

MEMOIR OF J. ADOLPH HASSE.

[Partly from BURNEY'S *Travels in Germany*, and the *Dictionnaire des Musiciens*.]

J. ADOLPH HASSE, named in Italy *Il Sassone* (the Saxon), Maestro di Capella to the King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, was born at Bergedorf, near Hamburg, in 1705. He learnt the elements of music in his native town, and passed his youth in a school at the latter city. Here his extraordinary vocal talents attracted the notice of Jean Ulric Kœnig, a great musical amateur, who was afterwards appointed Poet to the Court of Poland, and who recommended him, in 1718, as tenor-singer to the Opera at Hamburg. Keiser, the celebrated musician, was composer to that theatre; and his *chefs-d'œuvre* served as models for Hasse.

In 1722, his patron, Kœnig, procured for him the appointment of singer to the court and theatre of the Duke of Brunswick. His musical talent, nevertheless, was not limited to singing; he had practised diligently the harpsichord, and in 1723, at the age of eighteen, produced his first opera, *Antigono*, which was tolerably well received by the amateurs of Brunswick.

Up to this period he had been guided chiefly by his genius, without having laboured at the study of counterpoint. He, however, now felt the inconvenience of such negligence, and resolving to learn the art of composition in the famous Italian schools, took leave of the Duke, and arrived in Italy in 1724, where he sang very little, and was known only as a superior performer on the harpsichord. Ardent in his pursuit, he never lost sight of what was now his main object, and attached himself to the celebrated Nicolo Porpora, then fixed at Naples.

Among the great men who shone in that city was Alessandro Scarlatti, the first composer of his day. Hasse anxiously wished to profit by the lessons and advice of this great musician; but had not the courage to apply to him, fearful that his own pecuniary circumstances would not allow of his offering him a remuneration adequate to his reasonable expectations: but his good fortune enabled him to overcome this difficulty; for often meeting with Scarlatti in society, he gained his affection by his talents, his modesty, and his respectful manner, and the aged composer voluntarily offered his instructions gratuitously, which, it may easily be conceived, were accepted with eagerness.

In 1725, a rich banker requested Hasse to write a serenade; and this was the means of his being first acknowledged in Italy as a composer. This serenade was performed before a brilliant audience, and unanimously approved. He thus paved the way for his future success; and in 1726, the year after the death of Alessandro Scarlatti, he was engaged to set the opera of *Sesostrate* for the great theatre at Naples. This was followed by *Attalo*, *Re di Bitinia*, composed for the same theatre in 1728.

In 1730 he set two operas for Venice; *Dalisa*, in which the principal singer was the celebrated Faustina*, whom

he married about this time; and *Artaserse*, written by Metastasio, in which the principal parts were performed by Farinelli and Cuzzoni. His fame now reached Germany, and he was invited to Dresden, as composer to the Opera, with a salary of 12,000 dollars for himself and his wife. He accepted the offer, and in 1731 produced *Cleofide, o Alessandro nell' Indie*, which met with unusual success, and ran several weeks.

Some months afterwards he returned to Italy, and went alternately to Rome, Naples, Milan, and Venice. He thus divided his time between the country of his birth and that of his adoption.

It was at this period that musical party-spirit ran so high in London. The Committee of the Italian Opera could not appease the animosities subsisting between Handel and the singers, which ended in their separation, and in the forming of a new theatre. The singers *Farinelli* and *Senesino*, who took part with the Committee, supported the reputation of the new Opera for some time, but no composer could be found to compete with Handel. The managers at length fixed on Hasse, and in 1733 he accepted their proposals, and came to England.

On his arrival in London he produced his Opera *Artaserse*; but notwithstanding the credit he obtained by it, and the compensation he received, nothing could prevail on him to remain in London, the head-quarters of cabal. He returned, therefore, to Dresden. His rival *Porpora* had quitted that city, and this circumstance, added to the reception with which he was honoured at Court, determined him to fix his residence in that capital.

During the campaign of 1745, Frederic the Great entered Dresden the 18th of December, after the battle of *Kellesdorf*. This monarch, wishing to form his own opinion of the talents of Hasse, commanded a performance of one of his operas, and was so much enchanted by the representation of Hasse's *Armenio*, that he sent him 1000 dollars and a diamond ring.

In 1755, Hasse entirely lost his voice; insomuch, that he could not even speak audibly.

in the theatre of her native city, in 1716. She sang in the modern style of Bernacchi, and contributed much to its propagation. She was admired wherever she appeared, and was commonly called the "new syren."

At Florence, public admiration even went so far as to cause medals to be struck in honour of her talents.

The first excursion she made from her native city was to Venice, in 1724, where she was engaged for 15,000 florins. Her renown reached London, and she was engaged at the King's Theatre, in 1726, at a salary of £2000. She entirely answered the expectation of the public, and surpassed all who had been previously heard, without even excepting the famous Cuzzoni.

The rivalry of these two singers created no little dissension between them, in which many foolish persons of distinction joined. Hence arose two factions; and hence the misunderstanding between Handel and the Committee of the Opera, which ended in the dissolution of the Royal Academy of Music, as the King's Theatre was then called. She quitted England, after singing once again, in 1728, in two operas, *Admeto* and *Siroe*, and went to Dresden, where she married Hasse, and there made her débüt, in 1731, in the opera of *Cléofide*.

* Faustina Bordoni, one of the finest singers of the eighteenth century, was born at Naples, in 1700, of the family of Bordoni. She studied vocal music under the eminent Michel Angelo Gasparini, and made her débüt
AUGUST, 1829.

In 1770, when Dresden was bombarded by the Prussians, all his property was destroyed by fire, amongst which were his manuscripts. This loss was felt by him the more severely, as he was on the eve of publishing a complete collection of his works, and the king had undertaken to defray the expenses.

In 1763 the Court of Dresden underwent great changes; the various persons attached to it were reduced in great numbers. Hasse and his wife were pensioned off, which afflicted them so severely, that they quitted Dresden for ever, and fled to Vienna.

During the period between 1762 and 1766 he composed six operas. In 1769 he produced the interlude of *Piramo e Tisbe*, remarkable for the arrangement of the airs and for a kind of modulation widely differing from his other compositions. This was succeeded by his *Ruggiero*—his last opera—represented at Milan in 1771, on the marriage of the Arch-Duke Ferdinand. He then retired to Venice, to end his days in tranquillity; where, in 1780, he produced a *Te Deum*, which was performed before the Pope, in the church of *Sto. Giovanni*; and this was his last composition. He died December 23, 1783. Some years previously to his decease he composed a *Requiem* for his own funeral, and sent it to *M. Schuster* at Dresden—a work which attests the power he retained, even in his advanced years.

Dr. Burney says, speaking of Hasse,—“On asking Metastasio what master, of all the composers who had set his dramas to music, had expressed his ideas the most to his satisfaction, he replied,—‘Though he is not my countryman, I believe it was *Sassone*.’ But his merit was so long and so successfully established on the Continent, that I never conversed with a single professor on the subject who did not allow him to be the most natural, elegant, and judicious composer of vocal music, as well as the most voluminous composer of his time. Equally a friend to poetry and the voice, he discovered as much judgment as genius in expressing words, as well as in accompanying his sweet and tender melodies.”

Dr. Burney, however, was so devoted an admirer of that simplicity which in his time was the principal feature of the lyric music of Italy,—he had so little taste for the bold, masculine style of the German school, that his character of Hasse, whose compositions must be considered as Italian, ought to be read with great caution. Hasse was poor in harmony, and wanted vigour generally. The writer of his life in the *Dictionnaire des Musiciens* has said, that he was of the school of *Leo*, *Pergolese*, &c. It is true that as a melodist he may be said to be of the school of the latter of these great musicians, though not equal to him, but he possessed nothing of the grandeur of either: nor had he any of their originality of conception. He was smooth always, and often graceful, but seldom rich, and never energetic. He, therefore, was fashionable in his day, and consequently his works are now consigned to that oblivion which is the fate of most music that has ever enjoyed the unaffected smiles of fashion at the Italian theatres of Europe.

The following is a list of Hasse's compositions, as collected by Breitkopf:—

ORATORIOS.

Serpentes in Deserto.
La Virtù a pie della Croce.
La Deposizione della Croce.
La Caduta di Gerico.

Magdalena.

Il Cantico dei cre Fanciulli.

La Conversione di S. Agostino.

Il Giuseppe Riconosciuto.

Pellegrini al Sulpulchro di Nostro Salvatore.

St. Elena all' Calvario, twice composed.

A Te Deum, at Venice in 1780.

A Te Deum, at Dresden.

Litany of the Virgin, at Venice, in 1727.

Litany, for two Sopranos, one Alto, and Organ.

Litany, for two Sopranos, with accompaniments.

These Litanies are in Latin, and are to be found in the catalogue of M. Breitkopf.

ON THE CHARACTERS OF KEYS.

(To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.)

SIR,

Warwick, April 7, 1829.

At page 79 of your April number appears a commentary on my letter of February, page 26, in which your correspondent, T. S. R., urges the accuracy of his own simple theory; namely, that the characters of keys are “attributable only to temperament.” But let me add, that I, too, feel equally confident that pitch is a very powerful auxiliary in producing the contrast which one key makes with another; or, in other words, in the characters of keys. I adhere to the plural, “characters,” because almost every key seems to have a property or character peculiar to itself.

I say *pitch* is a very powerful auxiliary in forming the characters of keys; and in reply to a similar, but former declaration, T. S. R. remarks—“Concert-pitch is about a semitone higher than it was fifty years ago. If then,” he continues, “any specific quality once naturally belonged to certain sounds, that quality must still exist; consequently, the keys which formerly had sharps for the signature, though now having flats, ought still to be brilliant; and those which had flats, though now having sharps, should be the reverse. But, on the contrary, the nominal scales used to express emotions of love, sorrow, &c., by the old authors, are the same as those employed for a similar purpose now; though it is not probable that much attention was paid to temperament formerly; and even in the present day it is too much neglected.” Now, if concert-pitch were formerly a semitone lower than at present, which I have no reason to doubt, and if little or no attention was paid to temperament, what, I ask, occasioned that difference of keys which existed in as great a degree half a century back as now? It is apparent, should we draw an inference from this fact, that pitch has been the prime agent; for if there were no temperament, there could be no other cause. He then adds—“Even in the present day it is too much neglected.” And where it is neglected, are all the keys alike? Is *c* the same as *a*, or *a* similar to *b*, and so on, nothing but one drear monotony?

Does the almost artless Tyrolese know anything of temperament? No. And yet his airs, even when performed in succession, possess considerable variety, arising solely from difference in *pitch*. But in confirmation of my opinion, take any joyous air composed for the voice in the key of *D*; play or sing it over once or twice; mark the effect: then transpose and perform it in the key of *C*, and say, if you can, that pitch has nothing to do with producing effects, or in forming the characters of keys. Observe, the temperament of the two keys is but very little different.

You will be aware that by pitch I do not mean simply

concert-pitch, or the fractional difference in the gravity or acuteness of two tuning-prongs, the sense in which T. S. R. appears to have understood the term; but the pitch of any given key in contradistinction to that of another, separated by intervals of from a tone to a fifth, inclusively: for example, *Ab* is a tender key, and *D* is a martial one. Now here is a difference of an interval of a sharp fourth, or three whole tones; and, as the former is most suitable to the song of love, so is the latter to that of valour. Why? Not, Sir, on account of temperament only, but because *Ab* is the tonic, and also, as a matter of course, the most prevailing chord in the piece: it begins and ends it; and if *D* be the tonic, the result will be the same. This admits of being thus demonstrated:—First tune both keys perfect; then try the same tender and martial airs in both keys and in both temperaments. One, by the alteration of temperament, will not be less nervous, though the other be less plaintive; but, by transposition of keys, both will entirely lose their characters.

I have said, in my former letter, “that the horn and trumpet, by means of their crooks, with music properly adapted, are nearly as perfect in one key as in another; yet there is a difference of expression in the same, and each has its beauties, effects.”

With reference to the horn, the trumpet, the *Æolian* and other harps, I merely chose those natural, therefore ancient, instruments, on account of their simple properties; for if tuned and played on as nature dictates, they must, merely by alteration of pitch, produce a great diversity of effect, thereby refuting the doctrine of T. S. R., who thinks that without temperament no distinct character can exist. The same rule is quite as applicable to speaking as to singing or playing. If we utter a tender sentiment, we have recourse to low, soft sounds; but in commanding, we employ high, energetic tones.

Query?—Are all common clarionets so perfect in every key as T. S. R. represents them? If so, then I have been wrongly informed; for not playing that instrument, and being a sort of *yankee*, I am indebted to others for the notions I entertained.

In allusion to the latter part of my letter, T. S. R. observes—“The wonderful flexibility of the organ,” meaning the human voice, “giving it a power to produce the slightest variation of sound, of course enables it to render every interval perfect; but whether they are really made so, entirely depends on the ear, of the singer; for an imperfection amounting to one-eighth of a note is no more felt by an uncultivated ear than are a dozen consecutive fifths in succession.” This, Sir, is somewhat foreign to the purpose, independently of the monstrous notion of any ear being so insensible to the good and bad in musical sounds, as not to feel painfully a succession so hideous. We know that the illiterate in music would not be able to explain the nature of the nuisance, and for this reason only—want of terms. They can tell when they are pleased: what more is required, so far as relates to them individually? The great question is,—What effects can natural sounds produce, unassisted by art? This has been already answered: to which I add, the generality of glee-singers know nothing of *temperament*. One key is the same to them as another, so far as temperament is concerned, when singing unaccompanied; yet a change of *key* or *pitch* is a great relief. I have nothing to do with science; my aim was, as it now is, to show, that where temperament is neglected, the entire character of the piece, though injured, is not destroyed; but if the *pitch* be much wrong, every feature of the air becomes distorted.

Though “none expects to see a flourishing bravura in four flats,” it would be nothing remarkable or unusual to encounter a composition of the same kind written in three flats, which key is a fifth greater in *pitch*, while the *temperament* of each is very *similar*. How apparent, then, the cause!

Confusing the mind with ideas of perfectness, without examining the constituent parts of this perfection, must lead to error. Did the science of music, like a Minerva, spring at once into existence, complete at all points? The perfection of intervals is the work of to-day; but simple music existed in ages that are long gone by, and pitch was co-existent with primitive music.

However, Sir, lest I should break my teeth in endeavouring to crack this “*metaphysical nut*,” and probably tire your patience at the same time, I hasten to subscribe myself,

Your obedient,

J. S.

STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON, BY M. FETIS.

[M. Fétis, editor of the *Revue Musicale*, and a professor at the *Conservatoire de Musique* in Paris, passed three months in London during the last season, for the purpose, no doubt, for so he declares, of inquiring into the state of music in England. He had also, we have heard, two other objects in view, which, perhaps, were quite of secondary importance—namely, to read lectures on music, and to attend with Madame Malibran at private concerts, for the purpose of accompanying her on the piano-forte. He issued proposals for the lectures, but obtained no class:—they therefore were not delivered. And M. Pixis, in the season of 1828, had so completely opened the eyes of our people of fashion to the absurdity of permitting singers to force their accompanists on them, and at a most ridiculous price, that Madame Malibran had no opportunity of introducing her fellow-traveller where she was engaged to sing, which, if the truth must out, was not at many houses.]

These disappointments naturally enough soured the mind of M. Fétis against us poor English folks. He consequently did not hear with ears prejudiced in our favour, and probably was not raging with *Anglomanie* when he arrived: it is, therefore, not very wonderful that he has bestowed less praise on English *artistes* than is usually heaped on them by the *Morning Post*, and other equally sagacious, independent papers. As to his mistakes, which we regret to find so numerous, we have, in notes on each of his letters, endeavoured to correct them, for which we shall, past all doubt, receive his cordial thanks; because, as truth must ever be the great, the sole, object of history and of critical inquiry, he must feel obliged to us for setting him right whenever an opportunity has presented itself of supplying him with better information than he has received from some of his friends in this metropolis.]

(LETTER THE FIRST.)

MY DEAR SON,

London, 24 April, 1829.

A desire to obtain information respecting the present state of music in England, and to impart my observations to the readers of the *Revue Musicale*, was the motive of my visit to this city. Many particulars on this subject daily reach the continent, but they present so many and such glaring contradictions, that no probable opinion can be

formed as to the degree of good and bad, by attempting a comparison between them. Struck by the magnificence of those great musical assemblages, known under the name of *Musical Meetings*, the travellers who have spoken of them have set no bounds to their admiration or their eulogiums; whilst others, offended at some ill-executed opera, or some badly-arranged concert, have, on taking a retrospect of what they had observed in England, found nothing but occasion for censure, and severe criticism. It is not from a view of mere local circumstances, which at the best are but accidental, that I purpose to offer an opinion upon *the present state of music in England*; for I am desirous of not being betrayed into error, like the travellers I have just mentioned, by superficial glances, or the results of momentary impressions: it is on institutions, on the constitution of society considered in a musical point of view, on the habits of a people, and the influence of their language, that I ground the principle both of my praise and my critique.

The greater or less degree of prosperity attained by a country in the musical art, may depend upon a variety of causes, essentially different one from the other; but, in general, it is the result of institutions which have for their object the propagation of the first principles of the art. The happy disposition of the people of Italy for music, was productive of no sensible effect, till the period when the multiplication of schools afforded the means of developing all the faculties of the nation. Though less happily organized, the inhabitants of northern Germany have cultivated music with great success for nearly the space of three centuries, because their education is altogether musical. In France one single well-organized school has triumphed over the most unfavourable circumstances, and raised music to the highest point of perfection, though at one time it seemed decided by the general voice, that the French had none of the qualities necessary for the cultivation of this art. The opinion of the writers of the continent, which has been frequently and decidedly expressed, places the English at the lowest degree of the scale of musical faculties (*a*). Is this opinion well founded? Such is the question which I purpose to examine with scrupulous attention. To judge from first appearances, I should perhaps be tempted to side with the general conclusion at which writers have arrived in this regard; but I am well aware that it is not by appearances that questions of this nature are to be decided. The first thing to be done, is to examine whether institutions are favourable to the progress of music in England; my first attention has, therefore, been directed to this object, and the following is the result of my observations:—

The government in England is not, as in France, seen to take an active part in the affairs of individuals, regulating whatever regards the progress of industry, of civilization, of the arts, &c.: in all these respects there is no immediate interference on the part of the English government. But if it presents no hindrances, neither does it afford any assistance. Left to the exertion of his own means and resources, each individual regulates the employment of the same according to his judgment and discretion, in the perfect certainty that, if he acts conformably to the laws of his country, he shall meet with no meddling administration, officious to demand an account of all his actions. The individual, however, when left to himself, and, if I may so express myself, isolated in the midst of society, is a feeble being, whose efforts are every moment liable to be paralysed by obstacles of various kinds: hence the necessity of associations; a simple and easy means, by which power is

multiplied without any detriment to independence. It is to this independence, on the one hand, and the spirit of association on the other, that the English are indebted for the high state of civilization to which they have attained. Industry is here obtaining a constant succession of means for its development; and such is the state of things resulting from an arrangement of this kind, that it is impossible to assign a limit to the increase of the productive and intellectual power of Great Britain. But is that which is so conducive to the well-being of society favourable to the progress of the arts? Is this absence of all activity and all protection on the part of the government, in whatever relates to music, painting, and architecture, an advantage? This may be fairly called in question. When the question is of industry, commerce, or the amelioration of the social condition, individual interest points out what is best to be done, and all indifference and indecision vanish at once. Such is not the case in respect to the arts, the prosperity of which excites but a comparatively feeble interest in those who are not artists or zealous amateurs. If their actual situation is not exactly satisfactory, yet there is little or no thought taken as to making efforts for their amelioration. The spirit of association, so useful in other things, is not called into action for this object, or, at least, does not produce the same results, because not constantly excited by the stimulus of immediate advantages.

