

MEMOIR OF JAMES NARES, MUS. DOC.

AMONG the most distinguished of our English musicians, the subject of the present memoir is entitled to be ranked high; his numerous productions for the church are rich in beautiful melody, as well as in harmony,—not elaborate, but of the purest kind; and his judgment in setting the various parts of our liturgy has been equalled by few, if any, and exceeded by none; for his natural good sense and cultivated understanding led him not only to avoid the errors which are too apparent in the works of many ecclesiastical composers who preceded him, but also qualified him to become the guide of those who followed, and had discernment and wisdom enough to profit by his examples.

Prefixed to a volume of his church music, published five years after the decease of the composer, are a few particulars of his life, written by his eldest son, the late Archdeacon of Stafford*, who, he informs us, “amidst the regret inseparable from the occasion” (his father’s death), “felt some consolation in the fair and honourable opportunity afforded of bearing testimony to the merits of a parent, whom, if he had not loved and honoured, he would have been unworthy of the life he derived from him.” This sketch we here reprint; and on the authority of those who well knew Dr. Nares, are enabled to state, that the partiality of a son did not tempt him to pronounce a single encomium which the strictest truth does not fully justify.

“Dr. James Nares was born in the year 1715. The place of his birth, as well as that of his brother, the late Mr. Justice Nares†, was Stanwell in Middlesex, from which situation the family soon after removed into Oxfordshire. A casual offer of Mr. Gates, then master of the King’s choristers, determined a parent, who had little fortune to bestow on his family but that of a strictly conscientious steward, to breed his elder son a musician, in which line he studied first under Mr. Gates, in the chapel, afterwards under the celebrated Dr. Pepusch.

* The Rev. Robert Nares, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Vice Pres. R.S.L., Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon Residentiary of Litchfield, and Rector of Allhallows, London-wall, died in March last, in his seventy-sixth year. “Few individuals,” says the Gentleman’s Magazine, “have departed this life more deeply and universally lamented by the literary world, and the private circle of attached and distinguished friends, than this accomplished man. An exemplary divine, a profound scholar, a laborious and judicious critic, and an elegant writer, his intimacy was courted as earnestly for the instruction it supplied, as for the taste and vivacity of manners by which it was embellished; and the merit of these varied talents was exalted by that unassuming modesty which uniformly marked and adorned his character.” He was educated at Westminster School, whence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his bachelor’s degree in 1775, and master’s in 1778.

Mr. Nares was the author of many works, among which his *Essay on the Dæmon of Socrates*, the *Elements of Orthoepy*, and his *Glossary*, are well known and highly esteemed. He was the originator of the *British Critic*, of which he continued editor to the conclusion of the forty-second volume, when he retired from the severe duties of so laborious an office. He was also one of the founders of the Royal Society of Literature, of which he continued a vice-president till his death.

† Sir George Nares, Knt., one of his Majesty’s Justices in the Court of Common Pleas, was born in 1716, and died in 1786.—See *Gent. Mag. Sept.* 1786. The Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., divinity professor in the university of Oxford, is the surviving son of the Judge, and married to Lady Charlotte Spencer, daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough.

“The place of organist in the cathedral of York was his first preferment; and in that situation, after some continuance in it, he married*. There the present [1788] worthy Dean of York, Dr. Fountayne, became his friend and patron, by whose interest he was, in the year 1756, appointed to succeed Dr. Greene, in the places of organist and composer to his Majesty; and about the same time he was honoured by the university of Cambridge with the degree of Doctor in Music. The resignation of Mr. Gates, in 1757, opened to Dr. Nares the place of master of the boys also. In this situation he continued, distinguished by strict attention to the duties of his several places, by the talents he displayed in executing them, and by his various compositions, particularly those for the church, till July 1780, when declining health induced him to resign the care of the choristers. In the sixty-eighth year of his age, a constitution never strong finally gave way; and he died on the 10th of February, 1783, regretted not only by the family which he left, but in a proportionate degree by all related to or connected with him†.

“The most striking characteristics of this worthy man were, a natural cheerfulness of temper, an earnest and generous zeal for everything praiseworthy, with a similar degree of aversion and contempt for everything flagitious or base. The friends his merit acquired his integrity preserved; while the competence his abilities and diligence procured, maintained his independence, supported and provided for his family. In music, which accident had made his profession, the versatility of his genius enabled him to excel; but his passion was for literature, in which the requisites he possessed would possibly have raised him to a still more conspicuous eminence.”

The printed works of Dr. Nares are as follows:—

1. Eight sets of Harpsichord Lessons, dedicated to the Earl of Abingdon; first edition, 1743; second, 1757.
2. Five Lessons for Ditto, dedicated to the Countess of Carlisle; published in 1758.
3. A set of Three Easy Lessons for Ditto, signed J. M.
4. A Treatise on Singing, on the system of hexachords.
5. IL PRINCIPIO, or a regular introduction to playing on the Harpsichord or Organ. This was the first set of progressive lessons published on a systematic plan.

* To Miss Bacon, of York.

† The pupils of Dr. Nares, of whom several are living, as well as others who knew him, will not be displeased to find here some account of his family. He left a widow, (who survived him forty years, and died at the advanced age of ninety,) and four children:—1. Robert, before noticed, who died without issue, though three times married. 2. Jane, still living, single. 3. William, an attorney, who died a few years ago, and left a family; one, a son, in the hydrographer’s office in the Admiralty. 4. Mary, married to George Ellison, Esq., attorney, and died several years since, leaving two daughters, Mary and Frances; the latter married to Francis Smedley, Esq., Deputy High Bailiff of Westminster, by whom she has one child, a son.

6. **THE ROYAL PASTORAL**, a dramatic Ode, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. In this are some airs now almost entirely unknown, but possessing beauties that ought to have preserved them from oblivion.
7. Catches, Canons, and Glee, dedicated to the Earl of Mornington*. Among these is the favourite glee, "Fear no more the heat of the sun;" likewise, "To all lovers of harmony," which gained one of the gold medals given by the Catch-Club, in 1770.
8. Six Fugues, with introductory voluntaries.
9. A second Treatise on Singing, with a set of English Duets. The latter are eminently beautiful †.
10. Twenty Anthems in Score, for one, two, three, four, and five voices; composed for the use of the Chapels Royal, 1778. The admirers of church music will here find enough to sanction any praise that may have been bestowed on the composer.
11. A Morning and Evening Service, together with Six Anthems in Score, for two, three, four, and five voices. This is the posthumous publication alluded to above. It contains the *favourite service* in c; three anthems in fugue of the most melodious kind; and three others, calculated for parochial congregations, which may, where there is no organ, be sung with a bassoon, or any other base accompaniment.

It may not be irrelevant to state, in Dr. Nares's own words, the principle on which his most important works, those for the church, were composed; and also his opinion, which comes *ex cathedra*, of the manner in which such music should be performed. The quotation will not only prove instructive, but, we trust, be thought a particularly fit addition to this memoir, as affording evidence of that strong, clear judgment which characterized the subject of it.

"As a picture set in a proper light, so is every musical composition when sung or played in the proper time. To church music this propriety is most particularly essential, in which a slow movement hurried beyond its time loses the gravity and dignity which ought to distinguish it; and a lively one pressed too quick becomes light and improper. Besides the necessity of nicely observing these distinctions, music has many difficulties to encounter. From defective ears; from incompetent, yet positive judges; and from the inequality of temper and spirits in different hearers—some condemning slow pieces as dull and heavy, others disapproving quick movements as light and trifling. In any compositions for the church, it has been my endeavour to preserve the true character of church music, without regard to these diversities of fancy. I have been very sparing of divisions, thinking them too airy for the church, though proper enough in oratorios, which seem to hold an intermediate place between the church and the theatre. I have had the greatest regard to the words, endeavouring rather to illustrate their beauties, and enforce their sentiments, than to display the art of musical composition."—*Preface to First Set of Anthems*.

Mason, the poet, himself no bad musician, in his excellent Essay on Cathedral Music, quotes, and strengthens by additional arguments, the foregoing passage: indeed, it is not likely that any two men of discernment should differ on the subject.

* Father to the present Duke of Wellington. The Earl was an admirable musician, witness some of his glees; and when in England a constant visitor at Dr. Nares's house, in James-street, Westminster.

† The first of these is printed in our present Number; and two others have already appeared in the *Harmonicon*.

ON THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION IN WORKS OF ART, BY M. QUATREMERE DE QUINCY*.

It discovers too great an ignorance of the moral principle of the impression which imitation leaves on the heart, and is estimating too highly the power of art, to suppose that its products should at all times, and in all situations, be capable of producing similar effects; as if sensations, of the nature of those in question, were calculated effects, the constant result of a mechanical principle, independent of all circumstances, and of the concurrence of all surrounding causes, real or imaginary.

Why must works of art necessarily possess an absolute property of pleasing which is not granted to those of nature? Does not what pleases and charms us in her productions, depend on a multitude of circumstances and associations, the least derangement of which changes or destroys, in our regard, the impression they are capable of making? Examine the causes of our pleasurable impressions and our sense of what is beautiful, and they will be found universally to result from harmony, or an infinite number of combinations so subtle as to escape our perception. We rarely succeed in defining them; we enjoy them without being sensible of their presence; and it is rather by their absence that we learn to know them. Thus there are many things which are only found by being lost, and of which we have only negative ideas. Thus it is easier for us to say what is *not* grace, than to define the charm of that quality, or to determine its causes.

Nature has attached the faculty of pleasing to a multiplicity of imperceptible causes. For instance; who has not remarked the care that she has taken in everything which strongly affects us, to provide the objects which move us with accompanying analogies, proper for concentrating the intended effect. Nothing excites which has not complete possession of the heart. Thus how superabundantly are the living pictures of nature provided with agents necessary to the sentiments they excite! What full and perfect harmony! What correspondence of cause with effect! How every thing contributes to the impression, and by how many preludes, shades, and degrees, the soul is led on to enchantment!

The less it is in the power of man to rival the inimitable harmony of nature, the more it becomes the interest of Art to surround its works with that moral accompaniment of exterior causes which increase the power of the charm. The artist, doubtless, should not play the ape of nature, by pretending to deceptive illusion. It is not intended to dispute life and reality with nature; works of art themselves possess also a kind of life. They may be considered as gifted with a sort of active existence, since they perform, on a limited scale, what man accomplishes on a great one, since they resemble the most noble creature in his noblest faculty—the communication of ideas. Why divest them of

* This is extracted from a work, entitled "The Destination of Works of Art, and the Use to which they are applied, considered with regard to their Influence on the Genius and Taste of Artists, and the Sentiments of Amateurs." M. Quatremere de Quincy is a gentleman of distinguished talents as an architect and sculptor; he holds the situation of permanent Secretary to the *Académie des Beaux-Arts*, and is a member of the *Institute*. His high literary acquirements and erudition have obtained for him a character in his own country which confers importance and reflects lustre on the society to which he belongs. Among a number of other literary productions, he is known as the author of an admirable work, entitled *Essai sur la Nature, le But, et les Moyens de l'Imitation dans les Beaux-Arts*, (1824). We may, perhaps, have occasion to make some extracts from this work, which will enable our readers to judge of the talents of so elegant a writer.

all that renders their action more rapid, and their language more intelligible? Why refuse them that combination of impressive accompaniments, which they derive from their objects? This is the life which ought to be imparted or preserved to them; this is the illusion which should be granted them: this is the illusion which only calls to its aid the concurrence of moral affections, which, in imparting to the work a necessary character, determines the nature, and strengthens the play of its action, by all the means of seduction which captivate the spectator.

It would be fruitless to expect to discover, in the cold speculations of scholastic theory, the secrets and the true beauty of art. By observation we may discover the rules of all that relates to observation. But who can analyze sensibility, without which the impression of beauty is neither conveyed nor received? Who can fathom the mysteries of the operations and enjoyments of sentiment? Matter or theory have no hold of it, nor can subject it to rules. It is itself its own lawgiver. Sentiment is the vital principle of the arts: it belongs only to customs and to institutions to restrain or favour its action, and all that can be said on the subject is, that it is a faculty which exerts a powerful influence on artists, in proportion only to its empire over the public; for it is in the nature of artists to judge as such, that is, to give the preference in their opinions, as in their works, to the display of science and execution: on the contrary, it is the nature of the public to attach the highest value to, and bestow the highest praise on, qualities which correspond with sentiment. Sentiment is essentially sympathetic. Fine things unfold in us the feeling of what is beautiful; but if this feeling be exhibited by the public, it reacts with all the force of a general affection on the genius of the artist. Every thing that tends to make them appear, and to be considered more beautiful even than they really are, leads to the production of works more beautiful still: indeed, of all the ways of encouraging artists, the most useful perhaps would be, that of encouraging a love for their works.

Fine arts possess the property of setting the imagination at work. This property is so perceptible, that some metaphysicians have gone the length of pretending, that beauty does not exist in the work itself, but that the work is only the instrument, or means, of awakening us to its image; that beauty being imprinted on our hearts, art does not communicate the impression of it to us, but only develops it; and that the merit of perfect works consists solely in producing in us that intellectual representation, which it is beyond the power of bad ones to effect. Vain subtlety! which, like many others of the same kind, reduces itself to a mere transposition of ideas, if not to a quibble.

It may, however, be affirmed, that the limits are frequently imperceptible which, in works of art, divide positive from relative impressions, definable from indefinable qualities, and what is sensibly real from what is only so to the imagination, or becomes so through its means.

Without pretending to explain these effects, which are of the same nature as the mysterious connexion of the mind with the senses, it is sufficient to acknowledge their existence, and the theory of art will have no surer foundation. We co-operate so much in the effects which the beautiful produces on our feelings, that the artist understands most thoroughly his interest, when, grounding on our concurrence and participation the complete success of his means, he can succeed, not only in placing his works and their effects in unison with ourselves, but also in bringing us in unison with them. In this lies the power of art.

The artist, I admit, cannot always command in his works

that union and intellectual accompaniment of associations, which attune the mind to the sensations he may be desirous of producing. Many of these observations, too, are addressed less to him than to those who are able to assist him in commanding all the effects I am speaking of, or, at least, to avoid destroying that harmony where it does exist.

If there be an art which ought especially to surround itself with every cause which can influence the nature of the impressions proper to place our feelings in correspondence with it, and compel the soul to conspire in preparing the means used for its seduction, it is doubtless that whose abstract form is only to be embraced by thought, and whose vague and unsettled imitation rests upon scarcely anything perceptible,—I mean Music.

The wonderful effects of this art among the ancients have frequently been doubted; and the reports of writers on the subject have been treated as exaggerations. This appears to me very wrong; because it is certain that the pleasure received from music is precisely the pleasure of sensibility. Now, all that at most can be disputed here is, not whether these effects were ever produced, but only that they were not caused by the means at present capable of producing them; a controversy beyond our power to settle, since it is plain its elements are beyond our reach; for it would be nothing less than comparing the value of a style of music of which we know nothing, with the degree of sensibility of a people no longer in existence. No other means, therefore, remain for appreciating the comparative merit of this art among the Greeks and the moderns, than the respective analogy which, in all ages, and in every country, the arts have borne one to another; a kind of proof not at all times, nor in every instance, decisive.

I do not mean here to make any comparison between the music of the ancients and that of the moderns, or to point out how this must have gained in many respects, in which the other must have been wanting. Perhaps that would go but a very little way towards deciding the question of the effects I am speaking of; but it is certain that what moves us most in music does not depend upon science, difficulty, or mechanical means. With much fewer or less perfect instruments, and particularly with fewer combinations, the ancients were enabled to reach the principal end of art—that of making powerful impressions, painting the passions, affecting, and pleasing. The single art of singing and of simple accompaniments, arts which it cannot be denied they possessed, were sufficient, with them, to produce the most powerful effects.

But it appears to me that the effect of their music depended, in a great degree, on a quality which, in their arts, was as predominant among them as it is little attended to among us, and especially in the art of which I am speaking: I mean character—a thing apparently very easy, but which is not acquired so readily as is supposed, because its principle exists, in a considerable degree, in usages which the artist can neither control, nor supply. This character consisted in the constant relation which certain given ideas bore to certain fixed modulations; so that each species of song, even independently of a greater or less power of execution, pointed out unequivocally the kind of subject appropriate to it. We have a feeble tradition of this manner in certain sacred chants, preserved in the service of the Roman Catholic Church. Without art, and without indicating any knowledge of composition, some of these are productive of an effect which the greatest masters, by the most scientific combinations, have sought in vain to produce.

Music then, among the ancients, was more positively in

unison with the sentiments or ideas it expressed. Its language then was better understood than it is at present among the moderns, where very few moral or political institutions are indebted to it, or afford it any assistance. Religious, warlike, and theatrical music, differed; for example, among themselves, not only in their object, but also in the nature of the place, of the actors, of the festivals, and of the ceremonies in which they were introduced: and it is easily to be conceived how much the perfect harmony existing between the incidental music, the object of imitation, the place, the accompanying and surrounding circumstance; how much, I say, this coincidence, at the same time moral and perceptible, intellectual and mechanical, must have contributed to strengthen the power of the art, and to make a deep impression on the feelings of the audience.

Poetry even, that art of all others the most independent of exterior causes, possessed formerly, from its intimacy with music, more effectual means of pleasing. Declamation and rhythm gave it an additional and an exterior action. It partook of the advantages of representation, and verse, the offspring of the lyre, found in instrumental accompaniment a charm which no reading can impart. In the drama, music, the companion of poetry and its rival, free from jealousy, joined her colours to those of the poet. Now this alliance which then existed between the two arts, that is between ideas on the same subject, the words, which embody them, and the modulation of sounds which adorn them, all this ought to be classed among the causes which produced the effects of ancient music.

Sometimes, no doubt, modern music, at the will of those who cannot separate the enjoyment of the senses from the pleasures of the mind, may have regretted the effect of this alliance which no longer exists between it and poetry. But notwithstanding the splendour of its means, the multiplicity of its resources, and the genius of composers, it is too often deficient in the harmony of impressive accessories.

We have been too much accustomed, perhaps, to bring down the enjoyment we experience from music to that which is afforded us in the concert-room. Now concerts are in music, precisely what collections and galleries are in the arts of design. What name must be given to the greater part of church music, when we see the same singers, the same orchestra, the same style of singing, the same character of accompaniments, the same taste, the same preparation, as in profane concerts? The only difference is in the words, which, since they have become the motive rather than the subject of the song, have even lost their virtue of instructing us. How can the impression of a particular character result therefrom, when nothing concurs in establishing it; when, instead of being brought in to favour the excitement of the imagination, all our faculties, drawn aside in contrary directions, seem called upon for no other purpose than to divert the soul from the emotions which it courts?

