knowledge he may have attained, or with whatever zeal he may prosecute the practice of music, the experience and the tact of professional skill and professional progression are alike necessary to the conduct of an orchestra composed of such rare and diverse materials—and above all, the method which is learned and the nerve which is acquired and fortified only by continual direction of concerts upon a large scale and by frequent collision with the public. Nothing but constant habit, superadded to the ability which must be presupposed, can give the confidence and mature the various qualities indispensable to the complete execution of his important task. I have separated the conductor from the selection of performers, because it imposes an invidious task upon a professor, and it may possibly happen that interests may arise out of connection, which may be the subjects of painful animadversion. In this department, not less than in the business of choice and arrangement, I consider the conductor as a judge to be referred to upon nice points or difficulties, in which the reasons which induce a reference to him are to be submitted for his decision. In the same manner, the schemes of the performances should be subjected to his eye with a view to technical corrections, which such a man alone is competent to make. But for similar reasons to those which forbid his nomination of performers, he should not direct the appointment of songs, namely, to avoid all possible imputation of partiality. The committee are the legislative and the conductor the executive power. His office begins in carrying into effect the designs of the committee, and to this end, all negotiations with performers should pass through him, by which arrangement he becomes responsible not only for securing the due execution of treaties, but his knowledge and integrity are guarantees that



the committee are not imposed upon in the terms—that is, insofar as custom and precedent may authorize any representation he may deem it prudent and proper to make. Any oversights or omissions it is a part of his duty to notice—in short, he is to act in all these respects as the corrector of those errors which the want of practical information is likely to produce.

I conceive it to be part of the implied obligations of a conductor (presuming him not to be resident) to visit and confer with the committee at a convenient season previous to the meeting, to view the scite, assist in dividing the allotment of the several parts of the orchestra, examine the state of the chorus, investigate all the arrangements, and suggest the alterations and amendments that may appear to him necessary—all which can only be done by personal communication and upon the spot. The period of this visit should be as near the festival (six or eight weeks previous perhaps) as may afford time to correct any thing that may be wrong, or add any thing that may be wanting to the completion of the whole, without hurry or confusion.

It is no less indispensable to an approach to the perfect execution of so vast a design, that the conductor, who from the moment he takes the command, is responsible for success, should arrive at head quarters a sufficient number of days before the festival, to afford him time to ascertain that all has been done according to the plan laid down and is ready for action. He should either *per se*, or by some trust-worthy and practised substitute,\* be morally certain that the books are all so distinctly arranged and so placed, that no failure on this head, no apologies for parts left behind,† can happen. The stand of every individual should also be appointed by the conductor—the name of the person fastened upon it, and the most especial care taken, where space permits, to have the instrument-case of the performer set down by it. Where this is not possible, every one should be instructed to put his name upon the case, and the inconvenience and confusion at the last York

\* Copyists from London, who also let their libraries of orchestral parts, are frequently in attendance for this purpose.

† A misfortune of such frequent occurrence to the principal singers as to lead to a shrewd suspicion that the mistake sometimes presents at the last moment the means of evading a song and a regulation of the committee. It should be visited by the omission of the song altogether.

meeting, occasioned by the omission of this apparently trifling circumstance, has proved it is even necessary to enforce compliance by making it a stipulation in the engagement. The succession of the pieces at each performance should also be printed in a brief but intelligible form, with a reference to the numbers and pages of the several books where the parts are to be found, and laid upon the stands before the performance begins.\* Such a method can alone ensure rapidity of succession without confusion or error. These things accomplished, all is ready for rehearsal.

I ought not however to omit, that when the conductor resides in the metropolis, the assistance of the most eminent local professors is always most useful, and may be in some cases essential. Let me not be considered to under-rate the merits of such gentlemen by making them subordinate to the conductors of London. In an art which is so constantly altering its phases, in a sphere where so many new constellations are every day rising and so often changing their influences, it is no degradation to those who rarely mingle in the music of the metropolis, to point out the advantages which they alone can possess who live in the midst of this throng and press of native and foreign talent. It is saying no more than that the more extended the means of information a man enjoys, the greater will be sum of his knowledge. The personal merits of the individuals may be equal, but the opportunities of the one will render him superior in this particular to the other. The object is to combine the general and local ability of both.

Nothing can be more vitally important to the "go" of the whole than the preparation of accurate parts for so multitudinous a band. A great help towards this has been effected by the publishers at York, who have offered a subscription for the most popular songs and chorusses, which cannot fail to prove a saving both of trouble and expence in proportion as the effect is extended, by an encouragement which it is the interest of all the

\* At York, the books for such of the performances as were *Selections* were all made up of single sheets, duly arranged and stitched, so that each desk had but one book each morning, which went straight on, and the printed papers were unnecessary. This mode is certainly the best, and should be adopted where practicable—when not (and it is both difficult and expensive), the plan laid down above seems to be the only other safe one.

towns where festivals are periodically established, to afford. I must strenuously insist upon the duty of rehearsals, for without competent rehearsals nothing can be *certain*, and nothing short of certainty ought to be depended upon. For this reason I again recur to making it a part of the engagement of the principal singers, clearly and formally expressed, that they shall not be permitted to sing any thing which the conductor thinks proper to order for trial, if it has not been tried, and that the consequence of non-appearance at rehearsal shall be a forfeiture. The performer is sufficiently guaranteed by the reservation that nothing shall be tried which the conductor deems unnecessary. The vocal parts should be first dispatched, and the instrumental last, both in deference to sex, and to the nature of the stress laid upon the organs and the faculties of the singer and the player. If my proposition concerning the duration of concertos be attended to, it will also lessen the tedium of the rehearsal, as well as of the performance. Each performer should be limited to time, according to the nature of his instrument. It should also be a law, most rigidly enforced, that no person but the committee be allowed to be present\* at rehearsal. Nothing can so much tend to its usefulness.

I persuade myself, Sir, that I have thus glanced through all the greater provisions, and most of the minuter musical details necessary to secure success previous to performance. I must now therefore say a few words upon this head. Punctuality and precision are the most essential points to be observed even to the moment of beginning. To this end the performers should all be warned, and the hand of the conductor should give the signal for commencing, at the very instant the clock has announced the hour. I presume every thing to be so arranged that nothing should stop or embarrass the succession of the pieces. In the evening concerts one singer should enter as the other leaves the orchestra—for nothing is so likely to distract the attention of the audience, and consequently so fatal to the impression, which depends so much upon concentrated attention, as waiting between

\* At the Gloucester rehearsal last year from 200 to 400 persons were present. Nothing is so unfair to the singer, or so injurious to the concert, for all those folks go forth and circulate opinions founded on their own necessarily imperfect impressions or misapprehensions.

the pieces. I must also revert to the practice you have so warmly and so properly lauded in your account of the last Gloucester meeting\*—namely, the polite custom of the stewards conducting the female singers into and from the orchestra. There is a moral force as well as a natural elevation in this duty, which may be of incalculable utility to the profession and the professor, and must exalt in the same degree the dignity of the occasion. At no meeting, I will venture to pronounce, has there ever been present an audience comprehending greater personal importance, from the rank, opulence, and talent of individuals there, than at Gloucester in 1826, and never was the polite attention and consideration due to talent more gratefully exerted. The fact is very important, for it serves to demonstrate powerfully how certainly the truly great are distinguished by the knowledge that their own state is enhanced by their recognition of the claims of talent to the estimation of society, which derives all its polish and much of

\* I cannot forbear to transcribe the whole passage, for it carries with it a great deal that ought to be remembered.

“In a record which we have reason to know permeates the musical society of the country, and to hope will be permanent, we ought not to omit to notice the striking attention on the part of the stewards, which constitutes a feature of the most honourable distinction. They devoted themselves and their time to the business of the meeting and the accommodation of the company, and were most studiously active in every department. They conducted the principal female singers to and from the orchestra, and between the pieces introduced them to the distinguished personages in the room, whose reception of them, and indeed whose general demeanor not only bespoke that easy consciousness which belongs to those who know and estimate justly their own place in society, but who appreciate and value those talents that are given and employed for the ornament and happiness of mankind. Indeed the persons most elevated by rank, quality, and taste (Thomas Moore and William Lisle Bowles, were in the party of the Marquis Lansdown), seemed anxious only to enjoy and to make others enjoy the high pleasures of this meeting. This is as it should ever be, and we fulfil a most agreeable part of our duty in representing this dignified, liberal, and sensible example. The arts are all of one family, and we may cite what has been truly said concerning the patrons of literature in aid of our present endeavour to exalt the characters of both. ‘In the record of literary glory,’ writes a modern essayist, ‘the patron’s name should be inscribed by the side of the literary character; for the public incurs an obligation wherever a man of genius is protected.’ The maxim applies to all artists, and with more force than ever in the present age, when the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of the intellectual faculties are so universal. The great will soon find (they have already found) either the most powerful allies or the most dangerous enemies in literature and the arts. They cannot now stay the progress of information, but they may, if they are wise, by the exercise of a bland and congenial influence, take a principal share in the direction of its course.”

its happiness from the exercise of the qualities thus kindly encouraged.

Besides the advantage of concentrated feeling on the part of the singers and concentrated attention on the part of the audience, the saving of time by the rapid succession of the pieces is of much value. The tendency, the almost unavoidable tendency, where so much of various art must be displayed, is to make the whole too long. No performance ought to last more than three hours, or three hours and an half, in the morning, and three hours at most in the evening, the stoppages between the acts (which ought not to exceed twenty minutes) included. The mind will not bear a longer strain upon its powers, and the moment lassitude begins, all interest ceases. This consideration is the more important when two performances are to be attended daily, and where the succession is kept up from three\* to five days.

Nothing remains for me but to advert to the minor regulations, not musical indeed, but essentially affecting the comfort of the audience. The easy access and departure of the company should be secured by as many avenues as possible, and by intelligible divisions for those who go in carriages, in chairs, or on foot. A competent attendance of stewards who can always be appealed to, a sufficient police, and a party of soldiers to keep the streets clear and open, and to insist upon the punctual and immediate observance of all regulations, should be secured. Tickets and books should be previously issued, and the accommodation of the public consulted by every expedient. These rules are short and concise, but they will be found to be adequate to the purpose.

There is one other circumstance which may appear extrinsic, but which is of much import. Due encouragement should be given to the dissemination and discussion of the plans in their progress through the medium of the press. It is the surest means to excite an interest and to secure an universal circulation of the preparations as they accumulate—and what is of not less service, discussion acts in the nature of a guarantee for able direction,

\* I have heard of a gentleman who left one of the counties where a festival was held, because "he would not sit to be fiddled at for three days." Although there may be some want of enthusiasm for art in such a declaration, there is also a representation of feeling that ought not to be disregarded by the caterers of such amusements.

since incapacity cannot stand the test of close examination. It would be also most useful to invite or engage the attendance of those amateurs and performers who are the promoters and managers of the great festivals, in order that their active minds may be brought into collision and acquaintanceship. To this end a regulated number of admissions, *for these purposes and no other*, should be placed in the disposal of the musical direction.

I have thus, Sir, brought to a conclusion my very long paper. It contains the experience, not of one mind, but of many, which I have gathered from intimate connection with festivals, and correspondence and conversation with their managers. It is not to the informed I speak, but to the uninformed, and in the hope of inviting new efforts in new places, by laying down a chart of this difficult navigation. The chiefest principles are unity of design in the whole, singleness of purpose in the individual, and harmony in the execution. It is clear that the advantages of such meetings are spreading, and I am convinced music has nothing in its whole train of noble appendages that does so much for itself, or for society, or for benevolent purposes, as these magnificent concentrations of "the might, majesty, dominion, glory, and power" of "heavenly harmony." And, Sir, being convinced that all things must either improve or decline, I would fain indulge a hope, that time has in store much that will add to the progression and perfection of "GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS."

I remain, Sir,

Your's, faithfully,

GNOMON.

## FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATILLON.

**W**E are now arrived at that part of our work in which music must be no longer considered as an assemblage of inarticulate sounds, having only a vague and undecided signification. Henceforth music invokes the assistance of speech; she combines with her own vaguely expressive sounds, words whose sense is fixed and precise, whose articulation is predetermined. Effects the most sensible, arising from such an association, those which are first imagined and which ought to be regarded as indispensable, are, that melodies which in themselves have no precise signification, ought, when united to words, to bear exactly the same meaning, but not to contradict these of which they are constituted the interpreters. This is the first point for consideration. Secondly—does it not appear that melody enters into servitude, as it were, when it becomes the ally of speech? is it not bound, not only by the signification of the words it has to express, but also by their difference of pronunciation? and is it not modified to a great degree by the various articulation of different languages? What then is the influence of language and idiom upon melody? In order to discover their most musical properties, we must first study those of melody, and examine afterwards the most analogous and sympathetic, which can and which do exist between melody and speech. Music is the art of sounds, which tends to ameliorate their nature—she seeks to render them pure, clear, resonant, easy, pliant, sensible, and to the greatest possible degree. The melody which is unpleasant when executed by a rough inharmonious voice, acquires a charm when performed by one that is sweet and liquid. Those passages which, from a harsh and non-vibrating instrument, are insipid and ineffective, become tender, sweet, and penetrating, when produced by a harp. Such is the importance ever attached to quality of sound.

One of the means generally allowed to be most conducive to purity of tone in the human voice, is to avoid contracting the organ, so that the voice is allowed a free and easy passage through the throat and mouth, otherwise the sound, restrained in its utterance, becomes impure by overcoming the obstacles by which its

emission is impeded : the voice then loses all its advantages ; it ceases to be liquid, limpid, and transparent—to make use of the expressive terms consecrated to it by the antients.

The language most favorable to this clear and brilliant emission of the voice, would be that which would preserve the organ most open and free, in which consequently such sounds as *a, ès, bi,\** would prevail ; on the contrary, the vowels *é, i, o, u*, hold it in a state of contraction unfavourable to melodious sounds. The vowel *u*, pronounced after the manner of the Italians, is not more advantageous ; it concentrates the tone in the throat, giving it thus an internal cause of resonance.

According to these observations the most musical language would be Greek, pronounced after the manner of the Doric dialect. In this the *a* is the pervading sound—it occurs constantly, and its broad pronunciation was sometimes a subject of derision amongst the Greeks ; it appears that they were not aware of its musical properties. The dialect was not united to melody as naturally belonging to it ; and it is a matter of surprise with us, that the Greeks, eager as they usually were in pursuing enquiry to the utmost, should have overlooked one of this nature. Demetrius Phalerius has recorded a very singular fact. “In Egypt, says this Grammarian, the Priests invoked the Gods by the seven vowels, which he sung in turn, and these letters were employed on account of their euphony, instead of the flute and cithara.”

Each of these vowels, *a, e, é, i, ó, ó, u*, was like the days in the week, assigned to a God. To pronounce these vowels, therefore, was to name these divinities ; but it is not less singular, first that a hymn should be limited to repeating the name of the gods to whom it is addressed ; secondly, that the seven vowels should be selected for the purpose, on account of their euphony.† The letter *n* is common to all languages, both antient and modern, and in this point they must be regarded as unmusical, for this letter impoverishes tone by producing it through the passages of respira-

\* It must be remembered that this article is translated from the French ; these syllables therefore must be pronounced as in that language.

† The word *euphony* in this place can apply only to the favourable disposition of the organ in pronouncing the vowels ; for *a, e, i, o, u*, pronounced one after the other, do not form an harmonious succession of sounds.



tion. A certain author has said, that "nasal vibration well applied adds to the beauty of speech, but takes from that of music." The English articulate with the mouth but slightly open and the teeth half closed. This disposition of the organ is directly opposed to that which conduces to the perfection of tone. Thus the English are without one of the most essential of musical properties. The following Italian lines have been cited as peculiarly favourable to melody :

"Teneri sdegni, e placide, e tranquille

"Repulsi, e cari vezzi, e lieti baci."

The author who passed an eulogium upon them was not sufficiently attentive to the musical defect of the vowel *i*, which is often repeated in them. Its operation is to compress the sound, to render the voice shrill, and rob it of its resonance, and this effect is not uncommon in Italian poetry. Not only does the art of music tend to correct the nature of sound, and to render it as perfect as possible, but in the passage from one sound to another in their melodious combination, this art exacts some preparation, and infinite sweetness. There should be nothing harsh, nothing abrupt. All tones whose succession constitutes melody, ought to approach and unite as friendly sounds, seeking only to make themselves valuable. If the interval between two sounds is distant, the voice, instead of passing over it abruptly, should slide from one to the other by an insensible transition, the breathing being prolonged between the two extreme sounds, thus facilitating the communication.—Every language of which the pronunciation is strong, harsh, aspirated, and divided, would in these attributes offer so many obstacles to the perfection of music. The soft liquid character observable in the French pronunciation, before the times of Theodore Beza, and increased since, can but be considered as a musical property in the language. In music, every sound, however short its duration, receives different shades. Feeble and scarcely audible at its commencement, it increases by degrees, and in like manner is gradually attenuated till it expires on the lips. This same proceeding takes place in an infinity of melodious passages, where the voice falls softly to a descending interval, dying away like an exhalation. Our mute final syllables bear so marked a relation to this practice, that in the composition of a language expressly for music, nothing could be imagined more favourable

to it. We are therefore unjustly reproached with our mute syllables as a musical defect. If in some instances they are injurious to melody, they are favourable to it in a thousand others. M. Piccini allowed that the Italians in their manner of singing, introduce syllables where they did not exist. In the example he quoted, the word *Canto*, the first syllable was distinct and accented; whilst the last, feeble and undecided, was but half articulated.

All sounds employed in music have necessarily a fixed and determined duration, which cannot be altered without in some degree changing the melody. The syllables of all languages have also each their precise value, which cannot be disturbed without injuring the pronunciation. Not but that it is sometimes difficult to determine precisely if such a syllable should be long or short; yet if in pronouncing it we lengthen or shorten it ever so little more than is authorised by custom, the ear is instantly surprised and offended at this innovation. Every syllable has then its fixed and unalterable value. In music the duration of notes is estimated with the most rigorous exactitude, because being all submitted to the laws of time, being the constituent parts of the general rhythm of every piece, these parts are compared amongst themselves and their value appreciated. The value of syllables in ordinary discourse cannot be thus estimated, because conversation is not carried on in metre. There is no one who in pronouncing a dactyl, could answer for employing the same interval of time on a long syllable that he did on two short, if he did not scan the three syllables in a given measure. The quantity of a language, unless metrical poetry be introduced into it, is then inappreciable, and as in speech, the voice fluctuates between a thousand degrees of intonation, which the ear cannot estimate with precision, and which Cicero calls *obscurior cantus*, in the same manner it lengthens or curtails the duration of sounds, according to an infinity of inappreciable degrees.

When the Antients began to form for themselves a species of metrical poetry, they corrected the vague indecision of prosody, that is to say, in many respects they fixed on a prosody by convention, as we shall elsewhere demonstrate. I shall here only touch on it in passing. The *omicron* in Greek was a short vowel—but says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in the word *odos*,

this vowel is shorter than in *rodos*—in *rodos*, shorter than in *tropos*—in *tropos*, still more so than in *strophos*—which however, adds this grammarian, does not prevent these four syllables, unequal in fact in duration, from being reputed equal in poetry, and being all considered as equal in value to the exact half of a long syllable. Is not this evidently giving a change to the ear, deceiving its sensations, commanding it to hear what it does not hear? Is it not in fact a conventional prosody?

It would be unjust to reproach the Antients with this species of licence: since every language is the work of convention, one more is of no consequence—but from the Antients having possessed this conventional prosody, it has been concluded, without hesitation, that their language was infinitely more musical than those of the moderns, yet I do not scruple to conclude entirely otherwise.