It is sufficient merely to glance at the history of music in England, to see that this art was in a much more prosperous situation, relatively speaking, when fostered and protected by the government, than when left to its own resources, and to the favour of the public. Henry VIII. was a skilful musician; he composed, and appears to have attached as much importance to his quality of contrapuntist, as to his dignity of king of England. Many celebrated composers, as well French, as Gallo-Belgians, were invited to his court, and founded schools, in which were several musicians of eminence, who adorned the reign of queen Elizabeth (*b*). This princess also cultivated music with success, encouraged artists, gave them employment at her court, and maintained a school of young musicians attached to her chapel. The destruction of church music, which was the consequence of the religious troubles which broke out during the protectorship of Cromwell, was the original and active cause of the fall of the art in general; and the great changes of interior policy, which were the consequence of the Revolution of 1688, completed its subversion. Subsequent to this last epoch, the royal power was restricted within very narrow limits; the civil list, which had been severely entrenched upon by the economical spirit of the time, no longer allowed of expenses for the maintenance of schools of music, which were considered in no other light than as objects of luxury and superfluity (*c*). Every year now beheld it degenerate more and more, and from this memorable epoch, from which dates the prosperity of England, music had no other than a precarious existence in the three kingdoms. Purcell, whose musical education preceded the Revolution, is almost the only English musician who raised a great reputation, subsequent to this epoch. The names of Arne and Arnold are also recorded; they had some merit in the style of their time (1740—1760), but are very inferior to the old English musicians of the classical epoch (*d*). A remarkable fact presents itself in the history of music in England, which is, that this is the only country that has had a professorship of music in its universities. Oxford and Cambridge were particularly celebrated in this regard; degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music were conferred, and these dignities could be

obtained only after severe competition and strict examination. For a long time past, however, these exercises have been mere children's play, and the degree of Doctor of Music has ceased to be looked upon as a title of recommendation. When Haydn visited England, it was sought to restore the doctorship to its ancient splendour, by conferring it upon him; but the poor English doctors of the present day show themselves so little worthy of their illustrious *confrère* that the dignity has become absolutely grotesque (e).

Handel, with his lofty genius, his profound science, and his prodigious fecundity, came, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, to console England for the deplorable state of its music (f), by naturalizing himself an Englishman, by setting all his admirable works to English words, and bestowing every care in bringing their execution to perfection. Then commenced the reign of foreign musicians in London; all the great singers of Italy were successively invited to visit this capital, and were soon followed by instrumentalists of note. Geminiani founded a school for the violin; at a later period, Abel, Christian Bach, the elder Cramer, Clementi, J. B. Cramer, Dussek, Viotti, Dragonetti, and several other great artists, successively took up their residence in London, and laboured in bringing taste to perfection: but, what is very singular, they could never completely attain their object; and music in England seemed to resemble certain exotics, which can thrive on a soil different from that which gave them birth only by excess of care, and the stimulus of the hot-house. The oratorios of Handel, occasionally executed by imposing masses of five or six hundred musicians, with an effect of which no idea could be formed in France or Italy, seemed to evince, on certain occasions, that the English possessed the true feeling of the grand and beautiful: but by the side of these colossal proportions, the taste and habits of things the most miserable were observable. As for the rest, with the exception of Mrs. Billington and Mr. Braham, England had produced no musical talent worthy of being recorded, before the end of the 18th century (g). The education of the English, in what regarded music, seemed to begin afresh every year; and if any appearance of improvement appeared to manifest itself from time to time, it was only in the *haute société*, that is to say, in a class which practises the arts, but which, in no country, have ever used their exertions to promote their progress in an efficacious manner. The people and the middle classes remained strangers to these feeble attempts at improving the musical taste, because results like these can become general only by public education.

The evil appeared irremediable, when several amateurs, more zealous and enlightened than the rest, felt the necessity of establishing a school of music; accordingly the foundations of such an establishment were laid in the same way that every thing else is done in England—by means of a subscription. Though an existence of this kind is precarious, or at least appears to be so, it is certain that the generous intentions of these praiseworthy amateurs have already been productive. Several young artists, as well singers and instrumentalists as composers, whom I have had occasion both to see and hear, appear destined to prove, that the idea, so long prevalent, that the English are incapable of cultivating music with success, is a mere unjust and groundless prejudice. I had proposed to give you in this letter some particulars respecting the constitution of the school of music in question; but not having as yet collected the necessary documents to do so with exactness, I shall leave this part of my task for another letter.

Not doubting but the readers of the *Revue Musicale* will

take an interest in the *débüt* of Madame Malibran in London, I cannot better conclude this epistle than by giving you some details relative to the representation of *Otello*, in which she made her first appearance, the 22nd of the present month, (April).

A less numerous audience than might have been expected, from the reputation which had preceded the arrival of Madame Malibran in this city, attended the representation. The young singer was received at her entrance on the stage with warm and prolonged applause. Whether through an excess of emotion or from a temporary timidity, her voice so faltered during the whole of the first cavatina, that both her intonation and execution were wanting in purity and effect. In the duet which followed she was equally ineffective, and the performance appeared to grow cold, when, resuming all her energies in the finale, Madame Malibran at once recovered all the advantages she had lost. The trio and finale of the second act furnished her with an occasion of developing her means, and of affording the audience a high opinion of her talents. But it was in the third act, in particular, that she excited unanimous applause; she never appeared to greater advantage, whether as an actress or a singer; I never recollect her having sung the romance so well: every thing was perfect, whether with regard to sensibility, selection of ornaments, or truth of acting. After the fall of the curtain, Madame Malibran was called for by the public, and appeared to receive the tribute due to her efforts, in a triple round of applause.

As it is not my intention to treat in the first instance of dramatic music in London, I defer to another letter a variety of details on the general execution of the *Otello*.

Believe me, &c.

FETIS.

NOTES ON THE FIRST LETTER OF M. FÉTIS.

(a) M. Fétis might as well have named the writers who, in so complimentary a manner, rate the musical faculties of the English. We fancied ourselves pretty well read in musical history, and thought that we possessed some knowledge of what various authors have said of British talent for, and progress in, the art; but we had to learn that, in the opinion of the writers on the Continent, we are below the Caffrees, whose best and most fashionable instrument is a gourd with two strings; and also inferior to the Taheitans, whose musical refinement, and consequent superiority over the descendants of King Brute, is evinced in the use of a reed with two holes, blown (at some hazard) by the nose.

But let us go to book with M. Fétis,—let us refer to authorities that every good Frenchman bows to, and with which he must be well acquainted. M. Ginguéné, one of the most eminent of the literati of Europe, and a distinguished writer in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, in the volumes on music, article “Angleterre,” says, “*L'Angleterre fut toujours de niveau avec les autres nations de l'Europe pour tous les progrès que fit la musique, tant à l'égard de l'harmonie, que de la mesure et du chant.*” The Abbé du Bos, a writer whose celebrated work, *Reflexions Critiques sur la Poésie*, &c., M. Fétis has, doubtless, studied deeply; tells us that “the English climate has been warm enough to produce a number of eminent men in most sciences and professions. It has even given us good musicians and excellent poets.”* Such authorities ought

* Not having the original at hand, we have been obliged to quote from the English translation.

not to be disputed. We could add many to them, had we time and space; but these will be enough to convince M. F. that he ought at least to have qualified his assertion.

(b) Where does it appear that Henry VIII. invited French and Belgic musicians to his court?—or that such persons adorned the reign of Queen Elizabeth? M. Fétis should deal less in general assertions, and more in proofs. We have diligently examined the lists of musicians in the service of these sovereigns, and find the names of only three or four foreigners, who were perfectly obscure even while living, and are utterly forgotten now. These, surely, are not the *eminent* persons alluded to by the French critic?

(c) Schools of music!—There never had been a single school of music in England, or anything like one; unless the monasteries before the Reformation, and the choirs after it, are to be so considered.

(d) “Arne had *some* merit:”—but even this *some* is qualified by, “in the style of his time.” Can one French musician, his contemporary, be produced, who had half his merit as a melodist? Can the airs of any French opera of his time be compared with those of *Comus*, or *Love in a Village*? Mentioning 1760 as the period when Dr. Arnold composed, is a proof, if it proves anything, that M. Fétis can only have heard his boyish productions. His best works were given to the world more than a quarter of a century later. M. Fétis has been sadly misled! But why is Shield not mentioned? Surely the composer of *Rosina*, &c. is worth a word.

(e) The title of Doctor in Music was, till the commencement of the present century, highly respectable. It has since degenerated, certainly, but it can never fall into utter contempt while a Crotch lives to support its credit. If, however, M. Fétis were not almost wholly ignorant on the subject of our musical history, he would know that, at the period when Haydn received his degree, there were Doctors Burney, Cooke, Arnold, Dupuis, and others, to uphold its rank; in being associated with whom, Haydn felt and acknowledged himself honoured, for he had some knowledge of their works—an advantage which, we will venture to assert, M. Fétis never had an opportunity of enjoying.

(f) The deplorable state of music in England at the commencement of the eighteenth century!—That is, when Purcell's best dramatic works and admirable songs—when Lock's *Macbeth* and *Psyche*—when the many beautiful madrigals of Morley, Wilbye, and Gibbons—when the admirable church music of Tallis, Byrde, Farrant, Doctors Orlando Gibbons and Child, Jeremiah Clarke, and Doctor Croft;—when all these were in the highest favour and in constant use—some of the best of them then recently produced—is not a time to choose as the period when the state of our music merits such heavy reproach. Who were the living composers in France at the same epoch?—The music of Lulli alone was there listened to; and Lulli was—an Italian!

(g) The writer most likely never heard the names of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Bates—of Harrison and Bartleman; and yet these all flourished before the end of the eighteenth century. We do not censure M. Fétis for not knowing these facts, though as a writer on music he ought not to have been ignorant of them, but we blame him for the rashness of his assertions on subjects concerning which he is totally uninformed.

M. FETIS' THIRD LETTER.

[The Number of the *Revue* containing M. Fétis' Second Letter has, by some strange accident, not yet reached us.]

MY DEAR SON,

London, 10th May, 1829.

If we look with attention at the present state of England, we are struck with the extraordinary contrast that exists between the superior degree of civilization to which it has attained over the rest of the world, and the attachment which is shewn to ancient institutions and Gothic usages. On the one hand, every effort is made to ameliorate the condition of man; on the other, it is sought to perpetuate the recollection of what it was in the days of barbarism. Thus, for instance, in the midst of the magnificence of Portland Place and the Regent's Park, are seen palaces of colossal proportions, with entrances no larger than those of the meanest houses of the last century; thus, in the vicinity of streets, squares, and monuments of large dimensions, Gothic churches are erected, and traces of the superannuated taste of the same period are carefully preserved in their furniture and interior arrangements; and thus, in the finest city of Europe, the king continues to inhabit a pile of brick, misnamed the palace of St. James, merely because the said pile of brick was raised by Henry VI. I might cite a host of instances of the same kind in respect to every thing else; but I must limit myself to what regards music, and will give you some account of two institutions, the object of which is also to preserve the taste for ancient English music, in opposition to the present advanced state of modern art.

There are several musical societies in London, each of which has its particular object. For instance, the Glee Club was instituted for the preservation of English melodies, with burdens in chorus; the Catch Club gives its attention to canons only; the Melodists have nearly the same object in view as the Glee Club; the Harmonists wish to further, by means of subscription concerts, the progress of music, considered in its widest relations (*h*).

It would be to form a wrong estimate of the spirit of these societies to suppose that they have merely a precarious existence, which would cease when music had attained in England the same degree of perfection as in France or Germany. The English are devoted to their institutions; they carry their conviction in this regard to such a degree that nothing can shake it, so that, perhaps, not a single instance can be pointed out of defection among the members of any association whatever. Were the whole of Europe to raise its voice against catches and glees, these pieces of national music would not be admired a whit the less by every true-born Englishman.

The Society of Melodists did me the honour to invite me to their monthly dinner, given at the Freemason's Tavern. At these dinners the Duke of Sussex usually presides. There is an organ in the room, and a grand piano-forte is brought for the occasion, the only instrument by which the singers are accompanied. I confess that the novelty of all I saw and heard at this meeting excited my liveliest interest. The company amounted to about four hundred, among whom I observed several grave personages, whom, at the first glance, I should never have taken for amateurs of melody, had I not known that an Englishman is not to be judged of by his exterior. As soon as all present had taken their places at table, the whole company rose at a signal given by Mr. Tom Cooke, a distinguished musician, who is indebted for his talents solely to his happy organization. The *Benedicite* was sung in harmony by all the musicians of the society. During dinner toasts were drunk to the

king, to the glory of the British navy, to the prosperity of English melody, and to some of the most distinguished individuals of the society. After the first toast, the national anthem of *God save the king* was sung, with chorus; the second toast was followed by the other national air, *Rule Britannia*, arranged for several voices. During the dessert, several members of the society took their places successively at the piano-forte, and the exercises began by glees of different kinds; those which were the most applauded and encored, were the compositions of Messrs. Parry, Blewitt, and Tom Cooke; that by the latter, beginning with the words *Fill me, boy, as deep a draught*, afforded me great pleasure. This piece, written for four voices, is a charming melody, and the harmony very pure. Nor must I pass in silence the comic glees of Mr. Blewitt, which are of a very piquant character. All these pieces were received with enthusiasm, honoured with toasts, and intermingled with speeches in praise of the artists. After the meeting had given sufficient scope to their taste for national music, nine of the select singers of the company executed, by way of grace, the canon composed by William Bird, chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth, to the words *Non nobis, Domine*. This composition is in the style of Palestrina, and, with the exception of some inaccuracies which belong to the epoch in which Bird wrote, is worthy of being ranked among the best scientific compositions. The manner in which it was executed was perfect. The rest of the evening was spent in singing catches, and airs of different characters: the company did not separate till eleven. I left the meeting highly delighted with what I had heard; for whatever bears the impress of originality cannot but be an object of interest to a musician, and the more so, as that originality is daily becoming more rare, and as the *fusion* that is operating in the music of every country, tends to efface all the characteristic shades by which it was formerly distinguished, and threatens to reduce all music to one single genus (i).

I have now to speak to you of a still more original, and therefore more interesting, institution; I mean that for the promotion of Welch music—a music which, like the primitive language of this singular country, has no relations with English music. But before I speak of an institution, the object of which is the preservation of the poetry and music of the Welch, it will be necessary to say a few words as to the origin of this language and music.

The Welch, or Cambro-Britons, who from time immemorial have inhabited the country of Wales, were more successful than the other inhabitants of England, properly so called, in repelling the invasion of the different tribes who conquered this kingdom, and were, therefore, not intermixed either with the Saxons, Normans, or Danes: to which cause is to be traced the preservation of their primitive language, customs, and arts. The Welch are considered to be the descendants of those Celts who so long and so uselessly occupied the attention and the researches of the learned of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of whom traces are considered to have been found among the Bas-Bretons of France. One extraordinary fact cannot be denied, which is, that the language of these Bas-Bretons bears so great a resemblance to that of the Welch, that the inhabitants of the two countries understand each other without any difficulty; while there is not the slightest analogy between the language of the Welch and that of the other English provinces. Another fact worthy of remark is, that this language has been preserved in all its purity; and that Wales can still boast of poets who compose in their native tongue with facility and elegance.

The music of Wales is marked with the same originality as its poetry, as well in regard to the forms of its melody, of its rhythm, and manner of execution, as to the form of their instruments, and variety of modulation. The greater portion of the Welch songs are in the form of stanzas, which are termed *pennillions*. I know of nothing in the music of any modern people that can convey an idea of the melody of these *pennillions*: it must be heard in order to form any just idea of its character, for it depends as much upon the manner in which it is executed, as on the composition itself. These airs are very difficult to sing, because the singer is obliged to follow the person who accompanies, who modulates upon his harp according to the impulse of his fancy, and finishes in any key he pleases. It is necessary for the singer to follow these modulations without changing the character of the air; and for this reason, the singer scarcely ever commences the couplets with the first bars, but waits for the termination of the opening phrase, in order to ascertain the key. A good singer has also the address to adapt verses of very different measures to the same melody; and yet not one of all these singers has the slightest idea of the rules of music. None of their songs are written; they are all delivered from father to son by tradition, but their aptitude in this respect is altogether extraordinary.

Two instruments are peculiar to the Welch; the one is a harp with a triple row of strings; the other is a species of viol of very singular form, which is called a *cruth*. It will be taken for granted that the Welch harp is not furnished with pedals; and yet it is capable of producing the semitones, like our modern harps, by means of its different ranges of strings. I stated that it had three; the two exterior ranges are tuned in unison, the object of which probably is to produce the peculiar effects of the double string. The interior range of strings is that of the sharps and flats. This arrangement presents great difficulties in the execution, and yet the Welch harpers execute with ease the most complicated passages in very rapid movements. It may be remarked, that they employ the left hand for the high, and the right for the low notes.

The *cruth* is a bowed instrument, which is thought to have been the origin of the viola and violin. Its form is that of an oblong square, the lower part of which forms the body of the instrument. It is mounted with four strings, and played like the violin, but more difficult in the treatment; because, not being hollowed out at the side, there is no free play for the action of the bow.

Having given these details of the inhabitants of Wales, and of their poetry and music, it remains to speak of an association which has for its object the preservation of both. It is called the Royal Cambrian Institution, and has been established these nine years, in imitation of the old society, which had the same object in view, and was called the *Cymmadorion*. In 1822, it held its first public meeting, under the Welch name of *Eisteddvod*, which signifies *assembly of artists*, and distributed medals to different Welch poets, musicians, and grammarians. Since that period, an *Eisteddvod* has been held every year, accompanied by a concert of Welch music, and medals are distributed to fresh poets and musicians. This ceremony took place on the 6th of May last, and afforded me an ample field for observation.