With fewer means and less noise, music truly adapted by the gravity of its harmony to the purposes of religion, might, either by the mysterious effect of instruments, or by a more perfect adaptation to the ceremonial rites, produce stronger impressions, and of that kind which we have too long accustomed ourselves to think incredible.

“Bring to recollection those simple and affecting sounds that terminate at Rome the mournful solemnities of the three days which the church particularly devotes to the expression of its sorrow, in the last of the weeks of penance. In that chapel, where the genius of Michael Angelo has grasped the duration of ages, from the wonders of creation

to the last judgment;—where is celebrated, in presence of the Roman Pontiff, that ceremony called the *Tenebræ*, whose rites, symbols, and plaintive liturgies seem to be the type of the mysterious sorrow to which they are consecrated. The light decreasing at each successive prayer, you would say that a funeral veil spread itself by little and little within the sacred vault. Presently the faint glimmering of the last remaining taper allows you to distinguish no other object than Christ in the clouds pronouncing judgment, and the ministering angels who execute the sentence. Now from a gallery, interdicted to the gaze of the profane, is heard the psalm of the penitent David, to which three of the greatest masters have added the modulations of simple and pathetic song. No instrument assists the harmony. Voices alone execute the music; but the voices seem to be those of angels, and the impression they produce penetrates the soul.

The names of Allegri, Leo, and Durante, bespeak sufficiently the value of these compositions, scientific in the midst of simplicity. The care shown in their preservation, the honourable seal under which they are secured, and the universal approbation of judges, bear testimony to their merit: but every person who, without being a judge, has felt the influence of these sacred strains, will also bear testimony that the circumstances I have described co-operate, in a powerful degree, in rendering the impression still more deep and lasting.

Music, I have observed, is the art which requires most assistance from the imagination of those to whom it is addressed. Nothing material, nothing positive enters into its conceptions; our understanding completes its form, and our sensibility graduates its hues; it addresses itself to the heart no longer than the heart is engaged by it; it places us in the path of pleasure, but we must walk therein; it presents to us an imperfect image, and compels us to complete it: we are fellow labourers; actors ourselves in its action, we receive no pleasure but by contributing to it; it has no effect on him who does not co-operate with it.

The pleasure received through the ear, or the difficulty of execution, ought not to be placed in the number of the real means which constitute the power of music; the one is only for vulgar instinct, the other has a hold only on the scientific: the virtue and triumph of the art consist in affecting us. Now the mechanical effect of sounds is feeble; it only flatters the senses and quickly passes away; and as to science, if it does contribute to pleasurable impressions, it is without our knowledge, and as soon as the mind is conscious of it, sentiment retires.

This is why science ought to be concealed in musical compositions, or performances intended to affect us. This is why every spring should be put in motion, to dispose the hearer to meet the sensations which he ought to feel, in order to sympathize with the effects it is proposed he should experience: and this sympathy depends, more than we suppose, on the harmony of exterior, local, and accompanying causes.

As the paintings of music cannot be defined, there is also something indefinable in the manner of enjoying them: it is the art of sentiment, and sentiment is compounded of the most subtle affinities.

All this is the effect of a very subtle transposition; of the exchange which the mind is capable of making of the properties of one art for those of another. As in painting we fancy we hear the plaintive lamentations of affliction, so also we think we see in the accents of music the expression of the body and of the countenance. Thus sounds or a succession of sounds analogous to particular

recollections or particular feelings, bring before our eyes objects with which those recollections and feelings correspond. The impressions which the mind receives from harmony through the channel of the ear, are transformed into images similar to those transmitted through the eye: but this transposition can only be effected by the power of deeply-concentrated feeling, and by virtue of the moral harmony to which I have alluded.

DR. FRANKLIN'S OPINIONS ON MUSIC.

THE following letter on Music, by the Philosopher of America, is from the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., by his Grandson, W. Temple Franklin, 1818." The interest which this great man took in the art, may be seen in his letter to the Padre Beccaria, describing "the new musical instrument composed of glasses," of his own invention (vol. ii. p. 330); as also in the letter to Mr. Oliver Neave, "respecting the best mediums for conveying sound," (*Ib.* p. 335.)

TO LORD KAIMS.

* * * "In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, the 'Elements of Criticism,' in which I found great entertainment. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody, or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part, I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those who are unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are mere compositions of tricks. I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part of what was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to play, gave manifest and general delight.

"Give me leave, on this occasion, to extend a little the sense of your position, that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful;' and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live for ever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather, that their melody is harmony—I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptation, indeed, only an agreeable *succession* of sounds is called *melody*, and only the *co-existence* of agreeable sounds, *harmony*. But since the memory is capable of retaining, for some moments, a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from thence, a sense of harmony between the present and past sounds, equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tune is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note is a third, a fifth,

an octave, or, in short, some note that is in accordance with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concord. I use the word *emphatical* to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together.

"That we have a most perfect idea of a sound just past, I might appeal to all acquainted with music, who know how easy it is to repeat a sound in the same pitch with one just heard. In tuning an instrument, a good ear can as easily determine that two strings are in unison by sounding them separately, as by sounding them together; their disagreement is also as easily, I believe I may say more easily and better distinguished, when sounded separately; for when sounded together, though you know by the beating that one is higher than the other, you cannot tell which it is. I have ascribed to memory the ability of comparing the pitch of a present tone with that of one past. But if there should be, as there possibly may be, something in the ear, similar to what we find in the eye, that ability would not be entirely owing to memory. Possibly the vibrations given to the auditory nerves by a particular sound, may actually continue some time after the cause of those vibrations is past, and the agreement or disagreement of a subsequent sound become, by comparison with them, more discernible: for the impression made on the visual nerves by a luminous object will continue for twenty or thirty seconds. Sitting in a room, look earnestly at the middle of a window a little while when the day is bright, and then shut your eyes; the figure of the window will still remain in the eye, and so distinct, that you may count the panes. A remarkable circumstance attending this experiment is, that the impression of forms is better retained than that of colours; for after the eyes are shut, when you first discern the image of the window, the panes appear dark, and the cross bars of the sashes, with the window frames and walls, appear white or bright; but if you still add to the darkness in the eyes by covering them with your hand, the reverse instantly takes place—the panes appear luminous, and the cross bars dark; and by removing the hand, they are again reversed. This I know not how to account for.

"Farther, when we consider by whom these ancient tunes were composed, and how they were first performed, we shall see that such harmonical succession of sounds were natural and even necessary in their construction. They were composed by the minstrels of those days, to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. The harp was strung with wire, which gives a sound of long continuance, and had no contrivance like that in the modern harpsichord, by which the sound of the preceding could be stopt, the moment a succeeding note began. To avoid actual discord, it was therefore necessary that the succeeding emphatical note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sound must exist at the same time. Hence arose that beauty in those times, that has so long pleased, and will please for ever, though men scarce know why.*

* Upon this passage, a writer in the "London Encyclopædia" makes the following remarks:—"These observations of Dr. Franklin are, for the most part, true as well as ingenious. But the transition in Scottish music, by consonant intervals, does not, as the Doctor supposes, arise from the nature of the instruments upon which they are played. Besides, it is more than probable that the ancient British harp was not strung with wire, but with the same materials as the Welsh harps at present; and these strings have not the same permanency of tone as metal; so that the sound of a preceding emphatical note must have expired before the subsequent accented note could be introduced. Those who are acquainted with the manœuvre of the Irish harp, know well that there is a

"That these tunes were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind (I mean a harp without any half notes but those of the natural scale, and with no more than two octaves of strings, from C to C), I conjecture from another circumstance, which is, that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single artificial note in it, and that in tunes where it was most convenient for the voice to use the middle notes of the harp, and place the key in F, then the B, which, if used, would be a B flat, is always omitted by passing over it with a third. The connoisseurs in modern music will say that I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing. Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass, and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald play them on his violoncello will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes of his auditors; and yet, I think, even *his* playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament.

"I am, &c.

"B. FRANKLIN."

To Mr. PETER FRANKLIN, Newport, New England.

"Dear Brother,

*** "I like your ballad, and think it well adapted to the purpose of discountenancing expensive foppery, and encouraging industry and frugality. If you can get it generally sung in your country, it may probably have a good deal of the effect you hope and expect from it. But, as you aimed at making it general, I wonder you chose so uncommon a measure in poetry, that none of the tunes in common use will suit it. Had you fitted it to an old one, well known, it must have spread much faster than I doubt it will do from the best new tune we can get composed to it. I think, too, that if you had given it to some country girl in the heart of the Massachusetts, who has never heard any other than psalm tunes, or *Chevy Chase*, the *Children in the Wood*, the *Spanish Lady*, and such old simple ditties, but has naturally a good ear, she might more probably have made a pleasing popular tune for you, than any of our masters here, and more proper for your purpose, which would best be answered if every word, as it is sung, be understood by all that hear it; and if the emphasis you intend for particular words could be given by the singer as well as by the reader, much of the force and impression of the song depending on those circumstances. I will, however, get it as well done for you as I can.

"Do not imagine that I mean to depreciate the skill of our composers here: they are admirable at pleasing *practised* airs, and know how to delight *one another*; but, in

method of discontinuing sounds, no less easy and effectual than upon the harpsichord. When the performer finds it proper to interrupt a note, he has no more to do but to return his finger gently upon the string immediately struck, which effectually stops its vibration.

"The principles upon which the melodies of Scotland are constructed are coeval with the first systems of sounds invented by the earliest musicians upon record." This assertion the writer in question proceeds to prove at some length. The arguments by which he supports his position are new and ingenious. We shall, perhaps, shortly recur to this subject, as being of national interest.

composing for songs, the reigning taste seems to be quite out of nature, or rather the reverse of nature, and yet, like a torrent, hurries them all away with it,—one or two, perhaps, only excepted.

"You, in the spirit of some ancient legislators, would influence the manners of your country by the united powers of poetry and music. By what I can learn of *their* songs, the music was simple, conforming itself to the usual pronunciation of words, as to measure, cadence, or emphasis, &c.; never disguising and confounding the language, by making a long syllable short, or a short one long, when sung. Their singing was only a more pleasing, because a melodious manner of speaking: it was capable of all the graces of prose oratory, while it added the pleasure of harmony. Most modern songs, on the contrary, neglect all the proprieties and beauties of common speech, and in their place introduce its defects and absurdities as so many graces.

"I am afraid you will hardly take my word for this; and therefore I must endeavour to support it by proof. Here is the first song I lay my hand upon: it happens to be a composition of one of our greatest masters, the ever-famous Handel. It is not one of his juvenile performances, before his taste could be improved and formed; it appeared when his reputation was at the highest, is greatly admired by all his admirers, and is really excellent in its kind. It is called, 'The additional favourite song in *Judas Maccabeus*.' Now, I reckon among the defects and improprieties of common speech the following:—

1. *Wrong placing the accent or emphasis*, by laying it on words of no importance, or on wrong syllables.
2. *Drawling*; or extending the sound of words or syllables beyond their natural length.
3. *Stuttering*; or making many syllables of one.
4. *Unintelligibleness*; the result of the three foregoing united.
5. *Tautology*; and
6. *Screaming* without cause.

For the wrong placing of the accent or emphasis, see it on the word *their*, instead of the word *vain*, in the following instance:—

*

With *their* vain - - - mys - te - rious - - - art - - -

And on the word *from*, and the wrong syllable *like*:—

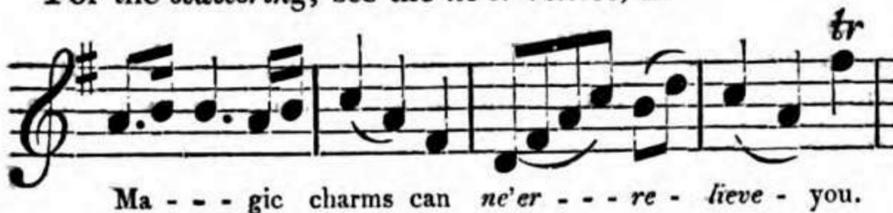
God-like wis - dom *from* - - - - - a - - bove.

For the *drawling*, see the last syllable of the word *wounded*:—

Nor can heal the wound - - - ed heart.

* Dr. Franklin has quoted the following passages rather as they were sung by the performer than as written by the composer; but the force of his observations is not thereby diminished. He might, however, have found much more striking instances of the errors of which he so justly complains: they were the vices of the day, and some of them are not yet reformed.—(Editor.)

For the *stuttering*, see the *ne'er relieve*, in



Ma - - - gic charms can ne'er - - - re - lieve - you.

There are four syllables made of one, and eight of three; but this is moderate. I have seen in another song that I cannot find, seventeen syllables made of three, and sixteen of one: the latter, I remember, was *charms*; viz., *cha, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, arms*. Stammering with a witness!

“For the *unintelligibility*, give this whole song to any taught singer, and let her sing it to any company that have never heard it; you will find they will not understand three words in ten. It is therefore that, at the oratorios and operas, one sees with books in their hands all those who desire to understand what they hear sung by even our best performers.

“For the *tautology*, you have it in the endless repetitions.

“As to the *screaming*, no one who has frequented our operas but will painfully recal instances without number.

“I send you enclosed the song, with its music at length. Read the words without the repetitions. Observe how few they are, and what a shower of notes attend them. You will then, perhaps, be inclined to think with me, that though the words might be the principal part of an ancient song, they are of small importance in a modern one; they are, in short, only a *pretence for singing*.

“I am, as ever,

“Your affectionate brother,

“B. FRANKLIN.

“P.S. I might have mentioned *inarticulation* among the defects in common speech that are assumed as beauties in modern singing. But as that seems more the fault of the singer than of the composer, I omitted it in what related merely to the composition. The fine singer in the present mode stifles all the hard consonants, and polishes away all the rougher parts of words that serve to distinguish them from each other; so that you hear nothing but an admirable pipe, and understand no more of the song than you would from its time, played on any other instrument. If ever it was the ambition of musicians to make instruments that should imitate the human voice, that ambition seems now reversed, the voice aiming to be like an instrument. Thus, wigs were first made to imitate a good natural head of hair; but when they became fashionable, though in unnatural forms, we have seen natural hair dressed to look like wigs.”

STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON, BY M. FETIS.

(FIFTH LETTER.)

[In the *Revue Musicale* of the 21st of August, the editor has devoted several pages to comments on our notes to his first and second letters.

While we admire the adroitness with which he evades the real points at issue, we cannot but lament his disingenuousness, and inaccurate mode of representing to his readers the meaning of our remarks. Equally do we regret that, having condescended to notice our observations, M. Fétis has not replied to those drawn from us by his third and fourth letters. Facts, we are aware, are stubborn things, and those we advanced defy refutation. Still the ingenious editor of the French review ought either to have

attempted something like a defence, or in candid, manly language to have acknowledged errors which he found it utterly impossible to deny, and to have retracted censure which we must have convinced him was wholly undeserved. For when he says that he will not again return to the subject, having passed by what most demanded attention, he tacitly admits the justice of our strictures, without gaining that credit with many of his readers which an open, generous confession of haste, or of having been grievously misled, would have obtained for him.

In our next we shall insert his two remaining letters, and also our reply.]

MY DEAR SON,

London, 5th June, 1829.

A DEEP investigation into the history of music will shew, that this art has had no solid being among the European nations but by means of the church. The theatres themselves cannot prosper without the existence of chapels. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century every large city had ten or twelve churches, in which the office was celebrated in music with a full orchestra. These churches required a *maître de chapelle*, singers, and symphonists. Artists, being unable to procure these stations without contending for them with rival candidates, were required to possess some talent, and thus the *maîtres de chapelle* were skilful, and singers employed many years in perfecting themselves in the vocal art. The *maître de chapelle*, whose subsistence was provided for by his office, laboured at the theatre for glory alone, instead of being a trafficker in notes, as is the case with the greater part of composers in our day. The singers, who, like the Abbé Pellegrin, “dined by the altar and supped by the theatre,” and who were secure of a refuge in old age, were not extortioners, obliging the manager to sacrifice a uniform whole to the necessity of possessing one or two artists of renown. In fine, the choristers of the cathedral, all excellent musicians, were far more useful for the stage than illiterate subordinates, to whom one must whistle in the morning the music they are to murder at night. Add to all this, that the habit of hearing good music at church formed the taste of the performers and the public. Nothing of the kind now exists, and from the fall of sacred music has resulted the decline of all branches of the musical art (a).

These reflections apply naturally to England, where there is, properly speaking, no real church music, though occasionally music is performed in the churches. I will explain this. According to the rule of the English church, the singing of psalms and hymns is all that is admitted in the ceremonies of her worship. Each county, I might almost say each parish, has its particular choral book and chant, and the organist, or musical chief, of such parish, annually adds new chants to those already known. There are, however, some pieces of this kind which have become famous, and the general use of which is established. These psalms or hymns are the compositions of Purcell, Boyce, Handel, Tallis, Ravenscroft, Battishill, Smith, and a few more English composers. They are written in three or four parts, and executed by a choir, seldom numerous, and sometimes even having but one person to each part. The organist accompanies with the flute-stop, and plays interludes on the common or hautboy stops. If the choir be more numerous, the accompaniment is given on the great organ. The harmony of all these pieces is sufficiently pure, but their similarity of character produces a wearisome sameness, which is further augmented by the numerous repetitions of the verses of each psalm. What surprised me most

in the execution of this music was the want of measure on the part of the organist and the singers, though the pieces themselves are written in well-timed music. I know not whether this fault originates in certain difficulties of pronunciation which I am not in a condition to estimate; but this I know, that nothing can be more disagreeable. There is probably some powerful motive which occasions the continuance of this fault of time, for I have observed it even in Westminster Abbey; and Mr. Attwood, an excellent musician and good organist, has been unable to banish it from St. Paul's (b).

It will be conceived that similar church music can lead to no amelioration in the state of the musical art in England. With regard to the Catholic churches, which are but few, the plain-chant is the only music known therein—always, however, excepting the chapel of the Bavarian embassy, where are executed the works of some good Italian and German masters (c). Still this chapel, being frequented by foreigners only, and the performers being all chosen from among German, Italian, or French musicians, the English derive no advantage from the excellent model thus placed in the midst of them.