Either the poetry of the Antients was subjected to their music, or their music to their poetry. In the first case, melody was reduced to crotchets and quavers, characters representative of metrical value—and music then, deprived of one of its most powerful resources, the infinite variety of its quantities, would become an impoverished art, unworthy of being cited amongst us. Supposing music to have been as rich formerly as it is at the present day, making use of all characters, from the semibreve to the demi-semiquaver, then the quantity of notes would injure that of syllables; musical rhythm would interfere with metrical, and would destroy the rules of prosody. The idea most injurious to melody is that of subjecting its course to that of speech, and this remark is not less true with regard to quantity than to intonation. There is no language in which the voice ever rests on a syllable for one or two minutes: there is no music in which sound is not sustained and drawn out during this interval of time, for fine developement of tone forms one of the greatest charms of melody. Admitting that a relation were necessary between musical measure and the prosodial quantities of speech, there would not be a language in the universe in which the opening of the *Stabat*\* could be performed. If musicians had the power of forming for themselves a language adapted to their art; they would doubtless be restrained by no determined prosody—and why should they?

\* Probably that by Pergolesi.

since music, by its very essence, is compelled to give its own to language; the syllables lengthened by music would be long, those which it shortened would be short. It is thus that the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; a species of language in use among musicians, adapt themselves, according to circumstances, to semibreves, crotchets, or quavers.

Musicians cannot have a language expressly for their own use, but the language of which the prosody is the least determined, not assigning to syllables a fixed quantity, but permitting them to be pronounced indifferently either short or long—such a language certainly possesses musical advantages, and this advantage cannot be denied to belong to the French, although it has been said to be defective in this point. All those who exclaim against modern music, only impute to it one fault—that of adapting itself badly to our language. I admire the illusion of habit, which alone causes them to form such a judgment. Our prosody, light and lively, trips as it were, rapidly along, supported by a great number of short syllables, which accelerates the pronunciation. The music of Lully on the contrary, slow and cumbrous, drags heavily along, fearing as it were to quicken its pace. What relations can be discovered between such an idiom and such a melody? In the incursions that have been made on the French language, in order to discover reasons for incompatibility between it and music, it has been unjustly reproached with its grammatical order.—“The phrase, says the eloquent Rousseau, is developed in a more agreeable and interesting manner, when the sense of the discourse, for a time suspended, resolves itself into the verb at the cadence of the sentence, than when it is gradually unfolded.”

1st. I cannot perceive the musical merit of the inversion, nor the analogy between the verb at the end with the cadence.

2d. The circumstance of the verb being placed at the end of the sentence does not suspend the sense more than if it were terminated by the substantive.

“*Misero Pargoletto*

“*Il tuo destin non sai.*”

If the verb were placed before the substantive, would not the sense be sooner explained?

3d. Metastasio, whose poetry is so well adapted to music, makes but little use of inversion.

4th. If long periods are favourable to music, many may be found in our poets, and principally in *Gresset*, which contain as many as twenty or thirty lines. In this respect our language is not unfit for music.

Whatever adds to the clearness of language is favourable to its union with melody. Supposing that in listening to music and words we heard two distinct languages, we should receive no pleasure. It is then necessary that the sense of lyric poetry should not be enveloped in the folds of inversion; that it should not, half explained, meander through the course of a long period; in fact, to render our assertion more perspicuous, a purely grammatical structure of phrase must be considered as a musical property. The brief examination that we have made of the qualities of music and the properties of language has demonstrated that they are almost always in opposition to each other. There does not then exist a perfectly musical language, and in all countries words are only united to melody to tyrannize over it. Such an union would indeed be absurd, if the advantage of attaching images and ideas to the sensations awakened in us by music did not result from it. On the other hand, if speech holds melody in servitude, and cramps by a thousand fetters the natural liberty of her progress, melody on her side resists the languages which oppress her, and violates their most sacred privileges. She enlarges the pronunciation of the closer vowels, and corrects nasal inflexions, by dissipating them as much as possible. With the Greeks, musical intonation differed entirely from the prosodial and accentuated intonation of speech. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, has transmitted to us, as nearly as possible, the melody of some verses of Euripides from one of his tragedies. This melody, he observes, is at each syllable contrary to the accent of the language. The value of the Greek and Latin syllables were not more respected by music. The sovereign of speech, she rejects its quantities and substitutes her own. This has been asserted in so positive a manner both by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Quintilian, as to leave no doubt of its truth. How comes it then that so many wonders have been published on the musical properties of the ancient languages?

It is principally in Italian compositions that we may observe the injury sustained by language from music. In the greater

proportion of Italian airs, the words are scattered promiscuously about the air, without order, syntax, or signification; the phrases interrupted by the melody before the sense is complete, words broken and mutilated by notes, and in considering these ruins of language, we may ask, what does it gain by being more melodious, if it is only a little less maltreated by music? Music was not always at such enmity with words. When the art was yet in its infancy, and possessed but few resources, she borrowed those of speech, became subject to it, and favoured it in all, in order to owe her success to it; but when music, as she advanced towards perfection, discovered and extended her own resources, she endeavoured to obtain the free and unlimited use of them. From this moment, music revolted against language, struggled to free herself from fetters, and ended by overpowering her antagonist by the superiority of her own privileges. How should we otherwise explain, than by this subjection of language to music, the foolish and yet necessary custom of so frequently repeating the same words in the same air. Reason revolts against this custom: out of music it cannot exist; it would be ridiculous to repeat the same thing twenty times—but these repetitions form the very essence of music—they are inherent in the constitution of the art, and increase its pleasures. The return of the same melodies naturally recalls the same words, and when the ear is seduced by sound, the mind will not object to what displeases it. The French, newly initiated into the characteristics of melody, still from time to time maintain the severe and delicate privileges of our language against its usurpations—but the more musical our nation becomes, the less scrupulous will she be about the privileges of language, and we shall one day possess, like the Italians, a truly lyrical idiom, when we permit music to disfigure it as she finds most suitable to her purposes.

[*To be continued.*]

*Ferdinand Franck ; an Auto-Biographical Sketch of the Youthful Days of a Musical Student.* London. Ackermann.

“*Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*” we may perhaps be pardoned for translating—“we are musical critics, and have an interest in every thing that belongs to music”—since it is only upon some such ground that we can find an excuse for introducing this very amusing little novel to the notice of our readers. But in truth we do not very greatly apprehend that they should exact any very precise reason from us for doing what they will find so agreeable to themselves. Without further preface then we shall to the story, which we presume to be a translation from the German, for we have made no enquiries concerning its origin, but contented ourselves with its intrinsic merits, and with the mirth and amusement Ferdinand has afforded us.

The hero of the tale is an orphan adopted by an uncle, and destined to become his successor in the office of schoolmaster, precentor and collector of cattle-dues at the village of Feldbergh. This uncle was a character—simple minded and warm hearted as one who had never travelled from his own village, he was scrupulously honest and a physiognomist. Alarmed at the report of the meditated introduction of the system of mutual instruction into Germany, he changes the destination of Ferdinand, and places him with an apothecary, whose dishonest practices upon his patients did not at all square with the youth’s principles. The Baron Wolditz, a retired Colonel of Hussars, resided in the village—he was an amateur, played the flute very respectably, and “sung opera airs with an expression and grace peculiar to the tottering tenor of a weather-beaten Colonel of sixty.” His only son, a wicked dog of about 12 or 13, was taught the piano forte by Mr Nicholas Franck, who was sometimes accompanied by his nephew, and when, as often happened, the wayward young Fritz had ensconced himself in the hay-loft to avoid the lesson, the time was filled up by “a little music,” and Ferdinand and the Colonel occasionally sung duets. The Baron praised his voice and his natural talent, and even offered to contribute fifty rix dollars per annum towards his musical education in the

capital, but Mr. Nicholas Franck observed, not without some truth, "that out of one hundred bred to the profession, scarcely one possessed sufficient genius to arrive at real eminence; and the remaining ninety-nine were doomed to linger in obscurity, and drag on a laborious and precarious existence—mere mechanics of wires and catgut."

But "great events from trifling causes spring." Ferdinand consents to compose a Latin oration for young Fritz, to be used on his father's birth-day, and is invited to dinner.

"Aunt was in ecstasy; and uncle, instantly called from school, now for the first time heard, with inward delight and surprise, the cause to which I was indebted for the approaching honour. He desired forthwith to see the specimen of my Latin oratory; but Mrs. Franck prudently interposed a word of infinite force and import in female rhetoric—'Nonsense, my dear, there's no time now for reading Latin speeches; let him be dressed first. Dressed—Ay! what's the lad to put on, for God's sake?'

"The latter sentence, like a blight over vernal blossoms, in an instant blasted the buoyancy of my joy. I had never given it a thought that my wardrobe was miserably imperfect, owing partly to the slender means of the family, and to the rapid growth of my age. My best coat had become fashionably short behind, but the cuffs had unfortunately made vast strides in their advances towards the elbows; the breeches might perhaps, by merciless bracing, have been brought into some approximation with their upper neighbour, if that had been of reasonable length; but the scarlet waistcoat, in which I had been confirmed, had, months ago, shown a reluctance of amicable contact.

"My uncle readily and generously offered the loan of his own black satin; but on trial it was found to be in the other extreme, the protecting powers of its two pocket-flaps extending to but a short distance from the knees. Under all circumstances, therefore, the scarlet was deemed preferable to the black satin; and this settled, my uncle returned to his scholastic duties, after divers instructions as to conduct among my betters; instructions which dated from the *bon genre* of half a century ago, and were remarkable for the honeyed politeness and unbounded submissiveness which they inculcated.

"Hair-powder being deemed indispensable on so exalted an occasion, aunt exerted a degree of plastic power on my pericranial environs, which, in the metamorphose they effected, truly surprised and delighted me. In order to create a brace of side-buckles, resembling in length and shape a Brunswick *cervelat*, she imitated those skilful financiers who borrow of their own—a proceeding which at all events is no robbery. My usual queue being of goodly thickness, she contrived to borrow part of its contents; which being by means of a diagonal advance, brought from the rear to both flanks, admitted, by the help of powder and stiff pomatum, to be comfortably rolled up with the shorter hair encircling my ears, and fixed by three hair-pins of black japan. Thus far, I was a very Adonis in the looking-glass.

"But the scarlet, on actual trial, gave alarming uneasiness. All the powers of mechanism inherent in straps were incapable of effecting the wished-for union with its lower neighbour; an *hiatus valde defendendus*, resembling one of the lunulæ of Hippocrates, and not unlike the space between the ecliptic and the equator, presented itself at the slightest upright motion; and the evil was aggravated by the coarseness of the shirt, made of home-spun and home-bleached



hemp. Here again female dexterity devised an ingenious remedy. The lawn handkerchief with which aunt hid her virgin blushes at the altar, the only one she possessed, (the others being all blue and red striped), this nuptial relic was neatly stitched to my shirt about the hypochondriac region, and tucked into the ecliptic zone below; thus affording the consolation, that on the eventual, and probably unavoidable, exposure of the *hiatus*, the ecliptic space would exhibit a goodly sight of the purest white, a very *via lactea*."

Thus attired, he walks to the Baron's, who having previously learned that he had written the late address, introduced him to the great company assembled "as the pride of the district," and after suffering from the ridicule which falls upon his rustic costume from his young friend and a Cornet, who is amongst the guests, he thus speaks of the event which has the most influence upon his future fate.

"My eyes, when they durst look up, were rivetted on the charms of one of these, Miss Amelia Waldheim, a goddess, as I thought, in human form; Hebe personified. Methought I was in a new world; all seemed magic to me. A look from Miss Waldheim at once raised to an immeasurable height the standard of female beauty which the rustic charms of Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter, had hitherto fixed in my imagination. This look, like the Promethean torch, kindled for the first time the latent fire of a sensation I had never experienced before: if it did not engender love, it certainly quickened the embryo of the passion."

Fritz mischievously disarranges the intended order of placing the company at dinner, and Ferdinand finds himself by the side of Miss W.

"To this excellent creature I became indebted for many valuable hints touching the *bon genre*. Thus, when I sat at arm's-length from the table, spooning the craw-fish soup slowly and cautiously towards its distant destination, she kindly whispered, 'Come close, Mr. Ferdinand; do in all things as I do.'—'Then,' I rejoined, 'I shall do well indeed; but I fear it will be Vulcan imitating the graceful movements of the Queen of Love.'

"Under the guidance of my lovely Mentor, all went well during the repast; I made rapid strides in the science of *bon ton*, which, to my astonishment, instead of coinciding with the maxims of restraint and humility inculcated by my uncle, appeared to consist simply in unaffected ease and affability."

The citation of the domestic concert, entitled "a little music," which followed, will give more colour to our review in more senses than one—we shall therefore quote the chapter entire.

"After the coffee and a turn in the garden, music was proposed. Amelia sent for a parcel from the landau which had brought her uncle and her from the capital, and at the request of the Baron selected a sonata. If I recollect right, it was one of Haydn's. Here, too, my musical taste experienced a total revolution. The most modern pieces in my uncle's repertory were six 'suites' of Christian Bach, which hitherto I had deemed the *non plus ultra* of the beautiful in instrumentals, and which I had been taught by uncle to perform

in a hard homely style, slow, with a precision of time equal to clock-work, and with innumerable embellishments of turns, tremolos, and shakes of all lengths.

"When Amelia began to prelude, it seemed as if her soul had transfused itself into her fingers; every passage had a meaning, and spoke to the heart: but when she came to the adagio, I was plunged into a trance of raptures. The most powerful, the sweetest emotions, alternately seized my frame; and as I turned the leaf, an involuntary tear dropped on the keyboard. She observed the tribute which her sensibility had exacted; and never shall I forget the transient glance of ineffable sweetness with which she looked up to me.

"When the sonata was over, the Baron desired I would join in a vocal duet with Miss Waldheim. A book of an Italian opera was produced, in which, from my ignorance of the language, I begged to be excused from taking a part. The Cornet, with a sneer, observed, that Mr. Ferdinand perhaps could favour the company with a Latin song. 'And so he shall!' exclaimed Miss Waldheim. I have a beautiful duet from a Mass of Haydn's, if Mr. Franck will be kind enough to join me.' 'Ay, said the Baron, 'he'll sing that equal to Cicero himself.'

"I had to begin: and, in spite of my best efforts, I became conscious of the hardness and dryness of my performance, when Amelia, with a feeling and expression to which I had hitherto been an utter stranger, repeated the same strain. But matters mended rapidly as we proceeded. Like the nightingale which, in soft responses, imitates the sweet and lengthened notes of her neighbouring mate, I caught every expression, every feeling of my lovely model: our hearts seemed to melt into each other, our souls swam upon our mutual sounds; two beings seemed united in one.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Baron—"Bravo!" resounded from the whole of the audience, the man of colours not excepted. The Baron protested, with an oath, that Cornelius Nepos could not have given more expression to the Latin words; and that, next to the birth-day speech of Baron Fritz, no Latin composition had so much affected him as this duet. He himself now favoured the company with a sample of his vocal powers. Here the guests displayed the full force of the friendship and devotion they bore to their kind host; for, although the Cornet, full of his antics behind, inflated the left cheek by the fulcrum of his tongue, and tried by divers wry faces to put the audience out of countenance, the utmost silence reigned until the conclusion of the Aria, when all simultaneously joined in a roar of applause, and a clapping of hands, so tremendous, that the dogs in the yard felt called upon to contribute their mite in praise of their master, by a woeful barking and howling; to which the poultry, and especially the geese, forthwith added a further *tutti* of harmonious accents of approbation.

"Your very dogs, Baron, are musical!" exclaimed the Cornet. "But pray, Baron, how do you contrive to give all this energy of expression, and again this melting softness, to your intonation?"

"It is more a gift of nature, my dear Cornet, than any thing else: the flute, to be sure, affords some advantages. But all this is nothing to what I used to do before I lost my two front teeth. (*Farther canine intonations below.*)—I'll have every one of these rascals shot."

Thus far all went prosperously, but unluckily our hero was seduced to dance, and not only to dance, but to try the unknown mysteries of the cotillon, with Miss Waldheim for a partner.

"Here again, however, Amelia's instructions, and the anxious sagacity of the

pupil, enabled me to achieve wonders in my eyes; the figures I executed with geometrical precision, and mindful of her former charge, 'to do in all things as she did,' my steps visibly gained grace and lightness; but to my sorrow I observed that, with every increased exertion, the *hiatus valde defendus*, the *via lactea* to the south of my scarlet, gained ground imperceptibly; an unsightliness which I determined to remedy by a little stooping. But with the angelic form before me, an antelope in graceful swiftness, this prudent resolution, to my cost, was soon forgotten.

"My male companions, as if, in their wickedness perhaps, to excite me to more strenuous exertions, leaped up and down, and sideways and forwards, with surprising spring and agility. In trying to do as well as they, unmindful of the frailty of my attire, one calamitous effort burst the braccs with a tremendous crash; up flew the scarlet waistcoat, down flew its southern neighbour, and out flew the nuptial relic of my good aunt, the lawn handkerchief, a floating banner of shame and confusion. Figure to thy imagination, gentle reader, the woeful plight, the anguish of disconsolate Ferdinand Franck, exposed with his baker's apron to the sneers of the Cornet, and the titterings of the whole company. The ladies, including Miss Waldheim, ran out of the room; the Cornet, the villain! with hypocritical sympathy, offered his assistance in stopping the breach.

"This was more than my humbled vanity and my sensitive nerves could bear. With the rapidity of lightning I made my exit, leaped down the stairs, crossed the yard—Fritz calling, and all the dogs barking after me. Like a pursued criminal I ran homewards through the long chestnut avenue, until my breath failed me, and I began to be a little sensible of the ridicule of my situation and conduct."

Ferdinand sits down when he has ran till his breath is exhausted, and pulling out his handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from his forehead, which flows at the recollection of his accident, a note given him by the Baron drops from his pocket, and he finds it to contain a "bran new ducat," a sum six times greater than he ever before possessed. This ducat was treasured up, in spite of his many wants and wishes, till at length, to gratify his uncle, whose poverty would not allow him to purchase what he most vehemently covets, Ferdinand eventually disburses it for—*Dr. Gall's Craniological System!*

We ought not to forget to acquaint the reader that something bordering upon a tendresse for Mary Dickel, the good-natured daughter of the village blacksmith, had been awakened previous to Ferdinand's sight of Miss Waldheim. This had discovered itself principally in a game at blindman's buff, subsequently we must add to that eventful day, but during the game he had unluckily knocked his head against the stove. His uncle, heated by his first night's reading of Dr. Gall, calls in upon his nephew on his way to bed "to make a practical experiment of the tenets of the German Philosopher."

"Figure to thyself, gentle reader, the horror I felt at being roused from my first-sleep and a sweet dream by the craniological manipulations of a dry bony hand, resembling an anatomical preparation. With a loud scream I started from my bed and seized the tall spectre by the throat. The words "Nonsense, boy, don't be frightened!" to my amazement proclaimed the vision to be my uncle.

"My screams had by this time brought to the spot Mrs. Franck and Lisbeth, in their nocturnal draperies. After a brief and rather obscure explanation, the former exclaimed, 'Why, sure, you're mad Nicholas: the book has turned his brain already; it shall be burnt the first thing to-morrow morning.'

"All the answer the calm Mr. Franck made to this threatening invective was, 'The organ of amorousness—the organ of harmony—the organ of murderousness—all in a decisive degree; besides a number of organs less distinctly pronounced.' 'There are no organs in the room, my dear Nicholas,' replied my aunt, in a soothing tone of intense distress of mind, fully convinced of the truth of her husband's mental aberrations. 'The Lord have mercy upon thee, dear Nick! thou'rt wandering in thy senses: come to bed, my dear; come along, and let us pray against the Fiend's temptations.'