The harp is, of course, the principal instrument in this concert; yet, for the sake of variety, a complete orchestra is introduced. The sitting opened with an overture in full orchestra, composed of original Welch airs, remarkable for their singularity. *The march of the Men of Harlech*,

the little air, *Cream of yellow ale*, executed on the flute by Mr. Nicholson, and the *Lullaby*, the song of the Welch nurses, struck me as being marked by a more decidedly primitive character than the rest. Different airs and choruses were afterwards sung by Messrs. Broadhurst, Atkins, H. Watson, Braham, Collyer, Miss Love, and Miss Paton; and in the greater part of these pieces I was delighted with melodies of a very pleasing kind; but these ought rather to be regarded as monuments of English art, than as belonging to Welch music, properly so called, being, for the greater part, the productions of modern composers. This, however, is not the case with the air *Ar hyd y nos*, which was sung in a delightful manner by Miss Paton, and which is certainly a very remarkable melody. I regretted that in the midst of this monumental music, Mrs. Anderson should have consented to play a set of piano-forte variations by Czerny. This lady undoubtedly possesses great talent, and gave proof of her powers of execution; but if ever the maxim *non erat hic locus* was applicable, it was in the present instance.

Two pieces announced in the programme particularly excited my curiosity: the one was a *pennillion*, executed by three natives of Wales, and accompanied on the Welch harp by Mr. W. Pritchard; the other was the favourite air *Sweet Richard*, with variations, played on the harp with the triple range of strings, by Mr. Richard Roberts, a blind minstrel of Carnarvon. He wore round his neck two small harps, one of silver, the other of gold, which he had gained as prizes in the Eisteddvod of Denbigh. My expectations were not disappointed; nothing can be imagined more curious than these pieces. The *pennillions* were sung by three inhabitants of Manavon and Nautglyn. They each sang a couplet in turn, and each time in a different accent from the preceding. One among them, a man far advanced in age, particularly distinguished himself by the fire which he threw into these wild airs: nothing could be more evident than the good man's conviction that the songs he was singing were the most beautiful in the world. The success of these *pennillions* was immense; indeed, I have rarely seen good music applauded with such enthusiasm. The blind bard of Carnarvon was an object of no less interest, and was applauded with no less warmth. I could not have believed it possible to perform passages of such real difficulty, on so ungrateful an instrument. The blindness of this child of nature and song, the benign expression of his countenance, and his truly extraordinary talent, rendered him an object of general interest.

Some pieces of less importance terminated a meeting, in many respects one of the most remarkable I had ever witnessed. Indeed, in no part of the world, perhaps, save in England, where barbarism is found so close by the side of civilization, could a similar spectacle have been witnessed (*k*).

Believe me, &c.,

FÉTIS.

NOTES ON THE SECOND LETTER OF M. FÉTIS.

(*h*) What admirable confusion is here!—Our neighbours, doubtless, from an imperfect knowledge of our language, seldom represent us accurately. The object of the Glee-Club is utterly mistaken, and the glee is most erroneously described as *a melody with a burden*. It is, we beg leave to inform M. Fétis, a vocal trio, quartet, quintet, &c., without accompaniments.

The Catch-Club never gave its notice to canons only, nor ever bestowed much of its notice on them, and

has now nearly shaken off that barbarous species of composition. Catches and Glees, but principally the latter, were always its chief object, and the prize now given by the club is for glees only.

The Melodists, a club that must not be ranked with either of the preceding, have *not* the same views as the Glee-Club: quite the contrary, for the object of the latter is the performance of vocal music in parts; of the other, songs principally, as their title imports, but not exclusively.

By the *Harmonists*, M. Fétis must mean the Philharmonic Society.

(*i*) Never having had the honour to be present at a meeting of the Melodists, we can say nothing concerning their proceedings; but it will appear strange to every Englishman, that a foreigner, anxious to become acquainted with our musical institutions, should have noticed thus at length a very young society, a minor one, while he only mentions the two more ancient and much superior clubs in a few words; which words prove that he is entirely ignorant of the subject on which they are so misemployed. And what, we are driven to ask, must be thought of a travelling critic, who passes by, or who neglects to inquire into, the best of that music which is peculiar to the country,—the glees of Arne, Lord Mornington, Dr. Cooke, Webbe, Stafford Smith, Callcot, &c., while he finds words to praise the compositions of Parry, Blewitt, and Tom Cooke?

(*k*) From so long and pompous an account, strangers may be led to suppose that this is a society of great notoriety and importance. It is unquestionably a laudable association in some few respects, but by preserving a barbarous language and music, it retards the progress of civilization in a part of the island that still stands much in need of it. We must, however, add, for the information of our foreign readers, that the society in question is very little known in London, and that but for certain puffing articles in a newspaper, which goes by the name of *the Slop-bowl*, the people of this metropolis would be as ignorant of its existence as their ancestors were in the time of King Lud.

(These Letters to be continued.)

ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF MUSIC.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

MUCH has been written concerning the origin of music, and on the various causes which may be supposed to have influenced the character and expression of the melodies of different nations, and created that variety of taste which is perceptible in the productions of modern composers. Claims have been advanced by the writers of those countries where music had long ago been improved and refined, in favour of the antiquity and originality of their respective national airs, and doubts have arisen with regard to the particular degree of merit which the present age is to assign to the performances of those whose claims are thus preferred. Most writers, however, although they may differ on points of national taste, yet seem to concur in the admission that music was originally the same throughout the habitable globe, and that the relations of the several sounds of its primary scale are founded in nature.

This, indeed, has often been proved to be the case, both from natural philosophy and the principle of numbers. But the same precision cannot be attained in tracing the causes of that variety of character and expression which in different countries arises from the endless combinations of this primary scale. Italian music is justly termed *soft*; that of France, *lively*; that of Spain, *melodious*; that of Switzerland, *wild*; and so forth,—the musical character of each nation differing in a material degree from that of another. Now the question naturally arises—whence has the difference resulted?

Several solutions have been given of this query, though the most generally received is that which assumes the various feelings and affections of the human mind as the principal ground of difference. That much of the influence in this case has proceeded from such source, we have sufficient reason to believe; but it may justly be doubted whether it were the first or primary cause. For it is now well ascertained that the taste and manners of various nations are, in almost every thing, determined chiefly by local circumstances and natural causes: and there can certainly be no reason why their taste in music may not have been fixed in a like manner. It is therefore extremely probable that the influence of these latter causes has been exerted on the musical taste previously to its adaptation to the expression of mental affections; and this will appear still more probable when we consider that the same epithet which applies to the characteristic qualities of national music, not only marks the taste and dispositions of the inhabitants of that nation, but also the natural appearances of its situation and surface. Thus the epithet *wild* is very properly applied to the music of the Tyrol, and its mountainous and romantic scenery is well characterized by the same term. This remark is equally true, in as far as it regards the music of the Scotch Highlanders. Their music is universally admitted to be wild in the extreme; and every one who has travelled through the Highlands of Scotland will readily grant that the utmost latitude of the same epithet is requisite in order to convey an adequate idea of Highland hills and Highland scenery.

This observation might be further illustrated by pointing out the striking relation which the natural surfaces or appearances of England, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, &c., bear to the musical character of these nations. But it is presumed that what has been already advanced may be deemed sufficient to show that such a relation exists.

The coincidence is certainly singular enough, and is one of those numerous phenomena in nature which cannot well be explained on any known principle of science. If, however, we inquire more minutely into the circumstances connected with this subject, we shall probably discover some reasons for admitting that the peculiar appearance of a country's surface contributed not a little towards determining the character of its national music.

The views of those who inhabit high and mountainous regions must necessarily be limited both in the natural and moral world. Hills and "heights inaccessible" circumscribe their range of vision, and render the progress of knowledge and improvement extremely slow. The shepherd, whose chief care is attention to the increase and prosperity of his flock, and whose eye never beheld an object out of his native valley, is what philosophers call a child of nature, without knowledge, without refinement. His ideas, beyond what the rude and imperfect instruction of his boyhood has suggested, must be entirely the result of a reciprocal action between the works of nature and his own powers of reflection. Thus circumstanced, bounded

in his notions, surrounded by his native hills, the common routine of his vocation fixes him in certain habits, on which depends his happiness or the reverse. His taste in this respect, however, will be exceedingly dissimilar to that of others differently situated. The sight of an abrupt ascent or descent, in the form of a hill, will convey to his mind an idea, not of uneasiness, not of painful exertion, but of satisfaction and comfort; because, in his instance, every satisfaction, and every comfort he has enjoyed, must have been associated with such local features. The idea, then, of local ascent and descent will have become natural to his mind, and, it may reasonably be supposed, will have excited pleasurable sensations.

Let the same individual, thus tutored, now apply himself to his pipe—a necessary companion in pastoral life, according to the poets—and endeavour to produce something original in the way of musical composition. Will he ascend and descend by regular and slow gradations?—No. His first impulse will be to make sudden and abrupt transitions from the higher to the lower notes of the scale, and *vice versa*; and this because his ideas of beauty and taste in music must naturally be regulated by his peculiar notions of the same qualities in other objects. His ear will naturally discover the analogous tones,—that is, such of them as are most obvious; and thus a composition may be produced, both simple and pleasing in the extreme. Such combinations are, by the generality of the musical world, justly termed *wild*; and they certainly merit the designation. But let it be recollected that irregular and wild are the regions amidst which the shepherd of the hills passes his whole existence. They give a form to all his thoughts, they become as natural to him as the air he breathes, and influence every operation of his mind.

If we look at the effect produced by a very different kind of country, and trace the ideas most natural as well as most agreeable to him who lives among rich, cultivated, and extensive plains, which recede, in gentle undulations, as far as the eye can reach, we shall find that such a person, accustomed only to the sight of a smooth and level horizon, terminating at so remote a distance, that it seems blended with the sky,—accustomed only to travel the plain, and attached only to its appearance and conveniences, cannot view the rugged and irregular ascending and descending outline of a mountainous landscape with the same feelings as he who knows no other enjoyments but such as that landscape yields. The "cloud-capped" hills, the clifly rocks, the dark brown heath, would convey to one accustomed only to fertile plains, notions of difficulties and discomfort, because his pleasures have been enjoyed amid other scenes, and his associations formed accordingly. Suppose such individual under the influence of musical inspiration, and pouring forth in melodious strains the feelings of his mind,—he would not resort to distant and abrupt intervals, because sudden and unexpected transitions from the lower to the higher notes of the scale, and *vice versa*, instead of exciting pleasurable associations, would most likely suggest ideas of quite a contrary description. On the other hand, his local feelings and attachments, and the taste engendered by these, would lead him to prefer that music in which sudden, wide intervals are rejected, and where the melody "flows regularly and smoothly on." Being accustomed to confine his musical ideas to this regular, though melodious movement, he would infuse a degree of feeling and expression into it which the ear of one acquainted only with wilder strains could neither perceive nor appreciate. He might, indeed, in the course of his composition use every note in the scale; but he would

use them only in slow and gradual succession—not abruptly nor harshly.

Hence, therefore, the vast difference in the national character and expression of music;—hence the wildness of the melody of the mountain, and the smoothness of that of the plain. It is for this reason that such different sensations—such different feelings, are excited in distant countries by the very same musical combinations. It is for this reason that the notes and chords expressive of grief, disappointment, or sorrow, among the wilds of Switzerland, excite no emotion in the plains of Italy. And it is for this reason that the strain in which the Spanish cavalier pours forth his love, his joy, his delight, excites no sensation, but perhaps that of disgust, in the mind of the Scotch Highlander. Take other instances, the most distant and most dissimilar, and the same remark will be found to be true. The shades of difference may, indeed, vary, and be found sometimes almost to coincide; but the principle is the same, and its effects are perceptible in all. And although it is now difficult, perhaps impossible, to mark with precision the peculiar musical combination by which any country may be distinguished, because the frequent and easy intercourse of modern nations has blended their music no less than their manners; yet every one, of whatever country or clime, would readily distinguish in any strain those notes and chords most pleasing to his taste, and most respondent to his feelings: and there can scarcely be a doubt, if those combinations which particularly struck his fancy were marked out and analyzed, that they would be found to bear exactly the character of the surface, or natural appearance, of that country to which he owed his birth and education.

MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

Edinburgh, July 13, 1829.

I AM glad to perceive that you think the musical proceedings of our northern capital worth recording in your journal; and therefore I feel inclined to give you some account of one of the most interesting occurrences which has happened here for a long time—a visit from the celebrated M. Neukomm*. He brought letters from Mr. Moscheles to some friends of that gentleman, and has spent a week in very close and delightful intercourse with us. We had the good fortune to be able to gratify his wish (which is felt by every tourist of taste and intelligence) of meeting Sir Walter Scott, in whose company he dined along with a party of only half a dozen persons. The evening, of course, was delightful. M. Neukomm was gratified in the highest degree; and I observed that our illustrious countryman (who, though no musician, has a strong feeling for every thing that is excellent in the arts, and is well versed in German literature) was greatly pleased with M. Neukomm's animated and intelligent conversation. After this introduction, M. Neukomm met Sir Walter on other occasions; and re-

* M. Sigismond Neukomm, a native of Salsburgh, the city which gave birth to Mozart, was a disciple of Haydn, who treated him like a son, and at whose recommendation he was appointed Maestro di Capella at St. Petersburg in 1804, but in which situation the climate did not long allow him to remain. He enjoys independence, and is journeying through England and Scotland for the sole purpose of enlarging his stock of general knowledge. M. Neukomm was an intimate friend of Dr. Spurzheim, and is a warm advocate of the doctrines taught by the phrenologists. (*Editor of Harmonicon*).

ceived from him, as a *souvenir*, a copy of his last work, "Anne of Geierstein," accompanied with a note expressed with his usual kindness and felicity.

M. Neukomm, who is most amiable and obliging, has exerted himself for our delight and improvement by the exercise of his talents. He performed two or three times on the organs of our episcopal churches. His organ playing is quite stupendous, and much more than realized the vague and imperfect, though gigantic conceptions I had formed of the powers of a great German organist. His extemporaneous performances displayed every species of excellence—sometimes profound and elaborate, exhausting all the mysterious resources of harmony—sometimes awful and majestic—sometimes rushing impetuously like a torrent or a whirlwind—and sometimes ravishing the listeners with airs of the most enchanting sweetness. With all this variety, however, he never departed from the true and appropriate language of this most noble instrument. The richness of his fancy never produced extravagance. His designs were full of clearness; and his harmony, even in the most profound passages, so transparent, that the exquisite progressions of the parts could be distinctly traced by an attentive ear. On the piano-forte his improvisation was equally masterly, and characterized by similar qualities.

But the most interesting circumstance attending his visit, was his allowing some of his friends to see the MS. of a great oratorio which he has lately written, and of the effect of which we obtained, from his splendid piano-forte playing, aided by two or three of our voices, a very vivid idea. Its subject is the delivery of the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai. The words, which consist entirely of passages from Scripture, are selected and arranged with great skill and judgment, and form a beautiful poem, affording the finest scope for variety of musical effect and expression. The tremendous manifestations of divine power and majesty—the thunders and lightnings—the thick clouds and darkness—and the sound of the trumpet, louder and louder, so that all the people trembled—form a magnificent piece of descriptive music, introductory to the delivery of the first commandment, which, given in a passage of Canto fermo, in four parts, and accompanied by the brass instruments, is grand and awful in the extreme. This is followed by an aria for a tenor voice, expressive of the greatness of the Almighty, in which devout solemnity is mingled with the utmost grace and beauty of melody. In a similar manner the other commandments are treated; the awful ecclesiastical tones in which the divine precepts are conveyed, being mingled with the most flowing, rich, and melodious music, in the free style, consisting of airs, duets, trios, and choruses, expressive of the human feelings and sentiments to which each of the commandments gives rise. Both of the two parts are terminated by a chorus of prodigious grandeur and magnificence; and the concluding chorus is wound up by a most masterly and noble fugue. This great work is dedicated to the King of Prussia. It has not yet been performed; but, when brought out, will be found a worthy companion to *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *The Mount of Olives*.

M. Neukomm is travelling entirely as a private individual, in which capacity he has resided some time in London. He speaks warmly of the admirable musical performances he witnessed, and the great talent he met with there. He is greatly pleased with the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society: but he dwells with more satisfaction on the Ancient Concerts, an institution which, he says, does

honour to England, and has no parallel in any part of Europe. He means to spend a few days among our Highland lochs and mountains, after which he returns immediately to London, and then to Paris.

I am, with regard, Sir,
Your very obedient servant,

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL TASTE.

AN ESSAY BY J. A. DELAIRE.

[From *La Revue Musicale*.]

THE besetting sin of the age in which we live, is undoubtedly an inordinate desire of stimulus, of increased excitement in the various arts that administer to pleasure. To obtain this, not only a variety of means is resorted to, but these means must be employed all together. The motto of these more intellectual *bon vivants* would seem to be:

"Enjoy the present moment as you may;
To-morrow's life too late is,—live to-day."

This state of things will not, however, appear surprising when we consider that laws, manners, and arts, are but so many links of the great chain of civilization, and are constantly acting one upon the other. Now, as the men of the present day, having been born in the midst of revolutions, and formed in the school of several kinds of governments, have consequently witnessed a variety of modifications in the laws, manners, and arts, the consequence is, that they have acquired a vast range of experience and rich treasures of information; but, as every good has its attendant evil, the edge of appetite becomes blunted by the increased means of gratifying it, till at last we become lavish of such means, and fall into excess. If we add to this, that the calm of peace, which has succeeded to the agitation of war, has tended to concentrate, as it were, at home, that fermentation of mind which had before a wide and foreign field of activity, we shall come at the causes of that impatience which would fain force the growth of every thing, and obtain a precocity of effect; which restricts the gradual development of legitimate comedy to the more crowded and more piquant incidents of farce; which prefers what is borrowed, to the spontaneous products of native invention; which can no longer endure recital, but will have every thing in action; which will have a fortune made at an age in which formerly it was thought sufficient to begin seriously to set about it: in a word, we shall come at the causes of that insatiable desire of excitement which amasses the strongest means for the attainment of its object, till those very means come to defeat their own purpose.

And now to make a particular application of these reflections to the art of which I purpose to speak:—it is this impatience that has caused movements of the large and majestic kind insensibly to disappear from modern music; it is this which has produced laxity in composition, and multiplied scores in abundance, without any real addition to the stores of art. It is this avidity for excitement, which, not finding sufficient effect in the combination of harmonic intervals, seeks it in accompaniments, which are obliged to supply the want by "sound and fury, signifying nothing." In a word, this is what is continually intruding into our orchestras those noisy and barbarous instruments, which, as a fair writer humorously remarks, will soon render it necessary to employ *twenty-pounders*, in order to excite an equal to the development of the stronger passions.

In this situation of things, which may eventually prove fatal to music, it appears important to inquire, "Whether the art is really so dependent upon the public, as to be obliged to conform to its taste."