A few occasions afford room for introducing music on a larger scale in the English churches. These are the solemn festivals, which occur but once or twice a year. I attended one of them in the cathedral of St. Paul on the anniversary of the charitable institution for the Sons of the Clergy. This institution is very ancient, and for nearly one hundred years the performance has consisted of a *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* with full orchestra, by Purcell (d); the *Alleluia* and Coronation Anthem of Handel, and a grand anthem by Boyce, beginning with the words, *Lord, thou hast been our refuge*. The greatest pomp reigns at this religious ceremony, which is attended by a very numerous assembly. I must confess that my curiosity was considerable to hear the music of Purcell, whom the English proudly cite as worthy of being placed in the same rank with the greatest composers of Germany and Italy. With regard to the French composers they say nothing, believing as they do, that there is not one among them fit to be compared with their 'musical giant,' as they call him. I was in a perfectly admiring disposition of mind when the *Te Deum* of this giant began; but what was my disappointment upon hearing, instead of the masterpiece which they had promised me, a long succession of insignificant phrases, ill-connected modulations, and incorrect, albeit pretending, harmonies. At first I imagined myself deceived, and that I ought to doubt my first judgment on a style of music to which I was unaccustomed; but Mr. Felix Mendelssohn, a young and highly distinguished German composer, who stood beside me, received precisely the same impressions. Such indeed was the inconvenience felt by him, that he would not prolong it, but escaped, leaving me to encounter Purcell alone during the performance of the *Jubilate*, which appeared to me no way superior (e). In London one would be pelted for daring to express such an opinion on pieces consecrated by time, and which it is no longer allowable to examine.

The anthem of Boyce enjoys a less brilliant reputation, yet it is far preferable to the pieces of Purcell, and I may aver that it would everywhere pass for a piece of good music (f). As to Handel's Coronation Anthem, it is, like every production of that great artist's pen, stamped with a character of grandeur which reveals a genius of a high order. There is another piece which I should have mentioned earlier, since it was the first performed. This is the anthem composed for a full orchestra, by Mr. Attwood,

on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. It is an excellent composition, and one proving that England may produce good composers when circumstances and institutions shall be favourable to the development of their faculties (g).

Of the performance which I heard at this ceremony, I cannot speak in strong terms, either of praise or censure; the violins are always weak in the English orchestra, and the bass generally good. The wind instruments are a mixture of good and bad. The voices were not sufficiently numerous for a church so vast as St. Paul's (h): nevertheless, I found in the traditionary execution of the *Alleluia* of Handel a great superiority over the manner of giving that piece at Paris. The movement is on a much larger scale, and the silence succeeding each repetition of the word *allelujah* produces an extraordinary effect, which can hardly be conceived by those who reviled this sublime composition after having heard it disfigured at one of the concerts of the Conservatory.

Solemn masses without *Credo*, and in the vulgar tongue, as they are used in some of the German churches, are not admitted into the service of the Church of England. *Te Deums*, hymns, and grand anthems, such as those of which I have just been speaking, are the only pieces of music with full orchestra heard during divine service. Still there are particular occasions, when whole Oratorios are executed with an extraordinary display of splendour and power of execution. These occasions are denominated *Festivals* or *Meetings*. Their origin is as follows. Each county has once in two or three years a benevolent subscription for the advantage of its charitable institutions. At this the principal inhabitants of the county are induced to assemble, by means of a musical festival which ordinarily lasts for three days (i). On the morning of each day an entire Oratorio, or a selection of pieces from several Oratorios, is performed in the cathedral of the capital of the county; and in the evening a concert, followed by a ball, again summons those whom curiosity has brought together. The musicians engaged on such occasions are always very numerous; sometimes amounting to four or five hundred. With a view of exciting public curiosity, and to attract a crowd, the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers are engaged; yet, occasionally, the principal object, beneficence, is lost sight of in granting to certain singers enormous sums, which would be better applied in the solace of the poor (k). During the time that Madame Catalani was in high vogue, she received two thousand guineas (more than fifty thousand francs) for the three days of a meeting. Some of these meetings have presented a perfection of performance worthy of their great object; but it more frequently happens that the numerous orchestra contains inferior musicians, who, mixed with talented artists, destroy the effect of the whole. Then the haste with which these festivals are prepared will not admit of sufficient rehearsals, and it has even frequently occurred that no rehearsal whatever has been had. Of all these musical festivals, the finest remembered were those of 1786 and 1787, which were celebrated in commemoration of Handel, near his tomb in Westminster Abbey. In 1786, nearly seven hundred musicians were assembled, who rehearsed masses during several days. All the great singers of the time assisted (l).

On the 2nd of June, I witnessed a ceremony equally imposing, and more calculated to interest, though less important as regards the art. It is an immemorial custom on that day to assemble in the cathedral of St. Paul's all the children belonging to charity schools, and to make them

sing prayers in thanksgiving for the benefit which they receive in a liberal education. In England all these things are managed with a pomp, the object of which is to elevate the soul, to improve man, and to inspire him with a high idea of his dignity. Thus, nothing is neglected that can contribute to the solemnity necessary in this festival of poor children. An immense circular inclosure, comprising the entire surface covered by the dome and all that part of the nave which extends to the organ gallery, is constructed into rows of seats to a prodigious height, and divided so as to receive the various schools of the several wards. There, from seven to eight thousand children, whose healthy appearance and cleanly clothing evinced the care which is bestowed upon them, came to take their seats without being guided and scolded by pedagogues, or resembling automata at exercise, as is generally the case in France, when numbers are set in motion. Other scaffolds are erected in the great nave for the people, and all the intervals are filled by an immense crowd. One only leader, placed on high in a gallery, suffices to give time to all the children. At the appointed signal, Mr. Attwood, the organist, sounded the key-note, and seven thousand children's voices sang in unison the 100th psalm: *All people that on earth do dwell*. To have any idea of the power of such an unison you must hear it. The organ, majestic as it is, is but an accessory to an effect like this. I was told that formerly it was not the custom to accompany the children with the organ, but that they had thought it necessary to employ that accompaniment in order to prevent the voices from falling. The accuracy of the performance is generally satisfactory. The children take promptly the tone given them, which, when once taken they keep, and nothing can distract them. Of this I had an evident proof, for the leader, having given the intonation of a verse lower than the note of the organ, they kept this imperturbably when the organ was heard. Above all, in the 113th Psalm, by Battishill I believe, they afforded me the greatest pleasure. Were there schools of music attached to the charity schools, I doubt not that all these children might easily be made musicians. This mode of instruction is common in Germany, and has given the Germans a great superiority over other countries in musical organization.

From all that I have just said, it results that true church music has only an accidental existence in England, and that it will perhaps never be more flourishing there, from causes which are independent of the progress of this art, but which will always be unfavourable to the development of the musical faculties of the English.

Adieu, my Son.

FETIS.

NOTES ON THE FIFTH LETTER OF M. FETIS.

(a) The whole of this paragraph relates to continental churches, though it may naturally enough be supposed to allude to ours. The remarks are extremely just, and in some degree applicable to this country.

(b) There is so much confusion in the whole of this second paragraph, that we cannot for the life of us evolve the writer's meaning, if he has any. Has he the cathedral or parochial service in view? Not the former, surely, because in that there is as much time devoted to music as in any Catholic church. Yet when he talks of chants, and the manner of performing these in the Abbey and St. Paul's, parish churches must be wholly out of his contemplation.

OCTOBER, 1829.

But here, as in almost every other instance where England is concerned, he writes in almost perfect ignorance of what relates to our music.

(c) The author seems to be entirely ignorant of the existence of a Portuguese chapel, where mass is admirably performed, and of a Catholic chapel in Moorfields, where the same music is given, though certainly in an inferior manner.

(d) For the greater part of the one "hundred years," Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, and his *Jubilate*, have been performed at this anniversary. Purcell's service was at first used, and revived last year, much to the regret of a great majority of unbiassed judges.

(e) The strictures of M. Fétis on Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* have a great deal of justice in them. That there are some fine passages in both cannot be denied, but on the whole they are anything rather than *chefs-d'œuvre* of this great master, as they have been styled. The words are too often set without judgment, the harmony frequently partakes of that crudeness which prevailed in the church music of Dr. Blow's school, and the accompaniments are of that feeble character which prevailed in the infancy of orchestral music. Of M. Mendelssohn we need say nothing; he has spoken for himself*.

(f) The *Te Deum*, &c. of Purcell is little known in England: the anthem of Boyce, by having been heard annually in St. Paul's for about sixty or seventy years past, is known to every connoisseur, and enjoys the highest reputation—which it richly deserves.

(g) If this anthem is good, which no one will deny, it proves that England *does* produce some good composers. We differ from M. Fétis in tenses.

(h) We agree as to the inferior manner in which these performances are got up. They are contracted for by the *Royal Society of Musicians*, at a paltry sum, and, in regard to execution, are a disgrace to the metropolitan church of England; particularly when compared to the manner in which the same music is executed in our provincial towns.

(i) Each county has its Festival!—We wish our foreign readers, for whose information these notes are chiefly written, to know, that such festivals take place in about a dozen counties, out of fifty-two into which England, including Wales, is divided!

(k) Perfectly just! We have more than once pointed out in this journal the extravagant manner in which these meetings are carried on. Charity indeed!—Yes, if it be charity to give two or three foreigners, for two or three days' performance, as much as would support a small hospital for six months, then such festivals are truly charitable!

(l) The commemoration of Handel took place in 1784. At the musical festival in Westminster Abbey in 1786, seven hundred and forty-one performers were employed; and in 1787, eight hundred and six, exclusive of principal singers.

* See *Harmonicon* for August last.

M. FETIS'S SIXTH LETTER.

MY DEAR SON,

London, 12th June, 1829.

IN considering the state of the musical art in a country, the lyrical theatres present themselves in the first rank, because the greater part of the people of Europe have a national dramatic music. In fact, all the world knows that the Italian, French, and German operas have their distinct physiognomy, by which they are instantly recognized, despite of the disguises under which they are sometimes presented in translations, pasticcios, and other mercantile operations. Is there also an English dramatic music? And, if there be not, may it one day arise? This is what I am about to examine; but, before speaking to you of the art in general, it is necessary that I throw a glance on the organization of the London theatres.

As in every other matter, the English government leaves to private interest the care of contributing to the support and prosperity of the theatres. No restriction is imposed on the managers; no dramatic censure (*m*)—no commissioner—no charges for the guard—no taxes for the poor—unless that required for the renting of the house, as for all other property; but at the same time there is no assistance rendered—none of what, in France, we call *subventions*. In a country where twice a week a journal of enormous size appears, destined solely to the announcement of city bankruptcies, it matters little if a speculator ruin himself, or rather rob those who are foolish enough to intrust him with their money (*n*). “After him,” say they, “another will appear, and things will continue to proceed on the same footing.”

It must not be inferred from what I have just said, that the theatres in England are absolutely free. They can only be established by virtue of a license, granted through the Lord Chamberlain, for a moderate fee, and the number of these licenses is limited by the king. While George IV. was Prince Regent, he promised the proprietors of Drury Lane and Covent Garden that no other English musical theatre should be established during the period of their patent (*o*). He will be faithful to his promise; and all the efforts of some powerful and zealous amateurs who wish for a true national opera, have failed before this obstacle. The patents of Covent Garden and Drury Lane will not expire for fifteen years to come, and it is doubtful whether any other theatre will be established before that period (*p*).

The number of theatres in London is nearly equal to that in Paris. The four principal, in a musical point of view, are the Italian Opera, commonly called the *King's Theatre*, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the *English Opera* (*q*). The higher classes, which alone can support the theatres of this capital, frequent only the Italian Opera. This exclusive preference results from various causes, which I shall hereafter develop; at present I will confine myself to an examination of the state of the privileged theatre.

The old Opera House, in the Haymarket, was burnt in 1789. Mr. Taylor, the proprietor, rebuilt it at his expense, assisted by considerable advantages, which were granted to him, and the superintendence of the enterprise was confided to Mr. Waters. A succession of law-suits and discussions which took place between the director and Mr. Taylor, terminated in the ruin of the former. Mr. Taylor took his place, but was neither more able nor more fortunate. After having employed every imaginable resource for supplying the continually-increasing expenses of his theatre, he quitted it a bankrupt. In 1814, Mr. Waters resumed the management of the Opera, under the responsibility of Chambers the banker. This new under-

taking finished in 1820, like all its predecessors, in the ruin of both parties. In the following year Ebers, a bookseller, undertook the speculation of this luckless theatre, which he continued during seven consecutive years. The result of his administration was a total loss of fifty thousand pounds sterling (*r*).

So many shipwrecks seemed sufficient to alarm whoever might have a fancy for speculating in the enterprise of the Italian Opera. Nevertheless, M. Laporte, an intelligent man, and one well versed in all that concerns the administration of a theatre (*s*), has ventured to encounter the dangers of so precarious a concern, and contrived, notwithstanding the enormous charges which press upon him, to derive profit from it. The expenses comprising the rental of the theatre, which is thirteen thousand pounds sterling for six months, amount to 42,000*l.* (1,050,000 francs). The fixed revenue of the season in subscriptions for boxes is 35,000*l.*; and in order to cover expenses it is necessary that the receipts at the door should amount to 200,000 francs, which would appear to be difficult, as there are but fifty representations during the season (*t*). According to this calculation, it is evident that the manager, having but little power of augmenting his receipts, should direct all his care to the diminution of expenses as far as this can be effected. Still he can obtain a good box subscription only by presenting beforehand a list of the singers engaged for the season, and by drawing up this list so as to excite the curiosity of the frequenters. It is, then, necessary to have talent already celebrated, and such talent everywhere must be dearly paid for. Thus prevented from economizing upon this point, it is necessary that the manager should do so in matters which are not perceived in advance, or immediately by the public. The orchestra, the decorations, the machinery, the costumes, the choruses, the employés, &c., must be subjected to the retrenchments so necessary. That M. Laporte finds means to transact with one only assistant, the business of a theatre in which the financial matters amount to more than a million sterling (of francs;) that, instead of that army of useless hangers-on, clerks, superintendents, box-keepers, &c., with which all the theatres in France are burdened, there is at the *King's Theatre* but the precise number of persons required; that the machinist, the decorator, the tailor, and all the other leeches of theatrical speculations, cannot rob the poor speculator—all this is so far good. But here comes the evil. Obligated to reduce to the smallest number the choristers, who sing in a hall so vast as the Opera—and to give those whom he employs only five shillings for each performance—which, at the rate of fifty nights in the season, scarcely makes 400 francs a year, the manager can only offer feeble choruses, which are the more ineffective from the fact that the number of works produced in less than six months leaves time for but a very small number of rehearsals. And, as regards the orchestra, matters are still worse. Besides that the instrumentalists are not sufficiently numerous to produce effect, they have not in the salary of their situations a lot fortunate enough to make them attached thereto, as are those of the orchestra at Paris by the hope of a pension. Hence it follows that a leader, or head of the orchestra, cannot establish a severe exactitude in his service, as he must be every instant exposed to find himself abandoned by the half of his musicians, who would be sure of procuring in concerts, or teaching, a compensation for the loss of their employment. Thus the rehearsals are badly performed; the execution is neglected; the singers, ill accompanied, grow spoiled; and the public, never hearing any thing

thoroughly good, makes no improvement in taste. Such is the radical evil of music in London (v).

But what can a theatrical manager do to remedy all this? The situations in his orchestra, or in the choruses, are taken and left with indifference, because unprofitable. Yet to render them better he must injure his interests, or rather expose himself to certain ruin; and to this he cannot consent. What then is the conclusion to be drawn? That the constitution of the Italian Opera in London is vicious, because placing the splendour and progress of dramatic music in direct opposition to the private interest of the manager. As I have already often affirmed and demonstrated in the *Revue Musicale*, every enterprise, having for its object the pleasure of the public and the advancement of the arts, is ruinous (w). As, however, a moral good results from such enterprises, it is necessary that the government either should charge itself with them, or that it should indemnify those who run the risk. You will observe that I mean here to speak only of things which are of a positive interest: for, as to those which have no other object than the success of a speculation, they must be left to themselves. What I have just said proves how lamentable it would have been had the Opera of Paris been undertaken as a private enterprise, according to the project formed last year, and how just were my anticipations. I am aware that I may be told of the difference of situation which would have resulted from a *subvention*; but, on the other hand, I have said nothing of the cupidity of managers—an article on which a long chapter might be made.

There are other inconveniences connected with the Italian Opera in London, which are consequent on the shortness of the musical seasons. These seasons are a sort of fair, or, if you will, provisional encampment of society. In point of fact, the season lasts not more than three months and a half, and during this short space of time it is that every thing is to be done. The *haute société*, who during two-thirds of the year are on their estates or on the continent, come for the rest of the time to furnish support to the *industry* of artists and speculators of all kinds. Then it is that professors of every sort must gain in a few days what is necessary to supply all their expenses in the country where living is most expensive; and then concerts multiply to an unimaginable degree. Each one thinks himself entitled to give his benefit concert—those who have not sufficient talent to draw an audience themselves, speculate with the talent of others, which they buy. Within two months, more than eighty concerts of various kinds have been given, sometimes four in one day. At these concerts the greater part of the singers at the Italian Opera are engaged to sing at fifteen or twenty guineas each. If to this we add the musical soirées given at private houses, some idea may be formed of the vortex of music, and above all of bad music, in which one lives here for a few months. These concerts and soirées, which are in some sort the chief object of the residence of singers in London, are the curse of the Italian manager, and still more of good music. The musical soirées being always prolonged very far into the night, the singers cannot rise early, and the rehearsals at the theatre begin not before noon—at two o'clock the concerts commence—scarcely have they arrived at the finale of the first act, when the cantatrice of the day, the tenor, or the primo basso, who cannot lose the twenty guineas which are secured to them, depart for the concert in spite of the cries of the director. In vain does he employ all the resources of his eloquence to shew that the piece is not known, and that the representation will go off badly on the following day. “Sir, I know my part.”

“Very good, but Mademoiselle *** does not know hers.” “Let her learn it, then.” “The orchestra has no idea of the movements.” “Let them study.” “But how can they if you go away?” “That is not my affair; I repeat that I know my part, and that is all which you can require of me (x).”

At night it is another affair. The arrangement for the next representation must be made. The manager, who pays his artists dearly, applies not the less humbly on that account at the house of each to obtain the opera which he desires. His subscribers ask him for *Otello*, but Mad. *** has to sing at midnight at some Lord's: *Desdemona* would fatigue her too much, and she will only sing in *La Cenerentola*. To no purpose does the manager say that this caprice will lose him his money, the singer is inexorable; yet her engagement states that she cannot refuse any character in her line under pain of eighty thousand francs' forfeit (y). The manager may bring his claim against her, and no doubt would obtain a verdict at the expiration of a year, which the suit would last. But from the moment the action was brought, the engagement would be broken; the performer would cease to appear; the subscribers, who took boxes solely to hear her, would cast the first stone at the manager; the theatre would be deserted; the poor man ruined, and when his cause should be gained, the lady, who had caused his ruin, would be at Naples or Madrid.