"After a night of more or less agitation to the parties concerned, we sat down to a silent breakfast, until my uncle, in a serious but affectionate tone, addressed me as follows:

"My dear Ferdinand! much as I regret the fright which I caused you and your good aunt last night, the anxiety I long felt for your future destinies will sufficiently justify my having seized the first opportunity of ascertaining your mental and moral qualifications, by the test of Dr. Gall's important discoveries; the truth of which this first trial, compared with previous observations I made in silence, has confirmed in a surprising manner. I had time before you awoke to examine every part of your skull, and the result is briefly this: 'You possess (*pointing to the bump I had received in falling against the German stove the night before*), you possess, in a decided degree, the organ of murderousness. (Here my aunt heaved a deep sigh, and bit her lips.) Don't be alarmed, my dear; the lad cannot help the conformation of his skull. It is for craniology to take warning by such hints, and act accordingly. He would make an excellent carcase-butcher, if we were inclined that way. Our wish had hitherto partly been to make him a practitioner. There's an end of this at once; he would kill more than cure. (With this deduction, however erroneous, I was not disposed to quarrel, having had quite enough of surgery and Dr. Knobelsheimer; nor was my aunt inclined to any objection.) This almost unnatural prominence, (*putting his finger to the nape of my neck*), I am sorry to say, indicates the organ of amorousness in an extreme state.'

"Nonsense, Mr. F. don't put wicked ideas into the child's head."

"He can't help it, my dear. Feel the bump yourself: and, let me tell you, whatever may as yet be the doubts concerning some of the cranial protuberances, this one is indisputably made out; and, what is more, decisively confirmed by what I saw last night: when I came to the school-room unawares, were you not kissing Mary Dickel, the blacksmith's daughter?"

"It was all in fun." (*Here aunt, with a dark frown, nodded her head most significantly.*)

"Fun, I dare say it was: but be this as it may, now I tell you of the enemy, it is your part to beware of him. '*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*' This organ is so tremendous with you, that, unless you take great care, I fear it will bring you a world of trouble. (*Here every word of my*

uncle, as I afterwards found, spoke oracular truth. I had often sad occasion to remember his caution.) For the present I am in hopes that, by the steps I am going to propose, any immediate danger will be averted.

"Between your eyes and ears," continued uncle, "I perceived a third very remarkable rise, just here: this, I am happy to tell you, is of a promising description—it is the organ of harmony; and although I was hitherto ignorant of this pre-disposition of yours, Baron Wolditz, perhaps instinctively, (for what does he know of craniology?) seems to have been fully aware of its existence. He wishes you to be brought up to music; he has kindly offered his assistance; if your aunt agrees to it, let us follow the guide thus pointed out to us, and avail ourselves of his good intentions. He wishes to send you to the capital to commence your musical career: much as I shall regret the absence of one I so dearly love, it is for your good, and so let it be; and when I consider that this measure will have the additional advantage of separating you from Mary Dickel, for whom it seems you have a premature kindness, I feel the more reconciled to the idea of parting with you, my dear boy. The distance is not so great but that we may contrive to meet now and then; and my legs are not too old to carry me to the capital to see you during the school vacations."

Ferdinand is soon placed in the house and under the tuition of Mr. Bauer, "an excellent musician and theorist." But on his way to the capital he joins company with Mr. Aaron Benzheimer, a jew dealer, whom he courageously rescues from the insults of a couple of students.—The jew in return gives him a silver watch, and offers him his daughter with thirty thousand florins, coupled however with the hypothetical clause, "were you of our persuasion." Ferdinand arrives at his new master's. Mr. B. is gone to rehearsal, but he is warmly received by Mrs. Bauer, who is going thither too—he tunes the piano forte, which, "as is frequently the case with the instruments of professional men," stands desperately in need of such an amendment. The next chapter introduces us to Mr. Bauer, and we shall give his portraiture at length. It may be considered *generic*.

"Mr. Bauer, my future master, received me with a kindness, the sincerity of which could not be mistaken. He was a little man, with a large head, vivid eyes, and a constant smile of *bonhomme* upon his countenance. But more of his character hereafter.

"That he loved good eating and drinking, the supper and his comments upon it, as well as the great relish with which he enjoyed it, sufficiently testified. Nothing was talked of but the rehearsal, and the anticipation of to-morrow's representation. The tenor swore that if they did not alter the turban, and give him a new pair of morocco slippers, he would not set foot upon the stage. He complimented Mr. Bauer on his training of the chorusses, 'which were no way inferior to those of Berlin.' Mr. Bauer concurred in their praise, and would give a louis out of his own pocket if they did half as well to-morrow; 'but,' added he, 'you will see what it is when the house is full; it is as if an evil spirit had got into them, especially the girls, who, instead of minding their

time and me, promenaded their ogles over the pit and boxes, grin and chuckle at the officers and clerks; and, as a proof of what I tell you, there is Miss P——, whom I purposely engaged because she is blind; she absolutely keeps the rest together. God forgive me! I wish they were all blind!—Now I think on it, my dear Helmont, there's one thing I wish to suggest; when you see the palace on fire, a scene which you *do* so exquisitely, a little more agitation in the *tempo*, beginning *sotto voce*, and gradually increasing, would be an infinite improvement, in my opinion—in this way—

“Here Mr. Bauer, with his mouth full, stepped to the piano, and, finding it in better tune than usual, prognosticated a thaw; when Bärbel, with a burst of laughter, informed him of the real cause.

“Bravo! Mr. Franck—Ferdinand we may as well call you, as you are one of the family.—Let's see the wolf!—Capital! Come, there's work cut out for you to begin with. A dozen instruments in town will claim your services to-morrow; that's a dozen guilders in my pocket, and you shall have half of it for pocket-money. A good year at all events, and that's half the battle.”

Neither can we refrain from giving the reader Mr. Bauer's first lecture in the art, which completes the picture. Dr. Johnson's description of the qualities necessary to a poet, and Molière's dancing master, will we are afraid rise as companions. But it matters not.

“At breakfast, next morning, I found in Mr. Bauer the same affability and good humour which had characterized him at first sight. In fact, he was ever cheerful and gay, except when he spoke upon music. Not that even then he appeared stern or morose; but the elevated idea which he entertained of his art, its aim and powers, fired his whole being with enthusiasm; his eyes beamed with genial lustre; he seemed inspired, and desirous of inspiring others with the sacred flame.

“Ferdinaud,’ said he, when Mrs. Bauer had left us to pass in review the valuables which my immense travelling receptacle had brought from Feldberg, ‘Ferdinand, you are come here to study music: before I ask you another question, tell me, is it from your own wish, or that of your friends?’

“Mine, above all things.”

“That's something, my boy; indeed it is much towards future success. But even with this predilection on your part, and with the most strenuous exertions you may use, I know as yet too little of you to predict excellence in the art. It is easier to be a great general, a great philosopher—nay, even a distinguished painter or poet, than a great musician. To become a composer of eminence, you must not only bring with you gifts of nature which would enable you to become an artist or poet of the first order, but your frame and your nervous system must be so constituted as to be susceptible of feelings the most delicate and emotions the most powerful. You must be abundantly gifted with a sense of propriety—with an intuitive perception of the beautiful; you must be an enthusiast for the art; your heart must be open to every noble and generous impulse—your sentiments chaste, elevated, sublime, free from the dross of worldly considerations; your judgment must be correct, your intellect quick and penetrating. And allowing you, my dear Ferdinaud, all these most rare endowments of bountiful nature, they would be like a good soil neglected, unless they were cultivated by an assiduous study of the principles of the art in the first instance, and of other accessory branches more or less connected with it. The Muses, my dear Ferdinand, are all sisters; they go hand in

hand, leading their darling votary to the temple of Fame. Hence you will have to sacrifice at the shrine of nearly all of them. In directing these accessory studies, I shall take care that you devote a part of your time to the classic poets of every country; a friend of mine has offered to give you lessons in drawing, and our ballet-master will instruct you in dancing, on condition that you assist him with your violin, or on the piano-forte, while he is training the figurantes of our opera establishment. To-morrow I shall myself begin my course of professional instruction with you, my time being fully occupied this day with the rehearsals for to night's performance. To these you can do no better than accompany me forthwith; so the sooner you get yourself dressed the better."

Ferdinand goes for the first time to the opera, is so overcome with the delight that he faints, but returns only to revel in the extacy of such music as he had never before heard or imagined. From this event Mr. Benzheimer prophesies "that music is the last thing in which he is likely to make a figure," while his master as certainly pronounces he will be a good musician. For the sake of real musical students, we shall quote the arrangements made for the instruction of the fictious Ferdinand. They may give a hint even to Royal foundations.

"In the theory of the science, the piano-forte, and singing, I received instruction from himself; and such were his skill, taste, and friendly zeal, and my assiduity and love for the art, that he beheld with delight, as he expressed himself, the growth of the promising tree he had planted and trained with unremitting care. On the violin, which I played tolerably already, I enjoyed the tuition of an excellent master out of doors. For the classics, mythology, and belles lettres in general, a candidate of divinity was selected, who attended me at home on very moderate terms; and a friend of Mr. Bauer's, an artist, allowed me to attend gratis a drawing-school which he had established.

"Dancing I acquired on terms of mutual accommodation; Mr. Bauer having, as already stated, made an arrangement with Monsieur Dupré, the ballet-master, which enabled me to partake of his instructions to the *élèves de ballet*, on condition of my relieving him, as occasion might require, with my violin or the piano-forte."

The portrait of the maitre de la danse is to the life—we can attest its truth.

"*Allons donc, Mademoiselle Eugénie! haussez la jambe: raise—a—de laig, Mees. More, more, I say.—Souriez donc, Mademoiselle Fanny; smile avec grace when you make dat attitude.—Tenez ferme, nom de D—: quel à-plomb!—Encore une fois! et si vous ne faites pas mieux—if you make—a—not bettair, I shall give you one box on de ear, savez-vous?*

"At another time, Monsieur Dupré would bewail his lot, which cast him among German barbarians. *Oh, comme ils sont bêtes, ces Allemands! oh, de stupide nation! qu'on me donne des cochons de France, je les ferai danser mieux. I will make de French pigs dance bettair, je vous en répons—point de goût, point de grâce! Ah, juste Ciel, quel sort!*

“Knees out, Mademoiselle Victorine! if you again make dat figure of *ten* wid your knees, de stocks shall change it into a *two*.” (This was no vain threat.)

Here again the unfortunate “bump in the nape” induces Ferdinand to be too ardent an admirer of the smiles of this graceful Victorine, which the tact of Mrs. Bauer discovers, who wisely advises him “that there is abundance of time to form attachments,” and to look higher than a box keeper’s daughter. He is sent forth to tune to the Baron Dohm’s, whose daughter is one of Mr. B.’s “best pupils and a charming musician.” A present of five louis from Baron Wolditz, has enabled him to equip himself handsomely at his friend Aaron’s, and forth he sallies.

“Vanity of my trappings, no doubt, and a curiosity to see, perhaps, this charming musician, his niece, induced me to give aristocratic preference to the Baron’s commands. I strutted consequentially through the most frequented streets; when, lo! on turning a corner, whom should I pop on but little Victorine? She stood, she spoke, she sighed; she thought I must be offended at something. The wound, nearly cicatrized, reopened at once a wide portal to a host of exiled infant Cupids, who took repossession without chance of ejection. New promises and protestations—every thing on the old footing—appointment for to-morrow—pressure of hands—affectionate separation; all the good Mrs. Bauer’s work torn up by the root!

“My farther course to the grand piano was not quite so sprightly and confident as its beginning had been. I reached the house in thought, with any thing but a tuneful ear; the Barou out on his morning ride—his niece engaged with a friend—I might begin until she could speak to me. Sad work I made of it—not a pure unison—not a decent fifth; the stubborn wires vibrated in jarring beats. At last I heard the approach of female steps—the door opened.

“Heavens! it was Amelia Waldheim! Crash flew the wire, and my nerves were ready to follow the example.

“‘Is it possible? or do my eyes deceive me?’ exclaimed Amelia, in a tone of intense surprise, as she entered the room. ‘Surely it is Mr. Franck, my Feldberg friend! And to what strange combinations of fate am I indebted for this unexpected meeting?’

“To a brass wire or two out of tune I owe the happiness of seeing once more Miss Waldheim, whose image, whose voice, whose kindness, have filled my thoughts ever since the memorable evening at the house of Baron Wolditz, my friend and patron. Placed by his paternal goodness under the care of Mr. Bauer, it was by desire of the latter that I came to tune this instrument without knowing its owner.

“How droll! and a scholar of Mr. Bauer’s too! We are fellow-pupils, then, of the good man; and do you know, Mr. Franck, he is vastly proud of me.

“Who would not be proud of such a pupil?

“Oh! I can tell you of one directly. There is old Professor Rophelius, who, by the particular wish of my uncle, was to teach me algebra. Poor soul! he took infinite pains to beat his pluses and minuses into my dull brain, and to give me a taste of involution and evolution, solution and resolution; but I made a sorry hand of it. I plagued him sadly, to sicken him of his ungrateful task.



When he maintained that two negative quantities multiplied together yielded an affirmative product, I said it was no such thing, for two fibs, multiplied a thousand times, would never make a true story.—All would not do! Professor Rophelius had the patience of an angel. At last I hit upon the thing. When he went on stating his equations and casting his quantities, I began casting a tender and languishing look at his red nose; I sighed, I palpitated, until old Rophy became horror-struck at the idea of having, for the first time, conquered somewhat else than algebraical problems, packed up his *x*'s and *y*'s, and left me master of the field.

"The expedient, you will allow, Miss Waldheim, was both cruel and hazardous. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have fallen willing victims—I, for one.

"A skilful physician, Mr. Franck, adapts his remedies to the age and constitution of his patient. We don't give bark and constantia in a brain-fever. Besides, in the case of the algebraical professor Rophelius, love was resorted to as a repellant.

"A repellant! Miss Waldheim. The most noble of human affections, the very essence of which is attraction, used as a repellant?

"Oh, but it has its negative as well as its positive poles—you'll find that by and by, Mr. Franck.

"Never, never, Miss Waldheim; may that moment....

"Don't swear, whatever you do. I am a bit of a mathematician, as I told you—always ready with proof. You know well enough, by this time, old Bärbel, Mr. Bauer's faithful domestic. Suppose, what Heaven forbid! the veteran beauty, smitten with 'the noblest of all human affections,' pining for the youthful heart of Mr. Franck, declaring her flame by looks as languishing as *le physique* of her reduced optical apparatus would admit of. Methinks I hear the aforesaid Mr. Franck horror-struck, ejaculate, 'Avaunt, thou tempter!' &c. &c. *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as Professor Rophelius used to say when he had finished his problems.

"But suppose, Miss Waldheim....

"We'll suppose another time, Mr. Franck. I have a morning call or two to make, and am all this while interrupting your tuning. You'll oblige me by doing your best to finish the instrument. I shall soon be back, for I wish to try two or three things which I am shortly to sing in company. To-morrow week, you must know, is my birthday, and my uncle gives a little *fête*, partly musical on that occasion. It is to be at Monplaisir, and we shall feel great pleasure if you will be of the party. So mind, don't engage yourself, Mr. Franck: *à revoir*."

He discovers that he is now really in love by no very long train of sensations and reflections—that the flame with which he now burned was "pure, vivid, and ethereal, when compared with the dim and evanescent glimmer of Victorine's image; and, above all, with the gross and murky halo through which he now saw the chubby full-moon face of Mary Dickel of Feldberg memory!"

The young tuner is found in this state of perturbation by the Baron Dohm, and after being questioned as to his musical capabilities, is instructed in the mystery of the approaching fete and invited. But his joys are dashed to the ground by learning that

this entertainment is given, and a piece expressly contrived by the Baron for the purpose of forwarding a match he has in contemplation between Miss Waldheim and a certain major of cavalry, who for his love of his horses might almost verify the suspicion *Portia* hazards with respect to one of her suitors. Miss W. however comes, and something equivalent to a declaration is drawn from our poor musician, which she first laughs at and subsequently most sensibly declines, parting however upon easier terms, under such indiscretion, than most music masters might hope to escape with, who had availed themselves of professional opportunities so to address a pupil, the daughter of a Baron. "As I withdrew, Amelia in a playful way tapped my shoulder, and said, 'Now mind you behave well, Mr. Franck, and do not pine like a woe-begone knight-errant. We remain friends, I hope: why should there not be friendship between the two sexes, without rings and banns?'"

Mrs. Bauer's penetration, which is admirably contrasted with the kind-hearted simplicity of her husband, again draws from Ferdinand all that has passed—and a characteristic and excellent conversation ensues—in the midst of which comes a note of invitation to Ferdinand from his Excellency Baron Von Dohm to the fete. We must pass over all that intervenes, good as it is, till we come to this party, and suppose Ferdinand and his master arrived at Monplaisir, in a carriage with his Excellency and Miss Waldheim, the Major attending on horseback. And here we must begin our quotation.

"The carriage stopped in the well-swept front court, adorned with white-washed statues of Diana, Acteon, Nimrod, and other worthies of the chase—most of them pitilessly mutilated, and all bescribbled in pencil and red chalk. Although Cæsar, a few minutes before, seemed to be as much out of the Major's books as his Roman namesake was detested by Cato, Brutus, Cassius, and other arch-liberals of old, the peptic precepts to be given to the groom for the well-being of 'the villainous beast' precluded a possibility of simultaneous attention to Miss Waldheim and her uncle. It thus fortunately fell to my share to discharge that delightful duty, and to hand, next, some band-boxes, pinned packages, and other articles of fair flirtables—what a philosophical apparatus, thought I, for the most intellectual of her sex!—to a buxom maid of the house, ready to receive the valuable indispensables.

"The wench's yell at this very moment rings through my ears—'Gracious me, Master Franck!' FRANCK! FRANCK! FRANCK! FRANCK! resounded a treacherous echo: band-boxes, pinned packages, and all the philosophical apparatus, dropped from the girl's hands and apron; satin shoes, scarfs, ribbands, garlands of mock-botanics, and all the fair flirtables, lay in chaotic quodlibets on the sand, at the very foot of the image of the Goddess of Chastity.

“Would that this overwhelming scene could have been graphicked for thee, gentle reader, that thou mightst the more sympathize in my forlorn state, which baffles the reach of letter-press. Sunk in nothingness I stood, while my kind Mentor and the waiters snatched up the fashionable cornucopia.

“Ah! Mr. Franck, you have forgotten Mary Dickel, your old favourite. You have become too fine a . . .” Mr. Bauer, by way of *sordino*, clapped his fleshy palm upon her mouth, and, like the hand of the Virtuoso in the funnel of the French horn, smothered farther utterance into mere *pianissimo* fragments.”

A curious conversation is well introduced, in which Miss W. proves to poor Ferdinand, and his apologist, Mr. Bauer, that she knew all that had passed at Feldbergh. Our hero was exonerated. At dinner poor Mr. B. bumps Handel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, till, when wanted to preside, he is found to be incapable of conducting, Ferdinand becomes his substitute.

“With this inspiriting thought, I entered the saloon, as the symphony was drawing to its terminating climax. At its conclusion, Baron Dohm rose from his seat, and mentioned the sudden and unforeseen call for my assistance. Encouraging plaudits ensued; the party were distributed; I nodded to the leading violin; the rap of his bow, like a magic wand, changed the active hum of the auditors into silent and mystic suspense, until at one crash, a unison C, from all the instruments, announced the commencement of the dramatic overture. Conscious of my power, I led the musical phalanx vigorously on through Mr. Bauer’s mazes of melody and harmony; the company, especially the ladies, evinced *capitally* their innate sense of time and measure. Baron Dohm’s beaming visage, like a Chinese mandarin, nodded continuous applause; Amelia’s cheering countenance telegraphed her inward pleasure at my success; and no sooner had the performance reached the known formulas of finish, than the delighted auditory, impatient of further delay, set up a stunning *tutti* of clapping, which rendered the active and energetic functions of the orchestra a mere matter of vision. ‘*Bravo! bravo! Mr. Franck!*’ exclaimed the enraptured Baron Dohm, followed by numberless ‘*Bravos!*’ and ‘*Bravissimo!*’ from every part of the reverberating saloon. The *andante pastorale* began; the curtain rose. On pasteboard turf, of slipper-bath shape, sweetly slumbering lay . . .

“Merciful Heavens! do my eyes deceive me—It is Victorine, the little figurante, my —. My heart for a moment sunk within me, my fingers refused their office. Happily the orchestra proceeded unled; and Venus suffered no interruption in the instructions she had to give to Cupid.—I ventured to cast a side glance towards Miss Waldheim; by her looks I had reason to hope that my embarrassment had escaped her notice. I recovered in some degree my self-possession; but on resuming the score, I beheld at no great distance the fearful words—‘Charis awakes gradually.’ Heavens! what will be the unsuspecting girl’s feelings! what my forlorn condition at that awful chord! well might I say

Io perderò la pace,  
Quando si sveglierà.

