

MEMOIR OF JOHN BLOW.

JOHN BLOW, a native of North Collingham, Nottinghamshire, was one of the first set of children of the Royal Chapels after the Restoration, being bred under Captain Henry Cook*. He was also a pupil of Hingeston, and likewise of Dr. Christopher Gibbons. In 1673, he was sworn in as one of the gentlemen of the chapel; and in 1674, on the decease of Mr. Pelham Humphrey, was appointed master of the children of the chapel. In 1685, he was made one of the King's private musicians, and also composer to his Majesty, a title which Matthew Lock had enjoyed before him, but which seems to have been at that time merely honorary. He was also almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, being appointed to these places on the death of Michael Wise, but he resigned them, in 1693, in favour of his pupil Jeremiah Clark.

Blow was not a graduate of either university, but Archbishop Sancroft conferred on him the degree of doctor in music.

On the decease of Purcell in 1695, Dr. Blow became organist of Westminster Abbey. In the year 1699, he was appointed Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty, with a salary of forty pounds a year, under an establishment, of which the following is the history.

After the revolution, and while King William was in Flanders, the summer residence of Queen Mary was at Hampton Court. Dr. Tillotson was then Dean of St. Paul's; the Rev. Mr. Gostling sub-dean, and also a gentleman of the chapel. The Dean would frequently take Mr. Gostling in his chariot thither, to attend the chapel duty; and in one of these journies, talking of church music, mentioned it as a common observation, that it then fell short of what it had been in the preceding reign, and that the queen herself had spoken of it to him. Mr. Gostling replied that Dr. Blow and Mr. Purcell were capable of composing at least as good anthems as most of those which had been so much admired, and that a little encouragement would make the fact appear. The dean mentioned this to the queen, who appointed two composers, at a salary of forty pounds each; adding, that it would be expected that each should produce a new anthem on the first Sunday of his month of waiting †.

* Henry Cook held the office of master of the children at the commencement of the war between Charles and the parliament. In defence of the former, he took a captain's commission, and ever after retained his military title.

† These salaries were subsequently raised to seventy-three pounds per annum, and thereby made equal to those of the gentlemen of the chapel. Dr. Tillotson's interest with Queen Mary, which was great, is thus accounted for. Upon her marriage, the Prince of Orange and herself were hurried out of town so fast—there having been a secret design to invite them to an entertainment in the city, which the court did not relish—that they had scarce time to make provision for their journey. Arrived at Canterbury, they repaired to an inn, whither, through haste, they arrived with an ill-supplied purse. Mr. Bentinck, who attended them, applied to the mayor and corporation for money, who, after much deliberation, returned for answer that they dare not advance any. Dr. Tillotson, then dean, hearing of this, immediately got together his own, and what other plate and money he could borrow, and tendered the whole to Mr.

This conversation,—which was communicated by the son of Mr. Gostling now living, [*i. e.* in the year when Hawkins published] took place in the lifetime of Purcell, but the order was not carried into effect till four years had elapsed; and then only in favour of one composer, as appears from an entry in the cheque-book, dated 1699.

Blow was a composer of anthems while a chapel-boy, as appears by Clifford's collection, in which are several subscribed "John Blow, one of the children of his Majesty's chapel;" and on the ground of his merit solely was distinguished by Charles II. The king admired very much a little duet of Carissimi, "Dite, o cieli," and asked Blow if he could imitate it. The musician modestly answered he would try, and composed, in the same key and measure, that fine song, "Go, perjured man*." This was first published singly; afterwards in "The Theater of Music, 1687," and then, with the addition of instrumental parts, in the *Amphion Anglicus*.

The *Orpheus Britannicus* of Purcell had been published by his widow soon after his decease, and comprised some of his finest songs. The favourable reception this met with was Blow's motive for printing a similar collection, which he entitled "Amphion Anglicus, containing compositions for one, two, three, and four voices, with accompaniments of instrumental music, and a thorough-bass figured for the organ, harpsichord, or theorbo-lute." This was dedicated to the Princess Anne of Denmark. In the preface he tells the princess that he is preparing to publish his church services and divine compositions. But he lived not to carry his design into effect. To the *Amphion* are prefixed commendatory verses by many persons, of whom several were his disciples; namely, Jeremiah Clark, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; William Croft (Dr.), organist of St. Anne's, Soho, &c. †. Among them is an ode addressed to the author by one Mr. Herbert; in a note on which it is said, that an anthem of Bird, in golden notes, is preserved

Bentinck. This was highly acceptable to the royal pair, and the dean was desired to wait on them. This lucky accident led to an acquaintance to which he owed his archbishopric. *Vide* Echard and Rapin. The fact is related by Dr. Birch, in his life of the archbishop, with this additional circumstance, that it is from a manuscript account taken from Tillotson's own mouth.—(*Hawkins*.)

* Hawkins, in his fourth volume, inserts this duet of Carissimi, which is vastly inferior to many of his best works, and, in truth, possesses very little merit of any kind. Blow's duet is a much superior thing, and used, till within the last twenty or thirty years, to be sung immediately after dinner at the chapel feast. For the words of this, from Herrick's *Hesperides*, see a former number of our new series.—(*Editor*.)

† There are no less than fifteen of these poems prefixed to the *Amphion*, not one of which would by its merit justify a reprint. Among the contributors were Tom D'Urfey; Henry Hall, organist of Hereford; Jeremiah Clark; William Crofts (so his name is here spelt); John Barrett, music-master to Christ's Hospital; J. Phillips, Milton's nephew; and William Pearson, a type-founder, whose "new character" was first used in printing the work. These musical types are certainly far superior to any that had before been cast in this country; but the founder's verses, which luckily are few in number, shew how much more easy it is to make good tools than to use them with skill. Blow's judgment must have been lulled to sleep by his vanity, when he gave a place to such very senseless trash.—(*Editor*.)

in the Vatican library; and in the second stanza are the following lines respecting Blow:

' His Gloria Patri long ago reach'd Rome,
Sung, and revered too, in St. Peter's dome:
A canon will outlive her jubilees to come.'

The canon here meant is that in his service in Gamut. That it should be sung in St. Peter's may seem strange, but the fact is thus accounted for. Dr. Ralph Battell, subdean of the chapels royal, and a prebendary of Worcester, being at Rome in the reign of James II., and much with Cardinal Howard, then protector of the English nation, the cardinal requested of him some of our church-music, particularly the compositions of Blow and Purcell. The doctor was most willing to oblige his Eminence, and desired to know how he should send them. The cardinal replied, "in William Penn's packet*." And there can be little doubt that the composition above mentioned was in the number of those sent.

Of the work itself (the *Amphion*) little is to be said. In the songs for two, three, and four voices, the harmony is such as became so great a master; but in expression, melody, and all the graces and elegancies of this species of vocal composition, it is evidently defective †.

Dr. Blow set to music an Ode for St. Cecilia's day, in 1684, the words by Mr. Oldham, published, together with one of Purcell, on the same occasion, performed in the preceding year. He also composed and published a Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Spinet, and the Ode on the death of Purcell, written by Dryden. There are also extant of his composition several hymns printed in the *Harmonia Sacra*, and a great number of catches in the latter editions of *The Musical Companion*.

This great musician died in 1708, and lies buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. On his monument is the canon above-mentioned ‡, engraven on a book under the following inscription:—

Here lieth the body
Of JOHN BLOW, Doctor in Musick,
Who was organist, composer, and
Master of the children of the Chapel
Royal for the space of 35 years,
In the reigns of
K. Cha. II. K. Ja. II.
K. Wm. and Q. Mary, and
Her present majesty, Q. Anne,
And also organist of this collegiate church
About 15 years.
He was scholar to the excellent musician
Dr. Christopher Gibbons,
And master to the famous Mr. H. Purcell,
And most of the eminent masters in musick since.
He died Oct. 1, 1708, in the 60th year of his age.
His own musical compositions,
Especially his church musick,
Are a far nobler monument
To his memory,
Than any other can be raised
For him.

* Sir John Hawkins here introduces, in a note, a story to prove that Penn (no less a person than the illustrious Quaker) was a concealed Papist.—(Editor.)

† Doctors disagree. Burney thinks—and we entirely agree with him—that the airs in the *Amphion Anglicus*, though most of them very stiff, are the best part of the volume. The pieces in parts are, with very few exceptions, crabbed in harmony and intensely dull in effect.—(Editor.)

‡ The canon here mentioned, and which once found many admirers among such as mistook patient plodding for genius, is four in one, and has fewer rugged bars in it than Blow's compositions generally possess; but is a proof, among many, of the injuries sustained by reducing art to a rule that has no foundation in nature, is adverse to effect, and utterly irreconcilable to any true principle of either science or taste.—(Editor.)

He married Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward Brad-dock, one of the gentlemen, and clerk of the cheque, of the Chapel Royal, and master of the children of Westminster Abbey. By her he had four children;—a son and three daughters. The former, a youth of extraordinary promise, died in his fifteenth year. His eldest daughter married William Edgworth, Esq., and died in 1719. The other daughters remained single.

Dr. Blow was a very handsome man in his person, and remarkable for a gravity and decency in his deportment suited to his station; though by some of his compositions he seems not to have been insensible to the delights of a convivial hour. He was a man of blameless morals and benevolent temper*, but not so insensible of his own worth as to be totally free from the imputation of pride. Notwithstanding the encomiums contained in the verses prefixed to the *Amphion Anglicus*, the publication of that work drew on Blow the censure of Dr. Tudway and other of his friends, some of whom ascribed it to no better motive than a desire to emulate Purcell; though whoever shall compare it with the *Orpheus Britannicus* must be convinced that in point of merit the difference between the two is immeasurable. For this reason the friends of Dr. Blow's memory may wish that his *Amphion* had never been published; but for consolation let them turn to those heavenly compositions, his services and anthems †, which afford abundant reason to say, that among church musicians he has few equals, and scarcely any superior.

Dr. Blow was very much looked up to in his day, and his name and works were held in great reverence many years after his death. Sir John Hawkins, it will be perceived, was one of those who thought his church-music entitled to the highest admiration. But let us hear what a less prejudiced critic says on this subject. Dr. Burney's long life enabled him to become acquainted with the works of this composer while they were in great favour, and to compare them with music of a subsequent and more refined age. The following is his opinion of Blow's services and anthems, delivered evidently after a close examination of them, and unbiassed by any prejudices or partialities.

"Some of his choral productions," says Dr. B., "are doubtless in a very bold and grand style; however, he is unequal, and frequently unhappy, in his attempts at new harmony and modulation. . . . I am as sorry to see as to say, how confused and inaccurate a harmonist he was. . . . Though there are strokes of pathetic, and

* His reply to Father Petre (see note below), which savoured not a little of petulance and rude manners, was no proof of amenity. Perhaps, however, he could not reconcile it to his conscience to let slip an opportunity of shewing his want of good will towards a man who was poisoning his sovereign's mind by counsel which threatened the tranquillity of the country, and ended in the dethronement of his weak, bigotted master. (Editor.)

† Concerning one of these anthems, there is an anecdote which, as it was communicated by Mr. Weeley of the King's Chapel, [to Sir John Hawkins, it is to be presumed] who had been a scholar of Blow, we may venture to give as authentic. In the reign of James II., an anthem of some Italian composer had been introduced into the chapel, which the king liking very much, asked Blow if he could make one as good. Blow answered affirmatively, and engaged to do it by the next Sunday, when he produced the anthem "I beheld, and lo! a great multitude." When service was over, the king sent Father Petre to acquaint Blow that he was much pleased with it. "But," added Petre, "I myself think it too long." "That," answered Blow, "is the opinion of but one fool, and I heed it not." The Jesuit was so nettled at this expression of contempt, that he meditated revenge, and wrought so with the king, that Blow was put under a suspension; which however he was freed from by the revolution, which took place very shortly after.—(Sir J. Hawkins.)

subjects of fugue, in Blow's works that are admirable, yet I have examined no one of them that appears to be wholly unexceptionable, and free from confusion and crudities in the counterpoints*. . . . Indeed these are so numerous as to throw a doubt on his learning as well as genius. Whether they are notes of passion, effusions of an unruly spirit, or of ignorance and affectation, I will not venture to determine; but, to my ears, they have the full effect of jargon and want of principles.

"It does not appear that Purcell, or Croft, or Clark, his pupils, ever threw notes about at random in this manner, or insulted the ear with lawless discords which no concords can render tolerable†. In an anthem, 'Turn thee unto me, O Lord,' there are so many wanton violations of rule, particularly in the last chorus, that it would be endless to point them out; but they seem such as no rule, authority, or effect, can justify: 7ths resolved on the 8th, ascending and descending: 2nds treated with as little ceremony as 3rds. Indeed I never saw so slovenly a score in print; and it may in general be said of his faults in counterpoint, that there are 'unaccounted millions' of them to be found in his works."

STATE OF MUSIC IN NAPLES.

BY M. FRANCIS KANDLER.

It is a remark of Madame de Staël, that "the Italians are far more remarkable for what they have been, and what they might be, than for what they actually are." This observation will apply in respect to their music. But if, in our days, so much of intrinsic value has been sacrificed to external show; if composers, neglecting fundamental truth, are content to please the ear and to obtain the praise of laborious ingenuity, not to say affectation of all that is whimsical and extravagant, it only proves that the sun of the musical horizon is sometimes obscured in clouds; but we may yet hope to see them dispersed, and the luminary again shine forth in all its cheering lustre.

In speaking of the music of Naples, I will begin with the Opera, as being the richest and most important part of the music of our times. In point of interest, it fills the place which was formerly occupied by Church music.

In giving an account of the present state of the Italian Opera here, or indeed at any other place, it is impossible not to say something of Rossini, and the only question is what to say that the public does not already know. On this point I shall be brief. The musician of Pesaro first came to Naples in 1815, and produced for the Theatre San Carlo his *Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra*. This opera had an extraordinary success, for which it was indebted, perhaps, more to the admirable performance of Colbran and Dardanelli, of the tenor David, and the rare baryton Nozzari, all of whom were then in the freshness of their talents, than to its intrinsic worth. Not that it was deficient in merit; but, to say the truth, whatever novelty or beauty there was in the original melodies has been so frequently borrowed and repeated by the composer, in his later works, that it is now lost to the public.

But even at this period, Rossini had the same indolence

and thoughtlessness of character observable in him now. In the midst of his growing renown, he produced a *farsa*, entitled *La Gazzetta*, written in the most contemptible style, which had the effect, for a time, of compromising his reputation. But happily, at this critical juncture, he had the libretto of *Otello* lying among his papers, and being roused to something like apprehension, he set to work in good earnest. In this composition, which has since made the tour of the new as well as the old world, he not only retrieved whatever fame he might have lost, but added an imperishable laurel to his brow. All the critics grounded their arms before this work; Zingarelli alone acted on the offensive. He maintained that the beauties of the piece were merely accidental, while the defects rested upon ground which was not tenable. It is, however, but just to observe, that in this opinion he has, in part, been borne out by succeeding critics.