The multitude of benefit performances is another cause of the bad execution with which one is afflicted at the King's Theatre. These performances, which make part of the payment given to the singers, succeed each other almost without interruption on the Thursdays of each week. For each of these performances is required an opera which has not been presented during the season; and hence the necessity of only repeating the same work twice or thrice. You may readily conceive how they are executed after such a slovenly style of study. Thus it is that *Le Nozze di Figaro* was murdered at the representation which was recently given for the benefit of Madame Malibran. Never have I heard any thing like it; no one knew his part, and every one seemed emulous of making the most faults. Yet Madame Malibran played the part of Susanna—Mademoiselle Sontag that of the Countess—Donzelli, the Count—and Pellegrini, Figaro. With a few good rehearsals the work would have produced the greatest effect; but in this case the usual reply must be taken—“They have no time.” So customary is it, however, for the English to hear music badly executed, that they applauded the whole performance as though it had been perfect (z).

The picture which I have here given of the state of music at the first theatre in London offers nothing satisfactory, yet contains nothing that is not perfectly true. What I have to say of the English theatres would occupy too much space here: it shall form the subject of my next letter.

Adieu, my Son.

FETIS.

NOTES ON THE SIXTH LETTER OF M. FETIS.

(m) It is unnecessary to point out this blunder to the English reader. No dramatic work can be performed until it has been sanctioned by the Lord Chamberlain. His deputy, called the licenser of plays, now and then objects to words, to passages, and sometimes to whole pieces, but never with any other view than to prevent his appointment from being considered a sinecure. He has a fee on reading each new piece, and this money-part of the

concern is, according to a custom truly English, what he really cares for.

(n) The *London Gazette*, the journal here alluded to, consists generally of from twelve to sixteen pages, or more, of which about two, or at the utmost three, are devoted to bankruptcies. So much for M. Fétis's knowledge of the state of our commercial affairs! But his boldness in asserting is almost without a parallel, and only matched by his want of information on most subjects connected with his present letters.

(o) All this is without any foundation in fact.

(p) The patents of the two theatres, which in point of fact are only a right by sufferance, have no limit as to time. Poor M. Fétis has been cruelly *hoaxed* in England!

(q) Here we find an *English Opera* mentioned, though only a few lines before is a story,—a very silly one—of the Prince Regent having promised that no English musical theatre should be allowed, except Drury Lane and Covent Garden!

(r) Very little of this paragraph has the smallest claim to correctness. Mr. Taylor did *not* build at his own expense, for he had not a thousand pounds in the world, but raised some money by selling leases of boxes *in posse*. It was he who managed the theatre at that time, not Mr. Waters, who was opposed to him, and finally ousted him. Neither one nor the other was ruined, as is generally supposed, but from very humble stations and penniless, became men of considerable property. Taylor died rich, and Waters, who is living, is in affluent circumstances; though, from chancery delays and the chicanery of law, he is for the present obliged to live abroad. Ebers gained a large sum in the first year of his undertaking; but subsequently lost, entirely owing to mismanagement. We, however, have great doubts as to the amount: 50,000*l.* is a deficit more easily named than proved.

(s) M. Laporte, being a *compatriote* of the author, is, of

course, an able personage. But perhaps even M. Fétis will admit that a knowledge of music is somewhat necessary in a manager of an Italian opera,—and possibly he may also grant, because he cannot well deny it, that M. Laporte does not pretend to any acquaintance with that art.

(t) There is no fixed revenue at the King's Theatre. Last season the box subscription amounted to 36,000*l.* It has sometimes not reached 15,000*l.* The number of representations ought to be sixty. M. Laporte last season gave four or five short of these, which reduction will be resented next year by the old subscribers, if we are not much misinformed.

(v) The finances of the theatre, if judiciously administered, will well allow of a good orchestra and an equally efficient chorus. M. Laporte was determined to make money, and succeeded; but to the serious injury of the reputation of the establishment. The other observations of M. Fétis on this subject are perfectly correct.

(w) The King's Theatre is one exception. Generally speaking, it has made the fortunes of most of those who have embarked in the enterprise as *entrepreneurs*. (See note n.) There are many other exceptions to this rule, if it can be admitted as such,—but it is not to our present purpose to shew them.

(x) All this is very true, so far as relates to most managers: but a man who knows what he is about, who is reasonable, but firm, rarely, if ever, is thus governed by his performers.

(y) Where in the name of truth did the writer hear of such a forfeit?—3,333*l.*!!

(z) All this is perfectly true. The fact is, that the great majority of a *fashionable* audience are not capable of distinguishing between good and bad. But let it be remembered, that in the case of this very opera, nearly all the newspaper critics applauded the performance in the most encomiastic terms, declaring it to be perfect in all its various parts!

Review of Music.

A Third Volume of WELSH MELODIES; the Poetry by Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by JOHN PARRY. (Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho-Square.)

IN an "Address" prefixed to this volume, Mr. Parry describes the present collection as "strains which have been handed down from generation to generation, and stood the test of ages." That the outlines of them may have been transmitted through several, that is to say half a dozen or so, generations, we think very probable, though in their progress they have, we are decidedly of opinion, received many improvements, and have been modernized at each step, their original roughness having, by various hands, been smoothed into the polish they now bear. But when he speaks of "ages," we presume that the term is to be considered as a mere *façon de parler*, for an age is a century, answering to the word *seculum*, and we cannot suppose that Mr. Parry, with all his laudable love of country, believes any one of these airs to have a claim to that degree of veneration, to which hundreds of years would entitle them.

We have always thought with Dr. Powel, that most of the melodies called Welsh, owe their origin to Ireland, and have never yet met with anything like strong argument, much less conclusive reasoning, on the other side: but we are open to conviction, and should be glad if some zealous Cambrian, possessing a sufficiency of antiquarian knowledge, would undertake the task of proving his country's right to the property in question. We must, however, beforehand protest against any appeal to the often-quoted passage in the *Cambriae descriptio* of Giraldus Cambrensis, which, if construed literally, is too absurd to influence the judgment of the present day, and will, it is to be hoped, never again be referred to as a proof of the advanced state of music amongst the Welsh, at a period when the art was in so barbarous a state in every other part of Europe.

Whether ancient or modern, Irish or Welsh, several of the melodies now before us are of a very agreeable kind. They have not the pathos that distinguishes many of the best airs of Scotland and Ireland, gaiety being the characteristic of most of them; but this gaiety is natural, though

not refined. Of these there are twelve, all for a single voice, except the seventh, which is for two voices; and the fifth has a chorus added to the air.

The first, *The Mountain Minstrel* (The Dairy-house), is graceful and well-accompanied. The second, *The Confession* (Winefreda), is smooth and pleasing, though very common. The \flat in the second bar of the base wants the 6th as part of its accompaniment: the chord is very naked and poverty-stricken in its present form. The third, *The Warrior's Farewell* (The Corporation), à la militaire, is animated, therefore in character. In the last bar of this, page 11, is the following passage, which we should have imputed to the engraver, but unhappily it occurs three times; the blame therefore must, in spite of our wish to the contrary, fall on the author.



Here are not only fifths, but most horrible ones!

The fourth, *The False Knight* (The Lambs'-fold Vale), has nothing calling for remark. The fifth, *The Eisteddvod** (The inspired Bard), is a short, spirited air, to which the words are exceedingly well adapted. The fifth bar of the symphony is very poor in harmony, and would be improved if written thus:—



In the second bar, too, of the chorus, in the second tenor part, the first quaver, \flat , a 7th, is as displeasing as irregular. The effect of the chorus, repeating the air, is striking and good. The sixth, "*To the groves and the valleys*" (The Men of Dovey), is thoroughly Scottish, and either really Caledonian, or an undisguised imitation, almost amounting to a copy. The seventh, *The Knight and the Peasant* (White locks), is a pleasing air, though there is something far from elegant in the last bar of the first strain; the two semiquavers, and the whole cadence, border on the vulgar. But the octaves between the second voice and base, in the third bar of the duet, page 38, are still more reprehensible—ungrammatical, and meagre in the extreme. The eighth, "*The first star of evening*" (Phillip's Adieu), is expressive, and altogether a charming air. Three notes ought to have been allotted to the first syllable of the word "tremulous," and only one to the second. The word "calm" also should be on the unaccented part of the bar previous to that wherein it is placed. The poetess, however, here must partake of the blame: Mr. Parry is only censurable for not amending the rhythm of the verse.

The ninth, *The Revel* (Cream of yellow ale), is not in the most praiseworthy style, in its cadences more particularly. The tenth, *The Bard's lament* (Prydain's lament),

* Eisteddvod signifies sessions, or meeting of Bards.—(PARRY.)

in \flat minor, is extremely pathetic, and upon the whole the best air in the collection. This it appears is a modern composition, and furnished, if we understand the note correctly, by a friend of Mr. Parry. We should have liked the accompaniment better had it been rather more enriched; but the composer will justify himself, perhaps, by pleading the fitness in this instance of simple harmony—and he may be right. The eleventh, "*Lover's minstrel-lute*" (Gogerddan), is in a popular style, part of it somewhat too much so. The symphony a good deal in the manner of the Strathspey. The twelfth, "*The trumpet sounds*" (The Woolpack), another air, partly in *duo*, in \flat minor, is likewise a new composition,—if we are right in thus interpreting the term "copyright"—and pleasing, inasmuch as it imitates national melody, which in almost any shape is at least interesting.

Mr. Parry has certainly not overlaid any of these airs by accompaniment. It seems to us that he might occasionally have introduced a fuller harmony with good effect; but on the other hand it must be admitted, that simple melody is better understood and more relished by the majority of hearers when the accompaniment is simple.

The poetry of this volume deserves to be spoken of in respectful terms. The following specimen, set to the tenth air, affords an indisputable proof of the talent and feeling of the writer.

THE BARD'S LAMENT.

(The poem alludes to the destruction of the Welsh bards by Edward.)

I.

I think upon the lighted halls
Where beauty lov'd to stray!
I think upon the trophied walls
That grac'd the festal day!
Then turn to where the ivy climbs,
Around each mould'ring stone,
And mourn the chiefs of other times,
Now past away—and gone!

II.

I think upon the spells that woke
Beneath the minstrel's hand,
When FREEDOM'S voice in music spoke,
Through Cambria's mountain-land!
When foremost mid the martial train
Stood forth each warrior-bard,
And when their harp's extolling strain
Was Valour's rich reward!

III.

But now—those strains excite no more,
Once like a trumpet's blast!
The harp's wild spell is hush'd and o'er,
The minstrel's hour is past!
Save when, like ME, some wand'ring bard
Through Cambria's valley's green,
Attunes his harp's degenerate chord,
To shew what it hath been.

ORGAN.

1. A Selection of VOLUNTARIES, arranged from the sacred vocal and instrumental works of HANDEL, HAYDN, MOZART, JOMELLI, PERGOLES, AVISON, CROTCH, CRAMER, &c. &c., by J. JOLLY, organist of St. Philip's Chapel, Regent Street. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)
2. Selection of Favourite Movements from the great Masters, arranged and adapted by H. G. NIXON, organist to the Royal Bavarian Embassy in London. (Chappell, 135, New Bond Street.)

BOTH these publications have the same object in view, namely, to render available for the purposes of the church,

and for the use of those generally who play on the organ, music not originally written for the instrument, nevertheless very fit for adaptation to it; thus affording the organist a wider range for selection, and, consequently, adding to the sober pleasure imparted to religious congregations by the noblest of musical instruments.

Mr. Jolly's volume is indeed a valuable one, whether the quality of the music be considered, or the mode in which that music is arranged. Both are excellent. His title-page includes several of the greatest names, to which we have to add those of Rink,—an admirable modern German composer for the organ;—Pergolesi, Hasse, Ricciotti, and Dr. Cooke. Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, predominate. Of the first we have not quite so much as we could have wished,—a movement in A from his Lessons; "Angels ever bright," and the minuet in *Berenice*. Of Haydn are given, "With verdure clad," "On Thee each living soul," and the trio from *The Creation*; also the movement "Cum Sancto Spiritu," from his 5th mass. Mozart supplies the lovely andante in F from his symphony in c, No. 4; the march in F from *Idomeneo*; an "Agnus Dei," an andante from his Litany, and an introduction and fugue from the same. A short movement in F minor by an author once in great repute with harpsichord players, but now almost forgotten, Domenico Alberti, makes a good introduction to the work; and Dr. Crotch's motet, "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir," is almost as beautiful instrumentally (for diapasons and principal, of course) as it is universally allowed to be when performed by voices. The selections from Cramer's piano-forte works, though rather out of their element when transferred to the organ, which is incapable of giving to them all the expression they require, are nevertheless very useful additions to the stock of church music. Dr. Cooke's masterly *Amen* chorus, a fugue, completes the volume in a most dignified manner.

Music used in the Catholic church is commonly more gay, more airy, though not less scientific, than that employed in Protestant places of worship, a circumstance which has led Mr. Nixon to select lighter compositions, more easy in their construction, therefore offering greater facilities to the player, than has been chosen for the preceding work. He has even included in his publication certain opera airs, which may not be objected to by some congregations, though we have always held that, through the influence of association, such music, while recollected as theatrical, is not exactly fitted for the service of the church. These, however, are the beautiful *preghiera* in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and "Softly sighs," from the *Freischütz*. There is also a Russian melody, whence the best features in the popular song "I've been roaming" have, in so daring a manner, been copied. Two movements from a *Te Deum* by Mattei have great merit; and the same andante from Mozart's symphony that appears in Mr. Jolly's collection, is also arranged for and included in this.

In stating that some of these compositions are rather light, we use the epithet comparatively; they certainly are not indecorously so; and if we extend the comparison by looking back to the trumpet and cornet pieces, the divisions and trills, which formed parts of our voluntaries half a century ago, they will appear absolutely solemn. Such is the improvement already made in our organ-music for the church! an amelioration which may, and certainly will, be carried to a still further extent.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Allegro di Bravura, composed by J. MOSCHELES. Op. 77. (Chappell.)
2. God save the King, VARIAZIONI DI BRAVURA, con Introduzioni e Finale, per il Piano-Forte ed Orchestra (ad libitum) da FREDERICK KALKBRENNER. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, Cheapside.)
3. FANTASIA, on WEBER'S celebrated WALTZ, composed by J. P. PIXIS. Op. 109. (Clementi and Co.)

LET none approach these compositions who possess not strong, commanding hands, rapidity of finger, a thorough, practical acquaintance with the most modern style, and a complete mastery of the instrument!—they are written for, and dedicated to, professors, for whom they are alone fit, or for dilettanti of equal acquirements: the mob of players will only lose their time in attempting such music, the merits of which can only be developed by those we describe: to the multitude they will be as a sealed book. Hence! therefore, ye who have not laboured your four hours a day, year after year, ye are as the prophane in regard to the temple of execution, and cannot join in its rites!

The first is a single movement in c minor, comprised in eight pages, in which, being dedicated to one of the finest musicians of the age, the author has felt himself called upon to display the full powers of science, unrestrained by any considerations of sale and profit. The effect of this when well played is charming to the cultivated ear; but it must be a highly cultivated one.

The second is a very ingenious descant on a theme out of which none but a man of genius can now extract any thing that has the slightest pretence to novelty. That Mr. Kalkbrenner's attempt has proved successful will not be matter of surprise to those acquainted with his works. We insert four bars of the air, reduced to simple chords, to shew what new colouring may be given to an almost faded subject by a few notes of accompaniment.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line and the instruction '&c.'.

The Introduction, in three pages, and the four variations, including a coda, or finale, are all of the most brilliant kind, with passages in octaves, in thirds, in leaping triplets, *weaving* notes, and nearly every variety that can shew off to advantage great powers of execution.

The third is the waltz in *Ab*, said to be Weber's last production*, here transposed into *Bb*. The *Introduzione* to this contains a *marcia funebre* in *Bb* minor, which has great merit, not only as respects contrivance, but as to effect, the only rational object of a composer. The amplification of the subject—which in point of fact consists of a number of variations, though not so named—is, from beginning to end, a most favourable specimen of M. Pixis's talents. He has here shewn great resources, not so much out of ostentation as from a desire to please the connoisseur, and success has attended his efforts. This is certainly one of the best and most agreeable of his numerous publications.

1. CAPRICCIETTO, *sur une Melodie Suisse, par CH. CHAULIEU.* Op. 83. (Cramer and Co.)
2. AIR, *varié par CH. CHAULIEU.* (Cocks and Co.)
3. RONDOLETTO BRILLANT, *sur deux motifs de l'Opera Pierre et Catherine, par CH. CHAULIEU.* Op. 76. (Balls.)

No. 1 is a very simple air, arranged and extended in a popular manner, easy, but enabling the performer to make a considerable display.

No. 2 is so simple as to be perfectly insipid. The four variations do not much mend the matter, though the last, *à la gallop*, is the best.

No. 3 is altogether a superior composition. An *Andante* in *Ab*, forming part of the Introduction, is expressive, and in very good taste. The air, in the bolero manner, is lively, and carried through half-a-dozen pages with much spirit, and some ingenuity.

1. WALTZ RONDO, *on a subject of HUMMEL, composed and arranged by T. A. RAWLINGS.* (Chappell.)
2. The Evening song of the Tyrolese Minstrels, a Ballad composed by JOHN GOSS, arranged with an Introduction, Variations, and Coda, by PHILIP KNAPTON. (Willis and Co., 75, St. James's Street.)
3. POLONAISE, *with an Introduction, composed by A. T. MACDONALD.* (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
4. SOUVENIRS de Malibran, *composed by F. HULLMANDEL BARTHOLOMEW.* (Willis and Co.)

No. 1 is brief and easy. The Introduction is good, but would seem to announce something of greater importance than a waltz. Mr. Rawlings has profited here by one of Rossini's (we ought in justice to say, Generali's) crescendos. It would have argued a grateful mind if he had quietly insinuated the words *alla Rossini*, or *alla Generali*, at the commencement of the passage. It would also have agreed better with our notions of propriety if he had pointed out clearly how much of the Rondo belongs to Hummel, and what portion of it to himself. Composers in the long run are not losers by this kind of musical honesty.

No. 2 is a pleasing air with five corresponding Variations,—the third of which, in triplets, may be spared, because not in character with the subject,—and an appropriate Introduction. There is nothing very new in any of these, but correctness, expression, and taste, are never wanting in Mr. Knapton's productions.

No. 3 has a remarkably good Introductory movement, displaying much energy. The Polonaise is brilliant and clever, but rather lengthy. It may be easily abridged, and with advantage to all parties concerned,—composer, performer, and auditors.