To whatever degree of perfection the intellectual faculties have attained in our time, it is erroneous to suppose that they are sufficient to confer any certainty of taste in arts in which they are generally but little practised, and on which they have bestowed but little reflection. The cause of this error may be traced to that self-sufficiency which, unfortunately, treads so closely upon the footsteps of knowledge. It is with music as with the direction of state affairs: every one believes himself prepared, even without the least preliminary study, to criticise the measures of public men, for which it is imagined that nothing more is wanted than sound judgment and proper feeling, qualities, the possession of which is looked upon as a matter of course. And yet, whence comes that great diversity of opinions in the daily discussions which take place on the subject of music? Whence comes it, that what excites unbounded admiration in some, is blamed without reserve by others? Whence that inexplicable enthusiasm for one composer, and that unqualified contempt for another? It doubtless arises from the very imperfect way in which both the one and the other are understood; from an ignorance of the first principles of that art on which it is attempted to reason. If such be the case, then the matter is reduced to a question of feeling. We will inquire how far this is to be depended upon.

Does that collective being, named the Public, who so eagerly presses for admission to our theatres and concerts,—does he go there in search of instruction? No; he goes, with all his various faculties, in search of emotions, of pleasure, of amusement; for this nothing more is required than the power of feeling. Let us suppose him destitute of all education in music, considered as a creative art: if his organs are deadened and decayed, the art no longer exists in his regard; nothing can move him now but noise alone: if, on the contrary, he possesses the capacity of feeling in the most perfect degree, this very excess of sensibility will prevent him from forming a sound judgment, and will make him rest satisfied with what is bad.

The reason is this:—properly speaking, it is not the ears that hear; the impressions produced by sounds upon this organ are only the occasional causes of the sensation or perception, of which the brain, the seat of the organs of intelligence, is exclusively the receptacle. Hence it follows, that the less one is habituated to sounds, the less, in reality, is the physical sensibility excited; while, at the same time, the intellectual sense is also less perfect. We daily see that military music, even when badly executed, and even that the isolated tones of a very sonorous instrument will easily excite an emotion in a great number of spectators, who would remain unmoved in listening to a masterpiece of feeling, spirit, and invention, if executed by a simple quartet of stringed instruments. In this instance it may truly be said, *auris habent, et non audient*. On the contrary, an experienced painter will see many things in a picture which escape the vulgar eye, although the latter may be gifted with a much more penetrating sense of vision. A musician will distinguish the march of all the parts of the largest orchestra, though unable to hear the voice of a person at a few paces from him. In the arts, taste always proceeds from the simple to the compound. In literature, the first things that please are *jeux d'esprit*, rhymes, &c.; but at a later period, the intellectual faculties exercise themselves upon more complicated conceptions; and having

reached the highest degree of power, they seek a worthier aliment. In music, a melody pleases more than a grand air, an air than a duet, a duet than a trio, &c. In a word, the public receives what it can understand without effort, and rejects what is above its comprehension. In this manner, its taste, not being directed by principles, is subject to great fluctuations, has no relish for any thing but what is familiar, and may easily be misled; but it readily returns to what is good, when made to understand why it is so. It is therefore the province of those who know what is good, and are able "to give a reason for the faith that is in them," to direct the public taste, and rectify it when it betrays a tendency to corruption.

Let us now examine whether music is really subjected to the dominion of fashion.

Imitators by nature, men lose, in the frequency of intercourse, their individuality of character; it is by reciprocal imitation that native qualities are weakened, and confounded together.

From this powerful and instinctive bias to imitation proceeds the deference paid to fashion. It is only in the country that originality of character is still to be traced; in the drawing-room nothing is to be found but one set of forms, and the same unvaried exterior. We here find a collection of surfaces that have been rendered uniform and polished by the continual action of refined society. And even in the distant provinces, what remnants are left of the peculiar characteristics by which they were distinguished? Nothing, save inasmuch as we are more or less Gascons or Normans. The immense population of the north, to whose names was once familiarly attached the epithet of barbarians, has undergone an immense change since the revolution. Our emigrants, in carrying thither those manners which are considered as constituting the essence of good society, and which, under the old régime, were of so puerile a cast, began an education, that has since been completed by our conquests, and our reverses of fortune.

This instinctive imitation doubtless possesses great advantages; but it is not without great inconveniences, particularly in as far as regards the fine arts. The music of one country, by imitating that of another, loses its characteristic physiognomy, and assumes the features of different countries. Thus it is that we have sacrificed something of our nationality, in this respect, in order to adopt the more alluring graces of the music of Italy. In doing this, truth and propriety have also been frequently sacrificed; for ornaments, or *fioriture*, as the Italians term them, cannot but be misplaced upon words that positively determine the meaning. For instance, it requires all the power of habit not to feel the absurdity of roulades which suspend, during several bars, the last syllable of a word on which the sense of the passage depends. Changes, as I before observed, have, at various periods, been effected in music by the instinct of imitation; and this has led to a supposition that the musical art has varied according to the influence of fashion. This is erroneous.

There is but one part of music subject to the caprices of time, and that is, its exterior clothing, or the ornaments with which it is invested: hence, music composed for the voice only, is less subject to the effects of age than that written with accompaniments. It is a fact, that Palestrina has oftentimes more of the air of youth than Grétry, though the songs of the latter are marked by great truth of expression; but, in our days, his accompaniments appear meagre and unsatisfactory.

There are certain kinds of music which, like certain

women, have no other merit than that derived from flowers and flounces; they please at first sight, and on a first hearing. But, though they create a *furor* in the drawing-room, truth requires it to be told, that they are nothing, save for the eye and the ear. It requires no more than the breath of fashion to annihilate the frivolities upon which their vogue is founded. There are other kinds of more substantial worth, but whose expression, either simple and unpretending, or noble and imposing, has but little that takes at first sight; but which, on a more intimate acquaintance, captivates both the heart and mind, and we become attached to them by indissoluble bonds. These demand the efforts of a calm and philosophic observation; they require a mind possessing the faculty of seizing the finer shades of character—a mind that has early accustomed itself to mark the relations that exist between them, and to institute useful comparisons.

The true is the type of the beautiful; it remains immutable and universal in the midst of the changes of time, the varieties of country, and the caprices of fashion. It is by their truth that things are beautiful; and by that quality are they perpetuated, being invested with a hallowed character, which fashion dares not attempt to touch. Music, being the expression of the various passions which agitate the heart, can therefore be beautiful only when it is true, that is, born in the heart of the composer, and suitably disposed; for it is not sufficient to create things that are pleasing; they must also be stationed in their proper places. How can a brilliant air interest me, if, while I pronounce it to be beautiful, I feel necessitated to exclaim: *Sed non erat hic locus!* Would a painter represent a landscape in Spring, he must lavish upon his subject all the most seductive colours of his pencil; this is the melody predominant in music. But is it an heroic action, a dramatic scene, that is to animate his canvass?—the colouring is then but a secondary consideration; the essential requisites are conception and disposition; the artist must here be a poet as well as painter. It is in circumstances analogous to this that music ought to put forth all its harmonic vigour. To give to a corpse the carnation of youth, to lead a heroine to torture or death to the tune of a country-dance, are offences against common sense, which a certain part of the public approve, with this salvo; "What signifies truth, if the colouring and the tones afford me pleasure?"

The musician is but the interpreter of nature; he notes down the cries of pain, and the accents of joy, and of the other passions; in a word, all the tones that nature has designed to characterize the effects which music seeks to imitate. This is the very essence of the art, and in no degree dependent upon fashion: here truth is indispensable. But inexperience confounds the body of music with its ornaments; the principal part with the accessories; and, in its regard, the legal phrase is literally made to hold good, that *la forme emporte le fond*.

But, it will be asked; "How comes it that the same music will frequently appear good to one set of persons, and bad to another; whence arises this diversity of feeling and opinion?" It springs from the difference of education. Different countries have a feeling of preference for different kinds of music. Italy, for instance, so productive in fine voices, has a love for melody decorated by numerous ornaments. A more enlightened people, who, to a mild system of philosophy, unite the sensibility necessary for appreciating the fine arts, adopt a music, which, together with simple and graceful melodies, combines harmonies at once pure and easy. All people

have a natural desire for truth; the very inhabitants of the islands insulated amidst the solitudes of the Pacific, endeavour to attain it in their dull and monotonous, yet strongly-cadenced song; and though this cannot be honoured with the name of art, yet does it appear to be in accordance with their savage manners.

But, in the same manner as we find that systems of education, of religious belief, of manners, sentiments, and habits, as even the absence of education, lead men to substitute the authority of some particular period in the place of general authority; so do we sometimes find composers following the caprice of individual taste, and abandoning the principles followed by a Haydn and a Mozart—principles derived from nature, the results of the experience of ages—and sanctioned by all the learned who exert their talents in the investigation of the subject. It is doubtless necessary to adopt with care the spontaneous inspirations of the mind, the offspring of enthusiasm, which flash like lightning, and disappear as soon; and it is also necessary to elaborate these in moments of calm thought, in order to give them correctness and consistency. The most brilliant genius has need of great caution and study in order to regulate the rude products of a facility which is sometimes marvellous, but deplorable when left to unassisted efforts. Consequently, we must not, under the pretence of being natural, permit our melodies to ramble at will without rule or reflection; thus mistaking chance for truth.

If Buffon's definition be a just one, that *genius is an aptitude for patience, and that perseverance is talent*, never was there less of this quality than at the present day. Artists are determined to work quick, to do things off-hand, forgetful of the wise precept of Boileau:

"Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage,
Polissez-le sans cesse, et le repolissez;
Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effacez*."

Most probably, it is this rage of doing things off-hand that has given birth to the exaggerated effects now employed, and which consist in doubling, tripling, and even quadrupling a single part by means of noisy instruments, or in making crescendos of fifty or sixty bars upon one and the same note of the bass. Something new must absolutely be sought, even though there be no such thing in the world. In this way an end will be obtained diametrically opposite to that which is wished; and it will be found impossible to produce the effect desired. Be it remembered, that the means of instrumentation are very limited, while those that result from the combination of sounds, from the science of harmony, offer to a man of genius resources of an inexhaustible kind.

MR. JAMES'S ANSWER TO M. TULOU.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

I HAVE been a subscriber, and, I may add, a studious reader and admirer of the *Harmonicon* from its infancy to the present moment; and knowing that its pages and proud independence would not willingly lend themselves to the propagation of falsehood or equivocation, I request the favour of you to insert my answer to that part of your last number headed "Mr. James and M. Tulou."

* Twenty retouchings will your labour ask;
At times add something to your finished task,
Polish, repolish; 'but be ne'er forgot,
The first and happiest art—the art to blot."

I shall not dwell on the *gentlemanly* style of M. Tulou's communication to me, but leave it in its own insignificance, as a memorial of M. Tulou's urbanity and *politesse*. I shall only observe, that the precious *morceau* bears evident signs of having been concocted and manufactured, not by the good humoured but unclassical Tulou, but by the firm, who, in their extreme courtesy towards you, expressed themselves as "*greatly obliged*" for the insertion of it. But, Sir, you have overstepped the limits of their anxious wishes. The short note from Monzani and Co., which ushered in M. Tulou's epistle to me, was not designed to meet the curious eye of the public; this was intended only for your own inspection and edification*.

Having thus shewn that you and your readers are indebted to Messrs. Monzani, Tulou, and Co., for this united production, I will now, with your permission, simply explain the circumstance which called forth the epistolary talents of these gentlemen; and I will here add, that I dare any and all of them to contradict the correctness of my statement.

The paragraph complained of appeared in the *John Bull* newspaper, and was to the following effect:—"As a proof of the decided superiority of Mr. James's flutes, M. Tulou, on Friday, the 12th of June last, pronounced them to be excellent instruments, of perfect intonation, and far superior to those made by M. Monzani, upon one of whose flutes he had previously been performing." The circumstance, as it actually occurred, and which was the cause of the above paragraph, was as follows:—

On Friday, the 12th of June, I, in company with a gentleman of the profession, paid my last visit to M. Tulou. Our conversation relating to his concert, (which was to take place on the following morning,) he played over the *Fantasia*, which he was then to perform, and asked my opinion of its merits. After he had tried it through, he complained that he could not give every effect to it, as the flute he played on was a bad one (this flute was made by Monzani). Having just given a lesson to a pupil, I happened to have one of my own flutes in my pocket, and without informing M. Tulou that it was one of my manufacture, I desired him to try it. He did so, and not only himself, but the whole company in the room, were astonished at the different effect which he produced; M. Tulou said that it was Good! Excellent! and other exclamations to the same purpose. A gentleman asked him, if it were superior to the flute he had previously been performing on? Yes, he replied, beyond all comparison. He kept preluding on this flute for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and at every interval he again exclaimed, Good! Excellent! Beautiful! Upon being told that it was one of my make, he was pleased to say, that it was the best English flute he had ever played on, and that it did me infinite credit.

Be pleased to observe, Sir, that M. Tulou does not deny or invalidate this statement. This he could not do, but he evades it altogether by saying, "That he did not take the liberty of judging of the flutes by different makers in London." But I again tell him, that he said mine was superior beyond comparison, and I have witnesses who will at any time come forward and corroborate my assertion. M. Tulou may now ring the changes on these words and modulate them as he thinks proper; but, as Dr. Ollopod says, "Rhubarb is rhubarb, call it what you will."

* We beg to correct Mr. James on this point. The authentication was sent at our request, without which M. Tulou's letter, being of rather a personal nature, could not have been published in the "*Harmonicon*."
—(Editor.)

In conclusion, Sir, allow me to express my astonishment that a man of M. Tulou's reputation, should condescend to the humility of dictation from the head of any firm, however interested and importunate that firm may be, to suppress the real truth. It is imbecile to the last degree to allow one's honest judgment to be perverted, and then state this perversion in a clumsy, arrogant, and impotent manner, with the intent to injure the very person who originally called forth his praises.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader and admirer,

45, Warwick Street,

Regent Street,

July 9th, 1829.

W. N. JAMES,

(Editor of the Flutist's Magazine.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

(Resumed from page 174.)

July 1st. I lately recorded an instance of the enthusiasm of Irish editors in speaking of the merits—and great they are—of a celebrated singer. I have reason to suppose that another warm-hearted native of our neighbouring island is displeased with me for noticing the article I allude to. I must encounter the risk of offending him again; for I cannot refrain from inserting among my notes the following, which I met with in the *Atlas* of last Sunday:—

“An Irish paper has just furnished us with a fine specimen of the puff collateral. Mad. Catalani having resolved to abandon all the huge capital cities of Europe, and to favour only a few secluded towns with the sound of her voice, is at present engaged at one of the provincial theatres of Ireland. The benevolent editor of the paper we refer to, only anxious to gratify the crowds which were of course expected from Liverpool, Dublin, &c., thought proper to publish an epitome of her life.” The writer quotes a long paragraph; I shall only preserve the latter part of it, which is as follows:—“The late king of Wirtemberg was so captivated with her singing, that on his death, which happened soon after her arrival at Stuttgard, her name was among the last words he uttered.” If I mistake not, the king—our brother-in-law—died suddenly, therefore his last words are worth nothing. He may have expired while calling for his boots, in which case “boots” would have been his final ejaculation. But the remarks of the *Atlas* on these last words amuse me mightily. “Kings are notoriously prone to embracing, particularly of handsome and agreeable women. The conduct of the emperor [who presented Mad. C. with a superb ornament, and embraced her at parting] was, therefore, not unaccountable. But it is sad to think how the sex abuse the favours bestowed upon them. That a woman, who has been clasped to the heart of Russia, should make a confidant of an Irish editor, is a monstrous proceeding, and is punished by the whole affair being published with as little remorse as the weekly price of butter.”

* * * But the captivated king of Wirtemberg, in neglecting the salvation of his immortal soul, was (according to the Irish editor) still more disinterested. The extreme unction of her name seems to have been all that he desired. Rolling and writhing on his couch—attendants bathed in tears—the royal sufferer was (of course) faintly heard to articulate CATALANI!—CATAL!—Cat!—Ca!—and all was over.”

2d. I have often animadverted on the musical reports in the daily papers, and shewn the utter incapability

of some of the writers to judge of what they hear; but I did not expect that so striking a case of ignorance would occur as lately has been exposed. It appears that the critic—ye gods, a critic!—of a distinguished morning paper went to see *Romeo e Giulietta*, and, supposing Mdle. Sontag to be the representative of the latter, heaped his warmest encomiums on the performance, as he supposed, of the charming German prima donna. It turned out, however, that Mdle. Sontag did not perform that night, but that Mad. Castelli filled her place: on *Madame Castelli*, consequently, were all the rapturous panegyrics bestowed by the acute and discerning critic! and, moreover, he was echoed by a weekly journal! “The gratification,” says another morning paper, “felt by Mad. C. in finding her efforts thus appreciated, must contrast oddly enough with the feelings of the eminent vocalist for whom she was mistaken.” It would at least enable Mdle. Sontag to set a just value on the praise of daily newspapers, managed as the reports now are.

5th. The following account of the present state of music in America is given, as the extract of a letter from a musician, in the same paper of this date. Having, during the last few years, heard a great deal of the advance made in the art in the United States, and, indeed, having seen many compositions from that country possessing much merit, I was surprised to meet with so unfavourable a statement. It may admit of explanation, or possibly be wholly contradicted. I hope that some New Yorkist will be prepared and willing to undertake the defence of his country's pretensions to taste in music; or at least to put the matter in a less gloomy light than that in which it is now placed.

“There are four theatres in New York—Park, Bowry, La Fayette, and Shottam. Here are given comedies and tragedies, grand spectacles, parts of operas, and minor pieces; but no great operas, for the orchestras are extremely bad and incomplete. There are seldom two clarionets, and generally no bassoon. Oboes, trumpets, and drums are never to be met with. [Not drums?] Oboes are almost unknown in this country: in the whole of North America there is only one player, who lives at Baltimore. Notwithstanding the imperfection of their orchestras, they play the sinfonias of Haydn; and although the want of instruments often brings them to a stand-still, they treat the silence as if it were a pause, and play on. In every orchestra there is a trombone, which never plays its part, but generally that of the violoncello; and if the performer is skilful enough, he sometimes plays that of the violin. Trombones and double basses are best paid; they receive sixteen or seventeen dollars a week; the others have but ten or twelve: the best clarionet has fifteen dollars. They play every day, except Sunday, commencing at half-past eight, and ending about one o'clock in the morning. A very lucrative thing for the musicians of the theatres is, that over and above their employment, they give lessons on the cymbals and guitar. (!) By this means, it is possible in a short time to make a small capital; but pupils are found for these instruments only. Good masters receive a dollar per lesson; others eighteen for twenty-four lessons. Young professors, of moderate talents, who elsewhere would hardly make enough to live, might do well here, and with economy might end with making a fortune, and passing for distinguished artists. The most important requisite for teaching music, is to know the English language.”

8th. The overture to the *Zauberflöte* has been arranged *à douze mains*, for twelve hands, by M. Payer; and not only arranged, but played; and not only played, but listened to by a large audience! The performers were MM. Payer, Pixis, Listz, Hiller, Rhein, and Plich; three pianofortes being employed for this very wise purpose; and the salon of M. Pape, in Paris, the scene of action. I would recommend M. Payer next to adapt the overture to *Figaro* for as many performers as there are notes on the instrument, each to have one note assigned to him, in the manner of the Russian horn music; and in order to enable all to play, long movements to be added to the keys, so as to bring them within reach of each of the eighty performers. The French critic who recounts the above deed of the valiant six, is prodigal in his praise of the great results produced; but adds, that it was in vain to hope for the effects of an orchestra. Clearly so;—but it *left nothing to wish for, as regards precision*. Such, too, would be the effect of my plan—and how much more astonishing!