In 1817, he gave his *Armida*, which did not justify the expectations of the public. This opera is written more in the style of Jomelli, the score of whose work he had, probably, before his eyes. To cover this failure, Rossini made another effort, and produced his grand masterpiece, the *Mosè*. The success of this opera was prodigious; never was enthusiasm raised to so high a pitch, and eulogiums resounded on every side on the genius and originality displayed in this work. It was then that appeared the famous "Letter of Cimarosa," dated from the Elysian Fields, in which that great master was made to extol the music of Rossini to the skies, and to place him in the front rank of those artists whom Italy acknowledges as her glory and her pride. The great interpreter of love, Paesiello, and the tender and impassioned Piccini, are represented as uttering exclamations of joy on beholding this work, and as hastening to the God of Music to testify to him the warmth of their feelings. Durante and Jomelli are seen discussing the merits of the piece, and are made to pass some remarks on the airs, which are just, though severe.

It is scarcely possible to form an impartial opinion upon the works of this composer. The influence of his music upon the age has, not inaptly, been compared to that of the military genius of another extraordinary man; and it might, perhaps, be added, that in some respects it has been scarcely less unpropitious. Others, when they behold its universal reception in the theatre, the concert, the chamber, and even in the church, will be disposed to maintain, that it is adapted to the taste and spirit of the time and to the ever-increasing exigencies of men. They will say in the words of a celebrated modern poetess (Albarelli Vordoni),—

"Ossi, muscoli, nervi, fibre, e sangue,
Tutto e moderno in noi: moderne teste
Han moderni cervelli*."

As the result of the quarrels between the partisans of the Classic and the Romantic has proved to demonstration that the beau-ideal undergoes a change with every new generation, no wonder that Piccini, Sacchini, Sarti, Cimarosa, Paesiello, Zingarelli, &c. have been obliged to give place to this more attractive rival. When, even in Germany, we see the preference given to the lively Rossini over the great Mozart, and in the very capital of Austria already behold the classical compositions of Beethoven gradually giving place to the sparkling prettiness of Moscheles,

* Bones, muscles, nerves, and fibres, blood and all,
In us are modern; and our modern heads
Have modern brains.

(Query: will not the partisans of the opposite opinions feel equally keen in quoting these verses?)

* Dr. B. has filled four quarto pages with examples of these crudities.
† We must beg leave to say, that Purcell, in his church music, has sometimes discords of a most offensive and illegitimate kind.—(Editor.)

Czerny, &c., may we not say in the words of the same poetess,—

Ebbe nelle arti
Il suo gusto ogni età; volge una ruota
Tempi e costumi. Un dì risorgeranno
I Cimarosa, i Sarti. In tanto, io lodo
La musica di cannoni e bombarde*.

Let us not, however, in our too great admiration of the music of the old school, forget the progress we have made, in spite of all our rigorists may say to the contrary. In the works of Rossini, musical colouring has gained considerably: the same cannot, however, be said of his design. Looking at the best compositions of this master, we find a freshness, a sweetness, a delicacy before unknown: every thing has the hue and the vigour of youth; he produces great effects calculated at any rate to strike, even if they are not always well placed. Such are the advances which the art has made under Rossini, and on which all critics seem in accordance. As to classical strictness of design, and truth of musical expression, it would be folly to deny that the preceding age had much the advantage over our own, because their studies were more solid and persevering.

Yet it cannot be denied, that in the compositions of Rossini we find striking and inimitable examples of the art of expressing the finer sensations, and a multitude of admirable and highly finished pieces, which may serve as models of excellence in their kind.

But as, in painting, no picture, however brilliant the colouring, and exquisite the design, can be perfect, unless the whole bear the stamp of a warm and creative genius, so is it in respect to music; hence, in spite of the superiority of some parts of Rossini's operas, the whole is defective in the depth, tone, and power of developement and finish that mark a great master. Contrasted with beauties of the highest order, we find unpardonable negligence, and inattention to the principles of his art. In spite of all this, however, the world continues to rank him at the head of composers, but this popularity will not prevent these defects from depriving the works of its favourite of much of their claim to immortality.

Naples has five large theatres, in which operas and plays are given, and two small ones, in which are performed farces and minor dramas for the lower classes.

1. *Il Teatro di S. Carlo.* The magnificence and colossal proportions of this theatre, called by the Neapolitans *Teatro massimo*, surpass any thing of the kind in Europe. Yet it is allowed that several of the more recently constructed theatres of Italy, as well as those of some parts of the continent, are superior to it in point of taste, elegance, and perhaps solidity. The exterior has nothing to distinguish it from a common building, and nothing leads the spectator to form any idea of the coup-d'œil presented on entering the pit. The ceiling, which is painted in fresco, is in all respects admirable; but its beauty can be seen only when it is lighted for great occasions. Seven ranges of boxes are fitted up with all possible splendour, and the curtain and other decorations are in a corresponding style of magnificence. In breadth and depth the stage is unrivalled.

2. *Teatro del Fondo.* This theatre, which is under the same direction as S. Carlo, though much less magnificent, greatly exceeds the other in point of acoustic value.

* Yes, in the arts
Each age has its own taste; for times and manners
Roll round their circle.—Other days may bring
Their Sartis and their Cimarosas.—I,
Forsooth, must be content meanwhile to praise
The music of the cannon and the bomb.

Opera buffa and little comic ballets are principally given here, yet sometimes greater works are performed. For instance, Rossini's *Otello* first made its appearance in this house.

3. *Teatro Nuovo.* This is a smaller theatre than the preceding, and alternately serves for operas and plays.

4. *Teatro de' Fiorentini.* This is a still smaller house, but its decorations are far superior, and the excellent manner in which it is lighted renders it one of the most agreeable of the whole.

5. *Teatro San Ferdinando.* This house in many respects resembles the Teatro Nuovo; it is but rarely opened.

6. *Teatro S. Carlino*, and 7. *Teatro Fenice.* These two theatres are principally intended for the lower order of people. Two performances a-day are sometimes given here, to avoid too great a crowd. In the *Teatro della Fenice*, situated in the lower part of the city, only little comic operas are given, for the lower classes. These are a kind of musical farces, and are better calculated than any others to give a just idea of the genuine spirit of the Neapolitan music. The popular airs of Naples bear an impress of originality, which renders them highly interesting to the artist; they have an expression peculiar to themselves, of which no idea can be formed by those who have not heard them; the manner of executing them is preserved by tradition.

Among the orchestras of Naples, that of *S. Carlo* is the most distinguished. It is under the direction of Signor Festa, who, besides his talents as a practical musician, is said to be a good scholar. Years, however, begin to sit heavy upon him, and the orchestra would gain by the vigour and activity of a younger artist; but where shall we find one with the talents of the veteran director?

CONCERTS.

From the Opera I proceed to Concerts; but how speak of what takes place here so rarely? Should any artist, whether native or foreign, wish to give a selection of music of this kind, he encounters a thousand obstacles, in obtaining the permission of the government, in finding a suitable place, an effective orchestra, &c. &c. And when all this is done, he runs the risk of being out of pocket, unless he possesses the reputation of a Catalani, or a Paganini. Concerts in the theatre are scarcely more encouraging. A year or two ago, Haydn's *Creation* was attempted, but the execution of it was so miserably defective, that the less said of it the better. The public could form no idea of this masterpiece, which, with respect to Italy, is as though it never had existed. At Naples, people go to the Opera for the opera only, and beyond this nothing is thought worthy of notice.

Private meetings of dilettante performers are, however, frequent, and the manner in which modern compositions are performed here is at once respectable and satisfactory. Dilettanteism stands much higher here than in any city of Italy, Milan excepted. By dilettanteism I mean that outrageous mania for novelty by which vulgar amateurs are afflicted, and which is the peculiar characteristic of the taste of our age. To satisfy this appetite, the spirit of which I am speaking, like an impetuous torrent, sweeps away every thing that is essentially great, every thing that is truly beautiful and calculated to promote the true interests of the art.

Amidst the numerous meetings of this kind, there was but one where any thing like good classic composition was performed: here I heard a selection of the church music of Zingarelli, and of the dramatic compositions of Jomelli;

and but four or five where good instrumental music was performed, and even here but little justice was done to Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. It is melancholy to think that the music of these intellectual men should be obliged to give place to the noise of modern productions, which have absolutely no moral object: *vox et præterea nihil!*

In the soirées of the Principessa Belmonte-Spinelli, which take place once a week, I heard, besides the best pieces of the operas most in vogue, some compositions of Beethoven and Dussek for the piano, with accompaniments, which were well performed; but such was the rage for conversation, that all their beauty was lost amidst the din of a hundred tongues.

The concerts of the nobility (*Casino de' Nobili*) take place every month during the winter season; the singers and orchestra of the royal theatre are engaged here. Among the best pieces performed I would mention a *nonetto* in F, the subject of which was taken from a sonata of Mozart à 4 mains; a septuor of Beethoven, several symphonies of Haydn, very well executed; several duets, and among others Cherubini's delightful *Solitario bosco ombroso*, which was sung by the Signore Lipparini and Comelli-Rubini; together with a *terzetto* by Paer. But so little is the interest taken in music of this kind, that dandies and dandizettes continued in loud conversation close to the piano. But the moment Casaciello, a Neapolitan buffo of the new school, began to sing *un dolce piccante* as the Italians call it, and which may be translated "a delightful piece of nonsense," all was the profoundest silence; nothing could distract the attention with which he was heard, nor express the enthusiasm with which he was listened to.

Among the most agreeable little musical parties at which I was present, were those of Il Signor Colonello Pignallard, for singing; that of the Signora Gaetana Morena, for violin-quatuors, concertos for the flute, &c.; that of Signor Raffale Liberatori, whose wife is an excellent performer on the piano, and where the most distinguished amateurs of the capital are to be found. Also in the house of Signor Rogales, governor of the Royal College of Music, and known by his excellent translation of Anacreon and Sappho, I heard two different *Stabat maters* of Zingarelli, which were executed in a very superior manner. The first is in four parts, with an accompaniment for two violins, alto and bass. Parts of this composition were of a nature to draw tears from the eyes of many. The name of this composer, the last scion of the good old Neapolitan school, is above all praise. He is a man of profound thought, who has all the resources of his art at his command, and knows well how to employ them to the best advantage. His recitatives bespeak the hand of a master, his airs are full of living melody, and that truth of expression which wins its way at once to the heart.

Among the singers, Signor Puzini fills the first rank, and the contralto part was excellently given by Signor Rogales' daughter. The second *Stabat* was for two voices, soprano and treble, with a violoncello accompaniment. Several of the parts are admirably given, and the text rendered with great fidelity, but, as a whole, I think it inferior to the former. The circle assembled at the execution of these pieces was very brilliant; among them was Cardinal Ruffo, who is known as one of the most zealous patrons of the art. * * * *

ON THE TRUMPET.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

Comparatively speaking, there are but very few persons (perhaps I might even say composers) who understand the *genius* of the trumpet properly; and fewer who have an adequate idea of the difficulty there is in executing florid passages on it, and at the same time maintaining a soft, sonorous tone. The paucity of good performers on this ancient instrument shows that few are inclined to encounter it, and fewer are able to master it; how much, therefore, should that individual be prized, who, after years of laborious practice, whereby his health must necessarily have suffered, ranks so pre-eminently as our countryman*. I was led into these reflections on hearing that he had been dangerously ill, and that, at one time, great doubts were apprehended of his ever being able again to fulfil his duties in an orchestra; but I rejoice to learn that he is fast recovering his wonted strength, and has been performing at the English Opera House for some weeks past. But to the *trumpet*.

Few, very few, as I before observed, have the most distant idea of the difficulty there is in producing a delicate tone on this instrument, and what strength there must be in the lips to perform some of Handel's accompaniments, which were, most probably, written by that immortal musician for the organ; or there must have been some wonderful performer on the trumpet in his days, whose name has not been handed down to us†. I have heard Harper play national melodies in the most elegant and expressive manner; executing passages smoothly from c below the lines to g and a above, including the intermediate notes, although the regular trumpet notes are only the following:—



But with the assistance of the slide, F#, Bb, and indeed any semitone between the first space and G in alt, can be sounded, and an excellent shake made on D, and a tolerably good one on B#.

The best keys are D, Eb, and E with four sharps: F is too high, and C, Bb, &c. &c., too low, requiring several crooks, or extra pieces, to be added to the instrument; notwithstanding which, it is much easier to sound the trumpet with all the crooks on, than without any.

Composers who understand the instrument well, will write a part for it in Eb, while the violins are playing in Bb. As all music for the trumpet is written in C, the composer directs the key into which the instrument is to be put by the performer. Thus when the violins play in Bb, and the part is for a trumpet in Eb, it is written in G; G on the trumpet in that key being Bb, as far as regards the actual note or sound. The same with the French horn.

Luther's Hymn is in A, with three sharps, but the trumpet part, which forms so conspicuous a feature in its performance, is written for a D trumpet, in G, consequently the two or three first solos are very easily given, either forte or piano; but not so with the E, (which is D on the trumpet,) this note being extremely difficult to hit,

* Harper is alluded to by our correspondent.—(Editor.)

† Our correspondent is in error: the performer for whom Handel wrote was Valentine Snow.—(Editor.)

as it were at once, without any other guide than the position of the lips: hence, with the exception of Harper, we seldom or ever hear it without a break; but those who cry out or find fault would be much less clamorous were they aware of the poor performer's anxiety when he is preparing to encounter the *too-a-too* that stares him in the face. This, in my opinion, may be easily remedied, by sounding the first solos, which are all A's, with the trumpet in D, then change to E (there is plenty of time), and sound the *dominant* notes (E) as C, the *tonic* of the instrument, which can always be made pretty sure of, both forte and piano, then C change to D again.

Performers on the trumpet will readily understand me. I have no other object in view than to lessen their labour, and give those, whom they are anxious to please and gratify, an idea of the difficulties which they have to combat.

Should you feel disposed to insert this in the *Harmonicon*, I will, with your permission, on some future occasion, make a few observations on the *clarionet*, *oboe*, and *bassoon*.

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

Sept. 4, 1829.

J. P.

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

[Concluded from our last.]

I BEFORE remarked, that fine works possess the property of setting the imagination at work. This property is so perceptible, that some metaphysicians have gone the length of asserting, 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 the merit of perfect works consists solely in producing in us that intellectual representation which it is beyond the power of imperfect ones to effect. But this is a mere subtilty, which, like many others of the same kind, reduces itself to a 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, separate definable from indefinable qualities, and what is sensibly real from what is so to the imagination only, or becomes so through its agency.