No. 4 gives evidence of superior ability. The author's name is wholly unknown to us as a composer, but we shall be glad to meet with it again. This divertimento—for so it may be called—introduces the Spanish air, sung so often last season in private concerts by Madame Vigo, composed by Garcia, likewise his "San Anton;" "Giovinetto Cavalier," from Meyerbeer's *Crociato*; a Tyrolienne by Madame Malibran; and the last movement of an aria in Rossini's *Semiramide*. These are all well blended, ably arranged, and the intervening matter is just what it should be.

1. OVERTURE to the Comic Opera, *Les deux Nuits, arranged for the Piano-forte, composed by BOIELDIEU.* (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. VARIATIONS BRILLANTES on the favourite chorus in the same Opera, by C. CHAULIEU. Op. 87. (Same publishers.)
3. FANTASIA on the Carillon in the same Opera, by J. B. DUVERNAY. (Same publishers.)

The best part of this overture is the slow movement with which it opens. The remainder is very light, and will be thought pretty. It is easy to play, though a great shew may be made by the performer, by aid of a strong finger and a free use of the open pedal.

The theme of No. 2 possesses all that originality of effect for which M. Boieldieu is so much distinguished. The variations to it are exceedingly clever, animated, and though altogether long, are not tedious. The Introduction is not less entitled to be mentioned in high terms.

No. 3 is likewise founded on an air that has much novelty in its manner, and the variations are ably written, though one, if not two, of them may be omitted, without any loss being sustained by the piece as a whole. The second and third publications, particularly No. 2, deserve to be noticed, and no doubt will have a large circulation, for they recommend themselves, and demand no extraordinary talent or exertion in the performer.

1. DIVERTIMENTO, *in which is introduced "Hark! the bonny Christ Church Bells," by Mrs. MILES.* (Chappell.)
2. Recollections of Switzerland, a DIVERTIMENTO, *composed by T. VALENTINE.* (Willis and Co.)
3. A CHARACTERISTIC NATIONAL DIVERTIMENTO, *composed by the same.* (Cramer and Co.)
4. The Fairy's Song, *composed by W. TURNBULL, arranged by T. VALENTINE.* (Clementi and Co.)
5. Le Bijou, a selection of Themes from MOZART, ROSSINI, PAER, BOIELDIEU, WEBER, HAYDN, &c., *arranged in a familiar style as RONDOS, by S. F. RIMBAULT.* Nos. 1 to 6. (Luff.)

The whole of these belong to a class of music much used and exceedingly admired by performers who are pleased by something like a tune, but have no relish for what costs the smallest trouble in acquiring. In boarding-schools such pieces are in constant request, and exactly suit those who have travelled through an elementary book, a sonatina or two, and a few rondos of the easiest description. In looking them over we discover no fault of any kind. Many of the airs are such as have been stamped by public approbation, arranged in a manner that removes all fears as to their effect on the pupil's future taste: they lie well for the hand, and will assist as well as amuse the learner in his progress; but are only calculated for those who are not far advanced.

* Published in the 12th number of the *Harmonicon*, New Series.

In most of the six numbers of *Le Bijou*, we find too much of that twaddling kind of base which is now repudiated by all discreet composers, though it was highly patronized in the middle of the last century. It has been called the "Alberti base," because used by a once fashionable master of that name. We recommend Mr. Rimbault to abandon all thoughts of reviving it: let it slumber in peace.

1. *La Lyre d'Apollon, a collection of MARCHES and POLONAISES, by the best foreign authors; Nos. 1 to 14.* (Wessel and Stodart, Frith Street.)
2. *First set of QUADRILLES from the Opera of Les deux Nuits, by BOIELDIEU.* (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
3. *DUE GRAN VALTZER VARIATI, composta dal Maestro EMMUEL BORGATTA, Accademico Filarmonico di Bologna.* (Pettet, 154, Oxford Street.)
4. *FOREIGN WALTZES, selected from BEETHOVEN, MOZART, &c.* (Edinburgh: Paterson, Ray, and Co.)

No. 1 is a most praiseworthy little work in octavo, containing some of the best compositions of the kind described in the title-page that the present day can furnish, amongst which are several that have appeared in our own pages.

No. 2 is a set of quadrilles which, if we do not much miscalculate, must become very popular, both in public assemblies and in private parties. They are easy, yet not trifling, and the violin accompaniment (which may be played by the flute) is a great, though not a necessary, addition to them.

It really did not require so dignified a personage as a member of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna to produce the *Two Grand Waltzes with Variations* forming the second article in the above list. There certainly is nothing censurable in them, but a little more fulness, a rather larger share of harmony, would greatly improve them. They are to the modern ear what a lady in a close bonnet and tight sleeves is to the modern eye.

Upon opening No. 4, we were immediately struck by an extraordinary discrepancy—foreign dances composed by a true-born Briton! Mr. Finlay Dun is the real author of this set, containing five waltzes; and moreover his name appears to them, though not inserted in the title-page. Let him look to this, or perhaps in the event of some future alien bill, he may have to claim his birthright, to prove himself a subject of his Britannic majesty, in order to escape a polite message from the Home Secretary, recommending him to commence his travels in foreign parts, at perhaps a very inconvenient season.

A LETTER to a YOUNG PIANO FORTE PLAYER. Printed for the Benefit of the Spanish Refugees. 12mo. (Hailes, 168, Piccadilly.)

IN this little work are some of the most sensible remarks, and most useful advice, on the practice of music, so far as relates to the piano-forte, that have ever fallen under our view.

In a short preface it is stated, that the writer (who signs herself "Mary") is indebted to the conversations of a Spanish "eminent musical professor," settled in this country, named A. F. de Cordoba, for the most material parts of the letter. Whether this is to be understood literally, or in the same way as those introductions of the once *Great Unknown* to his novels, in which he feigns an attempt to mystify the reader, we are not qualified to say; nor does it much signify. If to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, it announces a fact which surprises us, namely, that

a Spanish teacher of such great eminence should be established here, and his name remain unknown to most people,—quite so to us, up to the moment when this letter appeared.

The author divides the art of piano-forte playing into five heads: position, fingering, time, touch, and expression. These are all treated on without any affectation or parade, in very perspicuous, well-adapted language; and in a way that proves the writer to be as thoroughly acquainted with her subject as she is qualified to communicate her knowledge.

Those who wish to follow the letter in all its details, will, of course, purchase the publication. We can only give an extract or two from the work, which, we trust, will tempt others to peruse the whole of it.

On the two styles of playing, the following observations appear at page 22:—

"The two styles of playing most commonly required in good pieces, are the distinct, round, brilliant style, and the legato style. The first of these is obtained by holding the hands gently arched in the position I have elsewhere described, the fingers very distinctly separate from each other, and the tips of them touching the keys as much as possible without making the nails audible; each finger should move quite independently of the rest, as though they were all *hung upon separate wires*, and be not merely taken off, but slightly lifted up from every note the instant the following note is ready to sound. You should practise the scales in this way till every note of them seems to tell separately, roundly, and distinctly upon the ear. Sometimes you may begin with the light touch of a fairy, and tell out each note in the same distinct way a little and a little louder, till it ends in fortissimo; at others begin loud, and run through every gradation till you end in pianissimo, without once departing from the characteristic touch which makes every note ring off in a full, round, independent tone: or again, you may commence softly, continue to increase in energy till you reach the middle of the passage, and then let your notes trickle back again into a gradual silence; and so on. This kind of touch is remarkable for the brilliancy which it sheds over powerful, energetic passages, and the extreme delicacy of which it is susceptible in those of a lighter description. The legato style imparts more of power and pathos; and is produced by holding the fingers more compactly together, pressing them down more firmly on the instrument, from whence they must never be lifted more than is absolutely necessary to let each key rise into its place after pressure; the fingers seem all *strung upon one wire*, and one is not taken up till the other is fairly set down, so that instead of each note telling separately upon the ear, they seem rather to flow into one another, each note being dependant on, and mingled with, the one next to it; yet not so much so as to render it confused or indistinct. Legato passages are seldom well played; not only the touch adapted to them is difficult to acquire, but great tact is requisite in the fingering, and they are still more out of the reach of an ordinary player than those of the former description. The scales are excellent practice in this way. You should play them with the same variety of tone, the same gradual transition from loud to soft, and from soft to loud, as in the distinct touch. This style admits of the most expressive playing, for as it is requisite even in the softest passages to exert a considerable degree of pleasure, the muscles of the wrist are kept slightly tightened (not stiffened) and possess an extraordinary power over the different degrees of sound. The continued flow of a stream along the smooth sand, and its distinct trickling over pieces of rock and stone, may afford an illustration of the difference between these two kinds of touch, each of which is susceptible of exquisite beauty in the hands of a skilful performer."

The effects of music are eloquently described. With a little more labour and research, this part might have been wrought into a metaphysical investigation of great interest.

"The gratification we derive from listening to music is similar to that which poetry imparts to us. Both these delightful

arts call into being a thousand beautiful imaginations, tender feelings, and passionate impulses. But, in reading poetry, we are delighted with the thoughts of another person; and though a beautiful idea will give us new pleasure every time we recur to it, still this pleasure is little varied, and depends on the conformation of the poet's mind, rather than of our own. The delights of music are of our own creation. We become for the time poets ourselves, and enjoy the high privilege of inventing, combining, and diversifying, at pleasure, the images which harmonious sounds raise in our minds. The selfsame melody may be repeated a hundred times, and inspire each time a train of thought different from the last. Sometimes it will call forth all the hidden stores of memory—absent friends, voices long silent in the tomb, lovely scenes, pleasant walks, and happy hours, come back to us in all their freshness and reality. Then the future opens its dreamy prospect, gilded by hope, and chastened by a mournful tenderness. The exile is restored in glad anticipation to his country; the prodigal sobs out his penitence on his father's bosom; the child of affliction is safely lodged in that mansion where sorrow and crying are unknown. Sometimes the past is forgotten, the future unheeded, the mind wrapped up in the present consciousness of sublimity or beauty. Forms of delicate loveliness, things such as dreams are made of, float before the mental vision, shaped into something of a waking distinctness. Thoughts too noble to last, high and holy resolves, gushings of tenderness, alternately possess our minds with emotions all equally different, and equally delightful. The poetical inspiration of Alfieri seldom came upon him, but when he was under the influence of music. Haydn's symphonies were all composed so as to shadow forth some simple and affecting story, by which the author excited and varied his own feelings, and wrought them up to that pitch of solemn pathos, or animated gaiety, which to this day inspires all who hear his music with corresponding emotions."

The annexed advice is in every way too valuable to be omitted. With this extract, we take our leave of a publication which we recommend to our readers, not only as an act of justice to the writer, but as a duty which critics owe to all who place any confidence in their opinion.

"A science which is capable of exerting such a powerful and manifold influence, must not be degraded into a mere exercise of manual skill, a business of formal lessons and wearisome practice. I pity the girl who sits down to pore over her music, and plays on, hour after hour, without a thought beyond the desire of shining in the evening party by the display of her paltry acquirements, which are more often listened to by sufferance than from choice. It is for this reason, amongst many others, that I would have your mind very full of images and associations drawn fresh and pure from natural sources, lest the pleasant thoughts with which music ought to inspire you, should be exchanged for the idle reveries of an empty mind: for if you have any ear for sweet sounds, they must awaken some sort of ideas or feelings within you; and if they can find no good ideas or feelings to act upon, they will call forth such as you have, namely, vain, hurtful, and silly ones. But trusting that this is not the case with you, but that your heart and imagination are well stored, and under some degree of regulation, I should like them to be so engaged in what you are about, that you may always rise from the instrument with some accession to your mental treasures, as well as to your mechanical dexterity."

PIANO-FORTE, FLUTE, AND VIOLONCELLO.

1. RONDOLETTA, composed by CHARLES CZERNY, Op. 149. (Monzani and Hill, Regent Street.)
2. FAVOURITE AIRS in WEIGL'S Opera, The Swiss Family, arranged as CONVERSATION TRIOS, by F. W. CROUCH. (Chappell.)

A Rondoletta signifies, we have always been taught to believe, a little, that is to say, a short, easy rondo. If the present, the piano-forte part of which alone extends to twelve pages, and requires a very good player to execute it,

is in M. Czerny's estimation short and easy, we would wish to ask what his *Rondone*, his great rondo, if he ever publish one, will be? There is an affectation in this that argues great weakness; but we too frequently meet with absurdities in musical title-pages to be much surprised now.

This piece is in F, and exhibits no very striking traits of any kind. There is an air running through it, and this entitles it to praise, but not an air that makes a lasting impression. The modulations are not remarkable, and we discover no novel feature in any part of it. The employment of the extra-additional notes—those abrupt, toy-like sounds—which is a vice of the present German composers, is here carried to an extreme length, so as to be almost unbearable. The flute part is not difficult, and the violoncello an easy ad libitum accompaniment.

The second of the above contains three Airs, arranged in a very popular manner for the instruments, so that any moderately qualified performers may, without risk of failure, sit down to them, for, being light, melodious, and easy, they will please those who do not expect to find laboured passages and abstruse harmonies.

VOCAL.

1. GLEE, "Whither so fast, thou lady fair?" for four voices, composed by Sir JOHN STEVENSON. (Willis and Co.)
2. GLEE, The Father of Song, for three voices, the words by a Member of the Melodist Club; the music by JOHN PARRY. (Willis and Co.)
3. BARCAROLE, "Vagando in mar tranquillo," for two voices, by PANZERON, arranged and adapted to Italian words by Sig. PUZZI. (Chappell.)
4. DUET, "Think of me," the words by ARTHUR BROOKE, Esq., composed by ALEX. LEE. (Willis.)

No. 1 is upon the plan of Callcott's "Friar of orders gray," both music and words, but nothing like plagiarism is here meant to be implied. In the second bar, page 1, the B b should be omitted; and in the sixth bar, page 4, the last A in the base has been changed by a pen into a F. Surely this note ought to stand as printed, and the treble A be altered to F. There is much sweet melody in this glee; and the chant—a chorus meant to be sung by a second party at a distance—written in the ancient church-style, has a beautiful effect. We reckon the present amongst the happiest efforts of Sir John Stevenson.

No. 2 is an unpretending common-place, but rather pleasing bagatelle.

No. 3 is smooth and simple; though Sig. Puzzi has not here exhibited himself as a very skilful harmonist.

No. 4 is likewise simple enough for the most inveterate lovers of simplicity.

1. SONG, "The homes of England," written by Mrs HEMANS, composed by her Sister. (Willis.)
2. BALLAD, "The treasures of the deep," ditto, ditto.
3. CANZONCINA, "Nice, il vapore," by Miss M. A. REES. (Whitaker and Co.)
4. BALLAD, "I'll come again to thee," by T. H. BAYLY, Esq. (Callcott.)
5. CAVATINA and RONDO, "If ev'ry joy on earth appears," set to music by PIO CIANCHETTINO. (Chappell.)
6. SONG, The banks of the Arno, the words by H. J. BRADFIELD, Esq. composed by AUG. MEVES. (Willis.)
7. BALLAD, The Sleeper, written by Mrs. HEMANS, the music by the composer of The captive Knight. (Willis.)

8. FAIRY'S SONG, "I have flown from the cup of the harebell," written by MRS. TURNBULL, composed by W. TURNBULL. (Clementi.)
9. BALLAD, "The maid of Llanwellyn," written by MRS. JOHANNA BAILLIE, the music by G. A. HODSON. (Chappell.)
10. BALLAD, The Mountain-Nymph, written by W. BULKLEY, composed by OLIVIA DUSSEK BULKLEY. (Chappell.)
11. BALLAD, Philomel's lament, the words by ROSAMOND WADAMS, composed by W. KIRBY. (Cramer and Co.)
12. BALLAD, the poetry by G. J. SEYMOUR, Esq., the music by WEIGL. (Mori and Lavenu.)
13. BALLAD, "The wisest men are fools in wine," the poetry by J. GENT, Esq., composed by H. PHILLIPS. (Mori and Lavenu.)
14. BALLAD, "'Tis not the wealth of Europe's coasts," composed and published by the same.
15. BALLAD, "I will be kind to you," by T. H. BAYLY, Esq. (Callcott.)

WE cannot mention in very high terms of praise the first and second of these. Their defects are, want of modulation and a sameness throughout.

No. 3 is pretty, and the words are extremely well accented, but the fair composer stands in need of a little advice concerning the rules of harmony.

The title and interior of No. 4 do not agree: the one assigns the ballad to Mr. Bayly; the other states that it is "from the Scotch." It is pleasing—and that is all that we can boast of it.

We must say of No. 5 that the composer has bestowed a great deal of trouble in vain. The accent and rhythm are here both in fault; and why attempt to restore those old-fashioned divisions, which are not only displeasing in themselves, but militate against the sense of the words?

No. 6 is melodious, and the verses are well set.

No. 7 is by the composer of the first and second of the above. What we have said of those will apply to this. But we admire the vignette.

No. 8 is a family piece, we conclude. The poetry is the better half of the song.

The melody of No. 9 is pleasing, and the words are correctly set.

No. 10 is a pretty ballad in imitation of the Scotch manner.

No. 11 is an agreeable air, but very far from new in any respect.

No. 12 is "Pria ch'io l'impegno," Weigl's very popular trio, reduced to a simple air. The words go very well to it.

No. 13 and 14 are very scanty in original thoughts. The author's taste is visible; that is all.

No. 15 is a very charming ballad; the words and music equally elegant and tender, and well set. It really raises our drooping spirits to arrive at any thing so delightful at last. The air is the adagio of Haydn's 10th grand symphony; but this ought to have been acknowledged in the title-page, which at first will lead everybody to ascribe the whole of it to Mr. Bayly.

HARP AND PIANO-FORTE.

The favourite AIRS in *Il Crociato*, by MEYERBEER, arranged, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello, ad libitum, by N. C. BOCHSA. Book I. (Chappell.)

M. BOCHSA should cleave to arrangements, and never dream of anything beyond. In such work, which is in

fact mechanical, he is one of the best of his trade; in all else he only counts as one amongst a mob of those who more often fail than succeed. He has here adapted four of the best pieces in this fine opera, including the beautiful *Introduzione*, or opening scene. We have assisted in trying this selection, and can bear the most unhesitating testimony to the excellent effect produced by the combination of the four instruments, while each is comparatively easy to the performer.

This domestic music, as it may very properly be called, is getting more and more into use. We visit in several houses where it is got up in a very perfect manner by the members of the family, without any other aid. The relief it affords, and the knitting together which is one of its consequences, are not among the least of the good effects resulting from such cultivation of an art, which cannot by any possibility have, *per se*, an evil tendency.

HARP.