12th. A weekly journal, which was wrath against me for venturing to hint that Purcell's reputation is not built on his sacred music, has since fallen upon M. Fétis, for not having admired the *Te Deum* of our English composer, when performed in St. Paul's last May. It also directs its ire against M. Mendelssohn, for having, as M. Fétis reports, acquiesced with him in opinion concerning the said work. The writer, by a license which partakes much more of the personal than the poetical, calls M. Mendelssohn, whose prænomen is Felix, "*unhappy Mendelssohn*;" and treats him, as well as all others who are not so fortunate as to discover numberless beauties in the composition alluded to, with that kind of disdain which liberal critics seldom feel, and discreet people never express, towards others on account of a difference in taste. M. Felix Mendelssohn, however, not used to this cavalier treatment in Germany, and little disposed to submit in silence to it here, addressed a letter on the subject to the editor of the paper, which is here subjoined. To this immediate insertion was given; and, I am happy to add, it was also accompanied by a very polite and proper apology.

"SIR, "103, Great Portland Street, July 8, 1829.

"Having read in your last number an article under the head of 'MUSIC AND MUSICIANS,' I beg to offer you some remarks, for the purpose of preventing any misconception which may arise from the article alluded to.

"M. Fétis has, it appears, thought fit to drag my name before the public, by referring to some expressions which may have fallen from me in *private* conversation with him, and also to draw conclusions therefrom in corroboration of his censure on a celebrated English composer. You, Sir, have further deemed it incumbent on you, while commenting on his strictures, to identify my *alleged* observations with the *published* censure of M. Fétis. While denying the right of M. Fétis thus to quote any private and detached expressions of mine in order to support his own opinions, I must, at the same time, question the justice of your holding me up to the British public as a co-censor with that gentleman. Whatever were the words used by me on the occasion referred to, they were uttered merely to give expression to a momentary feeling, caused by a performance which, to use your own language, was 'timid and unsatisfactory.' Generally speaking, a single performance will, in no case, enable any one to give a public judgment on the merits of an eminent composer; and while admitting this, I must, for myself, resist that criticism which,

from a detached and single expression, uttered in private, draws a general conclusion as to the opinions of the individual so uttering it.

"Feeling myself deeply indebted to English 'music and musicians' for enjoyments which have made my short residence in this country a bright period of my life, I must say that the allusions in your paper of Sunday last were most painful to my feelings, by their appearing calculated to create misconceptions to my prejudice among those from whom I have received so much kindness, and for whom I feel the liveliest regard.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

M. Mendelssohn sets out in a few days for Scotland, through which country he intends to make a tour, and where I have no doubt he will be cordially received. In the "*Modern Athens*" it will soon be discovered that his high musical attainments are not all he has to boast of; the grandson of one of the best scholars Europe ever produced will be found to be not without some share of that learning which enabled his ancestor to force his way to eminence through difficulties that very few have surmounted, and which only operated as incentives on his vigorous mind. M. Mendelssohn returns by the Lakes, through Wales, to London, after which he intends to set out for Italy, where he certainly will pass the ensuing winter and spring. His residence in that country will lead, I have reason to hope, to his writing operas; from which those who have had an opportunity of hearing his vocal music, and of examining his scores, have everything to expect.

14th. A concert yesterday for the Silesians, got up by Madlle. Sontag. I may at least say, that the design was as creditable to her feelings as the result was beneficial to the unfortunate sufferers. The *Post* to-day tells us, that this was "the most fashionable *levee* of the season."—What a *Post*!—And the *Herald* says, speaking of M. Bohrer's performance on the violoncello, that he "drew the most charming, *tremulous*, and harmonic-like tones from that, in few other hands pleasing, instrument." Tremulous and charming!—and the violoncello only pleasing in few hands! The fact is, I believe, that the simple tones of no instrument are more delicious than those produced from this. When bungling players attempt to execute on it what only a few masters can accomplish, it is then, I grant, anything but pleasing. In this case, however, the player, and not the instrument, is in fault. But such trash is hardly worth a comment.

18th. An event which occurred during the performance of the opera on the 14th, has been attended by one good result, namely, a narrative of it in this day's *Spectator*. My sorrow for the lady, if she suffered much, is not so overwhelming as to prohibit my enjoying the wit of the historian. Who does not pity the sufferings of the German baron at the supper *à la Grecque* in Peregrine Pickle? But would not the description of them have made the intercostal muscles of Heraclitus himself ache with laughing? The account is entitled

"THE OPERA FEINT.

"On Tuesday, the performance of *Tancredi* was varied by a scene of an interesting kind. In the triumphal chant of the second act, Madame Malibran's voice failed, she faltered, burst into a paroxysm of tears, and shortly after-

wards swung round and fell to the ground. The audience were much concerned, *Tancredi* was carried off the field, and there was obviously an end of the opera; but the conduct of both managers and spectators became now conspicuously and ingeniously absurd. Though it was perfectly manifest that the piece could not proceed, the curtain was not dropped, and *Tancredi's* body-guard were kept standing and staring on the stage, either for the solace and delight of the public eye, or to beget an opinion that the performance was about to be resumed; a fact which experienced persons knew to be completely impossible, for the fits of opera-singers are of such uncommon obstinacy that a treatment entirely beyond the art of physic is necessary for their cure. It was clear to the initiated that Madame had fainted for the night. After the audience had rejoiced in counting the buttons on the gaiters of *Tancredi's* guard, they began to wax curious; and a clamorous demand was raised for Laporte to tell them that which, good creatures, they never could of their own unaided wit have divined, namely, why the performance remained at a stand. So, after a good half hour of pleasing commotion, down came the curtain, and on walked, not Laporte, but a man with a watering-pot in his hand, to lay the dust for the ballet. This machine had not the effect of laying the dust in the house. The people became outrageous at the sight of it; for they wanted not the spout of the watering-pot, but thirsted for the spout of the manager. The man of the pot was therefore hissed off the stage, and Laporte at last did what he might as well have done at first,—he came on, and in considerable agitation informed the audience that Madame Malibran had fainted, that she could not proceed with the part, and that the opera consequently could not be continued. All these were facts of which the public seemed to have had no suspicion; for the instant they were communicated they became perfectly satisfied, shouted bravo, and sat down in peace and tranquillity. The man with the watering-pot then instantly re-appeared, and performed his functions amidst the clamorous applause of the whole house.

"On board of ship, discipline is carried to such a pitch of refinement as to reach Nature herself; and when sunset is announced to the officer in command, his answer is, 'Then make it so,'—as if but for his permission that phenomenon could not have taken place. Thus too it would appear to be in opera-houses, where, alas! there is anything but the discipline of a man of war; but yet, if a first singer faints, the audience will not suppose the fact authentic till the manager comes forward and historically announces the truth they have just witnessed with their proper outward eyes.

"At the moment of the occurrence of this incident, we were vehemently affected, because it instantly struck us that our articles had been the death of Madame Malibran, and we were touched with a profound remorse; but the next day our minds were relieved from a load of apprehension, by certain discussions which prevailed as to the genuineness of this fit—or, in plain terms, whether it was a faint or a feint. It was said that Madame had had some violent quarrel with the opera people in the morning, and that the experienced looked for something extraordinary before the night should be concluded. For our own parts, we believe the agitation and distress were entirely natural; but we have our doubts of the absolute and peremptory necessity of the fainting-fit."

22nd. I am rejoiced to find that the *Madrigal Society* is in a flourishing condition. Such music, if not studied exclusively, but at the same time with what is entirely different

in style and in date, must assist the art in all its branches. The meetings, too, are so managed as to promote both moral and musical harmony at the same time, at a moderate expense, and have nothing but the most innocent enjoyment for their object. The last meeting for the season took place on Thursday the 16th, when the following madrigals were performed:—

"At sound of her sweet voice,"	Quintiani.
"Bright Phœbus greets,"	Kirbye.
"Draw on, sweet night,"	Wilbye.
"Hard by a crystal fountain,"	Morley.
"Hark! hear you not,"	Bateson.
"Hor ch' ogni vento tace,"	Vecchi.
"Sweet honey-sucking bees,"	Wilbye.
"O that the learned poets,"	O. Gibbons.
"Qui diligit Mariam,"	Steffani.
"Now springs each plant,"	Quintiani.

27th. The following is a translation of *Propositions* for a new Assembly for the *haut ton*, which have just been issued. It will clearly be seen, that the plan is not very favourable to the interests of the King's Theatre, and many of the highest personages in the kingdom, with the Duke of Wellington at the head of them, have already given in their names as subscribers. It is high time that some steps were taken to moderate the demands of M. Laporte, who has raised the terms of the Italian Opera in a manner that ought before now to have been resisted; while he has reduced his expenses very considerably in almost every department, though the property boxes, which were long an excuse for such exorbitant terms of subscription, have fallen in these four years, and there is no incumbrance on the house whatever. A skilful manager might give the best opera in Europe, restore the original number of nights, get rid of the stalls, reduce the subscription twenty or thirty per cent., and make a fortune in a few years.

PROPOSALS

For establishing, during the ensuing season, at the Argyle Rooms, Periodical Assemblages of the Fashionable Society of this Capital.

The Rooms will be newly fitted up, and so arranged as to afford every possible accommodation and comfort to the illustrious and noble subscribers.

The meetings will be thirty in number, and take place twice in each week, during the months of March, April, May, and June, on Tuesdays, and Fridays, if those days should prove generally convenient; and commence at nine o'clock.

The first part of the evening will be devoted to Music, and be distinguished by the performance of the best compositions of the first masters.

No performer will be engaged for the orchestra who is not of acknowledged eminence, and high in the estimation of the public.

Besides scenas, detached airs, concerted pieces, and extracts from operas, either serious or comic, by the most celebrated authors, the Director proposes to represent episodic scenes, (*scènes épisodiques*) expressly composed for this establishment, by authors of the highest reputation; and occasionally also operas, both serious and comic, reduced into one act; which, though short, will include the most favourite pieces, and whatever may convey a perfect knowledge of the subject; for which purpose the highest talents that can be procured will be engaged.

The interval between the two parts of this new musical entertainment, will be filled by a short ballet-divertissement, (the young dancers of either sex will be selected, principally, from the Continent); and alternately, by *living pictures*—that is to say, subjects from the great masters of every school and every age, will be put into *action*, in scenes not less instructive than amusing.

The music will be succeeded by conversations or promenades in the rooms, which will all be opened for this purpose, as well as for giving refreshments.

The evening will conclude with a ball, for which the French band of Musard, Colinet, and Michau will be engaged.

Signor Velluti will have the direction of the musical department.

Monsieur D'Egville, independently of the ballets and pictures, will have the management of the whole, under the direction of a committee of lady patronesses.

PROPOSED TERMS AND REGULATIONS.

The number of subscribers to be six hundred. There shall be a Committee formed of a certain number of those ladies who became the first subscribers.

The members of this Committee, under the title of *patronesses*, shall preside, and one be selected as directress of each meeting.

Each subscriber must be recommended by a patroness.

The boxes will be let separately, under the direction of the Committee.

A single subscription to be 30 Guineas.

Families, consisting of five persons will only pay 140 Guineas. The prices will be proportionably diminished according to the number of the family.

In order to exclude strangers, each subscriber will have a personal ticket of admission,—not transferable.

The Secretary will give every information that may be wished. His office is now open at the Argyle Rooms, daily, from eleven to four.

Review of Music.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE RHINE, the Poetry by J. R. PLANCHE; the Music by HENRY R. BISHOP, Vol. 3. (Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.)

THIS is a volume which must, as a matter of strict justice, be ascribed to the joint efforts of the sister arts. Poetry, music, and design, have so equally contributed to it, that it would be difficult to say which has had the largest share in its production: each has imparted charms that will not hastily fade, but recommend it both now and for a long time to come and preserve it from that early oblivion to which so many works, in a somewhat similar form, but differing very much in quality, have been condemned.

Six songs, one of them also harmonized, and two trios, or three-part songs, together with nine lithographic views on the Rhine, with letter-press descriptions, make up this collection. Our notice must, of course, be chiefly devoted to the musical part.

The volume begins with *The last Lord of Rhætzuns*, an animated address to his steed from a proud baron, who, to avoid falling into the hands of his vassals, leaps from his castle's height into the Rhine below. There is great spirit and much originality in this; the words are most appropriately set, and if sung with ordinary skill, will always attract attention and please. The next is *The Schwitzer's Serenade*, a light, agreeable air in six-eight time, very easy to sing and to accompany, and in moderate compass.

The third, *The Rhine-falls*, a trio for two sopranos and a base in *e b*, is a descriptive composition, in which Mr. Bishop has evidently bestowed a great deal of thought, and to very good purpose. His *roaring* base at the word "roar," is, certainly, not to be commended, but the few succeeding bars suffice to make us forget the preceding weakness. From the return of the original measure, page 20, to the end, the whole is distinguished by boldness and energy, the effect quite corresponding to the design. The following passage may convey some idea of the general style of the movement:—



AUGUST, 1829.



The fourth, *Hauenstein*, is a useful moral lesson, gracefully worded, and delivered in a short, tranquil, elegant air. This is succeeded by a second trio, *The Pilgrims*, for the same voices as the former, in *c*, three-eight time, and not very new, whether as relates to plan or execution.

The sixth is the *Drinking song of the men of Basle*, an air and chorus, the former of which will be found in the musical portion of this number; our readers will therefore form their own opinion of it. We need not say, that it has made a strong impression on us, for the quoting it at length is a proof of our high estimation of the composition*. This is also harmonized, and makes an excellent Bacchanalian glee, which may be sung either by two sopranos and a base, or by three men's voices.

The next, *The Curse of Imogene*, in *A minor*, is entirely different in style from the others. This is a beautifully plaintive air; the words are well considered, and set with great feeling. The short change to the major key at the line, "So calm, you might deem that he sleeping lay," was a happy thought, and will be felt, strongly felt, by all who

* In future volumes it is our intention to insert all extracts, whether brief or extended, in the pages of the Review, and in no case to separate them from the text. We also have it in contemplation to mix the illustrative music, and all that has any reference to the literary articles, with the letter-press, and make one complete volume at the end of every half-year.—Editor.

can discern a difference in the two modes. The eighth and last, *The Garden of Roses*, is not in the tone of defiance that the narrative seems to require. The opening is, in fact, the well-known dance-tune, *Le boulanger*, than which a less appropriate air can hardly be imagined; it ought to have been of a nature to raise chivalrous, rather than ball-room associations. But it is far from displeasing as a melody; and where there is so much to praise as this volume contains, it is downright ingratitude in us to complain of one piece, only because it is not so excellent as the rest.

We have more than once had occasion to express our opinion of Mr. Planché's poetry, and are glad to find that we concur with so many good judges on this subject. The following poetical description of the falls of Schaffhausen, brief as it necessarily is, and restrained, because written for music, will not lessen the reputation his former lyrical productions have gained for him.

THE RHINE-FALLS.

Hark!—'tis the voice of the falling flood!—
And see, where the torrents come—
Thundering down through rock and wood,
Till the roar makes echo dumb!

Like giant steeds from a distant waste
That have madly broke away,
Leaping the crags in their headlong haste,
And trampling the waves to spray.

Five abreast!—as their own foam white—
Their wild manes streaming far—
A worthy gift from a water sprite
To his ocean-monarch's car!

Of the graphic part of a work which, as we have above observed, owes its existence equally to three arts, it is incumbent on us to say a few words. In no musical publication have we ever met with illustrations so interesting or so ably executed. Those in this third volume consist of views beginning in the valley of Domlesch and ending with the city of Worms; comprising, the castle of Rhætzuns; Stein on the Rhine, with the castle of Hohen Klingen; Fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen; Hauenstein; Sæckingen; Basel; Speyers; and Worms. The frontispiece is a view of the mouth of the Rhine on the lake of Constance. Each of these is accompanied by a short historical description on a leaf of letter-press, one page of which is thus occupied, while the other is appropriated to the words alone of the song, or trio, that immediately follows.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. The Colosseum, RONDO alla Polacca, by FERD. RIES. (Payne and Hopkins, Cornhill.)
2. Fleuve du Tage, varié par CH. CHAULIEU. Op. 77. (Cocks and Co., Princes-street.)
3. AIR SUISSE, varié par le même. Op. 78. (Same publishers.)
4. VARIATIONS on an Air Allemande, by FRANÇOIS HUNTEN. (Balls, Oxford-street.)
5. Les Favorites, a Series of Melodies arranged as RONDOS, by L. A. RIESEMARCK. (Preston, Dean-street.)
6. La Salle d'Apollon, a Collection of New German WALTZES, by Foreign Authors, Nos. 41 to 50. (Wessel and Stodart, Frith-street.)

WE have cudgelled our brains to find out if possible some sort of connexion between the Colosseum and Mr. Ries's rondo, but in vain. With all our industry and anxious endeavour we cannot even discover a clue to any equivocal, any obscure pun, and must leave our readers in that state

of darkness in which we find ourselves; but shall be right glad to be enlightened on the subject by any person who may ferret out an analogy or hunt up a joke. We feel pretty sure, however, that the composer never conferred the title, and that it was bestowed by some one here, who pitched on what was most talked of: the FATE of the Horticulturists, or Catholic Emancipation would have answered his purpose just as well, and may yet be applied to a galopade, a quadrille, or anything standing in need of an appropriate name. If some appellation denoting dryness had been given, it would exactly have characterized the present composition, for a less interesting thing, a work betraying more sterility of invention, has rarely come under our notice. Mr. Ries is too good a musician to publish anything faulty, and has too much talent to produce anything contemptible; no positive errors, therefore, are imputable to this rondo, unless being very difficult and somewhat disagreeable are to be counted as such.

No. 2 consists of five variations on an air that has been much admired, but in which we never could make out a single remarkable trait. M. Chaulieu certainly has not been able to elicit from it any thing but of a very common kind.

No. 3 is much superior to the preceding as to air, and, consequently, more has been extracted from it in the shape of variations, which are not devoid of novelty, and two of them are brilliant. This piece is adapted to performers who have attained a respectable degree of proficiency, and is not unworthy the notice of superior players.

No. 4 is a very simple air of twelve bars, on which M. Huntén has written eight variations in the most modern style, though he has avoided those passages which take much time and trouble to learn, and are unproductive when acquired. There is something very striking in this piece.

No. 5 is a collection of six airs of two pages each, suited to children who have just finished their travels through an instruction-book. They comprise two German melodies, three from Rossini's operas, and one from the ballet of *Nina*; all very correctly arranged for the instrument.

No. 6 is a continuation of a very clever little publication. The present numbers contain some excellent compositions of the kind; indeed, the work has been progressively improving from its commencement.