Without pretending to explain these effects, which are of nearly 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 fine things produce on our feelings, that the artist understands his interests most thoroughly, when, grounding the complete success of his means on our concurrence and participation, 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 association which attune our minds 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 of

which I am speaking, or at least to avoid destroying that harmony when it does exist.

If there be an art which ought especially to surround itself with every cause that can influence the nature of the impressions proper to place our feelings in correspondence with it, and compel the mind to unite in preparing the means employed to seduce and captivate it, it is doubtless that art, whose abstract form is to be embraced only by thought, and whose vague and unsettled imitation rests upon scarcely any thing 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 mere exaggerations. This appears to me very wrong, because it is certain that the pleasure derived from music is precisely the pleasure of sensibility. Now the most that can be disputed here is, not that 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 draw any comparison between the music of the ancients and that of the moderns, or to point out how the one must have gained in many respects, where the other must have been wanting. Perhaps that would go but little 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, and less perfect instruments, and particularly with fewer combinations, the ancients were enabled to attain the principal end of art—that of making powerful impressions, of painting the passions, of affecting, and pleasing. The single art of singing, and of simple accompaniment, 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 I am speaking of: I mean character—a thing apparently very easy, but which is not so easy of attainment as is supposed, because its principle consists, 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 genus 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 airs: without art, and almost without any knowledge of composition, some of them produce an effect which the greatest masters, by the most scientific combinations, frequently strive to produce in vain*.

* Doubtless the author here alludes to several of the chants and hymns preserved in the service of the Roman Catholic church, which are of the most characteristic kind, and traceable to the highest antiquity. We could particularly instance the hymn *O filii et filiae*, the *Miserere*, and the plaintive and highly touching chant to the Lamentations of the

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, with whom very few moral or political institutions are either 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 performers, of the festivals, and of the ceremonies in which they were introduced; and it is easy to be conceived how much the perfect harmony existing between the incidental music, the object of imitation, the place, the accompanying and surrounding circumstances; how much, I say, this harmony, 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 external causes, possessed formerly, from its intimate union with music, more effectual means of pleasing. Accented 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 too, though free from the jealousy of rivalry, joined her colours to those of the poet. Now this alliance, which then existed between the two arts, or, in other words, between ideas on the same subject, the words which embody them, and the modulation of words which adorn them—all this ought to be classed among the causes which produced the extraordinary 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 concerts afford us. Now concerts are, in respect to music, precisely what collections and galleries are in regard to 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, and 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 and special character result from thence, 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 appropriate, from the gravity of its harmonies, to the purposes of religion, might, if really made to perform its part

Prophet Jeremiah. We may take this opportunity of adding, that these venerable relics of the ancient music have been admirably and characteristically harmonized by Mr. V. Novello, whose taste in this particular is universally acknowledged.

either by the mysterious effect of instruments, or by a more perfect adaptation to the ceremonies, 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 which 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 the chapel, where the genius of Michael Angelo has grasped the duration of ages, from the wonders of creation to the last judgment, are celebrated, in presence of the chief pastor of the Catholic Church, those touching rites, whose plaintive liturgies seem as the type of the mysterious sorrow to which they are consecrated. As the light decreases at each successive prayer, you would say that a funeral veil spread itself by degrees over the sacred vault. Presently the uncertain glimmering of the last remaining taper allows you to distinguish no other distant object than Christ in the clouds pronouncing judgment, and the ministering angels who hasten to execute the sentence. Now from a gallery, interdicted to the gaze of the profane, is heard the softly swelling *Miserere*, 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 appear to be those of beatified spirits, and the impression they produce penetrates to the very soul.

The names of Allegri, Leo, and Durante, sufficiently bespeak the value of these compositions, scientific, in the midst of simplicity. The care shewn in their preservation, the honourable seal under which they are secured, and the universal approbation of the best 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 very powerful manner, in rendering the impression still more deep and lasting.

Of all the arts, music is that 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 forms, 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 on with it; 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 for vulgar instinct only, the other has a hold merely on the scientific; the virtue and triumph of the art consists in affecting us. Now the mere mechanical effect of sound is feeble; it flatters the senses only, and quickly passes away; and as to science, if it 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 must feel, in order to sympathize with the effects it is proposed he should experience; and this sympathy depends much more than is supposed 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. Is there anything capable of destroying or of restoring to the imagination the charm surrounding those simple songs which opened our hearts to the first impressions of sensibility, which constantly recall the earliest years of our existence, and lead us back to the scene of our nativity? This is the nerve which music is interested in awakening, if she be desirous of establishing a correspondence with the imagination.

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 these recollections and feelings correspond. The impressions 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 be effected only by the power of deeply-concentrated feeling, and by the virtue of the moral harmony of which I spoke above.

There is another point which I would consider. We are too frequently mistaken in the causes of the impression which works of art make upon us, when we attribute them exclusively to the works themselves. Besides the reciprocity which, as I have shewn, occasionally exists between the power of producing and the capability of receiving impressions, it must be said, that the faculty of enjoyment is, in this instance, the faculty of bringing together things which have a relation to each other. There is in the pleasures of sentiment a multitude of approximations which escape analysis, and enable the chosen few to enjoy sensations which the many never suspect. Often when we believe we are enjoying exclusively the image before our eyes, a thousand minor associations, indirect and foreign to the object, substitute themselves in the place of the principal ones; so that what we are looking at has frequently but little share in what we feel and admire.

From this capability of feeling higher pleasure from the imagination than from the senses, may arise the indifference which some men appear to show to accompaniments, preparations, and effects contributing to exterior illusion in a work. It is because they possess a power more active than reality, the power of the imagination; this removes all contradictions, arranges all circumstances, and knows how to give to all pictures the moral frame which best suits them.

But this effort of our imagination, almost independent of the senses, is not to be expected from the greater part of mankind; their imaginations exercise no authority over the senses, but are rather subservient to them.

In this point, I give little credit to some artists who wrongly believe, and still more improperly wish, the public possessed of that faculty which they exclusively enjoy; that of appreciating in a work of art the classical principles of its beauty, and the reasons which may be given for its practical perfection. There are two ways of enjoying works of art: one lies in feeling their effect through the means which produce them—this is the way of the artist; the other, which is that of the public, is directed to the enjoyment of their causes and their means in their effects only. Thence two modes in which works of art will be

viewed. One requires that all the causes should be laid open, and above all, that means should be afforded it for their examination; the other supereminently requires attention to the means conducive to their effect, because the one only feels pleasure from judging, and the other only judges from pleasure. But arts, artists, and their works, are made for the public; the public therefore must be consulted on the choice of manner, matter, and the mode of application.

It is useless to urge that fine works, in order to please, need only depend on their own merit: useless to say to the scientific, you are right; to the rest of mankind, you are wrong. I should say that masterpieces alone please us, because they possess a large share of that moral power which appeals to feeling; but that they would please still more, if that power were found really and positively to agree with the effect of the exterior and accompanying causes.

Such certainly is the power of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi. Nobody denies that in a concert, in a theatre even where they have the absurdity to sing it, this sublime composition has still the power of subduing the imagination of a portion of the audience. These affecting harmonies, these plaintive accents of sacred sorrow, penetrate the senses, and take possession of the soul. I grant it; but have they, under such circumstances, the power of carrying you to the foot of the cross, of rendering you a witness of the agony of the mother of the Saviour? Would not this scene of affliction be represented with still greater truth, and still greater energy, if you heard this music in a place, and with preparatory arrangements favourable to the excitement of the imagination? And when so many circumstances, hostile to the proposed aim of the picture, obtrude to prevent the imagination from keeping in harmony with it, must not the impressions received from it be necessarily less deep and lively?

What, then, in works of art is called positive beauty, if its effects be not such? Let us confess that it is mistaking the essence and power of art, to require from it an uniform and decided effect, and to expect it to produce impressions independent of the laws of sympathy. It is my firm conviction, that the more we accustom ourselves to appeal to sentiment in our enjoyment of art, the more we shall become sensible of the charm of all those appearances and accessories which cold reasoning scorns, because it has no hold upon them.

And does not this combination of accessory sentiments add an inestimable charm to all the enjoyments of life, and enhance their value? What would they be if reduced to mere sensual pleasures? Deprive them of the delicacy which refines and embellishes them, and in what would man be superior to the brute? Take away from us the most vivid sentiment of mankind, Love, and divest it of all its accompanying train of moral illusions, and what has it left? Strip each of our passions of every thing termed imaginary, and it will be seen that their emptiness is their most substantial quality. Thus, what would art become, unassociated with every human illusion? What would become of it, when defined by analysis, and reduced to the necessity of accounting to reason alone for all its means of pleasing? The true excellence of the arts is their moral worth, and this consists in their power of affecting the mind, and producing noble and lasting impressions upon the soul. If such ought to be their use, if their noblest purpose be to address themselves to the noblest part of man, the perfect harmony of the means to the end must be reckoned as of the highest importance.

The absence of this perfect unison of works of art with their exterior causes, with moral circumstances, and with the accompaniment of all the intellectual relations connected with their effect, must surely be deeply regretted, if it be true that, from this association, they derive their power of making a full and perfect impression.

GLOUCESTER MUSIC MEETING.

THE 106th Meeting of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of clergymen in the three dioceses, was held at Gloucester, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 22d, 23d, and 24th of September. Stewards: the Bishop of Gloucester, Lord William Somerset, the Rev. Frederick Twistleton, Harry Edmund Waller, Esq., Thomas G. Bucknall Estcourt, jun., Esq., and Thomas Kingscote, Esq. The principal vocal performers were, Madame Malibran Garcia, Mrs. Knyvett, and Miss Paton; Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Leffler, Signor De Begnis and Mr. Phillips. Principal instrumental performers: Mr. F. Cramer, leader of the band; Mr. Marshall, of Oxford, principal second violin; Mr. Ashley, viola; Mr. Lindley, violoncello; Signor Dragonetti, double bass; oboes, Mr. Ling and Mr. Sharpe; clarionets, Mr. Williams and Mr. Egerton; flute, Mr. Nicholson; Bassoons, Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Dobritz; horns, Mr. Platt and Mr. Rae; trumpets, Mr. Harper and Mr. Irwin; trombone, Mr. Mariotti; double drums, Mr. Chipp; piano-forte, Dr. Clarke Whitfield, organist of Hereford cathedral; organ, Mr. Charles Clarke, organist of Worcester cathedral. Conductor, Mr. Mutlow, organist of Gloucester cathedral.

On Tuesday morning, September 22d, at the cathedral, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Gloucester. In the course of the service were performed, overture, *Esther*, and the *Dettingen Te Deum* (Handel); anthem, "Blessed is he;" and duet, "Here shall soft charity," (Dr. Boyce); and anthem, "The king shall rejoice," composed for the coronation of His Majesty King George the Fourth, by Mr. Knyvett.

In the overture to *Esther*, poor Griesbach's oboe was greatly missed. We fear that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." The *Dettingen Te Deum*, which formerly was frequently performed, is now, we believe, never heard at any of our numerous Musical Festivals, save only at these triennial meetings; yet a more original, majestic, or effective composition for the church does not exist. It was very correctly performed throughout. Dr. Boyce's anthem, "Blessed is he," is not so generally known as it deserves to be, yet is an admirable composition, full of beauties. The movement, "I did weep for him that was in trouble," sung by Mr. Vaughan with much feeling, and the air that follows, "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," are finely contrasted, and both masterpieces. The duet, "Here shall soft charity repair," never fails to find its way to the hearts of an audience; and thoroughly unmusical must that bosom be which proves insensible to its beauties. It was well sung by Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Phillips. And here we would ask those who object to the annual performance of these, first, what music can be more judiciously selected in aid of the funds for the benefit of widows and orphans? and, secondly, is such music so very wearying that it cannot be listened to once a year without ennui?

NOVEMBER, 1829.

It is very rarely that we are presented with any novelty at the country music meetings; but Mr. W. Knyvett's anthem, "The king shall rejoice," has been so seldom produced, that it may almost be considered new to the public in general. Without attempting to deceive Mr. Knyvett, by telling him that this composition will at once place him on a level with our first-rate writers of classical church music, we may safely assert that it undoubtedly possesses much merit. The melody in the song part flows naturally, and is exceedingly pleasing; he is more happy, more at home, in the vocal than in the instrumental portion.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the several pieces of music before enumerated (with the exception of Mr. Knyvett's anthem, which upon the present occasion was substituted for Handel's "Zadock the Priest") have invariably, for many years past, constituted the *first morning's performance* at these triennial meetings.

That our readers may see, at one view, what music was selected for the regular morning and evening performances, we insert the following abridged programmes:—

CONCERT on TUESDAY EVENING, at the SHIRE-HALL.

ACT I.	
Sinfonia, in E flat	Mozart.
Glee, "Hail, smiling morn"	Spofforth.
Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Bid me not forget thy smile"	Knyvett.
Recit. and Song, Mr. Phillips, "Angel of life"	Dr. Calcott.
Grand Scena, Miss Paton, "Softly sighs" (<i>Der Frieschutz</i>)	Weber.
Aria Buffa, Signor De Begnis, "Largo al factotum," (<i>Il Barbiere di Siviglia</i>)	Rossini.
Cantata, Mr. Vaughan, "Alexis," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. Lindley	Pepusch.
Recit. and Aria, Madame Malibran, "Ombra adorata," (<i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>)	Zingarelli.
Finale, "Veniti pur avanti," (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)	Mozart.
ACT II.	
Overture	A. Romberg.
Ballad, Miss Paton, "Oh! no we never mention her."	
Duet, Mrs. Knyvett and Mr. Knyvett, "Go where glory waits thee"	Irish Melodies.
Aria, Madame Malibran, "Una voce"	Rossini.
Duet, Miss Paton and Signor De Begnis, "Io di tutto"	Mosca.
Fantasia, Clarionet, Mr. Williams.	
Ballad, Mr. Phillips, "The Maid of Llangollen."	
Duet, Madame Malibran and Mr. Vaughan, "Ah se di mali," (<i>Il Tancredi</i>)	Rossini.
Scena ed Aria, Signor De Begnis, "I violini tutti assieme" (<i>Il Fanatico per la Musica</i>)	Sacchini.
Overture, "Men of Prometheus"	Beethoven.

On WEDNESDAY MORNING, at the CATHEDRAL.