“Reflecting, however, that distressing as was my situation, there was no earthly remedy but to let events take their course, and not add to their untowardness by any want of resolution on my part, I played on mechanically,

with eyes rivetted on my book, and with trembling hand entered upon the fatal passage of enharmonic modulation, on which perhaps hung the whole of my future happiness.

"Poor Victorine! with infinite grace did she commence her arduous part; her eyes opened gradually and closed again; her pretty little arm waved softly towards her forehead; she rose gently into some fascinating attitudes, preceding, within a few bars, the more active business of her part.—Alas! at that moment she must have seen me; I heard a stifled sound, and saw the lovely girl sink unconscious on the pasteboard turf.—

"*Qu'allez vous faire donc, Ma'mselle?*" exclaimed the hectic voice of the enraged Monsieur Dupré from behind the wing close to her. '*Vile, vile, ne faites pas la sottise, commencez votre pas seul tout de suite. Begin de pas seul directement, I say, or I will break a' your bones, savez-vous.*'"

"Finding that, at this encouraging exhortation, the poor girl raised herself mechanically from the painted couch, the thought luckily flashed on my mind, that a kind and friendly look from me might possibly revive her spirits. The expedient had the desired effect—as far as related to Victorine; she smiled—she came in front—the music recommenced—her elegant limbs performed gracefully the saltatorian functions—applause from all quarters inspired her ambition; even Monsieur Dupré, no longer disposed to break bones, every now and then exclaimed from behind '*Bravo, bravo, ma petite mignonne!—Charmant, ma chère!*—She danse divinely to-day, *comme un ange, absolument.*'

"My eyes fixed on the score, I heard Major Dornhoff's stentorian praise, addressed to his neighbour, Miss Waldheim. 'By G—,' he exclaimed, 'how excessively clever she is, and vastly pretty too!'—'Excessively....' (the important epithet of admiration, or dispraise applied by Miss Waldheim, whatever it may have been, unfortunately escaped my hearing). 'Excessively....' at all events, was all I could distinctly make of it. 'Oh! that's part of their business,' said Major Dornhoff in reply; 'but with all that, you may depend upon it, Miss Waldheim, not a little of the *manège* must have been required to bring her to this perfection. She will make her fortune if she minds what she is about; but these gentry mostly end by floundering headlong into some silly attachment or other.'"

"'No man....'"

"The rest was again inaudible, perhaps to the Major himself; for the fair, when not best pleased, besides being laconic in their remarks, cadence them at no great sacrifice of breath; and it was manifest that Miss Waldheim took a very negative sort of interest in the exhibition.

"Little Victorine, on the other hand, every now and then cast a significant, I might say a wanton side-glance towards me, and appeared to grow more and more animated; she not only threw infinite spirit and humour into her part, but superadded much unauthentic by-play. Thus, in sending the bearded sage about his business, she seized, no doubt intentionally, his venerable chin-furniture, which, not being made to stand such usage, remained fairly in her hand.

"'Ah, coquine!'" vociferated Monsieur Dupré, from the wing, while a stifled mutter of genteel risibility ran through the audience, and a vulgar laugh resounded from an open side-door, at which the waiters, cooks, scullions, and maids of the house, had modestly taken post to enjoy a peep at the show.

"On looking that way—Heavens! there was Mary Dickel in the very front rank; loudest in the laugh, whimpering and winking—Ah, good reader!

if thou hadst seen poor Ferdinand Franck at that distressing moment, thou wouldst have pitied his forlorn, his desperate state.

AMELIA!

F.F.

MARY DICKENS!!

!!! ENIHOLGIA

Behold the threefold misery in array against me, all within sight of me and each other! What rancorous evil star, what unheard-of combination of persecuting fatality could have thus conspired my ruin!"

The length of our extracts warns us to hasten to the catastrophe. Miss Waldheim is at length won by Ferdinand—how—we leave to the reader to discover, who thinks well enough of what we have cited to read the rest. It will repay him in mirth for his curiosity.

We have thus brought our narrative to a conclusion, and we have seldom enjoyed a fiction of so light a kind much more. The interest is well kept up throughout—the language is easy, but pointed and vigorous—there is a good deal of knowledge of character, though in a small compass and an humourous pleasantry in the tone of the whole story, that are to us vastly amusing; and finally, we recommend it to young musicians, *not* indeed with any view of inspiring them with hopes of mating with the daughters of Barons, or of any other titled or opulent persons, whom chance may throw in their way for pupils, but in the desire to incite them to the cultivation of both mind and manners, and to a love of their own art and the art in general. The only quarrel we have with the unknown author, and it is but a slight one, is that in the person of the excellent-hearted Bauer, he has made this love of art to a certain degree ridiculous. But because truth displays itself under various aspects, it is no less truth—and if the worthy professor's enthusiasm was made the instrument of seducing him into excesses, we trust the student will avoid the error, not disparage the good qualities through which he was instigated to a culpable indulgence. In conclusion, we hardly know how four shillings and sixpence can purchase more amusement.

*Evenings in Greece. First Evening. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. the Music composed and selected by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. London. Power.*

To the quick apprehension, the warm sensibility, the pregnant and brilliant fancy, the various learning, the extensive travel and the high associations of THOMAS MOORE—for all these have combined in the production—the musical world, and that large portion of society, who, without possessing any knowledge of the science, are solaced and amused by the art—are indebted for the preservation of the perishable melodies of his own country and of other nations, as gnats are preserved in amber, in a more durable and more precious form. All these classes owe him perhaps a still greater obligation—for he has given an elegance, a tenderness, and a pathos to ballad, which was only to be found in the canzonet of the Italians and the Germans, while some of his productions possess a spirit, an energy, and a force, which belong to no other compositions.\* He has departed from the simplicity of the very few songs of this description we possessed before, and impressed a voluptuousness, a luxury, whether of grief or joy, which are no where else to be felt, except perhaps in the canzonets of Haydn, to which Mrs. John Hunter gave so exquisite an English version, and in one or two of Mozart's. But Mr. Moore unites in himself the taste which assimilates melody, so to speak, by a sort of elective attraction, which no one before him ever possessed in so eminent a degree, and that same faculty it is, that, aided by the other attributes we have enumerated, has enabled him to invent poetry so completely harmonizing with the music, that the adaptation has never been surpassed, and very rarely equalled by any original composition of melody from words. We were long ago led to the opinion that the inspiration of the poet, when drawn from music, was more perfect than the inspiration of the musician drawn from poetry, and Mr. Moore's works, as they have proceeded, have gone far to convince us of the justice of our supposition. This, if true, is a curious fact in the theory of

\* Videlicet—"Where shall we bury our shame"—"Bring the bright Garlands hither," &c. &c.

the operation of the intellectual faculties. But to the work before us.\*

Mr. Moore has put forth a new claim to the thanks of society, for he has in his "*Evenings in Greece*" proposed a novel manner of interesting a circle, and indeed chiefly that circle where variety of amusement is most desired and most enjoyed—the small but select companionship of friends. To vary the tedium attending the frequent intercourse of the same families and the same acquaintances, games of chance, &c. pastimes that excite and employ the mind, have been found to be constantly required. And indeed *how much* intellectual aliment is necessary to those who live in comparative seclusion, yet who cultivate the imagination as the means of keeping the heart warm, can be known only to the experimenters themselves—yet these perhaps constitute the greater portion of those who cultivate literature and the arts. Reading will weary, even where diversity of books can be obtained—for books may become "but formal dullness," and even "tedious, friends," if those friends are always the same and few—as the associates of those we are describing must almost always be. Music too, unless the performers be *richly* endowed indeed, will partake of a wearisome sameness after a while, and then there is a sort of exclusion and depression too, which all feel who can contribute nothing to the entertainment. *Semper ego auditor tantum*, is oftener whispered internally than publicly declared, and "comfortable hearers" are more scarce than could be believed, if endurance were the only test of the philosophy of listeners. Mr. Moore's book comes then like a new pleasure. His poem, which is divided into portions, which are to be read or recited, and portions which are to be sung, "so as to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel themselves competent as singers." The plan appears to us novel and excellent. Now to its execution.

The scene is laid in the island of Ceos or Cos, now Zia, one of the Cyclades. Mr. Moore, obeying the analogy that would naturally direct a poet's mind, mentions it as the birth-place of Simonides and Bacchylides, but it has other recollections con-

\* Musical Magazine and Review, vol. 1, page 225.

ned with the arts, for Apelles was also born in this island, and one not less known in another faculty, Hippocrates. The females of Cos were anciently distinguished for the purity and texture of their dress, which was of their own fabric, and white and transparent. We mention these things, because they imply a characteristic elegance. At present, according to Dr. Clarke, whom Mr. M. quotes, it is "the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles," and the poet has availed himself of the struggle in Greece for the slight but capable foundation of his story.

He imagines a vessel, freighted with the warlike youth of Zia, in the act of sailing, and the first piece is a choral song in three parts for male voices. This calls for particular notice, because it shews how ingeniously Mr. Moore has contrived to embrace all classes of singers and to diversify his concert de famille. The story then proceeds—which is, that the maidens and the aged of both sexes assemble on the shore after the employments of the day, and by common consent resolve

To "try if sound of lute and song,  
If wandering mid the moonlight flowers  
In various talk, could charm along,  
With lighter step, the lingering hours,  
Till tidings of that bark should come,  
Or victory waft their warriors home!"

Thus he describes the place of meeting:

"There is a fount on Zia's isle,  
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile  
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,  
On which the sun of Greece looks down,—  
Pleas'd as a lover on the crown  
His mistress for her brow hath twin'd,  
When he beholds each floweret there,  
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;—  
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose, whose wreath  
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,  
And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe  
Their odour into Zante's wines:—  
The splendid wood-bine, that, at eve,  
To grace their floral diadems,  
The lovely maids of Patmos weave—  
And that fair plant, whose tangled stems  
Shine like a Nereid's hair,\* when spread,  
Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed;—

\* *Cuscuta Europæa*. "From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids."—*Walpole's Turkey*.



All these bright children of the clime,  
 (Each at his own most genial time,  
 The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)  
 Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn  
 The valley, where that fount is born :—  
 While round, to grace its cradle green,  
 Groups of Velani oaks are seen,  
 Towering on every verdant height—  
 Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,  
 Like Genii, set to watch the birth  
 Of some enchanted child of earth—  
 Fair oaks, that over Zia's vales,  
 Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd ;  
 While commerce, from her thousand sails,  
 Scatters their acorns through the world !” \*

The separate converse of these maids, which is beautifully pictured, is interrupted by the sound of the lute, and one who has lately visited the promontory of Leucadia, whence the love-lorn Sappho leaped into the sea, addresses herself to sing a characteristic song. We must cite the introduction, that the reader may enjoy this trait of Mr. Moore's peculiar and unequalled felicity in the selection of his imagery—

“ The maiden, tuning her soft lute,  
 While all the rest stood round her, mute,  
 Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,  
 That o'er the tender Lesbian stole,  
 And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone  
 Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,  
 One of those fervid fragments gave,  
 Which still—like sparkles of Greek fire,  
 Undying, ev'n beneath the wave—  
 Burn on through time, and ne'er expire !”

The song follows.

Another takes up the strain, and we must quote again, for the sake of a novel application of an image—

“ And while her lute's sad symphony  
 Fill'd up each sighing pause between ;  
 And Love himself might weep to see  
 (As fays behold the wither'd green  
 Where late they danc'd) what misery  
 May follow where his steps have been,  
 Thus simply to the listening throng,  
 She breath'd her melancholy song.”

\* “The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals.”—*Clarke's Travels*.

With the same facility that marks all he does, the poet has contrived to suit a singer of either sex, for he makes the maiden chant the favourite air of her departed lover, and which of course permits either a male or female voice. It is in a degree descriptive of the national dance, the Romaika, and naturally superinduces that exercise—but not in the same fashion.

“Some call'd aloud ‘the Fountain Dance!’—  
While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon,  
Whose step was air-like, and whose glance  
Flash'd like a sabre in the sun,”

proposes the Pyrrhio (war) dance, and sportively converting her “wide hat” to a shield and a sapling to a spear, her companions follow, and as they move they raise a martial chorus.

The necessity for repose which ensues, gives opportunity for an aged Zian, who “himself had fought and bled” to ‘address these “fond girls.” He sings “in mournful ditty”—

“What glory waits the patriot's grave.”

This song is rather in the despondency of modern apprehension, we will venture to remind our poet, than in the spirit of truth. For what names has history embalmed so imperishably as the names of those who fought or died in freedom's cause? They are and ever must be the first in every heart and the last on every tongue, for the cause has the deepest hold upon human affections.

“The cause and name  
Of him who dies for liberty”  
Shall never “pass away.”

We shall cite the lines which follow this song, because we think they may serve as a guide and a support where timid ability is doubting of its own success, and because it marks the difference it so truly represents, between deep intense feeling, and the noisy semblance of maukish sensibility, which is so often assumed. The song was received with

“That tribute of subdued applause  
A charm'd, but timid, audience pays—  
That murmur, which a minstrel draws  
From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,  
Followed this song, and left a pause  
Of silence after it, that hung  
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.”

At length another strain is heard, and a maiden sings the powers of the two fountains of memory and oblivion, and in "another song," which is demanded by "all lips," she pictures the charms and the pains of recollection. From a neighbouring ruin a faint strain proceeds—

"As if some echo, that among  
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd long,  
Were murmuring into life again"

This song is one of the proofs how often yet with what success our poet can use the same thoughts, for the whole tone of the poetry is very nigh to that of "*The Bells of St. Petersburg*," and the closing idea the same. The first evening concludes with the parting hymn of the Maids of Zia.

Thus the music consists of half a score pieces—seven single, three part songs.

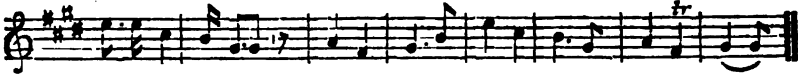
The distinctions of Mr. Moore's adaptations we have said are the simplicity, beauty, and pathos of the melody, and in these songs the same presiding qualities appear. The musician is left to judge of the worth intrinsically, for no clue is given to lead him to the share taken by the poet, by his coadjutor, Mr. Bishop, or as to what is merely adaptation. We trace only one to the last source, but more probably than one of the airs are selected. The first, the chorus of the Zian youths is so simple, that it never once modulates, but the melody is sweet and the harmonies clear.—One strain is for three voices—the second for a chorus; it must be very effective if executed with the delicacy with which it is conceived—but be it observed, where the simplicity is so extreme, the whole depends upon the same quality in the performance.

"*Sappho at her loom*," is one of those deeply passionate songs which "fill every sense." It paints her feelings at the moment, when her

"Languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe."

It commences with a something between air and recitative, which pictures Sappho as she sings. Then begins her short confession to her mother, so passionately descriptive. The melody seems to us compounded of traits familiar to the ear, but which in

combination are linked by a common power. One of these we shall cite.



Oh my sweet mother, 'tis in vain, so wilder'd is my heart and brain.

Who will fail to recognise one of the sweet portions of "*Home sweet home?*" These similitudes are very curious, because they serve to demonstrate how vague yet how applicable to different emotions (probably of the same class) musical phrases must ever be considered. We can conceive nothing more touching than this song.

"*Weeping for thee*" is a gem from the same casket. The air is as pensive, as plaintive, as its forerunner, and as beautiful, while the marked accentuation gives it by places a peculiar wailing expressiveness. In a continued accompaniment of slow but equal triplets, there is a degree of melancholy to which such a division of notes should seem to be unfavourable. Is it the consequence of having heard innumerable ballads thus set, (which by the way implies the intrinsic quality to which we allude) and therefore attributable to association, or is it the monotonous return of the same rhythm? We ought not to omit to remark the art of the poet, in thus adhering to the pensive character of the first movement of the minds of those he describes, and through which he leads so judiciously to the next feelings in the train natural to such a situation.

"*The Romaiika*" has so much peculiarity, that we should be induced to suppose it some national dance, and the rather as it bears a very strong resemblance to the dance and chorus sung in the Harem in Weber's *Oberon*, which indicates some common source either of recollection or of choice. It is so light yet so rhythmical, that we cannot wonder such a strain should sink into the mind wherever heard. Nothing has haunted us more than Weber's dance—if Weber's it be. The direction assigned, "playfully," is sufficiently descriptive, and the symphony will shew at once its character and the resemblance we have pointed out.



"*The War Dance*," which is a chorus, appears to us to possess at least as much of the light of genius as either of the foregoing compositions. There is an energetic solemnity in the construction mixed with a strength that is exceedingly imposing. The points too as they come in, contribute essentially to this impression. The succession of combined and interrupted motion in the accompaniment is very happily imagined.

Strength, subdued however in a measure by complaint is the prominent feature of "*As on the shore*." It is simple to the highest possible degree, which naturally adds to the force. Why in such a song, why break down this quality by the appoggiaturas which more than once are appended? Surely that on the word "*broken*" weakens the expression? Modern refinement has, we have often occasion to observe, both in the works of the composer and in the practice of the singer, made large and frequent encroachments upon just declamation, in this respect, to the injury of both in point of effect. The suspensions thus employed are only of power when the sense lingers. It very rarely happens that in passages of nervous elevation they can be successfully used.

"*The two fountains*" is merely a graceful canzonetta. "*Oh Memory*," is the "*Cara Memoria*" of Caraffa. "*They are gone*" is mournful to excess, which is perhaps the highest compliment we can pay to a strain so short yet so affecting.

The last, "*Maidens of Zia*," is smooth, graceful, and tender, and brings a calm over the mind, "a sober certainty of waking

bliss," that perhaps leaves those who have contributed to an evening of such intellectual delight in the best possible tone—neither braced too high nor sunk too low, but touched with the tempered fires that should warm the recollection of all that has been enjoyed.

"EVENINGS IN GREECE" may not perhaps be ranked amongst the most popular of the author's works, but it seems to us to deserve a place with the most elegant, from the novelty of the plan, and the beauty and simplicity of the execution. It is after enjoying such elevation as works like these inspire, that we perceive how deeply indebted society is for its most intense as well as its most innocent and perhaps its most useful pleasures to the imaginative authors. It is then that we are feelingly persuaded how erroneous an estimate the world forms, in its disposition of honours and rewards, if the production of happiness constitute the just claim to distinction and emolument. But the Poet has his compensation in the consciousness of the delight he diffuses, and we cannot conceive any gift that Kings, or indeed that mankind have to bestow; so precious as the satisfaction Mr. Moore must enjoy, when he fathoms or when he unlocks the spring of his fancy for the delight of his fellow creatures.

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*The Recollections of Ireland, a grand Fantasia on "The Groves of Blarney," "Garry Owen," and "St. Patrick's Day;" for the Piano Forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments, by J. Moscheles. Cramer, Addison, and Beale, and S. Chappell.*

This lesson was composed by Mr. Moscheles for his own performance, at his own concert, last season, where we had the pleasure of hearing it, at a time when the composer was stimulated alike by the occasion, and the natural ardour of genius in the prosecution of its own creations, to give it the greatest possible effect, and when it flowed from under his hand with a smoothness, brilliancy, and mastery of art that called forth the undivided and enthusiastic applause of a crowded audience. To us, memory still

throws her charm around "*The Recollections of Ireland*," but to most of our readers this satisfaction is denied, and we must therefore, however reluctantly, yield to her power only so much as to bear in mind the effect of which the lesson is capable, while we turn to its closer perusal. Although written for a similar occasion to that which called forth "*The Fall of Paris*," the two lessons are so essentially different in almost every point, that they do not come within the limits of comparison. The latter was written at a time when Mr. M.'s talents as a performer were but new to an English public, and when as a composer he was totally unknown, and his object was to show his power in both ways. When the *Recollections* are composed, he writes in the full confidence of an established reputation, for numerous pupils whom he has himself qualified to appreciate his style, and for a public, who by frequent opportunities of hearing his performance, are prepared to receive his productions with the approbation they deserve. These are the principal points of difference, yet when all is considered we should be inclined to rank "*The Recollections of Ireland*" higher as a composition, and in its own particular style, than "*The Fall of Paris*," on the ground that it draws its effects from more natural sources, and is written more with a view of pleasing than astonishing—in fact, that Mr. Moscheles is here seen more in the light of a composer, whereas in the former instance he was to be regarded rather in the character of an artist.