1. RONDO on a favourite French Air, by F. STOCKHAUSEN. (Willis & Co.)
2. POLACCA, The Horn of Chace, composed by GILFORT of Prague, sung by Mr. Braham, &c. in *Der Freischutz*, arranged by C. EGAN. (Willis.)
3. "All' idea," ROSSINI'S duet in *Il Barbiere*, arranged by Henry Horn. (Chappell.)
4. HANDEL'S HALLELUJAH CHORUS, arranged by W. L. VINER. (Chappell.)

No. 1 is the popular air in *Peter the Great*, adapted in a perfectly easy manner, and forming a Rondo of seven pages. In a similar manner is the air No. 2 arranged, and makes an animated piece for the instrument, which will have many charms for those who delight in octaves and triplets, which here abound.

"All' idea" once more!—Well, it is so good a thing that it will not easily be worn out. Then it is almost ready formed to the hands of any adapter, whatever his instrument may be, and it holds out everlasting temptation to the present race of composers. This affords every facility to the performer, and is unobjectionable.

In No. 4, Mr. Viner has not been sparing of notes; he has given as many handfuls to the performer as he could contrive. The effect of such music undoubtedly is in proportion to its fulness, and when played by a powerful finger, this chorus so arranged must retain a great deal of its grandeur.

We should be rejoiced to see some new, original works for the harp. Nearly everything that has fallen under our notice for several years past, has been in the form of arrangements, and invariably of compositions that have appeared in so many different shapes, and consequently have been so often reviewed, that we are left without another word to add on the subject; for he must be dull indeed who, from a piano-forte part—the source of most harp pieces—cannot produce an adaptation that shall escape censure, though it may not be deserving of praise.

FLUTE AND PIANO-FORTE.

1. BARCAROLLA from AUBER'S Opera *Masaniello*, arranged by T. BERBIGUIER; from his Op. 92. (Monzani and Hill.)
2. Euterpe's Gifts, No. 7. Introduction, and Air "Non piu mesta" from *La Cenerentola*, with Variations, by TULOU. Op. 55. (Paine and Hopkins.)

3. SWISS DIVERTIMENTO, in which are introduced Three Swiss Melodies, by JOHN PARRY. (Willis and Co.)

No. 1, which has appeared in our work, adapted to the piano-forte, is here arranged in an easy manner for that instrument and the flute, and a very delightful duet it makes; one that no amateurs need consider as beneath their notice.

In No. 2 is much more for the flute to execute than in the preceding; in fact, this requires an able player. The piano-forte part, on the contrary, consists of little more than a mere accompaniment of simple chords. M. Tulou has added many florid embellishments to what came into his hands as a bravura. These are such as many flutists take great delight in, and those will find them well written for the instrument.

No. 3 contains the eternal "Swiss boy," and two other nearly as well known airs. They appear here in a perfectly easy shape for either performer, the flute part being convertible to the purposes of the flageolet.

GUITAR.

INSTRUCTIONS for the SPANISH GUITAR, founded on the systems of CARULLI, GIULIANI, &c. with MORETTI'S system of Accompaniment, by ALFRED BURNET, Mus. Bac. (Chappell.)

THE didactic part of this book is written with clearness, though we cannot say much in praise of the style. The last few pages from Moretti will prove of importance to the learner who wishes to play chords, or harmony, according to some settled rule. The various examples, lessons, &c., here possess an advantage which treatises on the guitar cannot always boast—they are free from grammatical errors. To which we may add, that they are chosen from the best works of the most esteemed guitar masters.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

(Resumed from page 230.)

Aug. 21. I HEAR such opposing accounts of Rossini's new French opera, *Guillaume Tell*, that it would require the skill of one accustomed to analyze and compare evidence—of one of the bench—to arrive at anything like the truth; for truth there is, not relative but positive, in matters of taste, in spite of the old maxim. Signor Rossini has been gradually adopting a new style, and from what I hear I am inclined to think that his last opera is at least a much more scientific work than his others, but that it shews none of that freshness and force of genius which was so remarkable in his *Barbiere*, his *Turco in Italia*, *Gazza Ladra*, and one or two more. His invention has evidently been on the wane for some time past; his learning on the increase: one class of critics therefore accuse his *Guillaume Tell* of being heavy; another lauds it for the ingenuity of its score. But for this horrid season, which has been even worse, if possible, in Paris, I should have been enabled to form my own opinion on the subject.

23d. The small number of laborious musical theorists and controversialists suffered a further diminution in May last, by the death of Augustus Frederick Charles Kollman, forty-six years organist of His Majesty's German chapel. He was born at Engelbostel, near Hanover, where his father was organist and schoolmaster. From the age of

fourteen to sixteen he frequented the gymnasium at the latter city, and afterwards studied music under J. C. Boettner, an able organist of the Sebastian Bach school. In 1779, he was admitted into the Academy for intended schoolmasters, in Hanover, where he acquired that methodical manner of teaching which afterwards proved so advantageous to him. In 1782, he obtained the above appointment at the British court, and ever after continued to reside in London. The following is a list of his works;—“An Essay on Musical Harmony, 1796.” “A new Theory of Musical Harmony, 1806.” “An Essay on Practical Composition, 1799;” of which an improved edition was published in 1812. “A Practical Guide to Thorough Bass, 1812,” and “Benurkungen; Remarks on what Mr. Logier calls his new system of Musical Education,” in the *Musicalische Zeitung*, 1821. In 1812 he commenced a *Quarterly Musical Register*, in octavo, the objects of which were, the promotion of musical literature, and a review of all new musical publications; but the work met with no encouragement, and only reached a second number. It must be confessed that its failure did not excite any surprise in those who understood the nature of such works. Mr. K. also published some fugues, and other scientific compositions, for the organ or piano-forte. His reputation as a theorist stands high, and he left a private character without blemish. He is succeeded at the German Chapel by his son, an accomplished musician, a brilliant performer, and a well-informed man.

24th. Mr. Benjamin Jacob, one of our best organists, an excellent musician, and a worthy man, died this day, after a long illness. He studied under Dr. Arnold, to whose friendship he owed much of his professional success. In 1818 he was elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society. He held the situation of organist to Surry Chapel thirty-one years, and four years ago accepted the same situation at St. John's Church, Waterloo Road, which gave rise to a dispute between him and the Rev. Rowland Hill, ending in a paper war. In this his conduct appeared to advantage as an honourable man, but the irritation of mind excited by the controversy brought on, it is said, hæmoptysis, and certain it is that a pulmonic consumption ensued, which terminated his life in his fifty-second year. He has left a widow and three daughters.

Sept. 3rd. This evening was exhibited to a few connoisseurs, at Messrs. Flight and Robson's, a new organ which they have just finished for Sir Richard Vyvyan, a Cornish Baronet, who is said to be one of the best performers in the kingdom. It is constructed on a new principle as relates to the keys; of these there are five sets, distributed among three players. In the centre are two rows, with a third for the swell. There is also a set on the right, and another on the left, of the performer in chief, as he may be termed. Thus, he who is seated in the middle may take the substance of the composition, while those on each side can play the accompaniments, or, if more convenient, the solo or obbligati parts. This organ is upon a very large scale, and its tones are as remarkable for richness as power. The diapasons are among the best we ever heard, voiced in a peculiarly beautiful manner; and the reed stops of the swell are delicious. The worthy baronet has erected a music-room in his house in Cornwall, of extraordinary dimensions, to receive this superb instrument.

— A propos of organs. M. Erard, the celebrated harp-maker of Paris, has completed an instrument which

he calls *Orgue expressif*, the intention of which is, to increase or diminish the sound by means of more or less pressure on the keys. If he has really succeeded, he has supplied a desideratum long felt, for nothing was wanting to render this the most expressive as well as the grandest of instruments, but the power now said to be conferred on it. Six-and-thirty years ago, M. Erard was in pursuit of the same object, and had nearly attained it, as appears by what Grétry says in his *Essais sur la Musique*, tom. iii, but the paralysing effects of the first few years of the revolution put a stop to the progress of whatever was connected with the arts. "I have touched," says Grétry, "a few notes of a small organ which Erard has rendered susceptible of the various degrees of loud and soft. The greater the pressure applied to the key, the more the sound is augmented; and it is diminished in gently raising the finger. It is the philosopher's stone of music, which luck has thrown in our way." Peace has enabled the ingenious discoverer—for we reject the word *chance* which Grétry applies to the invention—to bring his instrument nearly to perfection, and the *Revue Musicale* promises to give an account of it in an early number. The editor of that work, however, does not seem to think that this organ yet acts exactly as could be wished. Let our ingenious countrymen, Flight and Robson, who have brought machinery to so great a state of perfection, turn their minds to this; they may aid the French artist in his pursuit, and share with him the merit of so important an improvement.

7th. In an Edinburgh paper, *The Scotsman*, a publication conducted with extraordinary ability, and generally containing an article on political economy, science, politics, or criticism, appeared, on the second of the present month, a notice of the contents of the last *Quarterly Foreign Review*, in which is a long, interesting analysis of the new biography of Mozart. *The Scotsman* seizes this opportunity to make some remarks on the gifts and fortunes of the great musician, which are so just, so full of good feeling, that I should think I had culpably neglected the means of further extending their circulation were I not to transfer them to my diary, which is read by many who have no access to the above excellent Scotch newspaper.

"Mozart's life was a series of labours, privations, anxieties, and disappointments; yet he joined to unequalled powers, unwearied industry, moderate habits, and an amiable character. He stood at the head of an exquisite art, by which thousands of inferior men lived, in a country where that art is appreciated by every one from the prince to the peasant: still Mozart had scarcely bread. At the age of twenty-two, with his powers fully developed, and after giving birth to some splendid compositions, he made every possible exertion to obtain the humble situation of music-master to the children of the Elector of Mentz, worth forty pounds a year, and failed. Among the hundred thousand nobles of Germany, all musical, no doubt, and all professing to be lovers of the arts, Mozart could not find a patron! In Paris he was equally unfortunate. Alluding to the vexations he experienced in this city, he says, 'If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, hearts to feel, who only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things, but as far as regards a taste for music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. An aristocracy which is from its very nature the slave of fashion, is deaf or blind to every kind of merit that does not bear the stamp of its idol.' Mozart found a species of music established very different from his own.

Many of the professors who thought their personal consequence might be lessened by the introduction of a new style of composition, stood up for the craft by which they lived, and were his enemies. The world of fashion followed their usual oracles, and Mozart, who addressed himself to their sensibility, and not to their vanity, was treated with neglect. Had he invented a new curl for the hair, or a new gewgaw for some department of fashionable life, he might have died rich; but his power lay in melting the heart, and in pouring sublime ideas into the imagination, and by such appliances he could scarcely find the means of subsistence among the men who surrounded him. This gifted being died like Byron or Burns, at the early age of 36, after having laid the foundations of a fame still more universal than theirs."

It is but just, however, to state, that Mozart's visit to Paris, alluded to in the foregoing, was when he was only in the 22nd year, and before he had produced any of those great works which have immortalized him. While in the capital of France he composed one symphony, which was performed at the Concert-Spirituel, and a few other pieces, none of which, I believe, is among those now so universally admired:—certainly not the symphony.

Mozart was manly, open, sincere, and not a likely person to conciliate the great. Hence he had very few, if any, patrons among the highest classes. He could neither stoop nor flatter, and would have been much less happy than he was, could he have reproached himself with a baseness which so often leads to fortune. His fine, independent spirit—that spirit which contributed to his greatness—exhibited itself even to imperial majesty. Joseph II. said to him, after the first performance of *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, "This is too fine for our ears, and too full of notes."—"There are precisely the number there ought to be," said the honest, intrepid composer; and the monarch, to his honour be it spoken, was much too sensible a man to be offended by such reply. Of Mozart it may truly be said, that he *devancé son siècle*; he was not understood at the period in which he wrote, except by the chosen few. He even confessed that he produced his *Don Giovanni* to please himself and his friends, well aware that it was beyond the comprehension of the public. In fact, so convinced was he that it could not succeed at Vienna, that he brought it out at Prague, a city where the art was better understood than in the capital of the Germanic empire. Salieri was the favourite of the court, and likewise the popular dramatic composer.

The following extract from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* is given in *The Scotsman*, and, as connected with the preceding, independently of its own merits, I here insert it, and shall follow it by an observation or two.

"When Mozart is arbiter, there can be no appeal from the decision. The revelations of the biography before us throw a new light on the subject of Mozart's invention, of his rank with respect to other composers, and of the real services which he rendered to music: and truly in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of his genius, and the imagination and feeling which he displayed from childhood to manhood, there is enough to gratify his warmest admirers, and to elevate and ennoble humanity. Of his six-and-thirty sinfonias for the full orchestra, it appears that the half-dozen masterly compositions with which we are familiar in England, were written considerably before Haydn's journey to this country, to complete his engagement with Salomon; so that Mozart had reached perfection in the Sinfonia style, and won the race, long before the man who had made the first strides in it, and who

had the start of him in years and experience. Respecting the operas of Mozart, * * * * * *Idomeneo* occupied him but six weeks,—*La Clemenza di Tito* but eighteen days. These, be it remembered, are works which defy the most scrutinizing and rigorous examination, exhibit melodies which never tire, and unequalled management of the orchestra. For the production of these models of the dramatic style, Mozart required no longer time than a common-place Italian composer takes for the concoction of his ephemeral novelties; and it is not unreasonable to conclude, that had his dramatic genius been properly appreciated and encouraged, instead of being opposed, we might have enjoyed at least five-and-twenty operas from his pen. When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of thirty-six, is at the head of dramatic, sinfonia, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby-song: he puts forth about eight hundred compositions, including masses, motets, operas, and fragments of various kinds; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct bases to melodies; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments without the usual labour of practice, we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution."

Of the six-and-thirty symphonies here mentioned, nearly half, I suspect, never advanced beyond the mere *brouillon*—never were fairly copied out, much less performed. And with regard to what is said of Haydn, it should have been recollected, that though his twelve symphonies written for Salomon are, and deserve to be, considered as his best works in this class, yet he had composed that beautiful one in D, with the exquisite and unsurpassed andante in A—the fine work in C, with the *danse des Ours*—that in E b, with the lovely andante in B b—and the E minor, all long before Mozart had composed a single one of those now in use, and so unaffectedly admired. Haydn is unquestionably the father of symphony; and with all my enthusiasm for the symphonies of Mozart, and my wonder at Beethoven's, there still are for me more charms in some few of those composed by the parent of this species of composition, than in any by the other two, beautiful and wonderful as they are. It is worthy, too, of consideration, that the latter are by comparison more new to us, less hacknied, therefore more pleasing to many on account of their greater novelty. For Haydn's *twelve*, though produced subsequently to Mozart's, were all performed and thoroughly known in this country, before any one by the latter had been heard, or at least fairly heard, in England.

10th. A serious accident has befallen Mr. Onslow, the excellent composer. While out with a party hunting the wild boar, he received a shot in his cheek which lodged in the back of his neck: his sufferings were extreme, having to travel thirty leagues before he could obtain proper surgical assistance. He was, however, out of danger when last heard of.

12th. Weber's *Oberon* has been performed at Vienna, and failed! The Viennese complain that it is full of things

more fantastical than agreeable. In reading the musical reports from that city, let it always be borne in mind, that in the capital of the Austrian government, Salieri was feted and Mozart neglected—that Gyrowetz was preferred to Haydn, and Wranitzky to Beethoven!

An instrument, which is named the *Giant Base*, has been "invented" in the same city. Its dimensions are such, that a common contrabasso is to it in size as a violoncello. It has seven strings, and the bow is moved by mechanism. Some few years ago Dragonetti really did *invent* the very same thing, and the Base may, I believe, still be seen at his house, laid up as useless lumber. Though, I must not omit to add, he never was so far gone as to dream of putting a bow into action by any other mechanical power than what nature supplies in the shape of muscle, bone, and tendon.

18th. The amateur composers are unfortunate this month. M. Mendelssohn Bartholdy has been thrown out of a friend's cabriolet, and very severely wounded in the leg, in consequence of the carriage first falling on him, then being dragged over his limb. Mr. Lawrence is attending him, and as fortunately he is in very good health, his speedy recovery is anticipated. M. Mendelssohn had but just returned from his tour through Scotland, and part of Wales. He mentions in strong terms the hospitality he met with in the north, and is delighted with Edinburgh, though he regrets that so many of the inhabitants were fled from the city, as usual at this season.

20th. The curtailments made in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, by the composer himself, have reduced, says the editor of the *Revue Musicale*, that opera to the duration of four hours. *Reduced* to four hours!—the audiences must, I should imagine, have been much reduced in numbers while it was in its pristine state.

22nd. I am glad to see that the *Messiah* has been performed at Chester with all Mozart's accompaniments. This is a proof that the ancient school admits their merit, and their importance as additions which Handel himself would in all probability have made, had some of the wind instruments been in use in his day, and if any had been in the state of perfection to which our modern performers have brought them. I take it for granted that this oratorio will now never again be heard but in its improved condition; not even at the performance for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, which wants a change, for it is becoming somewhat tiresome, as most people will grant.

— The subjoined account of the effect of over-exertion, in a frame not very strong, is from a Chester paper. The fine writing, the sublime style of some of our London journals, has, it appears, imitators in the provinces. I cannot flatter the country press by saying that it frequently exhibits anything so superlatively fine.

"Miss Paton, justly ranked as the Queen of British Songsters, although still suffering from the effects of recent indisposition, was as effective as ever. She gave the recitative "*O Let eternal honours,*" and the beautiful air "*From Mighty Kings,*" in *Judas Maccabæus* with that exquisite pathos and sweetness which are the characteristics of this lady's style, and which constitute the potent spell by which she binds and leads captive the hearts of all who come within the sphere of her attraction, that have any soul for 'the liquid melody of sweet sounds,' in vocal music. During her performance of this air, there was a death-like stillness throughout the edifice, and at its termination, she sank into the arms of those near her, and was borne out of the orchestra into the waiting-room in a swoon, quite overcome by

the exertion. Dr. Thackeray, who had been in attendance upon Miss Paton since her arrival, promptly added his personal and professional assistance to the assiduities of Lord William Lennox, Madame Malibran Garcia, and others of the ladies. By the aid of the usual restoratives, the deadly paleness that o'erspread her countenance gradually gave way to the returning crimson tide in her cheeks;—

A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red:

and as she recovered her consciousness she raised her drooping head from off her breast,—

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting, she could take 'em.

She was afterwards sufficiently recovered to sing once again in the course of the morning."

WARE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

ON Wednesday morning, the 26th of August last, a selection of sacred music was performed in the church at Ware, in Hertfordshire, under the patronage of the Duke of Gloucester, the Marquis of Salisbury, and a long list of Nobles and others of high rank and consideration, in aid of the funds of THE WARE NATIONAL SCHOOL, AND LYING-IN CHARITIES.