A Selection.	
ACT I.	
Introduction and First Movement, "Te Deum"	Graun.
Air, Mrs. Knyvett, "What tho' I trace" (<i>Solomon</i>)	Handel.
Duet, Madame Malibran and Mr. Vaughan, "Qual anelante"	Marcello.
Quartetto, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips, "For this God"	Marcello & Knyvett.
Air, Mr. Vaughan, "O Liberty," accompanied by Mr. Lindley on the Violoncello (<i>Judas Maccabeus</i>)	Handel.
Air, Miss Paton, "From mighty kings" (<i>Judas Maccabeus</i>)	Handel.
Air, Mr. Phillips, "Shall I in Mamre's" (<i>Joshua</i>)	Handel.
Chorus, "For all these mercies" (<i>Joshua</i>)	Handel.
Air, Madame Malibran, "With verdure clad" (<i>Creation</i>)	Haydn.
Recit. Accompanied, Mr. Vaughan, "In splendour bright" (<i>Creation</i>)	Haydn.
Grand Chorus, "The heav'ns declare the glory of God" (<i>Creation</i>)	Haydn.
ACT II.	
Concerto, First Grand	Handel.
Offertorio, Mr. Phillips, "The Hymn," accompanied on the Organ, by Dr. Chard	Chard.
Chorus, "Kyrie Eleison"	Righini.
Air, Mrs. Knyvett, "Agnus Dei"	Mozart.
Chorus, "Rex tremendæ majestatis"	Winter.
Quartett, "Recordare"	Winter.

Chorus, "Lacrymosa" - - - - -	Winter.
Air, Madame Malibran, "Gratias agimus tibi," Clarinet Obligato, Mr. Williams - - - - -	Guglielmi.
Recit. and Air, Mr. Phillips, "The snares of Death" (<i>Thanksgiving</i>) - - - - -	Sir J. Stevenson.
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "So will'd my Father" (<i>Judas Mac-cabeus</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Trio and Chorus, "Disdainful of danger" (<i>Judas Mac-cabeus</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Air, Miss Paton, "If guiltless blood" (<i>Susanna</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Grand Chorus, "Cum sancto spiritu" - - - - -	Mozart.

ACT III.

Luther's Hymn, Mr. Vaughan, accompanied on the Organ by Mr. C. Clarke.	
Air, Mrs. Knyvett, "O magnify the Lord" (<i>Anthem</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Grand Scena, Mr. Phillips, "The last Man" - - - - -	W. Calcott.
Recit. and Air, Madame Malibran, "Ah! parlate" (<i>Sacrifizio d'Abramo</i>) - - - - -	Cimarosa.
Grand Chorus, "Glory to God" - - - - -	Beethoven.
Air, Mr. Knyvett, "O my God" - - - - -	Ciampi.
Quartetto, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Leffler, "Domine, Jesu Christe" - - - - -	Winter.
Recit. Mr. Vaughan, "For the host of Pharaoh" (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Recit. Miss Paton, "Sing ye to the Lord" (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Double Chorus, "The Lord shall reign" (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>) - - - - -	Handel.

CONCERT on WEDNESDAY EVENING, at the SHIRE-HALL.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, (<i>La Reine de France</i>) - - - - -	Haydn.
Glee, "Is it the roar" - - - - -	Dr. Clarke & Whitfield.
Scena, Miss Paton, "Fortune's Frowns" (<i>Maid of Judah</i>) - - - - -	Rossini.
New Rondo, Signor De Begnis, "J'ai de l'argent," arranged by - - - - -	Castelli.
Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Mad Bess" - - - - -	Purcell.
New Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson - - - - -	Nicholson.
Song, Madame Malibran, "Di tanti palpiti" (<i>Il Tancredi</i>) - - - - -	Rossini.
Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Phillips, "Ella, oh ciel" - - - - -	Rossini.
Finale, "Oh, guardate" (<i>Il Turco in Italia</i>) - - - - -	Rossini.

ACT II.

Overture, <i>Il Barbiere</i> - - - - -	Rossini.
Duet, Madame Malibran and Signor de Begnis, "Non temere mio bel cadetto" - - - - -	Mercedante.
Ballad, Mr. Phillips, "Oft in the stilly night" (<i>Irish Melody</i>) - - - - -	
Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley - - - - -	Lindley.
Ballad, Miss Paton, "The Banks of Allan Water." - - - - -	
Aria, Signor De Begnis, "La Savoyarde," composed expressly by - - - - -	Castelli.
Glee, "The Midges" - - - - -	Knyvett.
Song, Madame Malibran, "Young Jenny Gray" - - - - -	Welsh.
Overture, <i>Figaro</i> - - - - -	Mozart.

On THURSDAY MORNING, at the CATHEDRAL,
THE MESSIAH.

CONCERT on THURSDAY EVENING, at the SHIRE-HALL.

ACT I.

Grand Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i> - - - - -	Weber.
Duet, Mr. Phillips and Signor De Begnis, "D' un bello uso di Turchio" (<i>Il Turco in Italia</i>) - - - - -	Rossini.
Recitative, "First and Chief;" Air, "Sweet Bird," Mrs. Knyvett, accompanied on the Violin by Mr. Cramer - - - - -	Handel.
Song, Mr. Vaughan, "Fain would my heart" - - - - -	Knyvett.
Aria, Madame Malibran, "Batti, batti," accompanied on the Violoncello, by Mr. Lindley - - - - -	Mozart.
Quartett, "O'er the dark blue waters" - - - - -	Weber.
Aria Buffa, Signor De Begnis, "Amor, mi pizziche" - - - - -	Rossini.
Song, Miss Paton, "There be none of beauty's daughters" - - - - -	Knapton.
Finale, "Buona sera" - - - - -	Rossini.

ACT II.

Overture, <i>Oberon</i> - - - - -	Weber.
Duet, Madame Malibran and Mr. Phillips, "Crudel perche" - - - - -	Mozart.
New Rondo, Signor De Begnis, "Je suis le petit Tambour" - - - - -	De Begnis.
Ballad, Miss Paton, "Jock o' Hazledean." - - - - -	
Fantasia, Horn, Mr. Platt.	
Song, Mr. Phillips, "Haste thee, Nymph" (<i>L'Allegro</i>) - - - - -	Handel.
Chorus, "Haste thee, Nymph" - - - - -	Handel.

Duet, Mrs. Knyvett and Signor De Begnis, "Giovinetti che fate" - - - - -	Mozart.
Song, Madame Malibran, "Should he upbraid" - - - - -	Bishop.
Finale, "God save the King," by all the principal Singers.	

We should have been better pleased with Madame Malibran's "Ombra adorata," if her great predecessor were not so fresh in our recollection. But in this scena Madame Pasta was so exquisitely happy, both in conception and execution, that it will always be ranked amongst the most highly-finished of her performances: except her, however, we know no one who can sing it so well. "Gratias Agimus" is become quite *ennuyante*, let who may sing it, and we have no wish to hear it again, particularly without Mr. Willman's clarinet. "Rejoice greatly" we never heard so well performed as by Mrs. Salmon. Miss Paton's scena from *Der Frieschutz* has lost nothing of its original freshness and former excellence, notwithstanding its frequent repetition. We are sorry, for her own sake, to perceive that she has not attended to our friendly hint respecting "From mighty kings." When will this lady indulge us with something new? Upon looking cursorily at the programme, we had indeed fancied we were to have some novelty, under the title of "Fortune's Frowns;" but it proved to be an old friend with a new face, and we heard, with English words, the air "Alma invitta," from Rossini's *Sigismondo*. But *à propos* of novelty; Signor de Begnis is the boldest of all bold pretenders to this. Let the reader refer to the bill of fare, and he there will see, "New rondo, Signor De Begnis 'J'ai de l'argent!'" New? Why he has sung it every where for years past. New!—There is something so exceedingly ridiculous, not to say impertinent in this, that we know not whether to laugh or frown. The Signor himself must do the former, at our expense, for we are excellent dupes. He was, however, as successful as usual in the eternally-repeated scena, "I violini," and the quintetto, "Oh, guardate." During the performance of "Angel of life," which was, as usual, excellently sung by Mr. Phillips, and as well accompanied by Mr. Mackintosh, we could not but notice the emotions of delight which were visibly depicted in the countenance of a reverend elderly gentleman, who appeared to pay particular attention to the obligato accompaniment, and who, we strongly suspect, in days gone by, played a little (a psalm tune, perhaps) on the bassoon. From pleasing recollections, and a happy association of ideas, he appeared to be in the full enjoyment of intellectual pleasure. We most unfeignedly rejoice to find that glees have not yet totally sunk into oblivion. This species of composition is peculiarly our own, and when judiciously selected and well performed, never fails to gratify unaffected, unsophisticated ears. Here, too, the useful and unpretending Mrs. Knyvett, with Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Knyvett, are always heard to vast advantage. Our space will only allow us to offer a few brief remarks on the instrumental music. During the performance of Mozart's fine symphony in E flat, in which both the clarionets are strictly obligati, we looked and listened for Willman and Powell, but in vain. In the name of common sense, why were they not engaged? In every other respect, it was well performed. Haydn's *La Reine de France* may well be classed amongst those fascinating compositions, which to hear is at once to admire: it never fails to give pleasure, not only to the audience but to the performers also; and were it not that the last symphony we hear of Haydn we always like the best, we should be almost tempted to regret that this is not more frequently performed. As to Weber's characteristic overture to *Oberon*, a composition so

full of fancy, of musical painting, so rich in original ideas, we are much inclined to doubt whether it is yet sufficiently understood, even by an entire and unmixed London orchestra, to produce the effects the author intended, and therefore think it was injudicious to hazard it at Gloucester. But more judgment is required in selecting instrumental pieces best adapted to the power and capacity of an orchestra, than some persons possess, or others can imagine.

There is something so brilliant, so inexpressibly adventurous and spirited in the commencement of the overture to *Euryanthe*, that it carries every thing before it, forcibly seizing and retaining the attention of every description of hearer. It rouses, too, the energy, and calls forth every exertion of the performer, who participates in the enthusiasm so strongly felt by its great author. Making allowance for the limited nature of the band, it was very well and efficiently performed.

The cathedral was literally crowded each morning. The first morning the doors were, as usual, open to the public gratuitously. The first evening concert was but thinly attended; the second a bumper; the third better than the first, but not so good as the second. We believe, however, that the meeting is considered to have terminated successfully, if that may be termed success, where the receipts, owing to the enormous sums paid to some of the principal singers, do but barely equal the expenditure. Be it remembered, that the donations or collections made each day, on leaving the church, are given entire to the charity, no part being applied towards the expenses; the deficiency, if there be any, is made up by the stewards.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Triennial Musical Festival at Birmingham, for the benefit of the General Hospital, took place on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of October.

Patron, the King.

President, the Earl of Bradford.

The principal Vocal Performers were—Miss Paton, Madame Malibran Garcia, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss Fanny Ayton, and Mademoiselle Blasis; Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Wm. Knyvett, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Phillips—Signor Costa, Signor Giubilei, and Signor De Begnis.

Concerto Players—M. De Beriot, violin; Mrs. Anderson, piano-forte; Mr. Lindley, violoncello; Mr. Nicholson, flute.

The Band—Violins, Messrs. Cramer (leader of the morning performances); Weichsel (leader of the evening performances), Moralt (principal second), Wagstaff, Mountain, Gynemer, Dance, Pigot, Watkins, Thomas, Gledhill, Anderson, Ella, Greisbach, Fleicher, Sherrington, Litolff, Abbott, Mackintosh, Dr. Camidge, Marshall (of Oxford), White (of Leeds), Tomlin, Greaves, Gillins, Hope, Ward, &c. Violas—R. Ashley, F. Ware, Penson, Nicks, Wilcox, Davis, Daniels, Challoner, Lyon, W. Fletcher, Giles, Calkin. Violoncellos—Messrs. Lindley, C. Lindley, W. Lindley, Crouch, Brookes, Lucas, Robinson. Double basses—Messrs. Dragonetti, Anfossi, Bond, C. Smart, T. Fletcher, Humble. Oboes—Messrs. Ling, Cooke, Wilton, Knowles. Flutes—Messrs. Nicholson, Cuddy, Stanier. Clarionets—Messrs. Willman, Powell, Harbidge, Brindley. Horns—Messrs. Platt, Rae, Probin, Horton. Trumpets—Messrs. Harper, Irving, Harper, Timmins. Bassoons—Messrs. Mackintosh, Tully, Kelly, Phillips. Serpent—Mr. Thurstan. Tromboni, first choir—Messrs. Roost, Shoegen, Woodham, Smithies. Second choir—Messrs. Phillips, Yates, Cracknell, Moreton. Double drums—Mr. Chipp.

Conductor—Mr. Greatorex, who presided at the organ and piano-forte.

Assistant Conductor—Mr. Munden.

The music meetings at Birmingham have for many years past not only been held in high estimation, but have likewise taken so decided a lead amongst our numerous provincial festivals, that they are not only looked up to, but it may almost be said they give an impulse, and impart a tone and direction (if we may be allowed the expression) to all other undertakings of a similar kind. This influence, as well as their never-failing success, may be traced, in the first place, to the skilful and active exertions, the unwearied diligence and zeal of an experienced individual, Mr. Joseph Moore, whose whole time is devoted to the cause in which he has so heartily embarked; and, in the second place, to the liberal plan and enlarged scale on which the Committee of management have uniformly acted, by engaging artists, both vocal and instrumental, of undisputed first-rate talent and ability. For these and various other reasons that might be adduced, the Birmingham Festivals are entitled to much notice, and they will always fill a conspicuous rank in the history of our greatest and best musical performances. In some degree, too, they may be considered as the primary cause—acting both as stimulus and example—of that degree of excellence which is now to be found in a few, and but few, other of our provincial festivals. To that excellence, however, Birmingham led the way, and we do not hesitate to assert, that the instrumental band employed on the present occasion was at least equal, if not superior, to any ever assembled out of the metropolis. We feel ourselves warranted in making this assertion, by the simple fact, that very nearly fifty-three of the performers were engaged from the Philharmonic Concert, and these alone would constitute an infinitely better and far more efficient orchestra than could be collected in the whole country without them. It is needless to say, that with such a band the symphonies and overtures were most admirably performed.

Our further observations will principally be confined to the novelties contained in the annexed abridged programme of the several performances, which, in pursuance of the practice we have hitherto adopted, and with a view to inform our various readers of what is now passing, as also to preserve an historical record, which will hereafter be both useful and interesting, we here insert.*

On TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, at ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, full Cathedral Service. Anthems by Dr. Green, Purcell, Boyce, &c. And a *Miserere*, accompanied by Eight Trombones, as performed at the Funeral of Beethoven.

On TUESDAY EVENING, at the THEATRE.

ACT I.

Overture and Scena from *La Gazza Ladra*, performed by Mademoiselle Blasis, Signor De Begnis, and Signor Giubilei, in character.

Grand Variations de Bravoure on the celebrated Romance from Mehl's Oratorio of *Joseph*, Mrs. Anderson - - - - - Herz.

Scena, Mr. Braham, (*Freyschütz*) - - - - - Weber.

Scena from *La Donna del Lago*, performed by Miss F. Ayton and Signor Costa, in character, "O mattutini albori" - - - - - Rossini.