1. "Gaily singing," the favourite duet in AUBER's Opera, Masaniello, arranged by AUG. MEVES. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, Cheapside.)
2. DIVERTIMENTO, The Argyle Wreath, composed by W. T. LING. (Preston.)
3. FANTASIA and VARIATIONS in the last Waltz of WEBER, composed by GEORGE WARNE, organist of the Temple. (Gerock, Cornhill.)
4. DIVERTIMENTO ROSSINIANO, arranged from subjects in ROSSINI's Operas, No. 3. (Eavestaff, Great Russell-street.)
5. Ditto, No. 4.
6. DIVERTIMENTO, in which is introduced "Aurora che sorgerai," and March from La Donna del Lago, by J. M. ROST. (Balls.)

THE first of these is a favourite duet in Auber's charming opera, to which Mr. Meves has added a short march from the same, without announcing it in his title-page; a kind of omission that composers, or arrangers, in the present day, can seldom be charged with. He has made facility his chief object in this short piece, which is well calculated

for schools, and for such as like pleasing music, though they abjure labour.

No. 2 is also very easy, and made up of the *Bluebells of Scotland—Mary's Dream*—and the *Highland Laddie*, limited to the narrow compass of five pages.

No. 3 is the waltz in A b, said to be the last composition of Weber*, with five variations, in which labour is much more apparent than genius, and the effect rather heavy. The Introduction is better adapted to the organ than the piano-forte, and the whole is certainly too long. But let us do the author the justice to say, that though this piece exhibits no signs of a very fertile invention, it betrays no symptoms of a want of musical knowledge; the good harmonist is apparent throughout. Why it is called a Fantasia we cannot guess, unless for a reason which generally suffices in such musical cases;—namely, because it is *not* a fantasia. *Lucus a non lucendo*.

Nos. 4 and 5 are airs from *Tancredi* and the *La Gazza Ladra*, very well worked up into divertimentos by Mr. Etherington, who has contrived to produce a good deal of effect from them without subjecting the performer to the necessity of much practice. The subjects, however, are becoming somewhat *usé*; Mr. E. should have given these his labours to the world half a dozen years ago.

All that we have said in the preceding paragraph applies to No. 6; to which we add, that the Introduction is spirited, and well adapted to the hand.

1. FANTASIA, in which is introduced the French air, "Il ne sont plus," or "Waters of Elle," with variations, composed by J. W. HOLDER, Mus. Bac. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. INTRODUCTION and BRILLIANT VARIATIONS on a favourite air, composed by W. H. PHIPPS, Member of the Royal Academy of Music. (Chappell, New Bond-street.)
3. BRILLIANT RONDO, composed by CHARLES M'KORKELL. (Paine and Hopkins.)
4. La Suisse, MARCH and WALTZ, composed by S. F. RIMBAULT. (Luff, Great Russell-street.)
5. The Merry Swiss Boy, AIR with VARIATIONS, by J. DOVE. (Balls.)

MR. HOLDER has bestowed an immense deal of trouble on what, falling into a common error, he calls a fantasia. His introduction (for so it ought to have been denominated) in B b, which begins adagio, and passes through a largo into an allegro, spreads over five pages. Here half-demisemi-quavers,—a prodigious quantity of triplets in quavers,—a run of semitones for both hands, beginning at the very bottom, and ending at the very top of the instrument,—together with a kind of *Rosalie*, which, reversing the former progression, commences at the very top, and terminates at the very bottom—here all these dissimilarities are, "with great labour and pain," brought together they hardly seem to know how, and we can hardly tell why, unless for the purpose of ushering in a pretty French melody, which a few chords, broken perhaps into arpeggios, would have introduced in so much more graceful a manner. This air is well harmonized, or accompanied—for, we scarcely need say, Mr. H. is a thorough-bred musician—and some of the variations, the second and fourth for instance, are in good keeping; but the others shew that the author had a brilliant fit on him when he sat down to write this "fantasia," and could not, had he tried, rein in his Pegasus, which took to

flight at every opportunity, and has proved a fit match for the wildest and fleetest that modern Germany can produce.

No. 2 is a remarkably clever, pleasing composition, equally honourable to the youthful author and the institution wherein he was educated. The air is short and expressive, and the six variations on it indicate, by their relationship to the subject and consistency, that knowledge of counterpoint in which so many *soi-disant* composers are wretchedly deficient. Such knowledge, however, may be taught; but there is also, in every page, a taste, indeed an invention, evinced, which must be set down to the account of genius, and which, if not blighted by the author becoming a teacher, lead us very reasonably to expect much from his future efforts.

There is considerable talent in No. 3, and the composer most laudably strives to think for himself; but he seems not to be aware that air—clearly defined rhythmical air—is absolutely indispensable in musical composition. In the whole of this long, and, to say the truth, tedious rondo, we perceive no settled design, but a flightiness pervades it, that affords no moment of repose, and which, when the conclusion arrives, leaves the mind of the performer or hearer in that flurried state which is generally produced by a succession of combined noises. It is, we presume, to be considered more as a study, than as a work for general use. As the one, it shews the industry, knowledge of harmony, and independence of the writer; but, if published with the other view, he will, we fear, shortly find himself disappointed.

Nos. 4 and 5 are exceedingly pretty trifles; short, easy, written in very good taste, and likely to improve, as well as please, young players.

DUETS, PIANO-FORTE.

Select AIRS from AUBER's Opera, *Masaniello*, arranged by S. GÜDBE. Four books. (Clementi and Co.)

THIS publication contains every thing of importance in the opera now so deservedly popular in France, and, we may add, London; for the ballet performing at the King's Theatre is nothing but the drama in pantomime,—music, scenery, dresses, action, all are the same, so far as the stage and *artistes* of the Opera-house permit. The whole of the airs, choruses, &c., are here arranged in a very convenient manner; for though nothing in the score is omitted, yet each part is so free from all difficulty, that any player, being a good timest, may not only perform it with ease, but even at first sight.

VOCAL.

1. DUETTINO, "La Piena del Contento," composed by FINLAY DUN, (of Edinburgh.) (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)
2. DUETTINO, "Ah! che nel dirti addio," composed and published by the same.
3. ARIA, "Volgi, deh Volgi a me," poetry from TASSO's Jerusalem Delivered, composed by PIO CIANCHETTINI. (Chappell.)
4. ARIETTA, "Va! Lusingando Amore," the poetry by METASTASIO, composed by the same. (Birchall and Co., New Bond Street.)

THE two first of these are in the true Italian style, unmixed with any of that German colouring which the modern schools of Italy have deemed necessary in their compositions. This, we are well aware, will recommend

* Published in a former Number of the *Harmonicon*.

Mr. Dun's duettini to the admirers of simplicity, though it will not operate so favourably on such as require the condiments now in such general use. But they are full of natural, graceful melody, which will ever possess a charm for the real amateur, even when unindebted, as in the present instance, to the rich stores of harmony for any material support. In No. 1, fourth and sixth bars of page 2 are octaves between the second part and base, that neither the eye nor ear can approve. By the annexed slight alteration of the accompaniment, all objection will be removed.



No. 3 is an able composition, and far superior to many of those *arie* which, night after night, are repeated at public concerts and in private parties; yet, having been written under a British sky, this will perhaps not be thought worthy of an Italian throat, or of an Italianized audience.

No. 4 is composed for Signor Velluti, therefore adapted to any mezzo-soprano voice. The words are expressed with great propriety and feeling, and, of all persons in the world, the performer for whom the arietta is written is best qualified to give proper effect to the sentiments and language of the poet.

1. SONG, "Remember me kindly," the poetry by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq., composed by T. ATTWOOD. (Cramer and Co.)
2. SONG, Weber's farewell, sung by Miss STEPHENS, written by Mrs. R. BUTLER, adapted, &c. by GESUALDO LANZA. (Chappell.)
3. BOLERO, written by W. BULKLEY, composed by OLIVIA DUSSEK BULKLEY. (Chappell.)
4. BALLAD, words by R. BADNALL, Esq., music by G. W. REEVE. (Mori and Lavenue.)
5. BALLAD, "The Roses of Summer," the poetry by W. BELLAMY, Esq., composed by W. H. CALLCOTT. (J. H. Callcott.)
6. SONG, The Elf-King, by AUGUSTUS VOIGT. (Callcott.)
7. ROMANCE, The Young Bernardine, composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Barnett, Moncrieff, and Co.)
8. SLAVONIAN MELODY, "List to the Music of Even," the poetry by J. BOWRING, Esq., arranged and harmonized by JOHN BARNETT. (Preston.)
9. BALLAD, "Oh! breathe no more that simple air," the poetry by the Rev. T. DALE; composed by EDWARD DEARLE. (Preston.)
10. SONG, "Leaves and flowers," the poetry by H. MEREDITH PARKER, Esq.; composed by S. GÖDBE. (Preston.)
11. SONG, "My soldier lad," the words by S. PARSONS; composed by C. N. WEISS. (Preston.)
12. BALLAD, "Near unto a chrystal fountain," the poetry by F. COOPER, Esq.; composed by AUGUSTUS MEVES. (Balls.)

No. 1 is composed with true musical feeling, and the accompaniment is of that masterly-kind which is always to be expected from Mr. Attwood, because no other has ever proceeded from his pen.

No. 2 is an adaptation to words of Weber's last compo-

sition, preceded by a recitative, and enlarged by very appropriate additions. If Mr. Lanza thought it necessary to transpose the original, why did he not find some key agreeing better in character with A b, than D?—E b would in every way have been preferable. There is, however, considerable praise due to him for the manner in which he has accomplished his task; and still more to the authoress of the words, which have great merit.

We regret that we cannot speak in very favourable terms of No. 3.

No. 4 is a pleasing melody, and the words are well accented.

No. 5 will not fail to recal "The Yellow-hair'd Laddie" to memory; but the *quotation* is an apt one, and the ballad will find many admirers.

No. 6 is a well-known air in a popular ballet, *Nina*, we believe, which Mr. Voigt has adapted to certain words, added an accompaniment, and printed it as his own! This unjustifiable practice, which, under various disguises, is creeping in upon us daily, cries aloud for exposure and reform, and has our most unqualified censure.

The light measure of No. 7 does not exactly comport with the words, which are sad enough, and tell how a youth was compelled, by his hard-hearted parents, to wed a damsel against his will. There is novelty in the story, at least, but not quite so much in the music: the latter, however, is simple, and not displeasing.

No. 8 shews the features of national melody—the melody of not a very refined nation though, for the phrases, the musical phrases we mean, are irregular, and very abrupt. Mr. Barnett, nevertheless, has doubtless executed his task with fidelity, and given the air itself as he found it. His accompaniment is quite appropriate.

No. 9 expresses, in a sensible manner, some very beautiful words. We recommend the composer to make his second note in the base of the seventh bar of the symphony, A#.

The poetry of No. 10 breathes two very pretty *concelli*, and, upon the whole, is not badly set. The words, "Vine Leaves," should have had a short and a long note: by giving to the latter word a quaver instead of a crotchet, it conveys the idea of a verb rather than of a noun.

No. 11 is a very poor affair indeed; and No. 12 is not in Mr. Meves's best manner, most certainly. Nothing can be more commonplace.

1. GLEE, "On to the Chase," for three voices, composed by JOHNSON SAVAGE. (Paine and Hopkins.)
2. SONG, "There is a Smile," words and music by WILLIAM BALL. (The same.)
3. PASTORAL, "The Calabrian Pipe," written, composed, and published by the same.
4. SONG, "The Bracelet," ditto, ditto, ditto.
5. BALLAD, "Estelle," ditto, ditto, ditto.
6. BALLAD, "Lightly bounding o'er the Green," written by F. L. GRADDON; composed and arranged by J. T. CRAVEN. (The same.)
7. CANZONET, "Content," written [we presume] by W. BARTHOLOMEW, Esq.; adapted to a Waltz by BEETHOVEN. (Vernon, Cornhill.)
8. SONG and CHORUS, "O Music, sweet Music!" written by the same to the last Waltz of WEBER. (The same.)
9. SERENADE, "Light of my heart, awake!" written by J. WEST, Esq., composed by J. TURNBULL. (Edinburgh, Robertson.)
10. JACOBITE BALLAD, "Red Clanronald's men." (Composed and published by the same.)

11. BALLAD, "The Sylphs of the Flowers," written and composed by F. E. LACY. (Luff, Great Russell Street.)
12. SONG, "Love and Lovers." (Written, composed, and published by the same.)
13. SONG, "The Bonny Blue Cap," written by Sir WALTER SCOTT. (Composed and published by the same.)
14. BALLAD, "One look from thy lattice," composed by C. A. SMITH. (Same publisher.)

To write in three parts is a test of knowledge in harmony. The composer of No. 1 stands in need of such knowledge.

No. 2 is composed with taste, and the words are well accented. Between bars 5 and 6, page 3, are octaves that no good ear will delight in, and which may easily be obviated.

No. 3 has afforded us much pleasure. The many Swiss airs that have rung in everybody's ears during the last three or four seasons have suggested this; but not the slightest plagiarism is to be imputed to the composer—at least, by us.

No. 4 is faultless, and not without elegance; but the composer has not happened to hit on any new discoveries in the regions of air.

No. 5 belongs to the order of commonplace.

What effect No. 6 may produce at the minor theatres we are not qualified to say; but are quite sure that it will not be listened to patiently elsewhere.

No. 7 is very properly directed to be sung slowly; if performed in what is generally considered waltz time, it is slaughtered. The words go well to the air; and the whole together is interesting. No. 8, a similar adaptation, is quite equal to the preceding.

We did not look beyond the first page of No. 9. No. 10 is either a Scottish air, or a parody on one.

No. 11 depends chiefly on its melody, as all ballads should do, and this is natural and agreeable. No. 12 is an air rather too well calculated for the meridian of the Surrey theatre to suit our taste. We can easily believe that it was relished in its proper abode.

No. 13 is not a bad imitation of the Scottish.

No. 14 is a smooth melody, with a simple, easy accompaniment; but not a single original idea is to be traced in any part of it.

The number of song-composers seems to be on the increase, and, as we are decided optimists, we entertain no doubt of a good final result; but must confess that, for the present, the quantity of talent distributed among these seems inversely as their number. At the same time, we are bound to acknowledge, because it is our conviction, that errors in musical grammar and in prosody are on the decline; and we cannot help expressing a hope that our reviews have had some share in bringing about a reformation which had been so long necessary, but not publicly called for—at least in terms that could not be misunderstood, and which showed that no compromise would be listened to—till we commenced the exercise of our critical functions.

HARP AND PIANO-FORTE.

1. Handel's Grand March, "See the Conquering Hero comes," arranged as a duet by N. CHARLES BOCHSA. (Clementi, Collard and Collard.)
2. WEBER'S LAST GEM, with an Introduction, Variation, and Coda, arranged by EDWIN J. NIELSON, late student in the Royal Academy of Music. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

HANDEL'S "See the Conquering Hero" is a chorus, not a march; but this matters not much. It is here converted into a spirited duet, and the variations, if not original, are in character, and effective, the last, particularly, a coda, which brings the piece to a termination in a very brilliant manner.

Weber's Waltz in A b, which has, we know not how, acquired the title of his *last gem*, is become as popular among the admirers of sterling harmony as good music generally is and deserves to be. This fact is proved by the many shapes it is now made to assume, vocal as well as instrumental, and by the attention it commands when performed at the theatres, by military bands, &c. It has not suffered in Mr. Nielson's hands, but, on the contrary, has been set off to great advantage by the manner of his arrangement, and by the skilful, the masterly, additions he has made to it.

HARP.

THE HARPIST'S SKETCH-BOOK, a collection of *Melodies*, including two sung by the Bohemian Brothers, &c. &c., arranged in a familiar style, by GUSTAVUS HOLST. (Chappell.)

THIS publication contains no less than ten pieces, not fragments, in twelve pages, crowded together like passengers in a stage-coach, without any especial regard to their respective qualities. Thus we have Bohemian, Rhinish, Portuguese, Irish, French, Russian, and Italian airs, a *Landum*, and a Hymn, all in one motley group. The divine strains of the first German reformer are brought into juxtaposition with the counterfeit notes of the last German impostors, or cigar-makers, and the song of the vine-harvesters of the Rhine is forced into union with both. But the whole makes an agreeable though a bizarre collection, and, the quantity considered, is published at a reasonable price.

FLUTE AND PIANO-FORTE.

A Selection of AIRS from the works of Eminent Composers, arranged by WM. BARK. No. I. (Longman and Bates, Ludgate Hill.)

THIS is a useful publication, for it consists of airs so good in themselves, that the great facility afforded to both performers, in the manner of arranging them, will not, however powerful prejudice may be, render them unworthy the notice of those who are equal to things requiring infinitely more practical skill. The pieces introduced are the march in the *Opferfest*; an aria from *Le Solitaire*, by Carafa; *Aure felici*, by the same; a Portuguese Air; the Bridesmaid's Chorus in the *Freischütz*; and an air by Kummer.

FLUTE.

1. AIRS in AUBER'S Masaniello, arranged by L. DROUET. (Cocks and Co.)
2. ROSSINI'S Operas, arranged with embellishments, by WM. FORDE. No. I. (Same publishers.)
3. COCKS' CABINET, A Collection of MELODIES, selected and published by the same.

No. 1 includes the Guaracha, the Barcarole, a Fandango, the Tarantella, a Bolero, part of the Prayer, and three other airs, together with what M. Drouet calls "a recapitulation" of the whole, which consists of the heads of each, combined in one piece. The whole of these are arranged in an easy manner.

No. 2 contains the *Mosé in Egitto*; that is to say, seventeen pieces from it, which include nearly the whole. They are adapted to the powers of the generality of players;—as is also

No. 3, a very comprehensive little work, for in this first number are between twenty and thirty airs, by as many different composers—by Mozart, Beethoven, Mayseder, Dressler, Haydn, Berbiguier, &c. &c.

TWO FLUTES.

Twenty-four Scales, arranged from CHERUBINI, ROLLA, &c., by E. C. MARTIN. (Cocks and Co.)

WE can hardly add any information concerning this publication beyond what is to be gathered from its title, brief as it is. The scales are in all the keys, and the name of Cherubini is a guarantee for a certain degree of correctness, not to say excellence. Scales, undoubtedly, are excellent practice; if learners on any instrument would make themselves thorough masters of these, they would find themselves in possession of a key to the greatest difficulties that either practical or theoretical music presents to the learner.

Foreign Musical Report.

VIENNA.

Josephstüdt Theater.—A NEW romantic opera has been produced at this theatre, entitled *Der Alpenkönig* (the King of the Alps), the music by Kapellmeister Roser. Some of the airs were applauded, but the principal merit of the piece lies in the characteristic accompaniments, and particularly in the music of some occasional dances, which possesses considerable merit.