Although this Festival was, in point of numbers, on a very limited scale, compared to those at York, Norwich, Birmingham, &c., yet the performers engaged, both vocal and instrumental, were, as will be seen by the following list, of first-rate ability.

Principal Vocal Performers.—Miss Paton, Miss M. Cramer, Mr. Braham, Mr. Phillips, &c. &c.

Principal Instrumental Performers.—Leader of the Band, Mr. F. Cramer; Violins, Mr. Moralt, (Principal Second), Messrs. Nicks, Watkins, Glanville, Anderson, Wilcox, C. Bridgeman, and Abbott; Violas, Messrs. Ashley and Daniels; Violoncellos, Messrs. Lindley and W. Lindley; Double Basses, Messrs. Hill and C. Smart; Flute, Mr. Card; Oboe, Mr. T. Cooke, jun.; Clarionets, Messrs. Willman and Powell; Bassoon, Mr. Mackintosh; Horns, Messrs. Platt and Rae; Trumpet, Mr. Harper; Trombone, Mr. Mariotti; Double Drums, Mr. Chipp.

Organ and Conductor, Mr. LUPPINO.

The Chorus selected from the King's Concert of Ancient Music, &c. assisted by the Young Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal.

The music chosen for the occasion was excellent and appropriate: there was nothing we could have wished omitted or changed. The first part consisted almost wholly of a selection from *Haydn's Creation*.

The second part was composed of the following pieces:—

Voluntary, Organ, Mr. LUPPINO	-	-	<i>Wesley.</i>
Air, Mr. BRAHAM, "O, Liberty," (Violoncello Obligato, Mr. LINDLEY.)	-	-	
Trio and Chorus, "Disdainful of Danger."	-	-	
Recitative and Air, Miss PATON, "O, let eternal honours,"—"From mighty Kings."	-	(<i>Judas Macca-beus</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recitative and Air, Mr. BRAHAM, "My Arms,"—"Sound an Alarm," (Trumpet Obligato, Mr. HARPER.)	-	-	
Chorus, "We hear the pleasing, dreadful call."	-	-	
Aria, Miss M. CRAMER, "Gratias agimus tibi," (Clarinet Obligato, Mr. WILLMAN)	-	-	<i>Guglielmi.</i>
Recitative and Air, Mr. PHILLIPS, "Angel of Life," (Bassoon Obligato, Mr. MACKINTOSH)	-	-	<i>Dr. Callcott.</i>
Chorus, "Rex tremendæ Majestatis."	-	-	
Quartetto, "Benedictus."	-	(<i>Requiem</i>)	<i>Mozart.</i>
Recitative and Air, Miss PATON, "Alas! I find,"—"If guiltless blood,"	-	(<i>Susannah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recitative and Air, Mr. BRAHAM, "O, loss of sight,"—"Total eclipse,"	-	(<i>Samson</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Dead March,	-	-	<i>Handel.</i>
Graud Chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father," (<i>Mount of Olives</i>)	-	-	<i>Beethoven.</i>

Miss Paton, we are rejoiced to say, appears to have gathered strength during her stay in Norfolk. The air, "If guiltless blood," was sung in her most perfect manner; but we cannot bestow the same unqualified praise on "From mighty Kings," which was sacrificed by being transposed into A flat, and the brilliant effect which it never fails to produce when she sings it in the original key, was totally destroyed. Nor did we like the *Cadence*, "a thing made up of shreds and patches." Miss Cramer is daily improving: she sang, for the first time, "Gratias agimus," a great undertaking for a young artist; but lest the circumstance should in any way be mentioned to her disadvantage, we think it proper to state that Miss Paton declined performing, and if the song had been entirely omitted, the good people of Ware would have been deprived of the pleasure of hearing Mr. Willman's unequalled clarinet. At the particular request of the Committee, therefore, Miss Cramer obligingly, but timidly and reluctantly, undertook the task. Mr. Braham, whose voice was never in finer condition, sang with all his usual energy, pathos, and feeling. How vast the difference, how great the contrast, between "Sound an Alarm," and "Total Eclipse"! yet how excellent was he in both! Mr. Phillips also sang admirably. In "Angel of Life," he reminded us of Bartleman—and this we consider no mean compliment.

We regretted that Miss Paton, after finishing her last song, immediately quitted the orchestra, a proceeding which is neither respectful to the audience, nor to the performers. We hope that Mr. Phillips, who also withdrew himself, will profit by this hint, and in future follow the example Mr. Braham now set him, by remaining in his place till the conclusion of the performance.

We cannot conclude our remarks without observing, that the modest and unassuming manner in which this Festival was originally announced, and which marked all its subsequent stages, is highly deserving of praise, and worthy of imitation by those who may hereafter embark in similar undertakings. It terminated very successfully—there being upwards of 1500 persons in the Church, producing the sum of five hundred pounds.

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

WE believe it is now seven years since a Musical Festival was held at Chester, and the success of the present meeting has shown that the experiment was a safe one. It was under the direction of a local committee, of which Colonel Branstone was the chairman, and received the cordial and effective support of the principal resident nobility and gentry. The preparations were extensive, and in many respects judicious. The orchestra was placed (as it ought to have been at York) in front of the west window, and the whole of the nave fitted up for the reception of the public. Mr. Greatorex was the conductor, Mr. Cramer the leader of the sacred performances, and Mr. Mori of the evening concerts. The principal singers were Madame Malibran Garcia, Miss Paton, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Farrar and Miss Cramer; Mr. Braham, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. Phillips, and Messrs. Bennett and Isherwood of Manchester. Messrs. Moralt, Lindley, R. Ashley, and Dragonetti, were the only stringed instrumentalists from London, in addition to the leaders! The principal wind instruments were supported by the individuals who stand at the head of their several departments. A new and powerful organ was erected for the occasion by Messrs. Renn and Boston, of Manchester. The band consisted of one hun-

dred and thirty vocal, and one hundred instrumental performers, being smaller than Norwich, and larger than Birmingham.

Of the selections we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise. There was not a single thing in them on which we have to give an opinion for the first time. A reference to any collection of the bills of the Ancient Concert for the last three or four years (*vide* the HARMONICON) will furnish every piece that was performed. This supineness scarcely keeps pace with the increased knowledge and activity of the age, which demands, and with justice, a degree of energy and zeal in the conductors commensurate with the liberal scale of expenditure that usually accompanies these festivals. On the present occasion there was, in truth, a total want of research into the abundant and rich stores of sacred music which the masters of Germany have supplied. This circumstance necessarily narrows the field of criticism; for who wants now to be told how Mr. Braham sung "Deeper and deeper still," or "Sound an alarm?" We shall therefore content ourselves with glancing at such points of the festival, as a whole, as seem most deserving of notice.

The three principal ladies appeared under somewhat novel circumstances. Miss Stephens's retirement (whether temporary or permanent) has caused a new apportionment of those songs which have so long been considered her exclusive property.—The most finished and faultless piece of singing, of the old school, was the "Pious Orgies" of Mrs. Wm. Knyvett. Miss Paton, in some of her songs, displayed the original and vigorous mind of a mistress of her art; but we regretted to perceive that sometimes her spirit winged its flight to an elevation which her physical powers would not enable her to sustain. Madame Malibran appeared for the first time as the *prima donna* at one of our musical festivals. The cast of this lady's songs was peculiarly unfortunate. If it is worth while to engage such a singer—if it is thought necessary to incur such an expense,—it is also worth while to give her that to do in which she will excel, and not that in which she will fail. The very reverse of this principle seemed to have been acted upon in the choice of her songs. Madame Malibran speaks English perfectly—she is a singer of great powers of execution, *therefore* give her Handel's bravura songs. A more unfortunate deduction from such premises could not have been made. Madame Malibran has not a particle of the English school in her singing, and to the artists of the school of Italy, nothing is more embarrassing than the measured divisions of Handel sung in their *true* time. An air of strong and vivid expression she would have done something with, because she is a creature of intense feeling; but with a plodding bravura (if we may be allowed the expression) she could do nothing. The one depends on nature, which is everywhere the same, be the language English, or Italian, or Dutch; but the other is solely referable to art, and this art she never was in the way of learning. Hence her "O had I Jubal's lyre," "Praise the Lord," and "Rejoice greatly," were all failures. Some parts of "Holy, holy," were admirable, but the song was finished by a most unwarrantable cadence. Her "Deh Parlate" was exquisite: for deep and touching expression we never heard it surpassed. Is this the only specimen of the sacred music of Italy that we are ever to be indulged with? is a question which the mention of this song naturally suggests to us. If the *prime donne* of our Festivals are to be Italians, what is the natural and obvious employment of their talents, but to sing the music

of their own country. Yet, with the exception of this scena, from the earliest days of Catalani, down to the present time, "Gratias agimus" has been the only song, pretending to the character of sacred music, which these ladies have been able to produce. Where the fault lies it is not our business to inquire.—It is enough for us at present to point out the grievance.

It would be unjust not to notice the very respectable way in which Mr. Bennett of Manchester sung "Lord, remember David." Nor must we pass over in silence Mr. Edward Taylor's "Fall of Zion." Both the singer and the song greatly improve, in our estimation, the more we are acquainted with them. Indeed, of Mr. Taylor we can truly say, there is no performer who goes into an orchestra that knows his business better. In fact, he is one of those who, being an excellent musician, both sees and feels the necessity and propriety of making himself well acquainted with whatever is allotted him to sing, previous to the day of performance. How much valuable time would be saved at rehearsals, and how much better would concerted pieces go, if every performer were thus to act.

The choral band was admirable. It was chiefly composed of singers from Yorkshire and Lancashire, and every one of them appeared effective. The steadiness and correct time of the trebles was quite delightful—this remark will particularly apply to "To Thee all Angels," in the Dettingen Te Deum, which we never heard so well and so effectively performed. With such a band we longed for Gibbons's "Hosannah to the Son of David," or Palestrina's "We have heard." We could not help remarking, that although several choruses were selected from Gardiner's "Judah," the source whence they were taken was not once acknowledged in the printed books. We regard this omission as an act of injustice to that gentleman, which certainly had very strongly the appearance of being designed: and with reference to the books, generally, we never saw any so incorrectly got up. There was every sort and species of mistake that it was possible to commit. The omission of lines and sentences—sometimes giving the words a ludicrous and sometimes an indecorous character. Songs sung that were not printed, and songs printed which were not sung. Bass parts assigned to contraltos, and tenors to basses. These points require only a common degree of attention, and therefore ought not to be neglected.

The evening concerts were but mediocre. The room in which they were held, was a comfortless sort of place, and the arrangements ill contrived. Nor do the selections tell much in favor of the taste of the Chester public. Some of the best things were omitted, such as Malibran's "Ombra adorata," and the finale from Tancredi "Ciel! che feci." We cannot forgive Mr. Braham the insertion of "The King, God bless him," in a concert scheme. It is a sacrifice to the taste of the mob, be that mob genteel or vulgar, which he ought not to make. His reputation was never higher, never *deservedly* higher, than at present—his singing, occasionally, never purer. Why will he thus give cause for the "judicious to grieve!"

The instrumental band, as we have before hinted, was miserably deficient in all the stringed instruments. We do not mean *numerically* deficient—no; there were *numbers* enough (heaven bless 'em), both of violins and tenors, as well as basses and *double basses*. But we would remind the committee and their *agent* (we entirely exonerate the conductor), that *one* sovereign is worth *eight* half-crowns—and that when the majority of a band consists of provincial performers, collected from the neighbouring towns and

villages, who cannot possibly have the advantage of that practical knowledge which the London orchestral performers possess, it were vain to expect from an orchestra so constituted, that the very difficult compositions of the modern school will be executed with that vigour, firmness, and precision which they so essentially require, and which alone can produce those effects the author intended.

The success of the Festival, as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, was complete. There is, therefore, every reason for the committee to repeat the experiment. Many of the points in which they failed will, doubtless, be rectified on a future occasion, and the Chester Festival will then deserve to hold a high rank in the number of our provincial music meetings.

ON TRIPLETS AND SEXTOLES.*

FORMERLY, when the use of the proper sextole was either very rare, or at least, unknown to me, I supposed the sextole to be nothing more than two triplets of semiquavers connected together. Here, of course, only the first and fourth notes were accentuated, and to this there could be no objection, as long as these notes were written over a crotchet in the bass. When, however, I afterwards observed, I think first in *Himmel*, a sextole distributed over three notes in the bass, and these written, either as a triplet, or even as three distinct quavers, I immediately perceived the essential difference between the double triplet and the proper sextole. For in these instances, it is necessary that, in performing them, the accent should fall on the first, third, and fifth notes of the sextole; while in the mere double triplet it would fall on the first and fourth: so that in many instances the power of these notes might be indicated by *appoggiaturas*, or the three accentuated notes themselves be considered as *appoggiaturas*, written full. Koch, in his 'Handwörterbuch,' says: "The sextole consists properly of two triplets connected together; but as the first note of each triplet acquires a slight accent in performance, composers, when wishing that only the first of six notes should receive this accent, write sextoles instead of triplets."

This explanation is now no longer satisfactory, as it applies only to the practice of an earlier period, when the distribution of the sextole over three notes was unknown, or when, at all events, another notation was employed. We must then distinguish between the bipartite and the tripartite sextoles. The former are merely connected triplets, and known in earlier works. I here give an example out of Joseph Haydn's six sonatas (Vienna, 1774) from the adagio of the 3rd sonata in $\frac{6}{8}$ F minor. I have extracted only a few bars, but they will sufficiently explain the accent and division.

EXAMPLE 1.



* Sextoles are groups of six notes played in the time of four. The Italians call them *Sestine*.—(Ed. of *Harmonicon*.)



The following example of the tripartite, or proper sextole, is from an adagio in a violin trio by Beethoven, here adapted to the piano-forte. It is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, though it might have been marked $\frac{2}{3}$, as it is composed almost entirely in triplets of quavers, in which latter case the sextoles would resolve themselves into mere groups of semiquavers.

EXAMPLE 2.



This will sufficiently explain to the musician my opinion as to the difference to be remarked between the sextoles; a difference which should not be neglected by the performer, though one which the books of instruction have not sufficiently explained. C. F. MICHAELIS.

Foreign Musical Report.

BREMEN.

AFTER Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, no opera has found here so many admirers as Auber's *Muette de Portici*. There are not, however, wanting critics who contend that many passages in this opera are exaggerated and far-sought, that the music transgresses the limits of good taste, and that it is dazzling rather than really beautiful. Whatever degree of importance may be attached to these criticisms by the learned "few," certain it is that Auber's music is unsurpassably popular with the many.

The rebuilding of the theatre will probably prevent us from enjoying any operas during the ensuing season, but we expect the concerts to be proportionately numerous.

CASSEL.

A new opera by Spohr, entitled *Der Zweykampf mit der Geliebten*, which was to have been performed here on the 28th of July, was inevitably postponed, owing to the sudden and singular freak of our favourite Madame Heinefetter, who has found it expedient to break her engagement, and, indeed, her oath, for she had sworn to the contract. How far this strange mode of quitting old friends may secure the confidence or esteem of the new, remains to be seen. Probably, however, the lady will be content to secure the *dollars* which, it is understood, have influenced her on this occasion by a force too numerous to be resisted.

WEIMAR.

On the 13th of June, the theatre of this place closed an unusually active season, during which the operas of *Alini*, *Der Vampyr*, and *Lenore von Holtei*, were produced for the first time. *Alini*, which was brought out with much pomp and circumstance, proved in some sort a failure, the music being dull and rather stale, and the chief characters of the piece but indifferently filled. *Der Vampyr* though successful was not eminently so. The general opinion here entertained of this composition seems to be, that the music, excellent as it is, cannot become popular, because not calculated to excite any pleasing or tender emotions. The composer has portrayed, perhaps too faithfully, the revolting horrors of the story. The favourite production of the season has undoubtedly been *Lenore von Holtei*, interspersed with popular melodies, arranged by Eberwein.

MUNICH.

Mademoiselle Schechner has returned from Berlin, and on her reappearance at the Opera, was warmly welcomed, flowers and verses having been thrown upon the stage,—the verses alluding to the proposals which had been made to her, and requesting her to remain among her admirers in the country, where “are the brightest laurels and most odoriferous crowns.” Excellent!

‘Wave, Munich, all thy laurels wave,
And charge with all thy Chivalry;’

and keep the warbler if ye can, for they are *winged* seraphs all, as the fair Heinefetter’s recent flight has proved, to the no small perplexity of the Cassel *dilletanti*.

FRANKFORT.

Paganini gave a concert here on the 25th of August, at which the receipts amounted to 2,100 florins, a considerable sum, when it is remembered that the expenses did not exceed 100 florins. According to the agreement with the manager, Paganini received two-thirds of the clear receipts. It were superfluous, at this time of day, to speak of the effect which he produced. Exclamations of surprise and enthusiastic eulogy were as usual the greetings of this unrivalled artist’s execution. He has left Frankfort, for Weimar and Leipzig, where he will give concerts.

The “Robber’s Bride,” has been strikingly successful at Aix-la-Chapelle. Ries, who directed in person, was called for, and saluted with the most lively applause.

MILAN.

All heads have been turned here by the representation of the *Tancredi*, in which Mesdames Pasta and Favelli surpassed themselves. After the last act they were tumultuously called for, and on their appearance received with shouts of applause, amidst which they retired curtseying, according to the custom observed on such occasions.

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But their vociferous admirers were not content with this, and actually called the syrens forward five different times.

Prividali having taken some remarks of the *Revue Musicale* in high dudgeon, has denounced that publication as a miserable periodical, *misero scritto periodico*, and has written an article upon it with the following title: *Revisa della Revista Musicale*, in which he declares the lucubrations of M. Fétis on the state of music in Italy to be erroneous and contemptible.

The Theatre *Alla Canobbiana* is nightly crowded by the combined attractions of Lalande, Rubini, and Tamburini in the vocal, and of Samengo in the ballet department, of Bellini’s *Pirate*. On the 26th and 27th of August, the number of spectators was immense. It was understood that the illustrious author of *Othello* and *William Tell* would be present, and all were anxious to behold the *Maestro*; but the gratification of this curiosity was confined to a small number of friends, who visited Rossini in his box, for he did not present himself to the public.

Rubini and Tamburini were already known to him. Lalande, having but recently arrived in Italy when Rossini left, was a novelty, and one which afforded him much pleasure, by the sure intonation and general skill, dramatic as well as musical, which she displayed. He expressed particular astonishment, that in so few years a Frenchwoman should have acquired such precision in pronouncing his native language. M. Robert, the new manager of the Italian theatre in Paris, after the opinion given by Rossini, lost no time in securing the services of Madame Lalande as *prima donna* for the four months left disposable by her engagement in London—that is from the 15th of August, 1830, to the 15th December.