* Some unwarrantable deviations were made in the course of the performance from the printed programmes and books of the words, which the Committee should not have permitted. But we confess that we know, by experience, that some of the *prime donne* are very difficult to manage. On this subject one of our dramatic poets exclaims—

————— "I'd rather guide a ship,
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman."

ACT II.

Concerto Violin, Monsieur de Beriot.
 German Song, Mr. Phillips, "Freunde reicht mir
 nectar!" - - - - Von Weichheld.
 Glee, "Cold is Cadwallor's tongue" - - - - Horsley.
 Scena, Miss Paton, (*Freyschütz*) - - - - Weber.
 The Third Act of *Romeo e Giulietta*, performed by
 Madame Malibran Garcia and Miss F. Ayton, in
 character, and Chorus - - - - Zingarelli.

On WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, at ST. PHILIP'S
 CHURCH.

PART I.

Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice, ex-
 ceeding glad shall he be," - - - - Handel.
 Song, Mr. Phillips, "The last Man" - - - - J. W. Callcot.
 Canon, Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Bellamy,
 "Praise to Him," (the first time of its performance) - - - - Neukomm.
 Song, Miss F. Ayton, "Pious Orgies" - - - - Handel.
 Motteto (Double Chorus) "God is our hope and
 strength—Soli parts by Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Knyvett,
 Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bellamy - - - - Horsley.
The Triumph of Gideon, a Sacred Drama (the Music
 by Winter.) The third time of its performance.

PART II.

Cantata Sacra.

Composed expressly for this Festival (to Isaiah, Chap.
 xii.) by Zingarelli. With Selections from the Works
 of Handel, Jomelli, Haydn, and Graun.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, at the THEATRE.

ACT I.

Symphony (in C) - - - - Beethoven.
 New Ballad, Mr. Vaughan - - - - Knyvett.
 Glee, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Vaughan, Knyvett, Bel-
 lamy, and Phillips, "O snatch me swift" - - - - Calcott.
 Song, Miss Ayton, "O cielo qua' fieri" - - - - Pacini.
 Song, Mr. Phillips, "Oft in the stilly night" - - - - Irish Melodies.
 Concertante, Violin, and Violoncello, Messrs. Weichsel
 and Lindley - - - - Lindley.
 Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Mad Bess" - - - - Purcell.
 Duet, Miss Paton and Mr. Braham, "When thy
 bosom heaves the sigh" - - - - Braham.
 Recit. Madame Malibran Garcia, "Ecco il punto o
 Vitellia" - - - - Mozart.
 Aria, Ditto, "Non piu di fiori" (accom-
 panied by Mr. Willman on the Corno di Bassetto) - - - -
 Quartetto, Madame Malibran Garcia, Miss Fanny
 Ayton, Signor Costa, Mr. Phillips, "Cielo, mio
 labbro inspira" - - - - Rossini.

ACT II.

Overture (*Oberon*) - - - - Weber.
 Song, Miss Paton, "O no, we never mention her,"
 (accompanied by herself on the Harp.)
 Duet, Mademoiselle Blasis and Madame Malibran
 Garcia, "Ebben a te ferici" (*Semiramide*) - - - - Rossini.
 Song, Mr. Braham, (*Alexis*) Violoncello Obligato, Mr.
 Lindley - - - - Dr. Pepusch.
 Fantasia Violin, M. De Beriot.
 Song, Signor Costa, "Come mai" - - - - Pacini.
 Glee, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and
 Bellamy, *The Midges' Dance* - - - - Knyvett.
 Spanish Song, Madame Malibran Garcia, "Bajillito
 nuevo," arranged from Garcia.
 Finale Instrumentale - - - - Mozart.

On THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 8, at ST. PHILIP'S
 CHURCH,

The Messiah, with Mozart's Accompaniments.

On THURSDAY EVENING, at the Theatre.

ACT I.

Scena, *Il Turco in Italia*, "Per piacere," Mademoiselle
 Blasis and Signor Le Begnis, in character - - - - Rossini.
 Scena, Mr. Braham (*Oberon*) - - - - Weber.
 Concerto Violoncello, Mr. Lindley - - - - Lindley.
 Song, Miss Paton, "The Soldier tired" - - - - Arne.
 Scena (*La Donna del Lago*), "Sei gia sposa," Miss
 Fanny Ayton and Signor Costa, in character - - - - Rossini.

ACT II.

Scena (*Otello*) - - - - Rossini.
 Air, Mademoiselle Blasis, "Che smania! aimè che
 affanno," and Chorus.
 Scena (*Il Fanatico*), Signor de Begnis, in character - - - - Sacchini.
 Concerto Flute, Mr. Nicholson.
 The Third Act of *Romeo e Giulietta* - - - - Zingarelli.

On FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9, at ST. PHILIP'S
 CHURCH.

PART I.

Jubilee Anthem.

The Music by Cherubini, from the celebrated Service performed at
 the Coronation of Charles X. King of France, arranged expressly
 for this Meeting.

PART II.

Joseph, a Sacred Drama, the Music by Mehul. Arranged for this
 Meeting.

With Miscellaneous Selections.

On FRIDAY EVENING, at the THEATRE.

ACT I.

Symphony (in D) - - - - Beethoven.
 Song, Mrs. Knyvett, "Bid me not forget thy smile" - - - - Knyvett.
 Glee, Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan,
 Phillips, and Bellamy, "O snatch me swift." - - - -
 Song, Madame Malibran Garcia, "Una voce poco fà" - - - - Rossini.
 Concerto Pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson, with Orchestral
 Accompaniments - - - - Hummel & Hertz.
 Song, Mr. Braham, *Battle of the Angels* - - - - Bishop.
 Ballad, Miss Ayton, "Tell me, my heart" - - - -
 Grand Finale, Madame Malibran Garcia, Mrs. Kny-
 vett, Miss Ayton, Messrs. Braham, Bellamy, and
 Phillips, "Ciel! che intesi" (*Tancredi*) - - - - Rossini.

ACT II.

Overture (*Euryanthe*) - - - - Weber.
 Song, Miss Paton, "Lo, here the gentle lark," Flute
 Obligato, Mr. Nicholson - - - - Bishop.
 Ave Maria, with additional Accompaniments by Mr.
 Greatorex; Soli parts by Mrs. Knyvett and Mr.
 Vaughan, "Hark, what mingles in the strain" - - - - Dr. Clarke.
 Aria, Signor Costa, "Nel furor delle tempeste" - - - - Bellini.
 Duet, Miss Ayton and Signor Costa, "Un soave non
 so che," *Cenerentola* - - - - Rossini.
 Concerto Violin, M. de Beriot.
 Song, Mr. Phillips, "Haste thee, nymph," and Chorus
 (*L'Allegro*) - - - - Handel.
 Provençal Airs, Madame Malibran Garcia.
 Finale, *God save the King*.

Of the new compositions, first, a *Miserere*, performed at
 the funeral of Beethoven, was not judiciously introduced
 or well assorted with the smooth and quiet harmony of
 Purcell, Green, Boyce, and Cooke, by which it was on
 all sides surrounded. Neither is there any thing in the
 composition itself particularly striking: those great effects
 which might naturally have been expected from the mighty
 Beethoven are wanting. But it should be known that it
 was brought forward in its present state, and adapted
 for eight trombones by the "Kapelmeister of the Emperor
 of Germany," as the bills express it. We presume the
 Emperor of Austria was meant.

Of the announced canon by Neukomm, we are not
 ashamed to confess that, although we listened very atten-
 tively, we could not make it out; or, in other words, we
 could not trace the canon. Had we seen the score, the
 eye, perhaps, might have been convinced, though the ear
 was not, and thus our infidelity have been removed. It is,
 notwithstanding, a clever and ingenious composition, and
 proves the author to be a man of talent. But many pro-
 ductions are dignified with the name of canon, which,
 strictly speaking, are not entitled to it; and, after all,
 we are of opinion that more importance is attached to
 this species of composition than it deserves, except merely
 as a study.

Of Mr. Horsley's motetto and double chorus, we gladly speak in terms of high commendation, although the second movement in C minor forcibly brings to recollection the *terremoto*, or earthquake, in Haydn's Passion of our Saviour. The best writing will be found in the last movement in E b. The whole, however, is very creditable to our countryman, and we hope we shall not only hear this production again, but other compositions of a similar kind from his pen.

The *Cantata Sacra*, composed for this festival by Zingarelli, is one of the most tame, insipid things we were ever doomed to hear: a heap of common-place trash from the first to the last note. After twaddling in B b for half an hour, he ventures for a few bars into F; then returns to B, and there is an end! Poor Zingarelli! How much it is to be regretted that some kind and judicious critic did not, at the end of the first page of his manuscript, insert for his edification the words which Haydn affixed to the fragment of his 83d, his last, quartett:

"All my strength, alas! is gone,
"Old and weak am I."

The music for the Jubilee Anthem was judiciously selected from the celebrated service composed by Cherubini, and performed at the Coronation of Charles X. of France. In this, indeed, we found something to admire, and rouse attention. The rich stores of the composer's imagination are here opened, and the hearer is delighted by a pure strain of elegant melody, sustained by rich and masterly harmony; together shewing the man of genius and of learning. Our limits will not allow of our analysing the several movements; but we must point out the trio in G, "Spirit of Holiness" which, notwithstanding that the motivo very much resembles the andante in Haydn's symphony No. 7, is, indeed, a lovely movement. The chorus, "When the storms of affliction," is also a very beautiful and masterly composition. The Committee of management exhibited great judgment in bringing this fine production before the British public.

Having spoken of so many new compositions, we must now say a word or two of the new singer, Signor Costa. The bills kept us quite in the dark respecting this gentleman; it was not even announced as his first appearance; it was not stated whence he was imported, or whether his voice was base, soprano, or any thing between. But this silence was well-judged, for it certainly did not lead us to expect much. His voice proves to be a tenor, not very unlike Begrez's in quality, and we have been informed he came from Naples, recommended by Zingarelli, who would have acted with more discretion had he kept both his *sacred song* and profane singer for the benefit of his Neapolitan friends. As a singer he is far below mediocrity, and he does not compensate for his vocal deficiencies by his personal address, which is abundantly awkward. In the theatre, while singing the air "Nel furor delle tempeste," and accompanying himself, he had a narrow escape. The tempests proved contagious, and were beginning to manifest themselves in the galleries; and had he remained but a few moments longer on the stage, he would have witnessed a storm compared to which the roarings of his own Vesuvius would have seemed but a murmur.

We hope that Miss Fanny Ayton will never again attempt "Pious orgies." If Handel had heard her, he would have thrown his wig at her; a mode of punishment he once had recourse to. Madame Malibran's "Holy, holy," divested as it *now* was of the unnatural and unmeaning cadence which she so injudiciously dangled to it

at Chester, left us nothing to wish; and we doubt if it has ever been better sung since the days of Mara.

Of Miss Paton, Mrs. W. Knyvett, and Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, and Phillips, we have had occasion so frequently to speak, that we can only say we have nothing to add to or detract from our former commendation. They all acquitted themselves well. But the most perfect performance during the festival was Mozart's air "Non piu di fiori," which was not only inimitably well sung by Madame Malibran, but as deliciously accompanied by Willman, and the orchestra altogether. We never heard a more finished performance.

The Choral Band (for which Birmingham has long been proverbial) was most excellent; every one of them appeared conscious of his own strength and power, and collectively the points were led off with a spirit and firmness, producing altogether an effect that has rarely been equalled. We ourselves heard a celebrated composer, and a leading member in the profession, say, that Handel's Chorus from *Joshua*, "Glory to God," was, in itself alone well worth going from London to Birmingham to hear. The eight trombones produced an effect terribly sublime in this magnificent production.

Of M. De Beriot we will say two words, and then have done: we were among the first, and still continue in the list of his admirers. His tone is delicious, his intonation perfect. But are we doomed to hear nothing from him but his own thema with variations, and part of a concerto by Viotti? We say *part*, because in general it is sadly mutilated; and we would ask M. De Beriot why the first movement, which unquestionably is the best part of the concerto, was omitted. We are always glad both to see and hear this performer, and if he come among us again next season, we hope he will get up something fresh, if not new. Of this, he is at least capable, and the musical public have a right to demand it of him. But we much fear that the true grand concerto, with which Viotti so often delighted his audience, it will never be our good fortune to hear again!

The festival was very successful. In a Birmingham paper now before us, the total receipts are stated to amount to 9,604*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.* The expenses at rather more than half.

Among the donations it were unjust not to notice the noble gift of 300*l.* by Sir Robert Peel.

STATE OF MUSIC IN LONDON, BY M. FETIS. (SEVENTH LETTER.)

MY DEAR SON,

London, June 22, 1829.

The existence of the Italian Opera in the principal cities of Europe is not without utility as relates to the progress of dramatic music among the nations, for the men of genius who have succeeded each other down to Rossini, have maintained their art in a state of indisputable advancement, in respect to some essential branches which have been too much neglected by the musicians of other nations. The discriminating adoption of their brilliant forms of composition has contributed much to the perfection of German and French dramatic music. Italian singers also have long been the masters of the singers in all countries, and, though at present fallen from their ancient glory, they still are the models on which others form themselves. These models, whether as regards singing or composition,

are more necessary to the English than to any other people, because their habitual calm renders them less disposed to the cultivation of music; and, above all, because the want of institutions among them is opposed to the natural progress of the art. Thus then it was requisite that there should be an Italian Opera in London, and that the higher classes should defray the charges of so costly a recreation. But, on the other hand, it was difficult in a country where fashion has so much influence,—a country where the taste of the aristocracy is a law to which all must bow,—it was, I repeat, difficult to prevent the good which might result from the existence of the Italian opera from being destroyed, by the exclusive preference accorded thereto by the nobles and the wealthy. It is not that these are capable of feeling or understanding the merit of Italian music; in this respect they are less advanced than their equals of Paris or Vienna: but the ready-made reputation of the singers whom they hear, and of the music furnished to them, dispenses with the necessity of their having an opinion, and this, as they would be unable to form any for themselves, is convenient enough. Then, all the world are not able to possess, for a few months, a box which costs three or four hundred guineas: a privilege which presupposes, if not nobility, at all events wealth, and this decides their vocation for the Italian Opera. These boxes are closed, surrounded by hangings and curtains, behind which the proprietors may consider themselves at home and chat at their ease; which exactly suits them. It will be readily perceived that the large boxes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden,—boxes which contain twelve or fifteen persons, and where the privileged would be exposed to the horror of being mingled with the middling classes, whom they despise,—are sufficient to prevent them from frequenting those theatres where the English opera is performed. Hence arise the discredit in which this kind of amusement languishes, and the secondary causes which oppose themselves to its emancipation.