The introduction can be only considered as a field for the powers of execution, but this execution perhaps, generally below the present standard of difficulty, is more chastened, and freer from that straining after effect than is usual, even with Mr. M. himself. We subjoin the concluding cadence as peculiar to the composer, and as showing the kind of execution in which he excels.





The choice of airs is very happy—they are popular, good in themselves, and afford great room for contrast. The first, now best known under the name of "*The Last Rose of Summer*," is arranged with the delicacy of taste and truth of feeling that bespeaks the refined artist. Two ornaments we insert for their originality and beautiful adaptation.



The key of F major, at the conclusion of this air, changes to a movement, sombre in its modulation, in the key of D flat major. There is a degree of sameness pervading the next four pages, which consist principally of difficult arpeggios, dependant on harmony for effect. The composer however soon shews both the power of contrast and his knowledge of effects. The lively air of "*Garry Owen*" steals upon us by degrees, till at length, after a gradual change through B sharp, to the brilliant key of B flat major, this exhilarating melody bursts forth, aided in its sudden



appearance by the truly characteristic style of its arrangement. Here we conceive Mr. Moscheles to be more in his element than when treating the first air; his genius is of that buoyant, sparkling, and energetic kind, that selects either the most gay and joyous themes to work upon, or seizes on the strongest and most vehement expression of passion,\* but which rests not with the same felicity on subjects of a middle class, the simply pathetic; or moderately brilliant. The present air is carried through six pages of shewy, but light and *close* execution—that is to say, there are none of those immoderate and unmeaning skips which do little beyond astonishing at the instant. “*St. Patrick’s Day*” is treated in the same manner without monotony for two pages, when for the next two it is combined with “*Garry Owen*,” and then follows a short andante in  $\frac{1}{2}$  time, of a most singular and ingenious construction. The object here aimed at is the combination of the three airs, so that each may be distinctly recognized, and yet all so blended as to form an agreeable and not incongruous whole.

The difficulty of this task will be readily acknowledged, but Mr. Moscheles has succeeded admirably. The combination of airs in this manner is not a new, but it is by no means a common practice, and the means by which it is so well accomplished in the present instance are so simple, that although it generally requires a practiced ear to trace such combinations, almost the most uncultivated, may follow this. We subjoin an example of the manner in which the whole is managed—



\* The two favourite subjects selected from *Der Freischutz*, by Mr. Moscheles, for extemporaneous performance last season, were the comic and the Bacchanalian songs.

the airs being transferred alternately to the two hands. The greatest difficulty of this portion of the lesson, however, lies in its performance, in the skill with which each air is made to blend with the others, and yet to bear its proper character, without obtruding too much on the notice of the hearer, and bearing down its companions. The concluding two pages are in  $\frac{2}{4}$  time, spirited and brilliant.

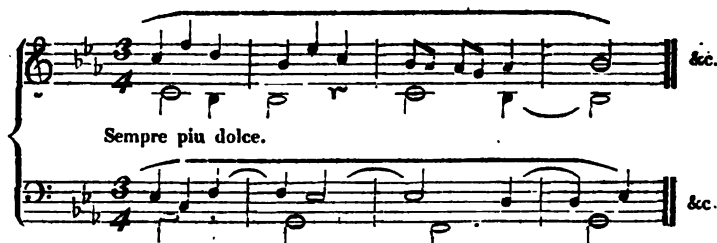
We have no other comments to offer on "*The Recollections of Ireland.*" To those who have seen it, or who had the good fortune to hear it performed by the author, no recommendation will be needed, and to those who have not, we trust we have already said enough to raise their curiosity. One more remark we must however make, which is, that Mr. Moscheles' style appears by this specimen to have lost none of its original brilliancy, but to have gained in solidity and strength of construction by the curtailment of the superfluity of ornament which has marked many of his pieces, and which may be compared to a plant overloaded with flowers, whose strength is permanently wasted, though its temporary beauty is increased.



*Grand Quatuor en Partition pour deux Violons, Alto et Violoncelle, composé e dédié à Son Altesse Monseigneur le Prince Nicholas de Galikin, &c. par Louis von Beethoven. Oeuv. 127. Mayence. Chez B. Scott, fils.*

This is one of the latest compositions of this powerful writer, and abounds with invention, fire, great originality, and consummate skill. It is likewise remarkable for its departure from the regular plan of such instrumental compositions, which, since Haydn and Mozart wrote, have generally been found to consist of four movements—allegro, adagio, minuet and trio, with a finale. The fetters which even this regular distribution of movements has imposed upon Beethoven's aspiring imagination at some former period, he has here entirely broken, and seems

determined to work only from the impulses of his own fancy.— The quartett opens with a *maestoso* introduction of six bars, in  $E_b$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, gliding them into an *allegro teneramente* upon a pleasing subject—



which he works upon in his own forcible and varied manner for sixty-eight bars, when we again find the introductory *maestoso* in another key,  $G^\sharp$ , which, after six bars, leads us into the *allegro*, also in  $G$ . Here the composer plays with his subject rather differently, for at page 5 the key changes to  $E_b$ , when the violoncello appears to repeat the first three notes of the subject, first in  $C$  minor, then in  $D_b$  major, while the other three instruments are flying about in a wild and unrestrained manner so truly characteristic of our great symphonist's style. Again we find the *maestoso*, but in  $C^\sharp$ , and continuing for only four bars; we then hear the *allegro* worked up in a totally different way to either of the two former modes, for at bar 2d of page 6, score 2d, we find the first violin giving part of the subject—that of the two quavers and crotchet at the last part of the third bar: this he renders subservient to his purposes, by using an equivocal harmony, proceeding by a contrary motion in the other two parts, and carries on through twenty-one bars by a diatonic series from  $E_b$  up to  $C$ .



There are here some prodigious leaps for the second violin, viola, and violoncello; such indeed as no other composer would dare to write down, and trust for the effect afterwards. It produces such a rambling, desultory effect on the ear, that few persons, not well and thoroughly acquainted with the composer's abrupt eccentricity, can prevent themselves from becoming bewildered by such parts of his style, and in sober verity it must require a mind similarly eccentric to comprehend and relish them. The first part of the subject is taken up at bar fourth of the last score, page 6, and the movement (or rather the amalgamation of movements) concludes at last score of page 10. The next is an *adagio* in A four flats  $\text{♩}$ , commencing on the dominant seventh. The notes forming the chord are taken very slowly from the lowest note, through each instrument, up to  $\text{D}_b$ , in his own peculiar manner. The whole of this complicated movement displays vast skill and power in the arrangement, and if four very first-rate players were to execute the notes written down, no doubt the effect would be extraordinary—but it is not the *true* *adagio* to our liking; no notes of "linked sweetness long drawn out" soothe and tranquillize the mind, but the attention is racked to find out the unity of design, and where and to what such extraordinary changes of key (four times from  $\text{E}^\sharp$  to  $\text{A}_b$  in the movement) are to lead. To attempt to analyse this would be utterly hopeless, from its intricacy; we therefore pass on to page 20, where we have a pleasing relief in a *scherzo*, which has all the freshness and vigour so justly admired in Beethoven's best works. Here may be seen all the united qualities of brilliancy, clearness, pleasing melody, and bold execution. This requires to be heard and heard often, fully to be appreciated as it deserves. At page 25, last score, he falls into a *presto*  $\frac{2}{4}$ , a sort of episode, which is carried on in the key of six flats. Here again the *performers* are tasked at last bar of score fourth, page 29. The subject is given, inverted by the first violin, answered in its proper intervals by the violoncello. There are some curious transitions [and many fanciful passages (particularly one that occurs three times, marked *Ritmo di tre battute*), and upon the whole this must be considered a very delightful movement. The last is a *finale*, in common time, in his best manner; the subject we give—



At bars third and fourth of score third is a curious instance of the suspension of one note in the chord of the sixth—



and the whole career of the movement, with the unexpected occurrence of the new and apparently irrelevant *allegro* at score second, page 45—

ALLEGRO CON MOTO.



is well worth the student's perusal who is desirous of cultivating this species of writing. We cannot conclude this article without expressing our deep concern that the writer so extraordinarily gifted, of whose latest work we have just been giving a faint

outline, is considered by his physicians to be in imminent danger from dropsy, which has taken place in the most dangerous part of the frame, perhaps even now he may be numbered with the dead. Always among his most ardent admirers, we have not on many occasions failed to point out the obscurities which we humbly conceive load and depreciate his compositions, but on the other hand, feeling a most enthusiastic attachment to the great points which his genius has produced of sublimity and grandeur of conception, we do most sincerely deplore that such a man should be snatched away from us, at a time too when it is evident that we shall "not see his like again;" but as long as instrumental music shall hold any place in the regard of true musicians, so long shall the great name of Beethoven be cherished and respected, when the mere mortal man has returned to his silent dust.

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*Lays and Legends of the Rhine. The Poetry by J. R. Planché; the Music by Henry R. Bishop, Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Academy of Music. London. Goulding, D'Almaine and Co.*

The musical world is already indebted to Mr. Planché for the poetry of the Spanish Melodies, a work published conjointly by himself and Mr. Sola, and which approaches the nearest in excellence to the National Airs by Mr. Moore of any thing in the same species. For the origin of the elegant little book before us we are indebted it seems to a tour of pleasure made by Mr. P. in company we believe with Mr. D'Almaine, and although the poet both modestly and judiciously ascribes in his preface the ornamental parts to Mr. Haghe, who, he says, "has metamorphosed his rude outlines into faithful and spirited drawings," the various talent evinced by Mr. P. will not be passed over, nor will it be forgotten that the whole design is his own, together with the main parts of its execution. Mr. Planché, it is obvious, pos-

esses not only a delicate vein of poetry, but displays a range of intellect and taste that embraces all the fine arts.

The Minnesingers or love-singers of Germany, some of whose legends Mr. P. has versified, were contemporary with the Troubadours of Provence. They were the earliest poets in the vernacular language, and Charlemagne "had judgment enough to postpone the popular learning of the day, to the better object of bringing forward the indigenous literature of the countries, which formed the immediate seat of his empire."\* Their lays were written in the High German or Suabian dialect, and the Nether German or Upper Saxon, which has since obtained and kept its predominance. The themes of these poets were various—but principally war and love. For a poem or chronicle of the world, in honour of St. Anno, Bishop of Cologne, (who died in 1775), we make the following (translated) extract :

" The joyous sun and moon  
Their wonted light give forth ;  
The stars keep on their course,  
And frost and heat their round ;  
Fire upwards holds it way,  
Thunder and wind speed on,  
And clouds pour forth their rain :  
Down rushing streams the floods,  
The flowers adorn the fields,  
Green leaves bedeck the groves,  
The beasts their courses run,  
Soft rings the sweet bird's song :  
All things obey the laws  
That God creating gave,  
Save the two latest born,  
Whom noblest, best, he framed ;  
They spurn his high command,  
And turn to folly's course."

In the reign of Louis le Debonnaire it seems to have been thought necessary by that Monarch to correct the licentiousness (as his piety considered it) of the practice, and accordingly he issued an edict to the German nuns, "restraining their passion for love-songs."

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries were however the bright æra of German minstrelsey. While Henry IV. and V. were disputing with the Popes, the people, released in a degree from the

\* Lays of the Minnesingers.

fear of the discipline of the church, enjoyed and revelled in the gallant poetry of the time. This collision between the temporal and spiritual powers, allowed scope to poetical feeling. In the reign of Frederic Barbarossa the band of Minnesingers had its rise in the person of Henry of Veldig, who is generally supposed to be the earliest of these poets. Frederic not only admired the songs of the Provençaux, but he cultivated the German muse. "His memory," says the very clever little work we quote, "is still preserved, and connected with many local traditions. The ruins of his palace at Gelnhausen are said still to carry with them the traditionary attachment of the neighbourhood; and even in the dark recesses of the Hartz forest, the legend places him in a subterranean palace in the caverns of the Kyffhaus mountain, his beard flowing on the ground, and himself reposing in a trance upon his marble throne, awakening only at intervals to reward any votary of song who seeks his lonely court." Of such a kind are the traditions which Mr. Planché has sought to preserve.

The successors of Frederic were all patrons of literature, and even were themselves poets—and some of them resorted to poetry as a solace under the heaviest misfortunes.

"The commencement of the fourteenth century witnessed a total revolution in the literature of Germany. John Hadloub may be considered as the last distinguished ornament of that school which Henry of Veldig commenced. The church regained its power over the mind, and the pedantic rules of the "meisters" (masters of professors of poetry), and of their 'song schools' which now arose, effectually shackled the flights of fancy. Princes left off singing; courts no longer gathered together the minstrel tribes; Germany was cut off from its intercourse with Italy and Sicily; its freebooting age of second barbarism commenced; the whole face of society changed; and poetry speedily sunk, with very few exceptions, into the lowest depths of poverty and trifling."

Poets and Minnesingers resorted to the smaller courts in vast numbers, because these petty Sovereigns had more leisure to attend to such pleasures; they were therefore the chief nurses of this species of literature. The Germans also cultivated Romance writing, and "in short, the literary tastes of every country of Europe seem to have been drawn into Germany as to a common



centre, to be there pursued with a diligence and avidity almost incredible." These romances bring us to the period from which Mr. Planché has selected his tales, viz. the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Of these the Nibelungen is said to be the most perfect, and we shall cite one of the passages to prove the descriptive power of the poet, whoever he was—

“ Now came that lady bright,  
 And as the rosy morn  
 Dispels the misty clouds,  
 So he who long had borne  
 Her image on his heart  
 Did banish all his care,  
 As now before his eyes  
 Stood forth that lady fair.  
 From her embroider'd vest  
 There glitter'd many a gem,  
 While o'er her lovely cheek  
 The rosy red did beam ;  
 Whoe'er in-raptur'd thought  
 Had imag'd lady bright,  
 Confess'd that lovelier maid  
 Ne'er stood before his sight.  
 And as the beaming moon  
 Rides high the stars among,  
 And moves with lustre mild  
 The murky clouds along ;  
 So, midst her maiden throng,  
 Up rose that matchless fair ;  
 And higher swell'd the soul  
 Of many a hero there.”

But we must break away from these relations, brief as they necessarily are, to turn to our main design. We shall therefore make one more quotation from the excellent work\* we are indebted to for our abridgment, which is at once sufficiently comprehensive and descriptive for our purpose.

“ But it is time to direct our attention to the lyric poetry of the Minnesingers, which should form the more peculiar object of these enquiries. Of this it may with truth be said that it combines and improves upon all the pleasing features of the Provençal muse, and is at the same time highly and distinctively characteristic of

\* We refer the reader to “ *The Lays of the Minnesingers*” itself, where will be found a great quantity of matter very interesting to enquirers into this subject.

the more subdued and delicate tone of feeling which inspired the German minstrels. Indeed, nothing can breathe more clearly the sentiments of innocent and tender affection than many of these little productions. Narrow and circumscribed as the field of such poetry may appear, its charms are diversified by the varied attractions of natural beauty and the impassioned tones of feeling. Admiration of his lady's perfections, joy in her smiles, grief at her frowns, and anxiety for her welfare, are expressed by the poet in a thousand accents of simplicity and truth; and if extravagance or affectation sometimes offends, it ought to be recollected that the bounds of taste were not then so accurately defined, nor the gallant spirit of chivalry so chastened as to render unnecessary some allowance for the extravagance of a principle which was in the main generous, and at any rate conferred incalculable blessings on society, in advancing the interests and elevating the station of its most defenceless portion."

Mr. Planché has given us eight legends, with as many illustrative plates, very beautifully executed in lithography. These are set either as single songs or in parts. The first is a supposed lay of *Frauenlob*, or "Laud the Fair." The first stanza will convey a competent notion both of the subject and the execution.

" My harp!—my harp!—an hour hath past,  
 And woman's praise I have not sung!  
 My harp!—an hour hath fled since last  
 With woman's praise thy chords have rung!  
 A longer pause, my glorious name  
 I had not worthy been to bear—  
 Awake! Awake to woman's fame,  
 For I am Henry 'Laud the Fair.'

Yes! Thou light of life's short dream!  
 Soul of love, and spring of pleasure!  
 Thy praise shall be my only theme,  
 And thy smile my only treasure."

The song affords another instance of Mr. Bishop's curious felicity in the construction of symphonies and accompaniments. Seldom have we seen any thing more light and airy, more varied or imaginative. The melody is rather impassioned, but it is the accompaniment that adds so much to its grace. It is for a single voice.

"*Giesla*," the second, is for two trebles and a base. This

does not appear to us to be the happiest amongst them in its construction.

"*The Mouse Tower*" is of an humorous character, if such events as the burning the starving population of a whole village in a granary, and the comparison of their dying groans to the squeaking of mice, by the contrivance of an avaricious Bishop, and the destruction of the said Bishop by the said mice, who pick "his bones uncommonly clean" in one night, may be called humorous. Such however is the way in which Mr. Planché has treated the story, and Mr. Bishop the music, which he has set "*jovially*" as a glee for three voices. In one of those German annual pocket books for 1826, which have lately induced the publication of our elegant *Souvenirs* and *Forget me nots*, called *Cornelia*, we find the same legend, but at more length. As Messrs. Bishop and Planché have produced it, the glee parallels with "*When Arthur first and Mynheer Van Dunk*."

"*Sir Hilchen of Lorch*" is a romantic ballad of the deliverance of "his ladye-love" from a lofty tower, up which the Knight rides "on horseback perpendicular." There are two pretty "*concelli*" in the poetry.

"Why has Love wings but that he may fly  
Over the walls, be they never so high?  
Why is Love hoodwink'd but that he may be  
Blind to the danger another would see?"

This air has more of the German national character in it than perhaps any of the rest. But Mr. Bishop has created sad quarrels between the rhythm of the music and the emphatic words of the verse. We have seldom seen the traces of so much carelessness in this particular. The composer has also introduced a new French term of direction, for which he apologizes in a note, by saying it has "more meaning for the purpose than any other in our own or indeed in any other language." The vocabulary of musical terms is already so absurdly multiplied and loaded with foreign words, that we wish the practice was stopped. There is not the least occasion for it. The King's English is quite ample enough for all the purposes of direction, if composers would bestow a little pains in considering how to express clearly what they wish to convey. That one language may contain particular phrases more condensed than another is true, but we greatly

doubt whether mere condensation be an equivalent for the various evils entailed by making the nomenclature of music so complex. "*Avec intention*," Mr. Bishop should have recollected, though intelligible to the person versed in French idioms, is a dead letter to the eye of the mere English musician. It is just so much more likely to be understood than a Greek or a German term, as there are more who understand French than there are who understand Greek or German, but the principle is the same. English alone ought to be used, unless there were a language of science common to all nations, in the manner that Latin was formerly employed amongst men of science. Fux's treatise on composition was written in Latin—Gerbert's erudite work on music is in the same tongue; but so far as terms are concerned, Italian up to a late date was taken as the common language of music. English however ought to be preferred in all vocal works, for the plain reason, that whoever understands an English song sufficiently well to sing it, must also understand English words of direction. Foreign words of direction, on the score of universality, apply only to compositions for instruments.

"*The Vine Dressers*" has the most strength and spirit of any of the pieces. There is too a classical solidity in its structure that we admire. It is short and concentrated. Vague recollections assail us as it proceeds that are highly favourable to its effect. This is certainly one of the best if not the very best in the collection. We shall quote the whole as affording the fairest specimen of Mr. Planché's poetry.