It is reported that the young Bellini, having been presented to Rossini, was most flatteringly received, and that the latter thus addressed him: “I rejoice that, thus young, you begin the career of our Art as others finish.”

Alla Scala opens with the *Saül* of Vaccai. All the just mentioned singers are engaged.

PALERMO.

Teatro Carolino.—Valentini’s new opera *Ildegonda* is highly popular, and he has been called for by the audience, in order to receive the applause due to his composition, of which we may remark, that it affords one of the very few instances of a new opera produced in the Sicilian capital.

NAPLES.

Teatro San Carlo.—On the 6th of July, the birth-day of her majesty the queen, Donizzetti’s new opera *Elisabetta di Kenilworth* was given. At the close of the second representation both the composer and singers were called. The *Giornale delle due Sicili* is warm in the praise of Donizzetti: other critics again impeach his originality.

A new opera, composed by Aspa, was produced in July at the *Teatro Fondo*; and at the *Teatro Fenice*, Enrico Pirelli in the same month brought out his *Diavolo color di Rosa*, both of which novelties were very favourably received.

PARMA.

A new theatre was opened here on the 16th of May. Among the singers engaged were Mesdames Lalande and Ceconi; the tenors Trezzini, Reina, and Storti; the basses Lablache, Inchindi, and Salvatori, with others of inferior ability. The new opera which opened the campaign was called *Zaira*, written by Romani, and composed by Bellini. It was unsuccessful, a misfortune in a great measure attributable to the powerful opposition arrayed against the composer personally. Notwithstand-

ing the failure of the piece, Lalande and Cecconi were much applauded. Rossini's operas *Mose*, *Semiramide* and the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, were then produced in succession with great effect; after which the new opera by Ricci, entitled *Colombo*, which gave general satisfaction.

PARIS.

Théâtre Royal Italien.—Last Performances of the German Company: for the benefit of M. Haitzinger, *Die Weisse Frau*, *die Wiener in Berlin*.—The songs have ceased; the virtuosi are now on their way to the favourite city of Charlemagne, and can scarcely hear our remarks and counsels, before the arrival of the fourth or fifth courier. Yet as they have a year to profit by them, it is not too late. If respect be due to the living, and truth to the dead, we are bound by analogy to the most rigorous truth as regards this company, which for us exists no more. We should then advise the future directors, henceforth certain of success, not to appear without a tenor like Haitzinger, who stood almost alone, the Atlas of the vocal association; to have at least a second tenor with a competent voice; and two *prime donne* who can sing with precision and art. We do not mean to say that we shall not have great pleasure in hearing, and particularly seeing, Madame Fischer again. She is very young, thank Heaven, and in possession of splendid capabilities, which require but a constant courage in study, on her part, to be turned to good account. We would further insist on the necessity of adding at least two singing basses, and we leave the rest to the care of the *Impressari*, who would feel the necessity of suitably filling the inferior ranks, and of having a chorus somewhat more numerous. With such resources we rest assured that they might perform, in a perfect style, all the operas celebrated in Germany, and such among those of the new school as have a powerful interest for the curiosity of the Parisians. It appears to us very reasonable to caution the Germans against counting too much on the translation of French operas. The wish to compare would indeed attract at the first representation; but nationality, which is all on their side in the German opera, would be against them in the matter of French scores. After all, music is everywhere but a result of the conditions common to the people, of whom the composer is one. It is also, like literature, but under another point of view, the expression of a society and of its musical organization. Hence it is evident, that the conditions for executing are the same as those for feeling, and that the people, whose meaning has been translated, are always in this respect in a more advantageous position than any of their neighbours. The German singers might give some parts of a French opera, and indeed with a great deal of talent, but it could never be to the people what they had before heard by the artists for whom it had been composed. A proof of this was furnished in the performance of fragments from *La Dame Blanche*. The chorus, which had so often distinguished itself by its zeal and precision, was wanting in spirit and character, even when it was in tune, which we may observe, *en passant*, was not frequently the case. The air *Ah quel plaisir d'être soldat*, requires only voice and animation. Haitzinger, who possesses these qualities in an eminent degree, sang it admirably and from the chest, even in the embellishments; receiving abundant and well-merited applause. After this piece we have but one pleasing recollection, namely, the trio of the first act, which was generally given with just feeling; but all the rest was more or less disfigured. The air *Viens gentille Dame*, fully shewed the immense advantage which an able vocalist must always

have over him who is chiefly distinguished by great capabilities. Never has the expression of Garat, *there is no need of voice for singing*, found a more direct application. In this piece, Haitzinger was wanting in much more than the art "de faire les traits:" this singer has in fact little clearness in his shake, as was manifest from the two duets. It is true that he was but imperfectly supported, especially by Mademoiselle Greis, who would make a charming *Dame blanche*, could her voice acquire something more of firmness. In proportion to the pain we experienced in telling some harsh truths to the orchestra, is the readiness with which we testify, that in the execution of *La Dame Blanche* all the advantages of nationality were on their side.

Die Wiener in Berlin forms the very slender subject of a vaudeville without action, which for the Parisians has no merit beyond that of a sufficient number of pieces of Austrian national music introduced therein. A delicious Tyrolese quintett was particularly admired, in which Haitzinger gave the effect of the *jodeln* in a very striking manner. We should beg it to be understood as having a merit perfectly distinct from that of the ordinary *jodeln*, which every vagabond in Paris can now give with as much facility as the Tyrolese mountaineers. Madame Nauman Haitzinger, whom the Germans regard as the Mars of their comedy, undertook the part of the Baronness for her husband's benefit, and the winning and sustained style of her performance was well calculated to justify her reputation.

It is said that several of the most distinguished among the Parisian authors and composers have waited on the Minister of the Interior for the purpose of pointing out the necessity of establishing a second *Théâtre d'Opera Comique*, owing to the declining state of that which now exists. One of the points urged on the occasion was the great evil resulting to the theatres from those exclusive privileges which transform theatrical administrations into coteries, wherein a thousand petty interests and prejudices are placed in opposition to the true interests of the musical and dramatic arts, which are thus perpetually sacrificed. It was shewn that the dissolution of the Society of the Opera Comique was ruinous, because the old actors were dispersed or disgusted at a time when there was no means of replacing them; and that a theatre managed by an author who writes for that theatre, is no longer accessible to other authors, because such a manager will have none but his own pieces played, and will encourage no composers save those who devote their vigils to the musical adornment of his conceptions. The vices of such a system were so clearly demonstrated to the minister, that he is said to have promised the theatre which is required by all that is important to the preservation of dramatic music in France.

Meyerbeer has arrived in Paris, for the purpose of arranging the production of his opera, *Robert le Diable*, the poetry of which has been furnished by Messrs. Scribe and G. Delavigne. This work was originally destined for the *Opera Comique*, but Meyerbeer is represented as having been absolutely terrified by what he himself heard in the *Rue Ventadour*, and has declared to his friends that he never could consent to have his music disfigured there. *Robert le Diable* is therefore to be transported to the *Opera*, though, according to the 'Figaro,' the impracticability of the *genus irritabile* may prove an obstacle to such an arrangement, inasmuch as the dialogue must be curtailed of its fair proportions, and cut down into mere recitative. To this M. Scribe *ne se décidera pas aisément*, says the 'Figaro,' and it must be confessed that the productions of this lively writer do not deserve the piecemeal mutilation wherewith *Robert le Diable* is thus mercilessly threatened.

The Drama.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

ON August the 25th was produced at this theatre "*Der Vampyr*, a grand romantic opera, in three acts, freely translated from the German of WILHELM AUG. WOHLBRUCK, and adapted to the music of HEINRICH MARSCHNER*."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARACTERS IN THE INTRODUCTION.

Eblis, <i>the Prince of Evil</i> , - - -	Mr. O. SMITH,
The Vampire, - - - - -	Mr. H. PHILLIPS,

Gouls, Goblins, &c.

Alexis Zeriny, <i>a Hungarian Officer</i> , -	Mr. SAPIO,
Yanitzza, <i>a Greek Chieftain</i> , - - -	Mr. JONES,
Marco, - - - - -	Mr. RANSFORD,
Ianthe, <i>Daughter of Yanitzza</i> , - - -	MISS CAWSE.

CHARACTERS IN THE OPERA.

Baron Kassoza, - - - - -	Mr. THORNE,
Count Mavrocordo, - - - - -	Mr. H. PHILLIPS,
Alexis Zeriny, - - - - -	Mr. SAPIO,
Wenzel, <i>the Baron's Heiduk</i> - - -	Mr. J. BLAND,
Martin Brunn, <i>Host of the Golden Eagle</i> ,	Mr. MINTON,
Franz Böro, - - - - -	Mr. G. PENSON,
Stephen Sarko, - - - - -	Mr. J. RUSSELL,
Michael Zips, - - - - -	Mr. SALTER,
Johan Bosky, - - - - -	Mr. FULLER.
Henrika, <i>Baron Kassoza's Daughter</i>	MISS BETTS,
Suzi Böro, - - - - -	Mrs. C. JONES,
Liska, - - - - -	MISS H. CAWSE.

Peasantry of the Bannat, Transylvanians, Wallachians, Hungarians, &c.

The story is in substance the same with the tale of that name by Dr. Polidori, and with the drama which nine or ten years ago furnished the materials for a French, and afterwards for an English melo-drame. The hero is a person having a strong propensity for the blood of betrothed young ladies, which he is inclined to indulge at all hazards. Like many other heroes of the English Opera House, he is the vassal of a dæmon; but the characteristic of his species, as distinguished from the rest of the genus, seems to consist in being peculiarly alive to the influence of moon-beams. Three fair ladies are in turn the subjects of his ravenous appetite, all of whom escape from his fangs; two are happily married, and of them (*Ianthe*) we are unable to make any report—she appears no more after the first act, or, as it is called, "the Introduction." The *Vampire*, foiled in all his attempts, is delivered over into the hands of his master, Eblis †.

M. Planché is the translator of the piece; his task is executed in a very superior manner, so far as we can pretend to judge, without having the original to refer to and compare with the English version.

We were present at the first performance of this opera, and fully intended to hear it a second time before delivering our sentiments on its merits: more particularly as we read very favourable accounts of it in two weekly papers, and a high panegyric on it in a third, the judgments of whose musical critics seldom differ very widely from our own. We wished, out of respect to those writers, to have an opportunity of either correcting the opinion which a first impression had led us to form, or of confirming it by another hearing, when it might be more accurately represented than

* A notice of this opera appeared in our Foreign Report some time ago.

† We have copied this brief statement of the plot from THE SPECTATOR.

on a first night. Unfortunately, however, we were not in town when Mr. Phillips returned from his country engagement; and subsequently the "illness of a principal actor" laid the piece aside for the remainder of the season. It now therefore is necessary that we should say what we think of *Der Vampyr*, judging from one performance; and it will be perceived that our opinion by no means coincides with that of the contemporaries to whom we have just alluded. The opera seems to us to be a laboured production—the work of a man who understands the mechanism of the art thoroughly, but who does not possess a genius for original invention; or at least has not revealed it on the present occasion. There are very few things in it that we could not trace to some model which appears to have occupied his thoughts; and to the *Freischütz* and *Euryanthe* he has continually made himself a debtor, not only for design, but frequently for the very notes of Weber. The most glaring deficiency is in melody: even when not absolutely wanting, the air is so overwhelmed by unremitting fulness of accompaniment—often of the most stunning kind—that it is with the greatest difficulty the ear discovers one amidst the din of sounds. The exceptions we shall presently mention. The harmony is studiously complicated, and sadly wants relief. The art of thinning a score, of which great composers full well know the value, and how to exercise it, is not yet learnt by M. Marschner; he fills up every corner of his paper, as a zealous table-decker—*si parva licet componere magnis*—in days of yore, used to hide with small dishes every part of the damask cloth not covered by the larger ones. He leaves no blank—understands not the virtue of repose: each instrument is condemned to incessant toil, and the fatigue of the hearer is little less than that of the performer.

Much of this is, we hope and believe, arising from inexperience. That M. Marschner has evinced a great deal of talent (not genius) in parts of his opera, we most willingly admit. An air sung by Phillips, one given to Miss H. Cawse, and part of a scena allotted to Miss Betts, have great beauty. Portions of the everlasting choruses are striking; though rarely original. The drinking glee is a mere pasticcio—a palpable make-up from divers popular things.

The getting up of this piece is entitled to the warmest praise. Mr. Phillips develops more and more talent every time he performs. On his exertions the success of the opera mainly depended: they were as great as efficient, and we only wonder how he found strength to go through so laborious and fatiguing a part. Miss Betts sang most judiciously. Miss Cawse pleased no less than surprised us by the admirable manner in which she performed her part, both as a vocalist and actress. And we must not forget her sister, Miss H. Cawse, who made the most of not a very attractive character.

The choruses were performed with a correctness highly praiseworthy. They are nearly endless, and tax the memories of the poor chorists to the very utmost of their means. The orchestra, too, executed the very difficult music in an admirable manner. How superior, with a few exceptions, this small band, to that employed at the King's Theatre during the late season!

This has been a most prosperous season to the English Opera House, the success of which has only been in proportion to the efforts made, and the good management shewn, in every department of the theatre. What a pity it is that the accursed principle of monopoly, which is ruining the large, the overgrown houses, prevents Mr. Arnold from having granted to him a license that would enable him to make still greater efforts!

NEW MUSICAL WORKS PUBLISHED DURING
THE LAST MONTH.

PIANO-FORTE.

- Auber's Four Airs, the "Barcarolla," "Guaracha," "Tarantella," and the "Market Chorus," from Masaniello, arranged by Sacchini.
Burrowes' Divertimento, with Air Tyrolienne, from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell."
Airs, No. 1, from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell." Flute ad lib.
Czerny's Fantasia, with Airs by Haydn, Mozart, &c. Op. 171.
Challenger's Seventh Set of Quadrilles à la Stockhausen.
Chaulieu's "Blue Bells of Scotland," Op. 81.
"Portuguese Air," Op. 79.
"Fleuve du Tage," Op. 78.
Air "Russe du Tage."
"Sul Margine."
"Capriccio," from Zauberflote.
March from "Masaniello."
Gems à la Blasis, No. 1, containing Pacini's favourite air "Alfin goder," as sung by Madlle. Blasis, arranged by Cianchettini.
Gutteridge's, W., Rondino on a subject from Rossini's "La Donna del Lago."
Herz' Bravura Variations on the Romance in "Joseph."
Kalkbrenner's Fantasia, "Charms of Berlin."
Looking Glass, Scotch Air with Variations, by Franks.
Moscheles' "Allegro di Bravura."
Miles's "Hark the bonny Christ-Church Bells."
Merriott's, E., Second Band March.
New and improved Edition of Handel's Songs, arranged with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte by Goss.
Rossini's, G., Overture "Guillaume Tell."
Valentine's, T., Sacred Melodies, No. 3.
Weber's last Waltz. Duet.

PIANO-FORTE DUETS.

- Hunten's, F., Cavatina from Bellini's Opera of "The Pirates."
Polonoise from "Tancredi."

FLUTE AND PIANO-FORTE.

- Berbiguier's New Fantasia, Op. 69.
Dressler's Melodies of various Nations, Six Books, (Book 2 contains the Airs in "Masaniello.")
Hummel's Second Sonata in B flat.
Hunten's "Through the Forest."
Martin's Military Gems, Six Books. (No. 3 contains Weber's last Waltz.)
Tulou's Variations on "La Suisse au bord du lac."
"Haydn's Hymn to the Emperor."
"Aurora che Sorgerai."

TRIOS—TWO FLUTES AND PIANO-FORTE.

- Forde's Auber's Barcarolla in "Masaniello."
Rossini's "Un Soave," in Cenerentola.
"Giorno d'Orrore," in Semiramide.
"Non piu Mesta," in Cenerentola.
"Sorte secondami," and Gluck's "Che faro."
Mercadante's "Ah, non lasciarmi."
Hewett's Rossini's "Questo contigiura."

HARP AND PIANO-FORTE.

- Overture to "Masaniello," by Bochs.

HARP.

- Bochs's Petite Bagatelle on a favourite French Air.
Petits Riens. Divertimentos on favourite French Airs.
Gallopade, as danced at the Opera.
Viner's Hallelujah Chorus.

VIOLIN, WITH PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

- Mayseder's Sixth Polonoise, as performed by M. Mori.

FLUTE.

- Auber's admired Ballad "Masaniello." Weiss.
Drouet's "Les Bijoux," Eighteen elegant Melodies, as sung by Sontag, Malibran, &c.
Rossini's Six Polonoises.
Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio."
Modulation Study on the "Blue Bells of Scotland."
Eighteen Preludes, and Six Cadences.
Forde's Rossini's Operas, Semiramide and La Donna del Lago.

FLUTE DUETS.

- Berbiguier's First Set, dedicated to Colclough.
First and Fourth Duets, from Op. 7.
Thirty-six Duettings, Op. 72.
Dressler's Twelve Operatic Overtures from Rossini, Weber, Mozart, &c.
Weber's and Beethoven's two last Waltzes.
Drouet's Six Duets, Op. 74, 2 books.
Twelve progressive Lessons for the acquirement of Time, with Auld Robin Gray, and three other Scotch melodies.

THREE FLUTES.

- Dressler's Six Airs, harmonized for three Flutes.

ENGLISH SONGS.

- The Minstrel Maid, by O. Dussek.
Give thee good-morrow, busy Bee, by Taylor.
Maidens, try and keep your Hearts, by Nelson.
O, cease to persuade me, by Le Jeune, adapted from Pucitta.
There is a Thought, by White, adapted from Beethoven.
Away, my gallant Page, away, adapted to the celebrated Gallopade by W. Ball.
When Music awakens, with Harp accompaniment, by N. C. Bochs.
"O lovely Moon," reply to "Rise, gentle Moon," by T. Smith.
The Orphan Boy, by Begrez.
The month of October in Rome, by Ditto.
Bagelito, sung by Mad. de Vigo, with Guitar and Piano-forte accompaniment.

ITALIAN SONGS.

- "Non giova il sospirar."
"Quelle piume bianche e nere."
"Vagando in mar tranquillo."

FRENCH SONGS.

- "Change moi Brama."

ORGAN.

- Nixon's Select Movements from the great Masters.
Rink's School. Selections from Book 2.

- Dr. Carnaby's new Canzonet, entitled, "How beautiful she look'd!" is in the Press, and will appear early in the present month.