I must explain what I call secondary causes, and will endeavour to do so in the briefest possible manner. I have already mentioned to you that in England every thing is done by subscription, and the theatres, more than any other undertaking, stand in need of this kind of assistance (*a*). The higher classes not frequenting those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, the managers of these houses have no resource but the daily receipts for covering all their expenses. In order that these receipts be considerable, it is necessary that the performance be got up so as to excite the curiosity of the public. Now, a people whose musical education is so little formed cannot be attracted by the sole desire of hearing music. The Opera is, therefore, insufficient for the whole evening, and hence the necessity of having also actors for tragedy, comedy, melo-drama, pantomime, with decorations, machinery, &c. Hence, in fine, the vicious circle in which the managers move, of augmenting expenses in order to augment the receipts, and of thus rendering the receipts inadequate by the enormity of the expenses (*b*). Nor is this all: established reputations have such attraction for the English, that they cannot possibly listen to an opera in which they do not hear Braham, Miss Paton, Miss Love, Sapio, or Phillips. Assured of public favour, these performers exact those heavy sums which ruin the managers. For example, Braham, notwithstanding his some sixty years, receives twenty-six guineas a night, Miss Paton little less, and the other singers in the same proportion (*c*). What is the result of all this? A necessity for excessive

economy in all that meets not the public eye. We must not, then, wonder if the orchestras of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are far inferior to those of the *Variétés* or of the *Théâtre de Madame* in Paris; and if the choruses are no better. You may judge of the effect which this produces when they perform *Oberon*, the *Dame Blanche*, or the *Muette de Portici*. At Drury Lane, Mr. T. Cooke is at once musical director, leader of the orchestra, and actor for the part of the second tenor, when the opera requires it. If the character has not to appear before the second act, this gentleman directs during the first, then yields his post to some miserable fiddler; returns afterwards, enveloped in a cloak, to beat the great drum in an *obligato* passage, because there is no one to fulfil this duty, or lends his assistance to the contrabasses, who are not sufficiently numerous. In this manner is music treated in the English opera (*d*).

The managerial economy is applied to still more important objects, and such as have a more direct influence on the fate of music in England. I refer to what concerns the rights of the composer. For a long time, *Pasticcios*, consisting of Italian pieces and some English airs, were the only operas represented at the national theatres in England. Purcell, and after him Arne and Arnold, composed operas, the music of which was entirely English. The fortune of the first was sufficient for him to think of nothing but the glory which might result from his works; the two others regarded the theatre as only a slight addition to their income, for the sale of the airs in their operas was the only advantage which they derived from them. The same custom has been perpetuated since their time, composers never receiving the smallest remuneration for their labours from the managers; so that a musician who would devote himself to the theatrical career, is deterred from so doing, by the certainty that such an employment of his talents can lead to no adequate results (*e*). The English language is so unfavourable to music, and so little known among foreigners, that the score of an opera composed in this language is never published. A few airs which become popular are purchased by the music-venders, who, for an inconsiderable sum, become entitled to the profit resulting from such popularity. In Italy the labour of a poet is accounted so trifling an affair, that a libretto is paid by about one hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. In France they have a larger sum assigned to them, sharing with the musician the claims of authorship, which are paid by the manager; and by a custom sufficiently strange, are entitled to a third of the sum paid by the music-vender to the composer for the score. In England the state of things is still more singular, for the manager pays the poet only, who has a right to an equal share with the composer in the sale of the music (*f*).

After reading these details, no one I should think will be surprised at the small number of musicians which England has produced. How indeed should one cultivate an art, the results of which are so unimportant? An English composer beholds neither glory nor profit in the effects of his labour; who, then, shall induce him to write? Generally speaking, artists have no fortune but what they make for themselves: it is necessary that they should be in easy circumstances and free from all inquietude, in order that their attention be concentrated in the exercise of their art; and, above all, it is requisite that the hope of great renown should be the constant mover of their efforts. Nothing of all this exists for an English composer of dramatic music; and, therefore, we need not wonder if in

London we find only arrangers, who esteem their labours no more than the public. Mazzinghi, Reeves, and many others who are not worth the trouble of mentioning, have furnished some sixty or eighty pretended operas, composed solely of shreds, snatched from the genuine Italian, French, or German operas, to which they have tacked airs of their own fashion, with some Scotch and Irish melodies; a sort of seasoning which is here indispensable. Even Bishop, who has some talent, and a reputation for his airs, has done little more than this; but, like all musicians who have laboured for the English stage, he has, without scruple, announced himself as the author of the music which he pillaged from foreign scores. For example, the *Jean de Paris* of Boieldieu has been arranged for the English stage: Bishop confined himself to retrenching what the unskilfulness of the English musicians rendered it impossible for them to execute, and to furnishing obligato accompaniments to some popular airs: he then placed his name to the work as his own, and of Boieldieu there was no mention (g). The frequent communications which now exist between London and Paris render this charlatanism of more difficult execution. *La Muelle di Portici* and *La Vieille* have been lately played here, under the names of the real authors.

In the English opera there is a continual and reciprocal action of the miserable composition of music on the performers, and of the ignorance of these latter on the music. Not long since, the execution of a whole was almost impossible, and it is only very lately that some progress has been made in this respect. Yet something might be done with certain of the singers; but to accomplish this, more knowledge, experience, taste, and zeal would be requisite, than is at present to be found in all England. Formerly, Braham had a genuine talent: forty-five years have, however, elapsed since his first *début* at the Theatre Royal, and the extraordinary capabilities with which nature had gifted him, have finished by yielding to so long an exercise (h). In the Italian opera he sang naturally, and without forcing his voice, but the custom of playing at the English theatre during several years has caused him to adopt the custom of roaring, because the English people are, above all things, fond of strong and startling voices. Now the voice of Braham is ruined, and he roars, in order to make himself heard. The enfeeblement of his capabilities is evinced also by his intonation, which is often below the tune. As an actor he is perfectly ridiculous, but the English public is insensible to all this. It requires only to see the same Braham, who for so long a time has been the object of its attachment, and it is satisfied, as it will continue to be, so long as this singer shall have strength to shew himself upon the scene.

Miss Paton, who is, they say, Lady Lennox, has also had much talent. She is an excellent musician, plays well on the piano and the harp, and sings the English and Scotch airs with great expression. Still the desire to please an ignorant public has induced her habitually to force her powers, and her intonation is now frequently defective. Miss Love has a fine contralto voice, which she restrains within its natural compass. She screams less than Miss Paton, but at the same time she has less vocal facility (i). However, she is a great favourite with the frequenters of Drury Lane. Miss Betts, who plays at Drury Lane, has less celebrity than the singers whom I have just cited; yet she seems better organized for the French and Italian styles. I have heard her in the *Muelle di Portici*, and found her manner satisfactory. With proper training, she would soon be worthy of figuring

among the best singers of the English theatre. Of the tenors I have cited only Braham, and he is also the only one who merits this distinction. A certain Mr. Wood, who is a great favourite in London, struck me as detestable. I heard him at Covent Garden, in the *Maid of Judah*, a translation or parody of *Ivanhoe*: to me he appeared fit for nothing but shouting. The other pretended tenors are still worse than he. As to the basses, there are two who deserve to be distinguished; these are Sapio and Phillips. The first, who is much extolled, I have not heard, he being at present deprived of his liberty on account of the bad state of his affairs. Phillips has a fine voice, and a style of sufficient compass; but he is cold, and little calculated for a dramatic singer (j).

If all the performers whom I have here named were assembled in one theatre, a sufficiently satisfying *ensemble* might be formed, which in a few years could be easily ameliorated. This, however, is not the case. Covent Garden and Drury Lane contend for them, and the division thus made leaves a void, which renders it impossible to hear an opera passably executed at either of these theatres. In addition to this, the necessary closing of the two houses in the month of June, disorganizes the actors, choruses, and orchestra annually, they being engaged only for the season, which lasts but for six or seven months (k). In consequence of this arrangement, the performers of all kinds find themselves free to pass from one theatre to the other, but are always uncertain of the destiny that awaits them, and deprived of resources during a part of the year. It is true, that another English opera, without any admixture, commences, in this interval, at the little theatre called the *English Opera House*, and that the manager looks to Covent Garden and Drury Lane for recruits. This, then, would be the moment for forming a strong company, and obtaining a good performance. But the *English Opera House*, being open only at a time when London is deserted, the manager is constrained to diminish his expenses as much as possible, and consequently to engage none but inferior actors (l). It is therefore manifest, that causes foreign to the disposition of the English for music, have an influence on the wretched state of this art in the lyrical theatres, and that the absolute want of fixed establishments is, as I have frequently said, the origin of all the defects which are observable therein. As long as the existence of the theatres shall have no more solid basis, all efforts made to ameliorate them must prove fruitless, and, consequently, the taste of the nation cannot perfect itself. In certain countries, the authority which insists on regulating the theatres, without comprehending their mechanism, compromises their prosperity. In England an absolute indifference produces analogous effects.

Adieu, my Son,

FETIS.

NOTES ON THE SEVENTH LETTER OF M. FETIS.

(a) In saying that every thing is done by subscription, the writer uses that figure of rhetoric called *synecdoche*. The Opera, the two principal concerts, and Almacks, are thus supported; but the theatres, musical festivals, public exhibitions of all kinds, &c. are, it is almost needless to say, open to all who carry in their hand wherewithal to obtain admission.

(b) To the monopoly of theatres all this may justly be imputed, which forbids a distinct theatre for each branch

of the drama, obliges each manager to engage three or four complete companies, and thus renders unavoidably necessary a theatre so large, that seeing and hearing are totally out of the question, except in the instances of *spectacle* and music.

(c) M. Fétis is about as correct in regard to Mr. Braham's age, as on many other points. Concerning the terms of his engagement, too, he is not very authentic. But surely both Miss Paton and Mr. Braham have as much right to expect twenty-six, or twice twenty-six guineas a night at Drury Lane, as Madame Malibran had to demand eighty at the King's Theatre.

(d) On this subject we are not prepared to speak with any certainty, but are well convinced that the account is overcharged. Something of the kind may by accident have occurred, but the want of candor in thus asserting generally from some particular fact, must be manifest to every unbiassed reader.

(e) Arne, Arnold, Shield, Storace, and Bishop, had all salaries at their respective theatres, and these to no inconsiderable amount!

(f) So far as England is concerned, this paragraph is a tissue of errors. The copyrights of operas have been known to fetch from five hundred to a thousand guineas each; and now a single popular air will produce a very large sum. The poet with us is not entitled to, and never thinks of claiming, the smallest portion of what the sale of the music yields.

(g) We can hardly credit this. Mr. Bishop, however, when he returns to this country, will doubtless feel himself called upon to notice such an unqualified charge.

(h) What a very careless writer, to use a mild epithet, is M. Fétis! Just now he told us that Braham is a sexagenarian. If so, and if he has been five-and-forty years on the stage, he must have burst forth as one of the finest tenors in Europe at the age of fifteen! The truth is, that he has been thirty-three years on the stage, having first appeared, as a very young man, in 1796, at Drury Lane. As to his voice being ruined, the applause he still receives from the public, and the praises bestowed on him by every critic, in every part of the kingdom, supply an undeniable answer to so illiberal and unfounded an assertion. Let us add also, that it is rather unfortunate that M. Fétis should have found him ridiculous as an actor, who only saw him in a character in which his acting was universally noticed and admired.

(i) Miss Paton scream!—and this from one accustomed to French singers!—*Proh pudor!*

(j) Phillips cold!—The writer positively must have heard some one else: his two *youthful Mentors* could never have instructed him thus.

(k) For six or seven, read nine.

(l) It is remarkable enough, that among these "inferior" performers is the very Miss Betts who has just been so much praised. Mr. Phillips too, and Misses Kelly, Cawse, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, &c. &c. are all included in the same judgment. Mr. Arnold is a fortunate man in having obtained so much reputation for his theatre with such contemptible performers!

M. FETIS'S EIGHTH LETTER.

MY DEAR SON,

London, July 2, 1829.

In examining the causes which oppose themselves to the progress of musical taste in England, I have hitherto spoken only of the want of institutions relating to this object, or of the insufficiency of such as do exist: it remains for me to show that the manner in which music is treated in society is still more prejudicial to that art.

London is, in some sort, merely an abode of circumstance for the English: the closing of Parliament is the signal for their departure. Those who possess great riches retire to their estates, those enchanted habitations, where are united all the rural pleasures with all the delights of luxury. Others go to economize on the Continent, as is necessary to the indulgence of their vanity during the few months which they spend in the capital of their country. The enormous expenses which they incur, during a short season, oblige them to this regimen. From the end of July, London becomes a desert, of which our most solitary provincial towns present no parallel: for it is not the rich alone who leave it,—all those who live at their expense, namely, artists, modists, parasites, and the vast industrious tribe, likewise disperse and go to prepare themselves for the labours of the ensuing season, or to repose from the fatigues of the past. Four months constitute what in London they call the season; these are from the 15th of March to the 15th of July, when a prodigious and unrivalled activity reigns in that city, which before presented the appearance of a vast solitude. Then begins an uninterrupted series of concerts, plays, oratorios, musical soirées, and fêtes of all kinds. Such is the multiplicity of these pleasures, that it is hardly conceivable how the women, and even the most robust men, should not sink under the fatigue occasioned by them.

In England every one learns music, not in order to know it, but because it is fashionable to spend money on this art, and to have such or such famous performer for teacher (a). Some young ladies, gifted with real abilities for the piano or singing, possess fine talents; but in general music is studied by the English for the sole purpose of dissipating the ennui which kills them. Singing and the piano are adopted in preference to all other parts of music: and the number of teachers is stated to be above four thousand. Among the professors, Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Moscheles occupy the first rank. You know the reputation of the first; it is not usurped. Mr. Cramer is no longer young, and his execution on the piano has not now the firmness and brilliancy which it formerly had; yet his manner of touching the instrument is charming, his quality of sound is perfect, and no one plays an adagio so well as himself (b). He reminded me of the pleasure which Dussek used to cause me. Moscheles has modified his manner greatly since he was heard at Paris. He still possesses the brilliancy and easy execution of those *tours de force* for which he was admired, and which furnished a model for M. Herz; but he uses these moderately, and now *sings* on the piano with equal precision and taste. After these two masters, come Messrs. Schlesinger, Pio Cianchettini, Potter, and Mrs. Anderson, who possess talents of an estimable order. The remainder of the professors are more or less obscure; all, however, have their patrons, and contrive to live.