Leopoldstüdt Theater.—The only novelty at this house has been a grand musical pantomime, by Rainoldi, entitled *Der Ritter ohne Kopf* (the Headless Knight). We notice it in particular, on account of the very excellent and characteristic music by Volkert, some of which is marked by much originality of ideas, and is assuredly deserving of a better fate than that of being allied to such perishable materials.

At the last sitting of the Philharmonic Society of the Austrian states, Messrs. Boieldieu and Fétis had the honour of being named as members.

BERLIN.

Königstüdt Theater.—The management of this house has been particularly active of late; for, in the short space of six weeks, we had a new operetta, and two successful revivals. The first, which is a sentimental poem, by Konrad von Holtey, entitled *Erinnerung* (Remembrance), is entirely composed of melodies from the works of C. von Weber, which are arranged with taste and judgment, and made to form a connected piece of more than common interest. Carl Blum's delightful little opera, *Die Rückkehr in's Dörfchen* (the Return to the Hamlet), was admirably performed, and obtained great applause throughout. In Wenzel Müller's old opera, *Die Musicalische Tischlerfamilie, oder Die Unruhige Nachbarschaft* (the Musical Carpenter-family, or the Neighbourhood disturbed), the comic acting of M. Spitzeder was very effective; in the scene, so annoying to his quiet neighbours, in which he gives imitations of Paganini, the bursts of laughter were incessant. Indeed, there is little doubt but the whole piece

was got up on the present occasion for the sake of this scene.

A grand concert of sacred music was recently given here in relief of the unhappy sufferers by the late inundations. The whole was under the immediate direction of Spontini, who exerted himself on this occasion in a manner that redounds highly to his credit. Besides several splendid pieces of instrumental music and compositions by Graun and Righini (a composer by the way who has been too much neglected), a selection was also given from Handel's *Samson*, the principal parts of which were admirably executed by M. Bader and Madame Seidler. Paganini also volunteered his services on this occasion, and exerted himself in a very laudable manner in the cause of benevolence. He executed the greater part of the pieces that had produced the most effect in his concerts, and on this occasion seemed to surpass himself. The fire of this artist is inextinguishable; and there are occasional bursts of energy, and touches of such surprising felicity, that, after being heard for the hundredth time, he appears new and inexhaustible in the variety of effects produced. The fact is, that, being guided by the spontaneous impulse of the moment, and not fettered by mere mechanical rules, his own compositions are ever varying in his hands; and, instead of productions of art, are continual creations of genius. The applause that crowned his efforts was immense; he is certainly among the prodigies of the age in which we live. The receipts on this occasion were very handsome.

Spontini's example has been followed by the other musical societies, and by the bands of the different regiments. The combined efforts of those of the dragoons and cuirassiers were particularly effective. Several symphonies, arranged for wind-instruments, and particularly the overture to *Fidelio*, for trumpets, bugles, &c., only, were executed with a precision, spirit, and unity of effect, but seldom witnessed. The latter attempt, in particular, which was attended with great difficulties, was accomplished in a masterly manner.

It is not without regret that we state, that serious disputes have arisen between Spontini and the Count von Redern, superintendant of the royal theatres, which is likely to terminate in the retirement of the former. He has just completed his *Agnes von Hohenstaufen*, and will, it is said, quit after he has superintended its production.

After several *last* concerts, Paganini has at last left us. As, independently of these concerts, this artist had given a succession of performances at the Königstadt, between the opera and afterpiece, the public in general had become habituated to him, and consequently his later concerts were a good deal deserted, except by his more devoted admirers. On these occasions, that lofty feeling which led a great poet to exult in the reflection that he could

'Fit audience find, though few,'—(Milton)

seems to have filled the soul of Paganini, for never did he appear to yield so fully to his inspirations, and display the fire of his genius. He is gone to Warsaw.

With more hardihood than discretion or good taste, M. Sigismund von Praun has been playing over all Paganini's pieces since his departure. It is allowed that he reproduces several of the favorite passages and difficulties of his great model, with surprising facility; but it is the elaborate copy of a Titian, without his fire and inspiration. In M. Praun, we see the artist, ingenious but laborious; in Paganini we behold a virtuoso, who, in the enthusiasm which he creates, makes us forget all the ordinary means of art.

DRESDEN.

The Italian company here have just given Morlacchi's last work, *Il Colombo*, which he composed for the theatre of Genoa. It obtained a very favourable reception. The cognoscenti were delighted with several beauties of the higher order, but, in return, they had also to endure much that was tedious and insupportable. The work evidently bears the marks of haste; had the author followed the well-known advice of the Roman poet, *ut nonem servetur in annum*, and thus matured his ideas, there is sufficient evidence in the work, of talent that might have produced a masterpiece.

MILAN.

Teatro della Scala.—*Le Cantatrici villane* has been reproduced here, and drawn better houses than we had reason to anticipate. Frezzolini and Madame Gioia-Tamburini exerted themselves in a manner to obtain general applause. The latter singer, together with a voice of considerable compass and beauty, possesses great intelligence, and a just perception of character. Several new engagements have been made for this house. Besides Madame Belloc, and the Signora Annetta Cardani, a soprano of considerable promise, Alfonso Zezi, primo basso to the king of Saxony, of whom the German journals have made honourable mention, is expected in the course of the season.

Teatro Carcano.—By the return of Madame Pasta, and with the talents of Favelli, the tenor Duprè, and the bass Gioni, this house presents a formidable rival to Barbaja's establishment, and more than divides the public attention. *Tancredi* and *Otello*, the two first performances, have excited a degree of enthusiasm not often witnessed, even in this land of excitement. Not content with waiting till the conclusion of the performance, both Pasta and Favelli were frequently called for, and obliged to violate all consistency by reappearing in the midst of scenes, and embarrassing the progress of the action. In the second act of *Tancredi*, the air *No, che il morir non è*, was replaced by a romance of Pacini, beginning with the words, *Perchè non credi a me*. Will the Gran Maestro be pleased with such a liberty taken with his favourite opera? It most assuredly is a practice at variance with consistency and common sense, and cannot be too strongly reprobated.

GENOA.

Teatro Carlo Felice.—Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* was lately given here; but, with the exception of some few pieces, it made only a feeble impression. This want of success is, by some of the journals, attributed to the company of singers, none of whom rise above mediocrity.

LEGHORN.

Teatro de' Avvalorati.—Generali's new opera, *I Bacchanti*, was produced here on the 12th of May last, and obtained decided success. It was performed by a very respectable company, of whom Bianchi the tenor, and the Signora Maddalena Giorgi, bore off the honours of the evening.

TURIN.

The season here has produced one new opera, *Gli Avventurieri*, the music by Cordella, a composer before unknown to this place. It obtained but very moderate success—a circumstance owing, as it would appear, rather to want of power in the company, than to absence of merit in the piece; for several parts of the composition are spoken of as indicating talent of no ordinary kind.

PARMA.

Teatro Nuovo.—A new opera is announced here, the subject of which is the same that has recently exercised the pen of Morlacchi; but it is not stated when the new *Colombo* is to be given. The Signora Teresa Cecconi is the great favourite here; she has lately gained fresh reputation by the excellent manner in which she performed the arduous character of *Semiramide*.

FLORENCE.

Teatro Alfieri.—The Signora Giuditta Grisi, a contralto of great power and beauty, is creating a sensation here of a kind that may rival with that of some of the great artists of the good old school. She is a young lady of good family, whose fortunes having suffered in the late revolutions, she has had recourse to the stage. After successfully filling the principal characters in *Il Pirata*, and *Gli Arabi*, one of Rossini's earlier operas, *Bianca e Falliero*, has been got up, in order to afford her a new opportunity of distinguishing herself. This opera, which was produced in 1819, had but little success at the first representation, and was shortly after withdrawn. It, however, merited a better fate; for though it cannot compete with some of Rossini's masterpieces, yet it possesses no small portion of the first freshness of his talent, and has several admirable pieces; in particular, the magnificent quartett in the second act. On the present occasion, it was very effectively cast, and was received throughout with great applause. The quartett in question was admirably executed by Grisi, Bonfigli, Morosi, and Porto. The cavatina sung by Signora Grisi in the first, and the rondo in the second act, were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The chorusses were poor, but the execution of the orchestra all that could be desired. In a word, this may be regarded as a successful revival of a work of Rossini that had sunk into oblivion: how long the resuscitation will endure, time will determine.

Lately was performed, in the Chapel of the Grand Duke, a new oratorio, by Lindersdorff, of Vienna, known for some time in the musical world as a distinguished pianist, and the composer of several pieces of merit. It is entitled *Esther*; and both the composition and execution, in which the most distinguished singers and musicians of the place took a part, under the direction of the composer, obtained the unanimous applause of all the connoisseurs who were present at its performance.

ANCONA.

Vaccaj's opera of *Romeo e Giulietta* was represented here for the first time, and obtained considerable success, which continued throughout a series of several representations. A portion of this success must doubtless be ascribed to the new debutant, Valentini, who is a great favourite. His school is good, and his style of acting graceful and impressive. Madame Kinthurland, a lady of German extraction, but who has received her musical education in Italy, performed the part of *Giulietta*, in a manner that gave general satisfaction. She sings in good taste, and with an abstinence from meretricious ornament, which is very edifying in the present day.

VENICE.

Teatro San Benedetto.—Generali's serious opera of *Jefte* (oratorio, some of the journals term it) continues to be given here with success. Madame Laroche, a singer new to these boards, particularly distinguished herself in the principal character; in a duet in the first, and a rondo in the second act, she obtains a regular encore every evening.

Rossini's *Comte Ory* is in preparation here; but as the tenor part is not adapted to Signor Rossi, the only tenor of any importance here, it has been found necessary to transpose his part a tone or two. Even in transposing a single air, much of its effect and character must necessarily be sacrificed: what, then, are we to think of transposing the whole solid part of an opera? And yet, in this classic land of music, one of those operators, who are everywhere to be had ready at hand, is busily engaged in the barbarous operation.

ROME.

Teatro Valle.—The only novelty here, if novelty it can be called, has been *La Gioventù d' Enrico V.*, which obtained, if not a brilliant, at least a tolerable degree of success. The principal character was sustained by Madame Annetta Parlamagni, who, if not possessed of first-rate powers, performed her part with zeal and intelligence; Crespi, the bass, has a voice of considerable beauty and flexibility, and the tenor, Zilioli, is by no means deficient of merit.

NAPLES.

Teatro San Carlo.—This house opened with *Bianca e Gerardo*, an opera di mezza carattere, composed last year for the theatre at Genoa. The principal character was sustained by David, who had for some time past been labouring under a severe indisposition; his reception was in the highest degree flattering, and the opera, altogether, was successful. Vaccaj's oratorio of *Saule* had a long run, and proved in the event that many of the criticisms which had been launched against it were unjust. Several pieces of this composition are spoken of in terms of high praise, in particular the finale of the first act, two airs of David, that of Lablache, another of Micoli, and a duet between the latter and David. Rossini's *Mosé* was also given, and, as if by way of comparison, was played on alternate evenings with *Saule*. It was given according to the Paris copy; but the additions made by Rossini to his original score did not please the cognoscenti here; they did not consider them as written in the tone and spirit of the first animated draught. Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* was lately given for the benefit of the Signora Vecchi; it was excellently performed, and received with an enthusiasm which argues well for the interests of the art. If there be any truth in the maxim, that, in regard to musical composition, the fewest possible means should be employed for the attainment of a given end; and if the capability of effecting this be the truest test of genius, then is the opera in question entitled to rank among the first productions of the lyric theatre. We have here no trumpets, trombones, or ottasini, to eke out the accompaniments; we have no chorus, no band behind the scenes or encumbering the stage; we have simply six characters, and a common orchestra, and yet with such means how vast the effects this master has produced!—effects, which it is not risking too much to say, have rarely, if ever, been reached by modern composers, with all the additional and exaggerated means which they have thought it necessary to bring into action. These facts could not escape the audience of the San Carlo on the evening in question, and to the comparison which they were silently, and it might almost be said, unconsciously drawing, may doubtless be traced the spontaneous expressions of delight which burst from every side. It is difficult to efface in the minds of men the sense of what is just and true; they may be deceived for a time, but right feeling will find its level at last: *Licet furcâ repellas, usque recurret.*

Teatro la Fenice.—A new opera of some interest has appeared at this theatre, under the whimsical title *Un Diavolo Color di Rosa*. The music is by Petrella, pupil of the Conservatorio, who is still very young. The production is distinguished by the vivacity of its melodies, and the spirited, and in many respects original, accompaniments. If this young man has the courage to think and write for himself, no slight hopes may reasonably be formed of his future proficiency.

PALERMO.

Teatro Carolino.—Valentini's new opera, *Ildegonda*, has appeared here, and obtained a degree of success by no means doubtful, though the better parts of the composition were counterbalanced by much that was heavy and uninspired. The author was warmly applauded; and some of the more ponderous parts, that clogged the action of the piece, having been removed, it has since made its way through several successive representations. Boccaccini, the Signora Lipparini, and Madame Azzon, did not a little contribute to the success of the work. The cavatina, sung by the former, his duet with Lipparini in the finale of the first act, which was admired for its sweetness and spirit, the rondo of Madame Azzon, the romance of Boccaccini, a chorus of conspirators in the second act, and two grand airs, one of the tenor, and the other of Ildegonda, are the most remarkable pieces of the score, and were more or less applauded.

MESSINA.

The great novelty of the opera season here has been a new piece by Pacini, entitled *La Sacerdotella d' Irminsul*. It had long been promised by the management, and, contrary to the generality of things long expected, pleased at last. The opening cavatina, a duet, and some concerted pieces, are said to possess merit; of their originality no pledge is given. The Signora Tensa Bellili is a prodigious favourite here; and deservedly so, for, together with a style of acting by no means deficient in energy, she possesses a contralto voice of great power and sweetness—qualities not often found in unison. It is but fair to state, that some, perhaps a very considerable portion, of the success of the opera, is to be ascribed to this reigning favourite.—*Query*, should the favourite happen to fall off, what would be the fate of the opera?

PARIS.

Salle Favart.—We are happy to say that charlatanism, that besetting sin of our age, found no place in the proceedings of the German company that have been performing here. They announced a certain number of performances, and to that number they have rigorously adhered: we had no "more last words;" no additional nights "by particular desire;"—all has been done according to the maxims of German honesty and good old faith. Of the three operas that completed the series of twelve performances, *Der Freischütz* was the most successful, having been performed seven times; *Die Zauberflöte* was performed twice; and *Fidelio* three times. For the benefit of M. Hartzinger, the performances of the evening consisted of *Die Weisse Frau* (La Dame Blanche) and *Die Wiener in Berlin* (the Viennese in Berlin). *Fidelio* is a composition that requires a previous acquaintance with its beauties and peculiarities, in order to be properly relished and understood. To the ear accustomed to the softness and roundness of the Italian musical period, the hardy, vigorous, and independent phrases of Beethoven will appear abrupt and incomplete. With those

—and, unfortunately, they are the majority—who seek for nothing in music beyond mere amusement, mere sensual enjoyment, such works are not likely to find acceptance. Accustomed indolently to beat time with the foot, or by a wave of the head to the flowing cantilenas of the South, which, as they rarely bear the impress of passion, require no corresponding effort of reflection, they become troubled in the presence of the severer inspirations of Beethoven, and shrink from the task of attempting to comprehend them. The forms of the Italian song are of easy comprehension; so easy, that some dozen models of the different species of cantilena serve the hearer as types for the rest, while, in the works of the thoughtful German, intent upon tracing the march of passion, and catching its varying features, there will be much to surprise and to demand reflection ere it can be fully understood.

The first act of *Fidelio*, though without any dramatic situations to call the genius of the composer into action, is full of vigour and spirit. One is astonished to meet with several passages full of coquetry, and of those comic effects which one is tempted to believe foreign to the genius of Beethoven, and native only to an Italian organization; and yet, even in these, the frequent sudden, and sometimes not very intelligible modulations, constantly remind us of their German origin. The delightful canon in four parts, the trio, the air of the tenor, and even the little introductory duet, are proofs of the justice of our observation. The finale of this act terminates in a manner which seems to correspond but ill with the grandeur of its exordium. But it is the second act of this composition that displays all the vigour and grandeur of the genius of Beethoven; the ter-zetto, the quartett, the duet, and, above all, the terminating air expressive of madness, are masterpieces of art, and stand alone in their kind. And then the gigantic finale! We know of nothing but the last part of the symphony in c minor of the same composer capable of producing an equal effect. And yet what are the means employed to produce this mighty result? A simple and very short subject, which is nearly identified with that of the stretto of the celebrated finale of *Don Juan*. But then it is presented with such imposing power, it is renewed and multiplied by such varied and ingenious modulation, and gains so much in every transformation which it is made to undergo, that one remains lost in wonder and astonishment.

With respect to *Die Wiener ein Berlin*, it is a species of light vaudeville, without much plot or dramatic interest, and which, except to a German, has little other merit beyond that of the many national melodies which are interwoven in its texture, several of which are of a very pleasing kind. A good old Viennese, who is fond of his country even to infatuation, has taken up his residence in Berlin, where his weakness appears ridiculous in the eyes of the natives, who, however, are not less infatuated in regard to their own city. The old man gathers around him all that can remind him of his beloved Austria. A young and handsome baroness, who wishes to catch hold of his son, and through him of the old man's riches, is presented to him as a young Viennese, who wishes to enter his service. As there is an air of distance and mystery about this person, all the household league against her, and in proof that all is not right, the valet comes to report to his master as a conclusive proof that she has been heard to speak *d'un poulet à l'Austerlitz*. At length, by means of her seductive manners, and the art which she has of delighting the old man with the piquant manner in which she sings the patois airs of Austria, she succeeds in gaining his consent to her marriage with his son. Such is the outline of a meagre

AUGUST, 1829.

plot, which, however, affords abundant scope for mistake, double-entendre, petulance, and puns; and as we before observed, for a variety of delicious national airs, for the introduction of which it is evident the whole is tacked together. Among other pieces, a delightful quintett in the Tyrolese style, in which M. Haitzniger gave the *jod-len* effect in a very characteristic manner, excited great applause.

PERPIGNAN.

In the new order of things that has sprung up since the re-establishment of peace, and the happy facilities that it has afforded of communication between nations so long separated by a miserable and disgraceful policy, a very remarkable feature is that of the interchange of dramatic companies in France, England, and Germany. To this list we are happy to be able to add a fourth nation, where such an order of things seemed less likely to find its way than elsewhere. A Spanish company is at present giving performances at this place, which consist of operettas and petite comedies, which are by no means ill executed. Among the advantages of this interchange of the productions of the drama, not the least important is the diffusion of the languages of the respective countries. There is no readier means of familiarizing the stranger with those delicacies of pronunciation, which are so difficult of attainment, and which are obliged to be particularly attended to on the stage. To the philosophic observer, this subject is by no means devoid of interest.

AVIGNON.