"Joy, brothers, joy! Above the Rhine  
 Its stony brow 'the Altar' rears!  
 Not vainly bends the laden vine;  
 Each grape shall melt in golden tears!  
 Such sweet weeping, brothers dear,  
 Only may we witness here!

Joy, sisters, joy! For this, your prayer  
 Was duly to the Virgin sung,  
 And through the blossom-scented air,  
 All night the May-bells sweetly rung!  
 May the hopes of your young spring  
 Know as fair a ripening!"

"*The Seven Sisters*," partly narrative and partly humorous, is somewhat in the manner of the ancient ballad, with a chorus or burden for four voices at the end of each stanza.

The tradition upon which the next song, "*Lureley*," is founded, must be known in order to apprehend its intention and effect. This rock has an echo which repeats four or five times, and imagination has made it the abode of a Nixe or Water Spirit, who bears this name. "The boatmen on the Rhine seldom pass without invoking him, and the echoes seldom fail to repeat "*Lureley*." Hence Mr. Planché has drawn his images from the natural facts and objects, and turned them prettily to amatory illustration—but we shall do him better justice if we quote the verses:

"Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine—  
     Lureley!  
 Glide we to thy rocky shrine—  
     Lurely!  
 Friend of all the fond and fair,  
 Answer to thy pilgrim's prayer—  
     Lureley!  
 Like the waves that glitter here—  
     Lureley!  
 Bright and gentle is my dear—  
     Lureley!  
 But her father's heart is stone,  
 Harder than thy craggy throne,—  
     Lureley!  
 As thy bold rock cleaves the tide—  
     Lureley!  
 We are parted by his pride—  
     Lureley!  
 Teach us, O thou friendly Fay!  
     Like the waves to find a way—  
     Lureley!  
 Who shall cause my lady's fear—  
     Lureley?  
 Who shall dry my lady's tear—  
     Lureley?  
 Hark upon the passing wind,  
 Faintly floats her answer kind!—  
     'Lureley!' "

The melody answers to the words, and the repetitions represent the echoes. It is light and pretty. It is also harmonized for three voices, which adds to the effect.

"*The Brothers*," the last of the volume, is a long story—too long indeed for the purpose of music, but two of the 12 stanzas are omitted. It is set for three voices, and of course broken into solos for each voice, duet and trio, which diversifies and lightens it.

Such are the contents of this little book, which for the beauty and fidelity of the illustrations and its other recommendations will probably find its way, wherever taste and elegance have the power of introduction.



*Second Concerto for the Piano Forte, with Orchestral Accompaniments, (ad lib.) by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Op. 85. Clementi and Co. S. Chappell, and T. F. Latour.*

*Variations Brilliantes, sur l' Air, "Di tanti palpiti," pour le Piano, avec Accompagnement d'Orchestra, ou de Quatuor, (ad lib.) par Frederick Kalkbrenner. Clementi and Co.*

The legitimate piano forte Concerto is now of such long standing, and has been raised to its present pre-eminence by such great masters, that it must naturally be considered as consecrated to far nobler purposes than that of being the mere vehicle of display for the peculiar powers of an individual artist. It is the memorial which establishes his permanent renown, and which, when the hand is cold that by its single force could draw forth the applause of numbers, shall still preserve the lasting creations of the nobler portion of his being, the mind, and hold them up to the admiration of posterity. For this reason the Concerto does not (like the fantasia or like variations) depend on the composer's own performance for their effect, but we look for beautiful melody, scientific and rich harmony, and classical combinations and construction, heightened by the charm of fancy and originality, varied perhaps by that execution which distinguishes the composer's own peculiar style, and shows his facility as well as the character of the execution of his day.

Mr. Kalkbrenner's style is not strikingly original, but it is formed on the best models and on the best principles, animated by the warmth of a vigorous imagination, and chastened by the dictates of sound taste, and is, with one or two exceptions, made of more lasting materials than that of any other living piano forte composer. He generally writes from the fullness of his mind.

His present concerto commences in E minor, and the introductory *tutti* contains the germs, as it were, of what afterwards springs forth in a more perfect form in the subsequent solos. The groundwork consists of a smooth and beautiful passage, which by a species of classical allusion is taken from one of those little traits of melody which occur in Weber's compositions, and are not the less interesting from their rarity. It is from the overture to *Euryanthe* we insert both passages.



We shall hereafter be enabled to add another instance to some we have before quoted\*—that this is a resource to which Mr. Kalkbrenner is fond of applying. Nor can we condemn the practice when not abused. In the sister art of music, poetry, a classical turn of thought and expression is not only permitted but admired, and why should not music, which possesses authorities that may not unaptly be termed classical, enrich her present productions in the same way with the treasures of times gone by?† In fact, this is one of the peculiar distinctions of Mr. Kalkbrenner's style—he displays an extensive and learned acquaintance with standard works, and his mind is by this means stored with the imagery of his art, which shines through all his compositions. The solos in the allegro contain much really good and brilliant execution, very nearly equally divided between the two hands, and this is another characteristic belonging to Mr. K.

\* See vol. 2, page 503.

† See vol. 4, pages 141 and 273.

greatly to be admired from the immense power it gives to the performer both as regards expression and execution. The last two pages are extremely difficult, especially the concluding passage, consisting of a double shake for the right hand, whilst the left has a descending chromatic passage in triplets, beginning at the higher B in the treble staff, and concluding on the lowest in the base.

This movement is brilliant, its construction is scientific, its character bold and decided, and the execution is of that kind which denotes the master, who is not to be led away from his main object by showy but unmeaning flights, but who knows how to impart even to the ornamental part of his work a strength of construction that shall ensure it from decay. If we could find any fault with this movement, it would be that of having too many chromatic passages.

An adagio of six pages follows, which is called "*La Tranquillité*." It is in C, and the subject, though not strikingly beautiful, is smooth, flowing, and certainly indicative of its title to a high degree; the execution is close and legato, the whole tending to the expression of the feeling which the composer has selected for his guide. The species of expression required by *La Tranquillité* would alone prevent much superiority in a movement of the class required in concertos, yet though the present cannot be ranked with the *highest* it may be placed among the *high*, and is worthy of its author.

The rondo (Allegretto Grazioso) has a light and sparkling subject, which though not a direct imitation, is very much like a chorus in *Preciosa*.\* Like the legitimate rondo, it gives full scope to the fancy of the composer, and its effect is to raise the spirits from the quiescent state into which they have sunk during the andante, to a corresponding state of exhilaration—and this character it preserves with more showy and less elaborate execution than is to be found previously, till we arrive at page 42, where there is a cadence of two pages that requires more minute

\* At the same time that we do not condemn these *reminiscences*, we must take occasion to remark that this is one of the many instances we have of the way in which the mind even of great masters is imbued with any novel or original style, and of the extensive though almost imperceptible influence of the genius of the lamented Weber. We wish composers would decide their recollections by quotation marks.



consideration. It is marked *ad lib.* but is divided into bars, and contains all the freedom of fancy and variety of character by which these spontaneous effusions of the imaginations ought, we apprehend, to be distinguished. After a rapid passage the subject is treated in an airy and characteristic manner for a few lines, when the time is suddenly accelerated, and the right hand commences a bold and energetic octave passage, which is immediately repeated with slight alterations in the base, and these changes show from what source the little gem is drawn, for we instantly recognise a passage from the *Requiem Æternam* of Mozart's chef d'œuvre.

*f p* accel. Cre - - -

con 8vi.

scen - - - do.

*f* *ff* *ff*

At the close of this forceful passage, the feeling sinks at once to a sweet and soothing cast; then fire and brilliancy vary the sentiment; the subject again appears, the rondo is resumed, and the concerto concludes with four passages of brilliant and ambitious execution.

We have interwoven our general remarks with our brief analysis of the Concerto, and we can only add, that we consider it as fully deserving of a high place amongst the standard productions of the day.

*Di tanti palpiti* is a lesson of the same class as the variations on "The Jager Chor," "Rule Britannia," &c. and is of the same brilliant and attractive character, with as much claim to notice, and more difficult than either of these popular compositions.—Variation 1 is very original. No. 2 is one of those brilliant octave passages that belong peculiarly to Mr. K. The minor and following andante are masterly; of the latter we insert an example, as indicative of the difficulty of the style and of its originality.

Mr. K. has, according to our idea, of his beautiful subject, treated it very characteristically; there are two ways of looking at *Di tanti palpiti*—as the mere overflowing of a joyful heart, or as the fervent and high-wrought expression of passion. This was the interpretation given by Madame Pasta, and although we have shewn it is not the true intent and meaning of the composer,\* must be allowed to be a beautiful *lusus* of the singer. Mr. Kalkbrenner has accepted her translation. Thus it is here presented in a very different form to that under which it has generally appeared in piano-forte lessons, and it possesses therefore the charm of novelty. It is indeed a lesson for the enthusiast.

*A Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, on "The Last Rose of Summer" and "The Legacy," by T. J. Dipple.*

*A Second Fantasia for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, on "Those Evening Bells," by T. J. Dipple.*

Both by J. Power.

*Mayseder's Second Polonaise for the Flute, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, arranged by Mauro, Giuliani, and Mollwo.*

*Kuffner's admired Adagio and Polonaise for the Flute, with Piano Forte Accompaniment, arranged by R. Wessel.*

Both by Wessel and Stodart.

We frequently take occasion to advert to the influence exercised by fine artists on the formation of the public taste, and we often wish that the effects of this influence were still more apparent in some instances than they are, particularly with regard to the flute. It appears to us that the character of this instrument, though not absolutely mistaken, is in general greatly perverted, and that the compositions for it are too often in a style much below its merits. The tone of the flute is sweet, plaintive, and

\* See vol. 6, p. 294.

tender; all its natural associations are romantic, and those who have heard Mr. Nicholson play the exquisite slow air introduced in his concerto of last season, or the "*Last Rose of Summer*," will, we doubt not, agree with us, that this is the true style\* for the flute.\* Variety is, we are ready to admit, necessary in every style, nor would we for a moment wish to prohibit the light and winning execution of the flute, but we desire to see every instrument put to its noblest purposes, and descending with less frequency to mere ornament. This is a little too much the case with Mr. Dipple's fantasias; they possess originality, variety, and good taste in the construction of the execution, but they fail in not possessing sufficient scope for the powers of expression. We hope however to see more of Mr. D.'s productions, for they are deserving of considerable favour.

Mr. Mayseder's polonaises are too well known to need comment. The present is brilliant and showy.

Kuffner's lesson wants that same necessary ingredient in good music, *expression*, though in other respects it is very good.

We must again advert to Mr. Nicholson. To our apprehension he is the standard of perfection on his instrument, in his own country—we will go no further—and we would point out his latter style (for he too is changed) as the model for all young performers and composers; if it can be improved upon, so much the better.

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\* We shall strengthen our position by recalling to such of our reader's minds as may have heard it, Mr. N.'s accompaniment of "*Sweet Bird*." It is now some years since we first had that pleasure, but the imitation of the three single plaintive notes, that are so peculiar to the nightingale, we never shall forget.

*Polonaise pour le Piano, arrangée d'après la Cavatina, favorite de l'Opera de Tancredi, par J. P. Pixis.* S. Chappell.

*Variations on a favourite German Waltz, for the Piano Forte, by Charles Czerny.*

*A favourite Rondo for the Piano Forte, by J. Mayseder.*

*Les Etrennes, a Melange of Twelve Airs, by favorite Composers, adapted and fingered in an easy manner; by Czerny and Payer.*

All by Wessel and Stoddart.

One would almost imagine that "*Di tanti palpiti*" had appeared in so many shapes and filled so many situations, from the sonata to the simple arrangement, as to preclude the possibility of presenting it in any novel form; Mr. Pixis has however proved the contrary; we never recollect to have seen it as a polonaise before; and beside this originality of design, its execution is marked by the same characteristic. This composer is fond of the polonaise, and he has a particularly light, brilliant, and graceful manner of treating it that is peculiar to himself alone. We never heard him play, but we should be inclined to judge from his works that he is of the Moscheles school. The present is like several later productions of Mr. P. showy and attractive, and stamped by the ineffaceable marks of genius; we have been however, we confess, disappointed in him. From his earlier productions, for instance his melange from *Der Frieschutz*, and his variations to *Non piu Andrai*, in which he so nobly caught the spirit of his authors, we expected that he would have aspired to higher deeds than the composition of polonaises and rondolettos; not that we condemn altogether these lighter effusions of genius, but they are not of a kind to add to the standard works of the time, or such as should alone distinguish the name of the master. Mr. Czerny's variations on the beautiful Vienna waltz open with an introduction *à capriccio* that is calculated to display the tone of the instrument, and a smooth and firm touch; and it is marked (though short) by varied shades of feeling that would give warmth to the coldest picture. The four variations are brilliant, but not particularly striking, and they are marked by what we cannot help thinking detracts considerably from the merit of Mr. C.'s com-

positions, the too constant use of the additional keys. The composer himself would, we doubt not, produce a good effect, but delicacy of touch, such as is requisite for this purpose, is by no means common, and the effect of his lessons, both in public and private, is much injured by this circumstance. The additional keys should, we think, be reserved exclusively (except in particular cases) for the occasional purposes of execution, their shrillness of tone precluding the possibility of real expression.

Mr. Mayseder's rondo is light and agreeable, but very *very* *mannerée*.

*Les Etrennes* are for beginners, and very good they are. They consist of a minuet by Beethoven, the prayer from *Der Freischutz*, *Fin ch'an dal vino* from Figaro, a romance from *La Cenerentola*, Caraffa's *Oh cara memoria*, cavatina from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, an air by Himmel, *Robin Adair*, an air from *Zelmira*, cavatina from *Otello*, *Nel Silenzio* from *Il Crociato*, and the grand march from *La Vestale*.



*Oh Why not Relieve*, Song, composed by Signor De Begnis; the Words by Eugenius Roche, Esq.

*The Pretty Flower Girl*, by the same Authors. London. Boosey and Co.

These two songs present a singular attempt to attach and unite the gossamer of the modern Italian cavatina, and not a little of the mannerism of the day to English words. We have met with nothing lately that has more strongly arrested our curiosity.

Upon an analysis we find melody—the glistening melody of Rossini, and no small number of his very passages, though so combined as to demonstrate, they proceed from the fullness of a mind overflowing with such accumulated recollections, and from a taste or scientific power (call it which you will) that is not in the least encumbered or embarrassed by the disposition of them. To come to the proof—

if ev'ry day I tell will bring a night of  
gloom will bring a night of gloom will bring a night of gloom.

The question is not whether these passages are brilliant in themselves, but whether the English words will carry them? We know what the sound but austere critics of the Antient School would say—we know what the admirers of the middle age even of Italian writers—of Cimarosa and Mozart would object—we know what the best of our English writers of our own time would decree—they would all decidedly, to a man, pronounce that these passages were directly opposed to English expression, and some of them would go so far as to aver, to all expression. Without however disregarding such authorities, we wish to judge them according to modern feeling and modern progression. But even with our ears tingling and our fancy teeming with the bright traits of Generali, Rossini, and their followers, we cannot reconcile the adaptation. Our associations (our prejudices perhaps) all demand smooth and flowing passages for English versification; and finding how these novel combinations affect us, we are led to doubt whether it will ever be possible to unite *such* phrases with the poetry of our own tongue. Let us be quite clearly understood. We relish Rossini's music strongly—we are dazzled with its sparkling brightness—we confess the elevation of animal spirits it promotes—we are ready to respond to all its demands upon our imagination—nay we even go further, and are pleased with the melodious gaiety of Signor De Begnis' combinations—but the purity of our national sentiment seems outraged by a dress, which is so ill-suited to its “sober, steadfast, and demure” character. *Perhaps* however this may after all be a question of degree and progression. We may not yet be prepared—we may not yet be sufficiently imbued with the style to yield it full admittance. We are led to suspect such may be the case, by ob-

serving that almost all other compositions are thought heavy or insipid by those who are converted and have surrendered themselves up to the later idolatry. Even the *Matrimonio segreto* has lately been voted dull and *passé* at Naples, and a lively correspondent of our own, who heard this master-piece of Cimarosa well performed in Paris, at the Theatre Favart, not a fortnight since, represents Bordogni's execution of *Pria che spunti* to be highly polished and sweet, but *ineffective*, and "the finales sounded like sermons." Nothing in a word but the base song, "*Udite tutt' udite*," and the duet for the two bases, "*Se fiato in corpo avete*," in the language of the theatre, told. We have ourselves witnessed the same effects upon good judges in the concert rooms of London. Such are the inevitable consequences of high and stimulating applications, to whichever of our organs they are administered, and the intellect is no less sensitive and subservient to their potency.

The doubts that we have thus ventured to suggest as to the possible progression of taste towards these apparently high latitudes of musical discovery, have been prompted not only by the actual observations we have above related, but by the use of the same ingredients, though in less profusion, in the second song which we have placed at the head of our article. Here the thoughts are conceits, and the verbiage any thing but classical or polished. The reader shall judge—

" My fair young roses  
 Come buy, come buy,  
 For e'er day closes,  
 They'll die, they'll die.

Thus sung a Maiden  
 From beauty's bower,  
 With roses laden,  
 Herself a flower.

Around her springing,  
 Come age and youth,  
 Age bright gold bringing,  
 Youth vows of truth.

Oh sell not roses,  
 Hear the old man cry !  
 Since e'er day closes  
 They'll fade and die.



No let thy *bosom*  
For grandeur sigh,  
Thyself the *blossom*,  
My gold shall buy.

Nay, Sir! thy treasure  
Shall go with thee,  
It may buy pleasure,  
But never me.

Then youth approaches  
With timid eye,  
Nor gold nor *coaches* [!!]  
Thy love shall buy.

But if thou ever  
Hast known its *price*,  
*Heart, nought can sever*  
Shall be my *choice*.

The Maid uncloses  
Her heart, her hand,  
And yields her roses  
At Love's command.

Adieu gay posies,  
At length we part,  
I lose my roses  
But gain a heart!

How carelessly these lines have been put together we need not point out, and this their very laxity may probably assist in accounting for their harmonizing so well with the musical phrases. We shall illustrate our admission by an instance.



Thus sung a      Mai - den from beauty's bow'r, with roses la - den herself a



flow'r      herself a      flow - - - - - er.

It will be seen that our remarks are particularly directed to those passages which have hitherto been esteemed ornamental, and chiefly to be the invention and at the disposal of the singer. The modern practice, however, as we have often demonstrated, is to make such phrases an integral part of the language of musical

expression. Herein indeed lie the whole of Rossini's discovery and improvement, as his admirers deem them—his mannerism and depravation, as they who do not approve his innovations think themselves justified to entitle them.

But we feel we are treating Signor de Begnis too like an imitator, when we think he has shewn much ingenuity in his endeavour to invest the English Poetry with the brilliancy of modern musical phraseology. Knowing indeed thoroughly as we do, the penetrating and caustic humour of this artist, his great ability and power of adaptation, we at first suspected a lurking meaning, something savouring of sly experiment. But their are not a few marks of earnest intention, and *we believe*, we have rightly read these compositions in giving them the interpretation we have done. And we lean the more to this belief, because we are really pleased with the second song, and can find little objection to the appropriation of the florid style to such flowery verbiage. We could produce more instances than that we have cited. There are also sketches after sounder masters. For once therefore, we believe Signor de Begnis to be serious.

How much the Composer has written and burned before he arrived at facility in this novel experiment we shall not presume to conjecture, but if he will persevere in the course, and will take some pains to obtain better poetical materials to work upon, it seems probable, he may impart a vivacity to English songs hitherto unknown, and that may approach the modern Italian *Canzonata*. We shall be desirous to see how far he can proceed successfully, for it should appear from these efforts that no one has yet drawn the resources of later art so agreeably to his aid. It must however be remarked, that we altogether doubt the possibility of using them where the higher or more intense affections are engaged, and for the simple reason, that the English and the Italians have neither the same natural nor the same acquired language of passion. We hold then that until nature and education, temperament and habit, are all changed, it can only be permitted to touch those subjects which are under the dominion of the lighter graces of imagination.