Among the professors of singing are remarked, Mr. Lanza, author of a good elementary work on the art which he teaches, Messrs. Begrez, Attwood, and Curioni (c). Vel-

luti has established a singing-school in London, and the greater part of the singers attached to the Italian Opera also give lessons. But, besides these celebrated talents, there is a crowd of obscure masters who teach an art of which they are ignorant; and who, nevertheless, are very busy. Patronage is every thing in England, and so convinced are the artists of its power, that they are less solicitous to acquire talent, than to make friends. Whoever has them among the powerful and the wealthy is sure of a fortune, and this is all that is wished in a country where the cultivation of the arts is considered merely as a matter of business. With the assistance of patronage, musicians, whose names have never struck my eye or ear, give brilliant and productive concerts, at which they take part only in touching the receipts; while on the contrary, the finest talent, if it have not friends, will never draw together an audience to hear it. The power of patronage here referred to is such, that it is not even necessary to be a musician in order to give a benefit concert: *Marchands des modes* have been known to give very brilliant ones by the assistance of some great ladies who patronized them.

Here every thing is speculation: hence we must not wonder at the multiplicity of concerts; a multiplicity so great, that within about three months three or four have been given each day. Charlatanism leaves no means unemployed to render them attractive. Emphatic announcements in the journals, enormous bills, and smaller ones distributed in the rooms, and even in the streets,—are constantly resorted to.

Here it is not permitted to post bills on the walls, but they are found at the music venders, the grocers, and even on the back of a sheep in a butcher's shop. Morning Concert at the *Argyll Rooms*, Morning Concert at the *King's Theatre*, Evening Concert at *Covent Garden*, and Evening Concert at *Willis's Rooms*:—this is what one daily sees. But he who has not witnessed one of these concerts can form no just idea of them. An orchestra hastily assembled, and which has had no rehearsals; some famous singers, sinking under the fatigue of their uninterrupted labours, and who are obliged continually to repeat the same pieces; a greater number of middling performers, vocal and instrumental; a selection of music suited to the capacity of the auditory, in which one perceives at once, *La Savoyarde*, and *Le Petit Tambour de la Garde Nationale*, airs sung with the greatest success by M. de Begnis, and always encored. I must avow that I had not believed it possible to experience the disgust at music with which the London Concerts have inspired me: one hardly supposes that there can be any talent in the artists employed at them (*d*).

An attentive examination of English society convinces us that it has the want of music, but not the taste for it. This distinction will, perhaps, appear rather subtle than solid; yet I think it is not wanting in justice. I will explain: the English population is divided into two classes which never mingle, which nothing can unite, and which appear to form two separate nations. The one is composed of that industrious and wise population which has created the finest civilization in the world, and of which the constant labours have for their object the general well-being, combined most happily with individual interest (*e*). This class is not wanting in an aptitude for the arts, but it has little time to devote to their cultivation: for it the arts are a recreation, and cannot become a business. The other class, which in fact believes itself to be not of the same blood with the former, is that aristocracy which may be called *the pest of England*, an evil all the more

fatal in the state of things, because the British kingdom, perhaps, could not cure itself of it without engendering still greater. An Englishman of very superior intellect, speaking of the individuals of his class, observed to me, that they were the last of human kind. There may be more humour than truth in this sally; but we must admit that, if they be not the last, they are the most ridiculous. They style themselves *the fashionable world*, by which is meant, not that to be noble one must be fashionable, but that the fashionable are found in their circle only. It would be difficult enough to explain how the quality of fashionable is acquired, and how it is lost. He who was this year decorated with the title, will, perhaps, return to obscurity the next season. *Fashionable* signifies *à-la-mode*, or one who follows the *mode*. To be capable of being fashionable, you must carefully conceal the qualities of your mind and dissemble your knowledge, for *fashion* does not like to be made sensible of its stupidity or ignorance. But for being in the fashion, it is not sufficient to be provided with a confined intellect,—a dress, an equipage, a supper, a concert, sometimes procure this advantage. An artisan, an author, a physician, also become fashionable by the use made of their talents; all their efforts tend to this point, because their futurity is contained in this maxim:—Become fashionable, and your reputation will be assured as well as your fortune. A man wishes to give a course of history, literature, or music, and knows nothing about the matter; yet this is of no consequence, for if it be fashionable to attend his lectures, all the world will flock thither. He may then talk of the rain and the fine weather without any one remembering his promises, which are not thought of.

When fashion attends a concert, it is no way solicitous about hearing music; but there is an opportunity for meeting, and the sound of voices and instruments seems an agreeable accompaniment to its conversation. Hardly has the accompanist given the signal by precluding on the piano, when colloquies are established throughout the room; the chattering soon becomes similar to that of a public place or a market, and this lasts till the end of the piece (*f*). Yet it must be admitted, that generally one artist is excepted from this contemptuous reception; this fortunate mortal is the singer, or rather the songstress then in fashion. As soon as the voice is heard, silence is restored. By this preference, fashion is pleased to imply, that it is not insensible to the charms of music, and that if it listen not to the rest, the reason is, that the rest is undeserving its attention. We must not believe, however, that it grants its favour to such or such a singer with discrimination; causes, often independent of their talents, determine their success. The present season furnishes a proof of what I assert. Formerly the English of the high society were prodigal of gold for their pleasures, and by their largesses offered the artists a compensation for the delights of self-love, which they could not procure for them. But since they have been at liberty to traverse the continent, they have learnt to do the honours of vanity in an economical way (*g*). This year they decided that they would diminish the sum previously granted to singers at their soirées. At first, Madame Malibran refused to subscribe to this arrangement, from which time it was determined that she should not succeed; for here it is sufficient that a few heads of the high society announce that it will not be fashionable to hear a singer, for this latter to find himself in the situation of a *paria*, whom all avoid and despise. Madame Malibran must needs yield, and her complaisance gained for her the favours

which had been till then refused, and her praises issued from those lips which had before decried her. I could cite a thousand similar examples, which would prove, to demonstration, that the English high society has not the sentiment of music, that it has no love for the art, and that if it uses it sometimes, it is to occupy its indolence and cheat its ennui. It was necessary that I should enter into these details, in order to shew the truth of the proposition which I have several times advanced, namely, that if music makes no progress in England, the want of institutions and the defective manner in which society is constituted, are the causes; for, I repeat, I do not believe that the English are absolutely destitute of musical faculties. The English aristocracy, which injures every thing, because it possesses all the wealth, and employs it without discernment, does more harm to music than to any thing else, since this class alone has time to be occupied therewith, and power to render it flourishing. If this aristocracy were less stupid, if all that does honour to human intelligence were not a dead letter to it, English artists would soon distinguish themselves in music, as they do in some departments of painting. I know that the dull and heavy climate of England is little favourable to imagination; yet we must not believe it absolutely contrary thereto, for it was under the influence of this climate that Handel composed his finest works, and that during a residence of forty years (*h*). But what prospect is there for an English composer, singer, or instrumentalist? Among people who only judge of an artist's merit by his ready-made reputation, there is no resource for the beginner. Thus it is not rare to see young English musicians, at first full of enthusiasm, and then gradually chilling with the obstacles which they encounter, till they convince themselves of the necessity of considering the exercise of their art as a means of existence or of fortune, and not as the path to glory.

But is there any hope of seeing this state of things mend, and of perfecting the taste of the *fashionable* gentry? I think not: their musical education is not attempted: now, for the first time, without reverting to the epoch of Handel, when all the great Italian singers shone in the London theatres, I will merely cite the musicians of celebrity who have resided among the English during the last fifty years, since Clementi established himself in England. Dussek, Cramer, Steibelt, Woelfl, Kalkbrenner, Ries, Viotti, almost all the distinguished singers of Italy, Haydn, Winter, and many others, lived a long time in this country, and displayed every kind of perfection without the slightest improvement having resulted to the national taste (*i*). This education, so often commenced, seems like the labour of Penelope, which is not to arrive at a termination. You may instruct those who have the will to learn, but what is to be done with those who will not hear? A particular cause may also arrest the progress of music in England. It is this: formerly the attainment of considerable gain led great artists to this country, and could alone indemnify them for the unpleasantness of their abode among persons so little capable of appreciating merit. But this people, lately so prodigal of its gold, is at present penurious. Should this continue, the probability is, that the English will be abandoned, and that foreigners will no longer consent to encounter its mists and the bad taste of its inhabitants (*j*).

Adieu, my Son,

FÉTIS.

NOTES ON THE EIGHTH LETTER OF M. FÉTIS.

It is impossible to read this letter impartially, and not feel the truth of much that is said concerning the taste in music of our people of fashion, and of the senseless manner in which many of them exhibit their pretended love of the art. Of course, there are exceptions to the present as well as to every general rule, some of which we could mention from our own personal knowledge, but they are lamentably few, and at private concerts—for such only are fashionable—the proportion of those who understand what is going on, is not more than one in ten at the utmost. Whether the insipid stuff, commonly performed at these, and almost always chosen by the singers themselves, is the cause or effect of so deplorable a state of taste, we will not now pause to inquire; the fact is sufficient for our present purpose, and bears the author out in his remarks, severe though they are, it must be confessed.

(*a*) Here again is a broad assertion. It is true, that people in England learn music as a matter of routine, and seldom with any ultimate view; but as to public performers, they, as masters, are necessarily confined to a few; and *tant mieux* for the many, for not one-fourth of them know how to instruct, though they command a guinea a lesson for as many hours as they choose to employ. Practising an art, and communicating its principles, are two things widely different; the talent for both is seldom united in the same person. Public singers from Italy rarely understand music. A distinguished performer, who got two thousand a year by his lessons, confessed to us, that he had learnt music by teaching it!

(*b*) Those who have been familiar with Mr. Cramer's performances for many years, do not discover what M. Fétis has, it seems, learnt by once, or at most twice, hearing him, within the space of three months. He is unaltered, but the fashion is changed. His executive powers are as great as ever, but he disdains sleight-of-hand tricks.

(*c*) Mr. Attwood does not, we believe, give lessons in singing, except to oblige particular persons.

(*d*) As a good musician, nay, as a man of common taste and discernment, M. Fétis is justified in applying language thus strong to the kind of concerts to which he alludes. At these, again, the singers generally choose their own pieces, and the necessary consequence is, that they select the most contemptible trash within their reach. But the public, "the generous public," "a discerning British public," go to these; they listen, they applaud; who then is to be blamed for the rubbish with which the programs are loaded?

(*e*) The compliment is justly paid; but as relates to the arts in general, this class is guilty of one great fault, namely, that of suffering their tastes to be influenced by those who are so ill qualified to govern the judgment of others. Or, in other words, the many are too apt to adopt what the newspapers tell them are the opinions of the "fashionable world."

(*f*) At the second private concert at which Weber was engaged when in London (one of the most splendid assemblies ever witnessed), he performed a piece of his own composition; but he had not been seated at the piano-forte two minutes, before the whole of the party, with the exception of some twenty or thirty, were engaged

in loud conversation, insomuch that only those near the instrument could hear a single sound from it.

(g) That is to say, they are become a little wiser by mixing with more sensible people than themselves; they have learnt that it is worse than idiotism to give a singer thirty guineas for two songs, and a pianist ten more for accompanying them. Madame Malibran asked this sum, because, forsooth, Madame Pasta had received it; and she procured scarcely an engagement for either herself or her intended accompanier. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

(h) If the climate of England be so unfavourable to the production of works of imagination, how has it happened that a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Fielding, a Smollett, a Scott, a Byron, a West, a Hogarth, a Martin, a Purcell, an Arne, a Boyce, with a multitude of other geniuses of the highest order, were born under its influence, and achieved their mighty works in the midst of its dull and heavy air?

(i) This is another proof of the author's want of information concerning the general taste for music in England. Upon the whole, it is gradually becoming more widely diffused and of a better kind, witness our provincial meet-

ings. Nay, even our street music is evidence of the advance made. That the improvement is not so great as it ought to be, we are obliged to admit, and the cause of such backwardness is mainly owing to the very imperfect manner in which the art is too often taught.

(j) It is the prodigality of the English that has caused the present high prices of singers in every part of Europe. Our penuriousness—*anglicé*, our diminished folly—will soon be felt beneficially on the continent; and we can assure M. Fétis, that the mists of England will not deter *artistes* from still coming among us on half the terms, or even one quarter, that were paid in this plundered country while the mania was at its highest. As to our bad taste, we are in a considerable degree indebted for what we possess of it to impudent foreign quacks, who have from time to time been encouraged by our people of fashion to quarter themselves on us.

* * * An account of the remarks made by M. Fétis on our notes to his first and second letters, with our comments thereon, shall appear in our next. Before that number is published, we hope we shall have seen the observations on these letters, and on our notes, which have been, or are to be, inserted in the *Berlin Musical Gazette*.

Review of Music.

1. The Border Garland, containing TWELVE SONGS, the Poetry by JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd; several of the airs composed by himself and friends; arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by JAMES DEWAR. (Edinburgh, Purdie.)
2. LAYS OF THE PASSIONS, the Poetry written by MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON; the music composed by JAMES BARNETT. (Barnett, 162, Regent Street.)

THAT the Muses of lyric poetry and song still vouchsafe to listen to their Scottish votaries, and bestow on them a portion of those favours which they granted so liberally to Caledonian suppliants in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, needs no other proof than the contents of *The Border Garland*.

A portion, we say, and express ourselves under such limit, because not wishing it to be inferred that either the words or airs of the present collection entitle it to be placed exactly on a level with much that has had birth in the same country. Meritorious as undoubtedly are the poet and composers of this work, they are still nearly allied to imitators, and have not that claim to the meed of high praise to which only originality can establish any right.

Had the songs of Scotland never before existed, particularly the Jacobite songs, of which Mr. Hogg has given us so admirable a collection,—had the present been the first Scottish Melodies that ever met the public ear, then should we have spoken of them in terms of unqualified commendation; but as the archetypes of both poetry and music have been long and well known, insomuch that many of them were the incentives, the delight and solace of the forefathers of the present race, we can only mention them as very spirited, ingenious imitations of what really deserved to be taken as models by those possessed of the discernment, taste, and ability evinced in the volume before us.

The first of the set, a Jacobite song,—that is to say, a

song expressing the sentiments and imitating the language of the adherents of the Stuarts—is animated, and quite Scottish. The second, “Culloden Day,” is impressive and pleasing. The third equally so. A modulation here from *b \flat* to *G* minor and immediately into *e \flat* , is unexpected and good. The fourth, “The lament of Flora Macdonald,” in *A \flat* , begins like “For you, my sweet maid,” in *Rosina*. This, as well as the first, is composed by a “friend of the poet,” and far from new in any respect, but expressive, and the key does much for it. In the fifth we find, as in many of the others, the 4th note of the scale studiously avoided; thus acquiring a very national tinge. The sixth, another Jacobite song, is full of character. The symphony, in the bolero style, contributes not a little to its effect, and a novel feature is given to the air by commencing in the major, though the symphony begins, and the whole ends, in the minor. The seventh, “Caledonia,” is full of feeling, but for new thoughts we have in vain searched. The eighth is not less common.