It is announced in the journals, that a project has been some time on foot, and is now matured, for the establishment of a musical conservatory in this town. The measure is highly to be applauded, as tending to diffuse the taste for an art which is daily making new advances. The same journal from which we copy this, adds, "It is to be wished that all the principal towns of France would follow this example, by establishing schools for the formation of the public taste, and by means of which young pupils, both male and female, would no longer be necessitated to seek instructions in distant towns, and frequently, from want of the necessary means, to forego instructions in an art for which nature has in every respect qualified them."

LISLE.

We copy the following from the *Echo du Nord*:—

"FESTIVAL OF THE NORTH.

"By the term *festival*, the English mean a grand meeting of musicians held at certain seasons of the year, in the principal towns of England, for the purpose of executing the works of the great masters, with a considerable display of voices and instruments. The Germans set the first example of these great musical meetings, which our neighbours beyond the seas have imitated with a view to philanthropic purposes. It remained for the inhabitants of the North, and particularly of Lisle, to set the example in France of these imposing solemnities, in all respects worthy of a people who range in the highest grade of the scale of civilization.

"The *Festival of the North* will take place at Lille during the celebration of the *Fête communale*, viz., on the 28th, 29th, 30th of June, and 1st July, 1829. The Society of Amateurs is to have the direction of the whole, and the other amateurs of this city, as well as those of the department, and of the kingdom of the Pays-Bas, are invited

to concur. According to the programme that has been published, the solemnity is to be composed as follows:—

1. "Of one or two Masses, or pieces of sacred music, to be executed by three or four hundred musicians, under the direction of the first maître de chapelle of the capital.

2. "Of a ball in the concert-room, which is to be decorated in the same manner as at the fête given in honour of the king in 1807.

3. "Of a musical competition, in which prizes are to be distributed.

4. "Of a grand concert, which is to consist of artists of the first order.

"The product of the subscriptions shall be divided between the different benevolent institutions of the place.

"The establishment of the Festival of the North is entitled to every praise; and it is to be hoped that the execution will correspond to the ideas of those by whom it was originated. It will form an epoch in the annals of the country, and will not fail to attract a number of the curious, of the friends of art, and of amateurs as well of our own as of other countries."

CONCERT FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS IN SILESIA.

MADLLE. SONTAG,—with a warmth of feeling that places her in a most amiable point of view, and is a complete answer to those who, because she has too much sense to caricature the parts assigned to her, and disdains quackery, is charged with insensibility,—got up a morning concert, on the 13th of July, in aid of a subscription now raising for the above purpose; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, succeeded in drawing together one of the most crowded audiences we ever witnessed. Indeed, tickets continued to be sold after as many had been issued as the room would contain—a practice exceedingly censurable, it must be allowed, and only to be palliated when the motive is charity; though even in such a case it is an imprudence, for the public will in future be shy of purchasing, seeing that they have no security for obtaining seats, or even admittance, after paying their money.

All the vocal strength of the Opera assisted, together with Madame Camporese, Signori Velluti and Torri; and Messrs. Moscheles, Bohrer, Drouet, and Puzzi contributed their talents. To which list is to be added M. Mendelssohn, who, on this occasion, went into the orchestra to give his personal aid, in addition to a pecuniary contribution, for the benefit of his distressed countrymen. Messrs. F. Cramer and Spagnoletti led each an act, and Sir G. Smart sat at the piano-forte.

The concert was made up chiefly of those pieces which had been performed every where during the season. The novelties were a new MS. overture to Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and a duet for two piano-fortes, both composed by M. Mendelssohn. Of the overture we will say, in few words,—for a single hearing does not enable one to analyze a work of this kind,—that it is exactly suited to the drama which it is supposed to precede; and, if we may dare venture to say as much, is worthy of it, for it is a fine poetical composition, sparkling with genius and rich in effect; some parts playful and sylph-like, others lofty and solid; the whole indicating that the musician has studied the poet, has entered into his thoughts, and even caught some of his imagination. When, however, we again hear this overture, we trust that

it will receive more justice from the band. It was performed in a very imperfect manner.

The piano-forte duet is not without beautiful parts, but as a whole is too long, and did not come up to the expectation we had formed. Drouet's variations were really wonderful, and Bohrer's adagio charming.

Madlle. Sontag, the originator of the whole, sang very delightfully, though not with her usual power, and in one piece wanted better support.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE only novelty since our last, if a revival can be called a novelty, has been Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was got up for Donzelli's benefit on the 16th of last month.

This opera was composed and performed at Naples in 1793*. In 1794 it was brought out at the King's Theatre, where it has several times been re-produced with various success; for music of so light and melodious a kind,—many of the best passages and cadences of which have, from their sweetness and simplicity, been appropriated by a humble class of imitators, and so become quite common and often vulgar,—depends much more on the performers than compositions of a scientific kind, built on learned harmony, and deriving much of their effect from orchestral combinations. Hence this master-piece of the composer, if given to inferior singers, is hardly tolerable; but when the three principal parts are performed as they were on the present occasion, it pleases all who have any ear for regulated sounds. It was thus cast:—

SIGNOR GERONIMO, a rich merchant,	SIGNOR ZUCHELLI.
CAROLINA, } his daughters,	{ MADLLE. SONTAG.
Elisetta, }	{ MADLLE. NINA SONTAG.
Fidalma, Geronimo's sister	MAD. MALIBRAN.
Il Conte Robinson	SIGNOR GALLI.
PAOLINO, clerk to Geronimo	SIGNOR DONZELLI.

The most popular, and indeed the best, pieces in the opera are, the duet between *Carolina* and *Paolino*, "*Cara non dubitar*;" Geronimo's aria "*Udite! tutti, udite!*" the terzetto (which has been sung at almost every concert this season,) "*Le faccio un' inchino*;" the bantering aria of *Carolina*, "*Perdonate, signor mio*;" the finale to the first act; the hacknied duet of Geronimo and the count, "*Se fiato in corpo avete*;" the grand aria of *Paolino*, "*Pria che spunti in ciel Aurora*;" and the duettino between *Carolina* and *Paolino*, "*Deh! ti conforta*." These certainly are enough to make a powerful comic opera, or burletta, as the composer calls the present work, upon which, together with certain other pieces in his *Orazj ed i Curiatzj*, is Cimarosa's great reputation founded.

We can hardly imagine a more perfect performance, so far as regards the three chief characters, than was now exhibited. The gentleness, not without a sufficiency of feeling, with which Mdlle. Sontag both acted and sung her part; the knowledge of music and pure taste she showed throughout, particularly in the duets, rarely departing from the simplicity of the original; and the spirit, properly restrained and lady-like, with which she delivered the comic air, "*Perdonate*," excited the warmest admiration.

Zuchelli was not less excellent. Comic opera is decidedly his *forte*; and characters of a certain age best suit his

* See Memoir of Cimarosa in the 1st vol. of the *Harmonicon*, page 64.

figure and manner. His great merit consists in not over-acting his part. He was obliged to go beyond what, we are persuaded, he thought the bounds of propriety in the duet "*Se fiato*," in which the low buffoonery of Sig. Galli rendered it necessary for him to do something in the same way, that he might not appear to rebuke the good-natured spectators for being amused by his coadjutor.

Donzelli's *Paolino* has added much to the reputation his high talents have gained for him in this country: he was in every way all that could be wished. His "*Pria che spunti*," the greater part of which he, with refined judgment, and quite contrary to the usual practice, sang *sotto voce*, was perfection itself; while his share of the duets, "*Cara non dubitar*" and "*Deh, ti conforta*," was full of tenderness and musical expression.

Madame Malibran, in taking the part of *Fidalma*, either shewed a great willingness to oblige, if she only complied with the wish of the manager, or a want of prudence if it were her own choice. This is the character exactly suited to Madame Pisaroni; her age, appearance, voice, and manner, are precisely calculated to give effect to it—witness her performance of the low part of the *terzetto* at the various concerts; and it is the only part that has offered, during the whole season, wherein she could have performed to real advantage. Mad. Malibran quite mistakes the character; she converts *Fidalma*, (the *Mrs. Heidelberg* of the original comedy,) a widow of about fifty, who has a mighty hankering after a second husband, into a toddling, trembling old woman, of at least seventy. Indeed, we know ladies of this age who are infinitely more erect, and more firm in their gait, than the sister of *Geronimo* is now made to appear. Besides which, (and what is, perhaps, more important,) the notes are too low for Madame M.'s voice; and, in consequence, recourse has been had to transposition—to a change of key, by which the compositions have suffered grievously. For instance, in the trio, "*Le faccio un' inchino*," which is now sung a note higher than written, and, after all, is too low for the lady's voice, and requires twice as much force as she is able to give it.

Signor Galli looked and acted like a valet. In fact, we have seen many servants with a superior address, and in vastly better clothes, than this representative of an English nobleman. Madlle. Nina Sontag had, of course, little to do in so secondary a part; but some one might have been found to *look* the character better. Madame Castelli would have been far preferable.

The system of transposing has been carried to a more vicious excess in this opera than we ever before knew. Full half of the pieces have undergone this change, much to their injury; and in some cases the alteration has imposed silence on instruments that the composer depended on for his best effects.

On the 23rd Mademoiselle Sontag appeared in *Don Giovanni*, as *Zerlina*, which she performed most sensibly and charmingly. She understands well and entertains a proper respect for such music, and at the same time enters into the nature of the character, discriminating between the country girl of real life, and the peasant of the lyric drama:—between matter of fact and poetry. Donzelli too was excellent as *Don Ottavio*; Zuchelli in the vocal part of the profligate was as usual very successful, though in other respects the character is not exactly suited to him; and Madlle. Blasis in *Donna Anna* was highly respectable. The rest were wretchedly bad; but we will not annoy our readers or mortify ourselves by entering into particulars. The band was, as it has always been this season, a chaos. The few superior performers in it do rather more harm than

good,—they expose the faults of the majority. Far better would it be were they to acquiesce in the blunders of their colleagues, and so preserve some appearance of that invaluable quality, consistency.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A MUSICAL attempt has been made at this house in the getting up of *The Haunted Tower*, but it turned out one of the most miserable failures that ever an unhappy audience was condemned to witness. They should do nothing at this theatre unless Liston is in it. Without him it would be better to shut the doors, and then stick a bill on them.

ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THE announcement of a new German Opera from a name of any celebrity, excites no little interest in these "piping times" of peace. Putting Mozart wholly out of the question, who is become a classic, a sort of sacred character, the works of Weber and Meyerbeer have stamped such a value on the modern lyric productions of their country, that whatever now comes from that land, a land overflowing with melody and harmony, is sure of a friendly reception, a patient hearing, and if not a favourable, at least a lenient, judgment.

Much had been written and said on the subject of Mr. Ries's new opera, *Die Räuberbraut*, (*the Robber's Bride*), and hence expectations were raised which only a work of extraordinary merit was likely to realize, and which, as generally happens in such cases, were somewhat damped when, upon being performed, it turned out to be not exactly equal to what sanguine people had encouraged themselves to hope.

We who have only heard this opera once, are unwilling to offer any final opinion on its merits until we have had a second opportunity of judging it. Our first impression is, that whatever could be accomplished by musical knowledge, industry, and tact, has been achieved. But there is that which no science, or labour, or skill, can alone or conjointly command, namely, the creative faculty—the power to invent—genius; which is not uniformly active in the few who are so happy as to possess it, but is sometimes luxuriant, at other times scanty, and never under the control of the will. It does not appear to us that much of this high and rare quality is displayed in the *Robber's Bride*. It is learned, past all doubt; but there is, or there seems to be at a first hearing, a dryness in it that does not look as if it had flowed from the mind in so spontaneous a manner as most great works—works destined to live in after times—have been poured out.

We will here give the principal characters, with an analysis of the story; and defer a detailed account, and a more particular criticism, till our next, when we shall be better able to do it justice.

<i>The Count Viterbo</i>	Mr. H. PHILLIPS.
<i>Fernando</i>	Mr. SAPIO.
<i>Carlo</i>	Mr. THORNE.
<i>Pietro</i>	Mr. SALTER.
<i>Roberto</i>	Mr. PERKINS.
<i>Laura</i>	Miss BETTS.

The monarch of one of the Italian states is kept in subjection by a faction, who in reality wield all the power of the government. The *Count Viterbo* retires from court in disgust, and carries on a correspondence with some of his friends, in which he freely censures the conduct of the party in power. His courier, *Pietro*, betrays him, and the Count is in consequence denounced. Escape from his enemies seems almost impossible, when *Roberto*, the captain of a band of Robbers, appears on

the scene, and declares to *Laura*, the daughter of the Count, that he will effect her father's deliverance, provided she solemnly promises to become his bride. *Roberto* had, some years before, when residing in the Count's castle, aspired to the affections of *Laura*; his presumption was rewarded by instant expulsion from the service of the Count, but his passion remained as violent as ever. He now describes all the misery which he had undergone, since, driven to despair, he had become a leader of banditti. He impresses on the mind of *Laura* the certainty of her father's arrest unless assisted by him, and he finally induces her to give the required pledge, in order to save the life of her parent. By means of a secret passage, *Roberto* conducts the Count to the cavern in which the banditti conceal themselves; and the troops, headed by *Fernando*, immediately after enter the castle in search of their victim. Here *Fernando* recognizes in *Laura* a young lady whose life he had preserved some years before at Palermo, and whom, though he then became passionately enamoured of her, he had never since seen. He now avows his passion for her; but her vow to become the robber's bride presents a fatal obstacle to his hopes. *Roberto* discovers that *Laura's* aversion to him arises from a preconceived love for the young soldier, and he orders his band to capture *Fernando*, which they readily accomplish. He is dragged to the cavern; but *Roberto* moved by the tears of *Laura*, instead of wreaking vengeance on his rival, after a struggle between fury and affection, joins their hands. *Fernando's* troops having tracked the robbers to their hiding-place, now appear, and capture the band as well as the Count. All give themselves up for lost, when *Carlo*, the friend of *Fernando*, arrives with the grateful tidings that the faction has been overturned, that the Prince is free, and that, as his first act of justice, he has sent a pardon to the Count, and commuted the punishment of the banditti from death to banishment. Of course *Fernando* and *Laura* are made happy.

NEW MUSICAL WORKS PUBLISHED DURING THE LAST MONTH.

PIANO-FORTE.

- Burrowes', J. F. *Airs from Auber's "Masaniello," Flute Acct.*
4 Books.
——— *Overture ditto ditto.*
Challenger's 1st Set of Galopes.
Chaulieu, Ch. *Fantasia "Ma Nacelle."*
——— *Two Swiss Airs, sung by Mad. Stockhausen.*
——— *8th Fantasia, with Swiss Airs.*
——— *Rondo Pastorale.*
——— *Rondoletto Brillante.*
Herz (H.) *Rondo Capriccio on the Barcarolle, from "La Muette di Portici."*
——— *Allegro and easy Vars. Op. 3.*
Holder. *Fantasia, Waters of Elle.*
Kalkbrenner. *La Melancolie et la Gaité, Romance and Rondo Brillante.*
——— *Vars. Brillants on Air in "Il Pirate."*
——— *Charmes de Berlin, Op. 70.*
Kiallmark. *Eco pietosa, Divertimento.*
——— *Vars. on a French Romance.*
——— *She never blamed him. Variations.*
Macdonald's *Three Snuff-box Waltzes.*
——— *Set 2.*
Mazzinghi's *Reminiscences of various authors, No. 1 to 3.*
——— *Haydn's Sonata, with Accompaniments.*
——— *Pleyel's Quartett ditto.*
——— *Delle Bizzarie, Flute Accompaniments, No. 1 and 2.*
Meves' *Fandango in "Masaniello," danced by Mr. and Miss Byrne.*
Rawling's *Rondeau, "It is not on the Battle Field."*
——— *Nightingale to the Rose.*
——— *Waltz Rondo on a subject by Hummel.*
Ries' *Bacchanale en Rondo.*
Valentine (T.) *Aria à la Scozzese.*
——— *Vars. "My Lodging is on."*
——— *Fox jumped over the Parson's Gate.*

DUETS FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,

With an ad. lib. Accompaniment for the Harp, arranged by J. Mazzinghi, and calculated for Family Concerts, being so arranged that they form an Accompaniment to the Voice Part as well as distinct Duets or Trios.

THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE THE FIRST NUMBERS:—

- H. R. Bishop's Glee "Mirth and Beauty."
——— "The Tiger Chorus."
——— "The Chough and Crow."
——— "Mynheer Van Dunck."
——— "Is it the Tempest?"

Mazzinghi's Glee "The Nocturnal Besiegers and Captive."
Burrowes' (J. F.) Auber's admired Operas of "Masaniello,"
"La Muette di Portici" in 4 Books.

Weippert (John) 47th Set, or Union Quadrilles.

PIANO-FORTE AND FLUTE.

- Berbiguier's *Fantasia on Airs in "Masaniello." Op. 92.*
Bertini's do. on Airs by Rossini.
Karr's do. arranged by Klose.
The Scrap Book, No. 6, containing "Air in the Swiss Family, by Moscheles," "Introduction and Viva tutte by Rawlings,"
"Haydn's Andante and Polacca, by Saust."

PIANO-FORTE, FLUTE, and VIOLONCELLO.

The favourite Airs in "The Swiss Family," arranged by Crouch.

HARP.

- Bochsa's *Two Airs in Figaro.*
——— *Airs, "Masaniello," Book 1 and 2.*
Chipp (T.) *Vars. on Bishop's "Come, love, to me."*
Holst (T.) *Swiss Airs, No. 1 to 6.*
Horn's *All' idea di quel metallo.*

HARP and PIANO-FORTE.

- Bochsa (N. C.) *Guaracha, Bolero and Tarantella, from Auber's "Masaniello."*
——— *Fisherman's Chorus, ditto.*
——— *Market ditto, ditto.*
——— *Triumphal March and Chorus, ditto.*
——— *Airs in "Il Crociato," Book 1, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments.*
Holst's *Cruda Sorte.*
——— *Petit Amusement.*

GUITAR.

Bennett's Instructions.

VOCAL,—ENGLISH.

- Ah welcome lovely Spring, Air by Mozart, arranged by Smart.
The Maid of Llanwellyn, by Hodson.
The Mountain Nymph, by Bulkley.
Ye Cliffs, ye lonely shores, by Nelson.
I will not chide thee, Archer Boy.
Oh wherefore weep, my sister, dear?
Pledge me brim to brim.
The moon has risen.
Will you come where the sweet Briar. (Duets.)
Young Susan had lovers.

GLEE.

Medley Glee.

The Third Volume of WELSH MELODIES, the Poetry by Mrs. Cornwell B. Wilson, the Symphonies, &c. by John Parry.

Part Third of LAYS and LEGENDS of the RHINE, the Poetry by J. R. Planché; the Music by Henry R. Bishop; the Views lithographed by L. Haghe. This number concludes the work, and embraces the Scenery of the Upper Rhine.

ELEMENTARY.

Prospectus of a Concise and Perspicuous Treatise on Con-cords, calculated for the use of Musical Amateurs, who wish to play from Score on the Piano-Forte; and acquire the degree of Knowledge requisite for extempore Performance and Composing. By J. P. Le Camus.