We have said enough to recommend these productions to the notice of persons who are curious to mark the progress of style, and we think on other accounts they are worthy attention. The

accompaniment is varied and elegant in both—the transitions powerful and catching, and in some instance, very expressive; the Italian divisions in the construction, though not new in English songs are more quaint, and have more the semblance of originality than appertains to ordinary writing. Even the working up, which is common to all Italian Bravuras and to all English also of late manufacture, is employed with effect, and the whole indicates the various talent of the very able artist who thus for the first time, comes forth to our eyes in the loftier quality of a composer.

*Third Series of Twelve Fantasias or Exercises for the Harp, by F. Dizi.*

*Non piu Andrai, with Variations, and an Introduction for the Harp, by N. C. Bochsa. Both by S. Chappell.*

*Three new Nocturnes Concertante for the Harp and Violoncello, on favourite Themes, from the Operas of Berton, by N. C. Bochsa; three Books, dedicated to Sir G. Clerk.*

*Second Series of the same, 1st Book, dedicated to General Upton. Boosey and Co.*

*"My Heart is Sair," with Introduction and Variations for the Harp, by T. P. Chipp. J. Power.*

*The Snowdrop, a Rondo for the Sostenente Harp or Piano Forte, by Maria Hinckesmann. R. Cocks and Co.*

The second series of Mr. Dizi's fantasias was noticed in vol. 5, page 193, and in the present instance we can do little more than repeat our remarks. Mr. Dizi's style, though brilliant, is less energetic but more refined than that of his cotemporary, Mr. Bochsa, and the latter characteristic it is that principally distinguishes his exercises. They contain most of the more difficult varieties of execution, but still we are inclined to think that they do not go far enough, and we can only hope that Mr. Dizi will continue them, in order to afford practice for more extended

execution, and for the more legitimate purposes of expression, to which we do not find a single fantasia entirely adapted in the present series.

“Practice makes perfect” is an old saying and a true one, and aptly applies to Mr. Bochsa. He has indeed written so much and so long, that he appears now to do it instinctively and without effort. He has transformed *Non piu andrai* into a brilliant lesson, and though all Mr. Bochsa’s latter productions have been like this, tinged by a considerable dash of mannerism, yet they all possess such innate fire and spirit, and are of such an exhilarating character, that as mere lessons of amusement and display, they cannot be severely censured. The Nocturnes are of the same kind as some which he published for the same instruments some years back, which were extremely popular, and although we cannot recommend the present series so highly, yet they are fully worthy of a large share of public favour.

Mr. Chipp’s lesson is an easy and effective piece, and may be highly recommended to those who are not great proficient on their instrument.

Miss Hinckesmann’s is of the same kind and very pretty.

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*Original Sacred Music, consisting of Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems, composed expressly for this Work, by Messrs. Attwood, Bishop, J. B. Cramer, Crotch, Callcott, Evans, Goss, Holder, Horsley, J. Jolly, Wm. Linley, Novello, Shield, C. Smith, Walmisley, S. Wesley, &c. with Original Poetry, written by Mrs. Johanna Baillie, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Opie, Bernard, Barton, Wm. Knox, and J. Montgomery, Esqrs. the Rev. R. H. Milman, M. A. Prof. Poetry, Oxon, and R. Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate; the whole compiled and arranged by Alfred Pettet. London. For the Editor. By Chappell, Cramer and Co. Clementi and Co. Goulding and Co. Preston, and Welch and Hawes.*

This volume is in many of its particulars amongst the most remarkable perhaps that this age has produced. Its origin and

its structure are alike singular ; and not the least creditable circumstance is, the proof it establishes of the willing mutual co-operation of so much of the highest talent in the country, exerted so readily on the request of an individual, whose simple recommendation was his own ability and his chearful submission to evils which, to most minds would appear too great to be endured without the most grievous depression. In his preface, where he modestly deprecates the extreme severity of criticism, Mr. Pettet says—" It is now nearly nine years since I was first attacked by an indisposition of a protracted nature ; during which period I have been confined, daily and nightly, to my couch. With a view to dissipate occasional weariness of mind, and to lessen the irksomeness of a situation so peculiar, I projected this work, and have given time and attention to its execution ; not indeed as a principal employment, but rather as the amusement of leisure hours, when more important professional duties were fulfilled, and as a refuge from the indulgence of those unavailing regrets and wishes which a state of long-continued inactivity such as I have described is too well calculated to encourage." But this description falls very far short of the real merits of the case. In spite of this malady, Mr. Pettet has given lessons to his pupils uninterruptedly during many hours of every day, with perfect satisfaction to the parties interested ; he receives the friends who flock around him with a chearfulness uniformly amounting to gaiety ; and he has lost no opportunity of cultivating his professional knowledge or his intellectual powers. He has given to the city where he resides (Norwich) concerts and even festivals upon a most respectable scale, which but from his adventurous spirit the public would not probably have enjoyed, and this has added another buttress to his professional character, while the fortitude and temper he has manifested have not only confirmed to him his private and personal friends, but as this publication evidences, these qualities have attracted the regard, and procured for him the assistance of persons the most distinguished for ability in the sister arts of poetry and music. We ought not to suffer such an illustration to pass by, without endeavouring to fix observation upon the truth it conveys so full of comfort to the variable lot of human life, that the heaviest affliction seldom fails to bring with it consolation of a kind as cheering as unexpected.

Nor can we omit to enforce how much depends upon ourselves in the hour of calamity. The instance is strikingly before us. Resignation has here been combined with intellectual activity, and the united results have been not solace alone, but the satisfaction of duty well performed under the most trying circumstances—with the additional and incalculably delightful gratification of perceiving how such conduct has attracted the aid and support of persons whose estimation would probably, under no other conceivable occasion, have been so decidedly declared.

Concerning the plan of the work, we cannot do better than take Mr. Pettet's own words.

"The compositions are thus classed. The first part contains original melodies, attached to select portions of the New Version of Psalms—the whole of which are harmonized for four voices, but may, with a few exceptions, be effectively sung by a single voice.

"The second part consists of miscellaneous hymns, &c. In these pieces it has not been deemed necessary to preserve a uniform manner; many of them approximate to a secular style of writing, and are therefore better adapted for performance in the chamber than the church. Verse and full anthems conclude the volume, with subjects taken from the collects of the liturgy and from the sacred writings. An accompaniment for the organ or piano forte is added throughout the book."

The psalms are twenty-six in number—they are set in four parts, and are chiefly from the hand of Mr. Shield, Sir William Herschell, Mr. William Linley, and the Editor himself. There is a plaintive beauty in Sir William's melodies and a gravity also, which, falling in with our notions of a psalm tune, make us to prefer these to the rest.

But this portion of the work, though not the least useful, will probably be thought not to possess so much of interesting matter as those which follow—the hymns, sacred rounds, and anthems—since it is in these that the poetry and the compositions of the lights of the time are to be found. They are so numerous that it is impracticable for us to go through an analysis of them all, and we are alike loth to generalize or to select from compositions of such merit. The capital fact is, that they concentrate specimens of nearly all the eminent English composers of vocal music

now alive, and consequently present a commensurate diversity of style, directed to one leading object, and that perhaps amongst the highest aims of the art. Indeed there is more than even this promised; for we find a hymn from the pen of Mr. John Cramer, whose name we never recollect to have seen appended to any composition for the voice before. It is certainly not less curious than it is desirable to have the means of comparing thus closely the several powers of such men, brought as it were to a trial of strength which can be measured by the same standard. This constitutes the singularity of the book, while the variety in the manner and in the application of the talent will create its value. Many collections of the productions of eminent masters have been made, but we recollect no instance of so many combining upon a certain and definite plan.

There must of course be many degrees of excellence—and beyond all question Dr. Crotch, for erudition, and Mr. Horsley, for purity and beauty of style, stand at the head. The *motet* by the former, and the anthem “*O Lord from whom*,” which last powerfully reminds us of the solemn grandeur of Orlando Gibbons, are quite worthy of the name and reputation of the author of *Palestine*; while “*Christ’s passion*” and “*O Lord God*,” by Mr. Horsley, are no less beautiful instances of pathetic expression, drawn from the veriest simplicity. We esteem them to be master pieces, and infinitely worth the student’s attention, the admiration of the scientific, and the regard of the untutored lover of devotional music. Mr. Novello and Mr. S. Wesley have each one piece eminently good. Messrs. Walmisley, Callcott, Evans, Jolly, and Goss are followers of the same school of sacred writing, and Mr. Attwood has not dishonoured his known character. Mr. Wm. Linley is also a worthy contributor. Concerning Mr. Shield, the veteran musician who has raised so high a name, we shall quote the Editor’s words as the fittest compliment to his distinguished merits.

“I shall certainly not be considered as making an invidious selection, in alluding more particularly to the obligations which Mr. Shield has laid me under, from whom it would obviously have been unreasonable to expect as much assistance as was voluntarily and cheerfully afforded. The number and variety of his contributions will, however, be received as evidence, that in-

creasing years have not power to abate the zealous warmth with which he ever performed good offices, and their excellence gives an equally distinct proof of the vigorous condition of that refined intellectual ability, which has placed the name of Shield high in rank among the brightest and most estimable characters in the musical history of his age and country."

We cannot bestow the same commendation upon all we find in the book. Indeed new titles must be given to several of the hymns, if they are to be received amongst sacred works, and they should either be called sacred cantatas or canzonets; for though to a certain degree serious and solemn, they partake most of the construction of the species of composition by which name we have ventured to designate them. Mr. Bishop's and Mr. Smith's are in the manner of cantatas—Mr. Holder's of canzonets—the latter indeed are plainly modelled upon Haydn. Nor let us be thought, in thus speaking of them, to use disparaging terms. We recollect to have heard Haydn's exquisite canzonet, "*To wander alone when the moon faintly beaming,*" appropriately set to words from Scripture by a man of a taste equally chastened and severe, the late Dr. Beckwith, of Norwich, Mr. Pettet's excellent master. A distinction however should be taken between the genuine ecclesiastical style of writing and this, which if it shall ever come to be admitted as a legitimate application of a lighter manner, must be held to be subordinate and derived from secular schools, and rather to vary than exalt. Secondary therefore it must always be to that fine, full, rich, flowing, pure, learned, and grave style of melody, harmony, and modulation, which was the original and must always be the most dignified, elevated, and just style of devotional music. In a collection of this kind however due allowance must be made for the several purposes the Editor contemplated. His object was the chamber as well as the church, the solace of the individual as well as the exaltation of the congregation.

Upon the whole then we are fully entitled to consider the book as an unique, and in many particulars an excellent concentration of distinguished talent. To the church it affords a new resource; and we know that many of its parts are in daily use in the Cathedral of Norwich and in other churches. To the amateur it affords abundant materials, for solo, duet, trio, and quartet will be found, and in such different parts of the voice as to give sufficient choice



for all. The wider the circulation the more efficient will be the intentions of the Editor and his friends, the composers and poets, who have with such praiseworthy kindness assisted to carry his design into effect. At the close of his preface Mr. Pettet expresses his "confident expectation of their useful tendency being fully and readily allowed," and we cordially join with him in the belief, as well as in the reason he assigns, with which we conclude our recommendation of his labours. He says :—

"If then the study and practice of these compositions be found capable of heightening the fervour of religious feelings, and serve to strengthen those hopes, compared with which all worldly desires are vain and foolish, the reflection that I had promoted consequences so pleasing would be a richer harvest of reward than could possibly arise from a publication of stronger pretensions, in a less elevated sphere of art."

Mr. Pettet has lately, we understand, been appointed Composer Extraordinary to His Majesty.

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*Variations sur un Aria de l' Opera, La Semiramide riconosciuta, De Meyerbeer, composées pour le Piano, par J. de Masarnau. Œuvre 2. London. Boosey and Co.*

*La Fosanica Fantasia, with Variations and Finale for the Piano Forte, on the Theme "Oh! come da quel di," by Rossini, composed by J. de Masarnau. Op. 3. Boosey and Co.*

*Variations for the Piano Forte on a Spanish Song, "Madre la mia Madre, composed by J. de Masarnau. Op. 4. London. Monzani and Hill.*

It is one of the most agreeable parts of our office to assist in bringing before the public the works of young and meritorious composers, and we conclude the above pieces are the first essays of M. Masarnau; they have undoubtedly many claims upon our notice on the score of merit, but they also contain very glaring defects, which if the composer be a man of real genius he will easily free himself from. Experience clearly shews that every master of eminence, whether he be a musician, painter, poet, or

actor, &c. has a *style* which is peculiarly his own, and it is a part of his greatness to have formed that style, and thence he lays claim to originality—but if in acquiring this original style he descends to quaintness, extravagance, or any peculiarity which greatly departs from the rules of nature and good taste, he becomes a *mannerist*, and thus tarnishes the lustre of his fame.

In the first piece named above, M. Masarnau appears to have put forth all his strength, and has proved that his talents are far above mediocrity. The introduction is singular perhaps, rather than original—it is decidedly clever, and although we do not like the discords with which he commences, we must allow, that if not agreeable they are effective. The employment of the left hand too is very good throughout, and if we may borrow an expression from another art, the whole introduction is conducted according to the principles of light and shadow—that is to say, there are great contrasts.

The subject of the variations is a graceful andantino, ending with a coda, which same coda concludes each variation. The first is characterised by great smoothness—the base is well managed, particularly in those passages which imitate the subject. The 2d variation a minor, is perhaps the best part of the composition; the left hand is employed with much effect—the arpeggio passages combined as they are with smoother phrases, aided by octaves scattered here and there, bespeak much contrivance and power in the composer. The chromatic passage



is uncommon. Variation 3d is apparently written to display a peculiar mode of execution, and may very fairly be called a *tour de force*.



The finale is lively and full of variety, and although none of the passages are new in themselves, they are combined with novelty and ingenuity.

We need not follow the composer throughout the next two pieces; we shall content ourselves with pointing out that which subjects him to the charge of mannerism, and which a very slight perusal will enable our readers to detect. In the introduction to op. 3, the tremando octave passages, with the application of the pianos and fortes, are so much alike as to give the two introductions the same character. The use of full chords, frequently containing ten and seldom less than eight notes, is observable throughout the three pieces. All the variations have codas.—Variation 1, in opera 3, is constructed like variation 3, opera 2, and the character of the three finales is the same. Still there is much in opera 3 to recommend it, and we must point out variations 2 and 4 as very good, particularly the latter, as it exhibits a somewhat novel application of the arpeggio.

A composer of variations at this time must find much difficulty in inventing a new passage; he can rarely do more than make a novel application of old forms; in this respect M. Masarnau has been successful, and we may recommend operas 2 and 3 as pieces well adapted to private parties, particularly as they are not long, and have much in them to please both the mere lover of music and the more accomplished amateur.

*The celebrated Glee, "Come all noble souls," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute, by T. A. Rawlings.*

*Melange on favourite Airs from Das Opferferst, for the Piano Forte, by G. Kialmark.*

*English Divertimento for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by F. J. Klose.*

*L'Image "Petite Recreation" for the Piano Forte, by F. J. Klose.*

*The Lily, a Divertimento for the Piano Forte, on a favourite Italian Air by F. Lanza.*

All by S. Chappell.

*Sonata for the Piano Forte, containing a National Swiss Melody, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by G. F. Moritz, Wessel and Stoddart.*

*"Rondeaux a la Masquerade," descriptive of the characters and diversions of a Masked Ball; the Music, consisting of Popular Airs, arranged for the Piano Forte, by J. de Pinna. Nos. 1 and 2.*

*Popular London Cries, adapted as characteristic Rondos for the Piano Forte, by J. de Pinna. J. de Pinna,*

Alas! for the English glee, it is falling fast into disuse, and he who preserves it in any shape deserves praise. We have often had occasion to remark the good taste which distinguishes Mr. Rawlings' lessons, and we consider it to be still further displayed by the steadiness with which he adheres to old and deservedly favourite airs, trusting to their intrinsic worth to make its impression, instead of adding to the numbers who pitch upon the hack-nied tunes of fashion to insert in their compositions. His divertimento is easy, but characteristic and agreeable.

Mr. Kialmark's melange is a spirited lesson on two of the gayest and most attractive airs from the opera.

Mr. Klose's are lessons for beginners, and of course have but little pretension, but they are well adapted to the purpose for which they are composed. "*The Lily*," in which is introduced "*Oh cara memoria*," is extremely pretty. The air is treated with

a certain elegance that is perfectly congenial with its character, and we do not doubt that the lesson will please.

Mr. Moritz's sonata is in a style that is not often cultivated at the present day. It contains no execution, but it is capable of considerable effect, from the room that is given throughout for expression, from the agreeable and soothing character of its melody. We are inclined to think that if great composers were acquainted with the whole extent of their popularity, it would be a real evil to them. What would Meyerbeer do were he to see his magnificent march from *the Crociato*, by which the *Gambati* raised their fame two seasons ago at the King's Theatre, made to describe "*Maskers assembling*" and "*Gow's band!*" and poor Weber too, his "*Jager chor*," torn from the immortal "*Der Freyschutz*," to be rattled on the piano forte by some hopeful student, as descriptive of "*Sportsmen assembling!*"

*The Cries of London* are much more in character, and make a much better rondo.

*Questo mio cor dolente, Romanza, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by P. Verini.*

*Bolero for One or Two Voices, composed, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by P. Verini.*

*Six Italian Ariettes, with an easy Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar; Ferdinand Carulli. In two Books.*

All by Boosey and Co.

*Philomele, Recueil d'Airs, Italiens, Francais, Espagnol, et Allemands, arrangés avec Accompagnemens progressives de Guitare, par G. H. Derwort; 23 Nos. Wessel and Stoddart.*

Every day teems with new productions, and amongst this immense accumulation, we have long ceased even to hope for novelty, except where it emanates from some transcendant genius. Under these circumstances we are content, in the class of compositions to which those before us belong, if we can find agreeable melody, and no absolute plagiarism. These are the principal features in Mr. Carulli's ariettes. They fall upon the ear like

strains we have been accustomed to hear, but nevertheless they are pleasing, and will prove a good acquisition to the unambitious amateur.

Mr. Verini's are more original, especially the bolero.

Mr. Derwort's plan is an excellent one. He has brought to notice in a new shape, not only beautiful airs, but such as from their character are particularly suited to the guitar, and they are published in such a form that the easy may be selected, if preferred, or any that may suit the taste of the purchaser, as they are to be had in separate numbers.

*The Gloria Patri, Chorus from Handel, Graun, and Jubilate, composed in the year 1713, for the Peace of Utrecht. in parts.*

*Hark death throws its portals open, Chorus composed for the funeral of Frederic the Second of Prussia, by Himmel. This chorus is now printed for the first time with English words. In parts.*

*Glory praise and adoration, Motet, composed by Mozart. In parts.*

*The arm of the Lord, Chorus, composed by Haydn—Introduced into the oratorio of Judah, composed and compiled by W. Gardiner, Esq. In parts.*

York. Edited and published for the use of the Yorkshire Musical Festivals, by Philip Knapton, and to be had at Bainbridge's 35, Holborn Hill, London.

These publications which we take only as a sample of many others, sprung out of the York Festival—a sort of musical machinery to supersede labour and expense, and to insure precision in these vast establishments for the aid of charity, the diffusion of science and art and delight. After the meeting in 1824 the Committee were at the pains to draw up and circulate proposals for printing complete copies of the parts of almost all the sacred portions usually performed at Oratorios or Festivals, if a sufficient subscription should be raised, and Mr. Knapton undertook to edit them.

“It was calculated,” says the scheme, “that (making a moderate allowance for any alterations and additions which may be suggested,) the engraving of the list will require about three

thousand four hundred. plates, viz. two thousand four hundred plates for the parts of the vocal and stringed instruments; and one thousand plates for the parts of the wind instruments; every plate making one page; and that for a band of two hundred performers, an average of eight copies of each of the stringed instruments and chorus parts, and about two copies of each of the wind instrument parts would be required.

“This average is made on the principle, that two hundred performers may be considered as distributed under the following heads and proportions :

			<i>No. of Copies.</i>
STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.	1.	15 First Violins, requiring	8
	2.	14 Second ditto	7
	3.	8 Violas	3
	4.	12 Violoncellos and Double Basses	6
CHORUS .....	5.	30 Cantos	10
	6.	24 Altos	8
	7.	30 Tenors	10
	8.	33 Basses	11
		166	64
WIND INSTRUMENTS.	1.	4 Oboes, requiring	2
	2.	4 Bassoons	2
	3.	4 Horns	2
	4.	2 Flutes	2
	5.	2 Clarionets	2
	6.	2 Trumpets	2
	7.	3 Trombones	3
	8.	2 Serpents or Bass Horns	1
	9.	1 Drum	1
		24	17

Hence it appears { 166 Stringed instruments and chorus would require 64 copies, or an average of 8 copies of each of the 8 parts.  
 24 Wind instruments and chorus would require 64 copies, about 2 ditto, of each of the 9 parts.  
 To which add about 10 Principal Vocal Performers, &c.

200

“The Committee caused a minute estimate to be made of the expense. The result is, that in case a subscription for an average of about one hundred copies from each plate can be obtained, the subscribers may be supplied at the rate of 1½d. per page—making the entire cost, for a band of two hundred performers distributed as above, 132l. 10s. but as it is not to be expected that so many

copies of the wind instrument parts will be wanted, the expense of these will be proportionately increased; therefore it is probable that the entire expense may be 150*l.* or 160*l.* and so in proportion for bands of any number, viz. about 75*l.* or 80*l.* for every hundred performers.”

The advantages are obviously cheapness, a saving of hire, the substitution of excellent and clear printed copies for manuscripts—the prevention of transporting parts from place, and the power thus bestowed of facilitating the practice of Choral Societies. The quantity of different pieces in the list is so large that we cannot afford space for enumeration, but it will be sufficient to make known that they comprehend every thing of note that has been hitherto done at Festivals, and it is of no less obvious that the plan is capable of being carried to any extent.

We know not how far the support of the Committees has been given to this very useful proposal, but some experience in the Management of Meetings assures us, that it presents so important and improvement that it can hardly fail to be adopted wherever are required. It behoves us only to add that the latter are capitally executed and printed upon stout and good paper, while the well known accuracy and ability of Mr. Knaptor are adequate pledges for their being correctly executed.

*O sing, Zelinda, sing to me ;*

*The gift of Love, an admired canzonetta—the music by W. Kirby.*

*Softly, softly blow ye breezes, ballad composed by Richard Light.*

*When brightest rays are beaming, written and composed by C. Cummins.*

*Since not confined to lips that compass, song by Richard Sharp.—*

*London. Chapell.*

*I gave my love a budding rose, a cavatina composed by Michael W.*

*Balse. London. Boosey.*

We know not whether Mr. James Hook of Vauxhall memory be yet gathered to his fathers, but if not that gentle minded composer must delight to see his spirit again flourishing in Mr. W. Kirby, whose simple simplicity outgoes even the simplest of his



own ballads. Yet we remember the time, when Mr. Hook's tunes were more popular than any we now have—but (a word to the wise), we venture to predicate to Mr. Kirby that ætas aurea will never return.

Mr. Light will see the defects of his composition on looking to the same words set by Mr. Horsley.

Mr. Cummins' song has a manly strength though it does not rank high.

Mr. Sharp's is in a pure taste and demonstrates just feeling.

The last is above the common run of ornamented ballads, and is curious for one or two particulars. The passages are none of them uncommon, but they are all pleasing and melodious, while they possess the semblance of originality from their anomalous but ingenious combination. The termination is worked up like an Italian Bravura, the time accelerated, the accompaniment rattling, the voice stretched to its pitch. There is however a tact for melody, and the song is what we have described it to be, pleasing, melodious and shewy.



*Divertimento a l'Octave, for the Piano Forte, by J. F. Klose.*

London. Chappell.

*Home, Sweet Home, arranged with Variations, by George Warne,  
Organist to the Temple.*

Mr. Klose's lesson upon the octave is well contrived for the purpose it aims at—the instruction of junior students, for it leads to the practice of octaves without entering at once upon difficulties which often perplex and weary, if they stop short of disgusting the pupil.

Mr. Warne, who is a very brilliant player, and whose election to the Temple Organ we understand to have been very honourable to his talents, has made variations on this popular air, distinguished by their delicacy and elegance.

## ARRANGEMENTS.

Mozart's Grand symphony adapted for the Pianoforte, with an accompaniment for the Flute, Violin and Violoncello, (ad lib.) and Beethoven's Grand Symphony, arranged for the same by S. L. Rimbault. Hodson.

Beethoven's Grand Quintett performed at the Philharmonic, arranged as a Concertante Duet for the Harp and Pianoforte (with a Flute accompaniment ad lib.) by N. B. Challoner. S. Chappell.

These arrangements are greatly to be recommended. The two first of Mozart in E $\flat$ , and Beethoven in C, and the Quintett, are favorites. They are all arranged in so easy a manner as to remove the general objection of difficulty against the works of these two great masters, and are within reach of any tolerable performer.

Overture to Spontini's *La Vestale* arranged for the Pianoforte with a Flute accompaniment (ad lib.) by D. Steibelt.

Overture to *Faust* arranged for the Pianoforte by Spohr, with a Flute accompaniment (ad lib.) by C. Dumon. Both by Wessel and Stoddart.

Overture to *L'Italiana in Algieri*, arranged for the Pianoforte with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.

Overture to *Semiramide* arranged for the same, by N. C. Bochsa.

Bochsa's Favorite Rondoletto, dedicated to Lady Shelby, arranged for the Pianoforte. by Aug. Meves.

Select Airs from *Das Opferferst*, arranged for the Piano Forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.) by T. Valentine.

The favourite March, from *Das Opferferst*, arranged for the Harp by S. Dussek. All by S. Chappell.

# INDEX

TO THE

## EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

- Academics, Vocal, 41  
Adams, 145; his Rondo, 236  
Akers, his Serenade and Ballad, 253  
Ambrogetti, 48  
Antient Concert, 148  
Application of Passages to Expression, 3  
Ariosto, his Divisions, 13  
Arrangements, 255, 385, 520  
Artaxerxes, 254  
Ashe, 61  
Atkins, 143  
Ayrton, his Services to the King's Theatre, 132  
Baron (Miss), 166, 169, 267, 389  
Balf, his I gave my Love a budding rose, 511  
Barnet, his Songs, 375  
Barrett, his Songs, 115  
Base Songs and Duets for Base and other  
Voices, 49  
Been, Hindu Instrument, 18  
Beethoven's Symphonies, 213, 227; Sonata  
in F, 358; his Grand Quatuor, 480  
Bellamy, 182  
Bellon, 164  
Benefit Concerts, 176  
Berbiguer, 61  
Bertioli, his French Romances, 252  
Bhâta, 25  
Birmingham Musical Festival, 282  
Bishop, his Aladdin, 140; Buy a broom, 240  
Blagrove, 183  
Blewitt, his Cavatinas, 119, 377  
Bochas, his L'Imagination du moment, 287;  
other Works, 361; his Non Piu Andrai and  
Nocturnes, 505  
Bonini (Sig.) 120  
Bononcini, his Divisions, 12  
Botzari, 82  
Bouche, 83  
Bowles (W. L.) his Sonnets to Mad. Caradori  
and Miss Stephens, 272  
Braham, 139, 151, 287, 291, 339, 411  
Brecon Musical Festival, 272  
Bright Ray of Morning, 253  
Brocchi Ric. 15  
Brugier, his L'ultimo, 239  
Burgberah (Lord), his Opera, 147  
Burrows, his Companion to the Piano Forte  
Primer, 73; Pas de Pologne and La  
Rosiers, 114; La Musica, 238  
Cafaro, 348  
Callcott (H. W.) his The Bee—Ballad and  
Scena, 81; Piano Forte Duets, 239  
Camus, 61  
Carnopese (Mad.) 341  
Cann (Miss), 268  
Canzi (Mad.) 166  
Caradori (Mad.) 50, 135, 267, 341  
Carnaby (Dr.) his Hymn, 376  
Carnicier, his Llwyn on, 103  
Carnilli, his Italian Ariettes, 515  
Catalani (Mad.) 469  
Cawse (Miss H.) 139  
Ceylon, Music of, 20  
C. H. her Songs, 377  
Chant at Birmingham Festival, 286  
Charims, 25  
Chipp, his My heart is sair, 506  
Cianchettini, his I Love thee, 118  
Clarke (Lady), her Parodies, 353  
Clarke (Dr. J.) his Air and Chorus, 258  
Clarke, his Exercise, 381  
Clari, 347  
Clifton, ditto, 105  
Cohan, his Fantasia, 103  
Cooke (T.) his Duet, 118  
Concerts Spirituels, 142, 147  
Concerts in London, 413  
Cornega (Sig.) 135  
Corri (A.) his Wilderness Sylph, 236  
Covent Garden Theatre, 180  
Cramer (J. B.) his Amicitia, 64; at the Phil-  
harmonic, 163; at Birmingham, 292  
Cramer (F.) 149, 268  
Crescentini, 412  
Crivelli, 339  
Crociato, Passage from the, 29  
Crotch (Dr.) his Fugue, 352  
Crussell, 164  
Concertos, 356  
Crouch, his Ballad, 119  
Curioni, 137; Memoir of, 338  
Cummins, his When brightest rays are beam-  
ing, 518  
Czerney, his two Polonaises, 72; La Chasse,  
358; Variation, 499; Les Etrennes, 499  
De Begnis, 48, 127; his Songs, 500  
De Beriot, 163, 165; his Third Air, 237  
De Call, his Serenade, 359  
De Pinna, his Song of the Greek Patriot, 82  
Derwort, his Dolce et Utile, 359; two Songs,  
377; Philomele, 515  
Dipple, his Fantasia, 497  
Dizi, 165; his Third Series of Fantasia, 505  
Divisions, 1  
Drake, his Death of Absalom, 375  
Dressler, his Studies for the Flute, 390  
Dronet, 59  
Drury-lane Theatre, 180  
Duets, 376  
Ecclesiastical Music in London, 414

INDEX.

- Eisteddvod in London, 184; at Brecon, 372  
 English Manufacturing, 297  
 Englishman, his Letter on Foreign Instruction and English Judgment, 405  
 Enigma, 278  
 Euripides, his *Medea*, 363  
 Evenings in Greece, 468  
 Farinelli, 16  
 Farrar (Miss), 142  
 Ferdinand Franck, 454  
 Ferrari, 61  
 Fleet (E. E.) her Song, 377  
 Flute, James on the, 57  
 Foreign Instruction and English Judgment, 405  
 Fowler (Bantam), his Trio, 240  
 French and English Opera, 400  
 Fürstenau, 145, 165  
 Gabrielski, 63  
 Gambati (Sig.) 134  
 Garcia, 339, 412  
 Gloucester Musical Festival, 264  
 Gluck, his *Aleste*, 368  
 Gnomon, his Letter on Musical Festivals, 421  
 Goodall (Miss), 177  
 Goward (Miss), 142  
 Graun, his *Tod Jesu*, 289  
 Greatorex, 149  
 Green, his Juvenile Band, 105  
 Hadrloub, 486  
 Haggart, his *Lessons*, 36  
 Harrison, 339  
 Haydn, his *Symphonies*, 214  
 Hinkelman (W.) her Rondo, 505  
 Hodges (Dr.) on Organs, 391  
 Hoffman, his *Swiss Air*, 74; *Waltzes*, 357  
 Horn, his Songs, 116; at Drury-lane, 141  
 Horncastle, 143, 182  
 Horsley, his *Softly Blow ye Breezes*, 374  
 Hummell, his *Grand Trio*, 66; *Hungarian Rondo and Pathetic Air*, 69; *favourite Rondo*, 74; *Sherzo, la Contemplatione and Aria*, 101; *Sonata in D*, 358  
 Improved Swell, 395  
 Isouard, his Song, 104  
 Italian Vocal Pieces, 256, 372  
 James, his *A Word or Two on the Flute*, 53  
 Johnson Miss, 141, 150  
 Jolly, his *Glees*, 208  
 Jones (B.) 276  
 Jones (J.) 276  
 Journal Kebdomedaire, 120  
 Kalkbrenner, his *Melange*, 69; *Grand Sonata on 4 Mains*, 241; *Second Concerto and Di Tanti*, 294  
 Kjalmark, his *Le pas de Polichinelle*, 114; *Are ye angry*, 238; *Favorite Airs*, 514  
 Kiesewetter, 164  
 King's Theatre, 386  
 Kirby, his *Gift of Love—O Sing Zelinda*, 518  
 Klose, his *Bahad*, 119; *English Divertimento—L'Image*, 514; *Divertimento a l' Octave*, 519  
 Knapton (P.) his *Orchestral Parts*, 516  
 Knyvett, 268, 411  
 Küfber, his *Andante*, 359; *Adagio*, 497  
 Lacy (Mrs.) 49  
 Lanza (F.) his *Lily*, 514  
 Leo, 110  
 Liberality of Great Professors towards Young Artists, 159  
 Light, his *Softly blow ye breezes*, 618  
 Lindley (Messrs.) 164, 268  
 Ling, his *Caledonia*, 113  
 Literature and Music, growing connexion between, 183  
 Little, his *Sound the Loud Timbrel*, 113; *Batchelor's Fare*, 114  
 Loder, 268  
 Lulli, his *Compositions*, 217  
 Mackintosh, 164  
 Management of Musical Festivals, 421  
 Martini Padre, Analysis of his *Storia della Musica*, 31  
 Masarnan, his *Compositions*, 511  
 Mayer, his *Medea*, 362  
 Mayseder, his *Rondo*, 72; at the *Oratorios*, 145; at the *Philharmonic*, 166; *Waltzes*, 357; *Second Polonaise*, 497; *Rondo*, 499  
 Mawkes, 183  
 Medea, 362  
 Mehl, his *Joseph*, 289  
 Meves, his *Songs*, 379  
 Meyer, his *Sixth Divertimento*, 337  
 Midnight, 253  
 Miles (Mrs.) her *The Bonnie Harper*, 377  
 Minnesingers, 485  
 Mollwo, his *Divertimento*, 74  
 Monzani (Jun.) 63  
 Moore (T.) his *National Airs*, No. 5, 75; I love thee, 118; *Evenings in Greece*, 468  
 Moore (Jos.) 294  
 Morelli, 48  
 Mori, leads the *Oratorios*, 146  
 Moritz (G. F.) his *Sonata*, 514  
 Moechelles, his *Rondo Eccossais*, 64; *Fantasia in the Italian style, Romance with Variations*, 69; *Grand Fantasia on Au Clair de la Lune*, 70; *Fantasia on a Grenadier March*, 113; *Petite Polonaise*, 367; *Hertz Studies*, 381; *Recollections of Ireland*, 476  
 Morlacchi, his *Romance*, as sung by Velluti, 199  
 Mozart and Salieri, 336  
 Mozart's *Symphonies*, 213, 220  
 Music in General, 33; from the *Creation to the Flood*, 34; from the *Flood to Moses*, 36; to the *Death of Moses*, 37; to *David*, 39; to *Solomon*, 40; to the *Rebuilding of the Temple*, 42; *Hebrews*, 43; of the *Chaldeans*, 44; of the *Egyptians*, 46; of the *Persians*, 191, 417; *Natural to Men*, 399  
 Musical Expression and Imitation, 618  
 Musical Properties of Language, 445  
 Musical Festivals, 257, 264  
 Muthow, 270  
 Naldi, 48  
 Negre, 63  
 Nelson, his *Song*, 374  
 Neukomn, his *Letter on Mozart and Salieri*, 336

INDEX.

- Nicholson, 59; his Appendix, 717; at the Philharmonic, 165; at Gloucester, 268  
 Notte Tremenda, 199  
 Novello, his Fitzwilliam Music, Vol. 1, 107; Vol. 2, 343  
 Noverre, his Work on Dancing, 363  
 Oratorios, 142, 180, 398  
 Orchestral Parts, 516  
 Oriental Music, 18, 191, 417  
 Overtures, Senex's Remarks on, 306  
 Paer Jeronimo, his O cara memoria, 357  
 Parry, 281  
 Passages, Analysis of, 6  
 Pasta (Mad.) 135, 181, 362, 410  
 Paton (Misa) 139, 165, 409, 411  
 Payer, his March, 238  
 Pellegrini, Memoir of, 137  
 Pennillion Singers at Brecon, 276  
 Perruchino, his Songs, 104  
 Persian Harp, 196  
 Petteit, his Sacred Music, 507  
 Philharmonic Society, 157  
 Phillips, 182, 268  
 Phrenology, 215, 216  
 Pinna (J. D.) Pinna, his Rondeaux a la Masquerade, 514; Popular London Cries, *ibid*  
 Pixis, his Brilliant Rondo, 72; Polonaise, 356, 409  
 Planché, his Poetry of Oberon, 87? Verses on Weber, 129; Lays and Legends of the Rhine, 484  
 Pleyel, his Rondoletto, 71; first Melange Bolero, 357  
 Porto, 137  
 Potter, his Symphony, 163; Studies, 381  
 Private Concerts in London, 178, 414  
 Privett, his Love under my Plaidy, 239  
 Publication of Music, 183  
 Purcell, his Divisions, 4  
 Rabboni, 63  
 Rawlings, his Glorious Apollo, 71; Divertimentos, 238; Come all noble souls, 514  
 Ribas, 145  
 Ries, his Air from Nina, 72; March, 113; When shall we Three, and Streamlet, 235  
 Roche, his Ballads, 119  
 Roche (Misa), 143  
 Roskyell, his Tyrolese Air, 239  
 Rossini, Popularity of, 182  
 Royal Academy of Music, 166, 413  
 Rudall, 61  
 Sala, 110  
 Salmon (Mrs.) 182, 389, 409, 411  
 Sapio, 165, 339  
 Saust, 61  
 Scarlatti, 1; his Diversions, 12  
 Schmitt, his Etudes, 106  
 Schuncke, his Waltzes, 74; at the Philharmonic, 164  
 Seneca, his Medea, 364  
 Sensino, 13  
 Senex, his Letter on Perfect Harmony, 187; on Musical Festivals, 300  
 Sharp, his Since not confined to Lips, 518  
 Sinclair, 141, 411  
 Smart (Sir G.) 146  
 Sola, 62; his Six Spanish Airs, 252  
 Solis, his Ballad, 118; Rondo, 236  
 State of Music in London, 1826, 131  
 Stephens (Misa), 40, 267, 409, 411  
 Sterling (Misa), 146  
 Stevenson (Sir J.) Madrigal and Trio, 118; Thankgiving, 144; Song for ditto, 252  
 Strict Timist, his letter on Practice, 404  
 Symphonists the Great, 213  
 Szymanowska, her Mazurka, 74  
 Tell me where is fancy bred, 1  
 Torri, 138  
 Travis (Misa), 267  
 Tulou, 61; his Fantasia on Giovinetto Cavalier, 68  
 Turvey, his Scales, 381  
 Vacca, his Songs, 104  
 Valentine, his Groves of Blarney, 71  
 Vaughan, 150, 268, 411  
 Vauxhall, 175  
 Veldig, 486  
 Velluti, 14; his Song, 104; Management of the King's Theatre, 133; Singing, 136; Dispute with Choristers, 13, 147, 181  
 Vestris (Mad.) 139  
 Verini, his Quel mio cor dolente, 513; Bolero *ibid*  
 Viganoni, 339  
 Vigo (Mad.) 166  
 Vocal Art, 181  
 Vocal Passages, Letter of T, upon, 25  
 Vocal Talent, Dearth of, 182  
 Walmisley, his Glees, 208  
 Warne, his Home Sweet Home, 519  
 Water, 146  
 Webb (Rev. J.) his Adaptation of Winter's, Graun's, and Mehul's Music to his own Poetry, 289, 290  
 Weber, his Oberon, 84; Death and Funeral, 121; at the Oratorios, 145; Russian Air, 358  
 Weidner, 61  
 Wilkinson (Misa), 149  
 Williams, 268

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