We now come to two airs composed by the author of the words, the first of which, the ninth of the set, is in *E* minor, a beautiful melody, and “every inch” Caledonian. The next, the tenth of the series, we have selected as a specimen of the work. It will be found among the music of this number, and we trust will have as many charms for others as it has for us. The eleventh has no claim to particular notice. The twelfth is remarkable on account of the air beginning in the major and ending in the minor, though the symphonies are in the former mode. It has little else to distinguish it.

Full justice has been done to this work by the arranger: we have not discovered one false accent, or even a doubtful note in the harmony. The symphonies and accompaniments are in all respects excellent, and prove Mr. Dewar to possess as much general discrimination as musical knowledge.

The poetry has the true clannish energy; the fiery zeal of the partisan. Some few of the songs, however, are in a more tender strain; and all exhibit that richness and earnestness, which distinguish the productions of Mr. Hogg's muse.

It was a hazardous exploit to enter the lists with Collins,—with him who wrote what Dr. Langhorne does not hesitate to pronounce “the finest ode in the English language;” and courageous was the attempt to give musical utterance to the passions. To be successful, the one required a giant's strength; the other demanded a deep, reflecting mind, an extensive acquaintance with the human heart, and a full knowledge of the *materia musica*. That neither poetess nor composer has attained the object in view, we are under the necessity of stating. The latter however comes the most legitimately under our notice.

If the music of this volume be considered independently of the words, much credit will be due to Mr. Barnett for the talent he has shewn in some parts of it: the melodies are often natural and pleasing, and the accompaniments, symphonies, &c., occasionally rise to excellence. Yet with few, very few exceptions, he has totally failed in his principal design—to express and illustrate the powerful emotions of the mind. This was a task beyond his present strength—to him it has proved the bow of Ulysses. But he may console himself when he is told, that many of very great name, and long experience, would, in all probability, have proved equally unsuccessful.

Of these “Lays” there are eight. The first, Hope, is a free, pleasing melody, and the verses are set with great judgment; but why the almost obsolete time of twelve quavers should be used, we cannot divine. This measure is, past all dispute, less easy to the performer than when divided into two parts, producing a time of six-eight, the effect of both being, in every way, precisely the same. It is rather discouraging to perceive that while all other arts and sciences are making daily advances in simplification, that of music enjoys not even the negative advantage of standing still, but is actually in a retrograding state.

The second, Despair, is very clever as a composition; though to have given due expression to the subject, a more appropriate key than ϵb might have been chosen, the harmony should have taken a deeper colouring, and an air less smooth and continuous in its construction ought to have been adopted. However, viewing this merely as music, and independently of the words, it evinces great ability. We insert the symphony, which will, if we mistake not, fully justify our praise.

ANDANTE MARCATO.

The third, Joy, is a sweet melody. The 17th and 18th bars contain a charming though short sequence, in the good old style, of the $\frac{4}{2}$. The accompaniment to this might surely have been rather more florid. The fourth, Sorrow, is not successful in any way. The music itself is trite, and a good deal of false accentuation is scattered throughout. We cannot speak more favourably of the fifth, Love, which is as common as the passion, though we presume no imitation of this sort was intended. The sixth, Jealousy, is altogether unfortunate. Part of it is in the waltz style, and the accents are continually in error. To shew how ill adapted this air is to the words, and in how distressingly hacknied a manner it is written, we quote the two first bars:—

Revenge comes next, the symphony to which, though in a major key, will hardly fail to remind the hearer of the beautiful Allegretto in Beethoven's seventh symphony. The introduction of a warrior to express a passion so little connected with ambition and military glory the chief incitements to deeds of arms, was not a happy thought. The last, Cheerfulness, does not terminate the volume in a very triumphant manner: it is replete in commonplaces, and, to say the truth, very nearly touches the confines of vulgarity.

Each of the “Lays” is accompanied by an illustrative lithographed print; but on this part of the work we cannot bring ourselves to pronounce anything in the shape of an encomium. The volume, so far as regards engraving and paper, is exceedingly well brought out.

1. CAPRICE, composed by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, *Cheapside*.)
2. RONDO, by PIO CIANCHETTINI. Op. 19. No. 1. (Chappell, 135, *New Bond Street*.)

3. **INTRODUZIONE e BRILLANTE POLONESE**, composta dal Maestro EMMANUELE BORGATTA, *Accademico Filarmonico di Bologna*. (Pettet, 154, Oxford Street.)

No. 1. is the first composition by this highly-gifted musician that has come under our notice as reviewers. We hail it with no common satisfaction, for of the publications sent us, too many are mere *crambe recocata*, offering no reward for the labour expended in their examination, though often costing as much in time, as works of science and genius, and infinitely more in fatigue.

The Capriccio is in F# minor, a key which generally announces something uncommon. The subjoined is its subject, which we have so written as to take up the least possible room.

Prestissimo. Pia. Sherzoso.

This is pursued through a great variety of masterly, but not extraneous or pedantic, modulations; and, in the best spirit of the old contrapuntists, the motivo is always more or less kept in sight. Those who have a taste for music with an ancient tinge, who admire the Scarlatti and Bach school, will find plenty of gratification in the present composition; while the "fanatico per la musica moderna" will immediately discover in it features both interesting and new. It will appear somewhat long if not played with the utmost degree of celerity, but properly performed it must impress every true connoisseur by its originality and energy. We will likewise add, that, as an exercise, it will prove invaluable to those who have made much advance as players. The moderation of the price likewise ought not to remain unnoticed: fifteen pages of *original* music, and such music too, for three shillings!

No. 2 is an able work, abounding in learned modulation, and containing several good passages, but there is a want of fancy, of invention, in it, a quality of very rare occurrence in the present day we admit, which can only be renovated by letting the mind lie fallow for a time, and thus applying the remedy of agriculturists to the powers of imagination.

In the Polonese of Signor Borgatta, the increased and increasing tendency to the German style among the Italians is exceedingly discernible. There is much vivacity

here, but only a small share of originality: so small, that we should find it a task of some difficulty to point out a bar that has not often before employed the engraver's tools. Nevertheless, though we discover no creations in this, we find no errors. Indeed the author is a *maestro*; an academician too!

PIANO-FORTE.

1. **RONDINO**, on HAYDN'S CANZONET, the Mermaid's Song, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 153. No. 1. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, *Cheapside*.)
2. **VARIATIONS** for PIANO-FORTE and FLUTE, on a Portuguese Hymn, composed and published by the same. Op. 152. No. 1.

MR. RIES has chosen two very lovely compositions for his present purpose; and though such is the passion for novelty in music, and the influence of fashion over it, that the best is soon condemned to the shelf, yet that which is intrinsically good is seldom wholly forgotten, but periodically descends from its dusty abode, and "like a giant refreshed by sleep," quickly asserts its superiority. That such airs as this canzonet and "Adeste fideles" should long remain neglected and in obscurity, is, therefore, unlikely; some musician of judgment will be sure to rescue them after a time, and either restore them in their native shape, which is most to be recommended, or, to conciliate those who tolerate nothing but what at least seems new, give them another form, as in the present case, and re-introduce them in the most modern garb.

The Rondino is an ingenious and agreeable enlargement of the air. By leading it into the minor an unexpected effect is produced, and some very good passages flow out of the modulation. It is not long, and moderate players may venture to undertake it without any fear as to the result: but a superior performer will extract a great deal more out of it than at first view it seems to contain.

The variations on the Portuguese Hymn are very good. We do not often meet with a work of the kind for the two instruments in which so much of the pleasing, not un-mixed with the scientific, is produced. These are six in number, and in point of difficulty they are on a level with the foregoing piece. The flute part, which is obligato, will require a practised performer, but no unusual powers of execution. If there is an objectionable point in the present variations, it is, that some of them are too quick and light for the character of the subject. Neither an allegro movement, nor one *à la Hongroise*, will to many persons seem quite compatible with the nature of a hymn.

1. **Gems à la Malibran**, a DRAMATIC FANTASIA, in which are introduced favourite subjects, with the Embellishments and Cadences as sung by MADAME MALIBRAN; composed by IGNACE MOSCHELES. Book I. (Mori and Lavenu, 28, Old Bond Street.)
2. Ditto ditto ditto. Book II.

As instrumental passages are now pretty regularly performed, or attempted to be performed, by men and women with their voices, it is but just that instrumentalists should be allowed to adapt to their fingers as many vocal pieces as they may choose to lay violent hands on. Our piano-forte composers are now all acting vigorously on this principle, which may be called the retaliatory one, and for every sonata—sonata, did we say? the word is obsolete!—for each genuine pianoforte

piece now published, there are fifty arrangements, or transformations, from Italian, German, English, and French airs, &c., under the names of Fantasia, Divertimento, and so forth. What does this betray?—why what we have often hinted—that there is a sad lack of melody in the music written for the instrument during the last ten or fifteen years; that too much, nay almost every thing, has, in a majority of instances, been sacrificed to execution; that mechanism has superseded grace, and mere sleight-of-hand triumphed over taste and feeling. By this corruption all reasonable people are at length become disgusted, and nothing now sells, and little else is listened to, but opera songs, duets, and choruses, transformed into the many shapes which adaptations are forced to assume. Nor ought this to excite our wonder, for the ear naturally seeks a clear, uninvolved subject—it requires something more intelligible than wide leaps and scrambling arpeggios—something more rational than *weaving* passages and howls of semitones; it asks for air, which is to be found in music composed for the voice, though not always of the best quality.

Mr. Moscheles, quite alive to this fact, has lately yielded to what is evidently the public feeling, and devoted much of his time and talent to such arrangements, which, sanctioned by his name, we can easily suppose are eagerly sought after by the principal publishing-houses.

These two books of "Gems" are made up of the airs, &c., sung by Madame Malibran last season: namely, "Se m'abbandoni," in *Nicotri*; "Ah! se vedo," in *Sigismondo*; "Sull' aria," and "Crudel perche finora," in *Figaro*; "Vedrai carino," in *Don Giovanni*; "Dolce pensiero," "Ebben, a te ferisce," and "Tu serena," in *Semiramide*. They are given almost exactly as performed, the additions being very few, and chiefly for the purpose of uniting the subjects in a consistent whole. These augmentations, however, speak for themselves, and declare the pen of a master; which is strikingly shewn in the first book, pages 11 and 12, in a modulation from *c* to *ab*.

The composer, or in more correct language, the adaptor, has compiled these for general use, therefore avoided whatever might have confined them to a particular class of performers. We must remark, that the cost is not accurately proportioned to either the quantity of matter or the nature of the publication, which, not consisting of original composition, offers no excuse for an arbitrary price. For this, however, no blame, we believe, attaches to M. Moscheles.

1. AIR, from *Auber's Opera*, Masaniello, arranged by Augustus Meves. (Preston, *Dean Street*.)
2. BARCAROLLE and Market Chorus from the same. Arranged and published by the same.
3. INTRODUCTION and RONDO on the Barcarolle in Masaniello, composed by Charles Glover. (Falkner, 3, *Old Bond Street*.)

WE hardly need say anything now in praise of Auber's opera, particularly of the Barcarolle, which appeared in the musical part of our work long ago. M. Meves's two publications are contrived for popularity, being simply arranged and consequently easy.

The Introduction to No. 3 does not inspire us with any high notions of the composer's skill in harmony; and the alterations he has made in the Barcarolle may be very praiseworthy in his sight, though certainly not laudable in ours.

1. A French Romance, with Variations by G. KIALLMARK. (Chappell.)
2. RONDO, arranged from a favourite melody in WEIGL'S Schweitzer Familie, with an Introduction composed by EDWIN J. NIELSON, Organist of St. Philips, Salford. (Preston.)
3. Fantasia, on an air by Rossini, composed, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, by AUGUSTE BERTINI. (Chappell.)
4. L'Enjouement de la Musique, a collection of airs from the OPERAS of MOZART, ROSSINI, WINTER, &c., arranged as RONDOS by ANTON. DIABELLI. No. 1. (George, *Fleet Street*.)
5. Friendship's Offering, a BRILLIANT WALTZ, composed by C. DELLA TORRE. (Same publisher.)

No. 1 is a pretty air, with variations equally pleasing, all of which are calculated for the million; but as to originality, in any shape, or in any sense of the word, there is not the smallest pretence.

No. 2 is by a musician who, though young—for he has but recently quitted the Royal Academy of Music—possesses a true feeling for the art. He has chosen a charming air, and managed it with taste and address. But his Introduction to it is the best part of the whole: more quiet, charming harmony, more true expression, we have seldom met with in recent publications. It does him infinite credit, and promises much for the future.

Of the Fantasia we can only say, that it consists of certain passages from Rossini, interspersed by others, of the tweedle-dee family, by M. Bertini, which doubtless he thinks vastly pretty, and most likely will find many a very young lady to think with him. We are assuredly too old to enjoy such music. We likewise are much too stupid to understand what advantage is to be gained by altering the marks which all agree to employ in directing the use of the pedal. Unquestionably M. Bertini has very cogent reasons for employing a great *d*, with a dot in it, and the same letter with a dash through it, to indicate the putting down and raising up of the open pedal, but we have not sagacity enough to penetrate the depths of his motive for so radical a change. Perhaps in some future impression he will have the goodness to enlighten us.

No. 4 is a perfectly easy, useful publication. Diabelli arranges such things with great judgment.

No. 5 is a spirited, good waltz, in which the author makes an effort, and not an unsuccessful one, to avoid the beaten track.

1. OVERTURE to the Opera of GUILLAUME TELL, composed by G. ROSSINI. Arranged for the PIANO-FORTE. (Goulding and D'Almaine, *Soho Square*.)
2. SELECT AIRS from the same, arranged for the PIANO-FORTE, with an accompaniment, ad libitum, for the FLUTE, by J. F. BURROWES. Books I. and II. (Same publishers.)

WE have before us selections from the opera written for the Académie Royale by the great, the popular composer of Italy, which has excited more enthusiasm in Paris than ever was produced in that city, or indeed any other, by any one of his former works. Whether this *fureur* is to be attributed to the merit of the composition, or to the natural warmth of the nation in theatrical matters, increased to a red heat by the circumstance, which they consider a very flattering one, of so celebrated an Italian genius adopting their language, we shall be better able to judge after it has

been produced at the King's Theatre. For of course we shall not offer anything like a decided opinion of the work till either having heard it well performed, or after a deliberate examination of the score; neither of which advantages have we yet enjoyed. We shall therefore only state what impression is made on us by these arrangements, which, from the very nature of such things, can raise but an imperfect idea of vocal and orchestral effects, and are chiefly useful in recalling what has been heard in a complete state, the memory then supplying that which a single instrument unaided cannot give.

The overture opens with a placid andante in E minor, three-four time, and this part is assigned, we believe, to five violoncellos. We can readily suppose that the effect is exceedingly good. It is very pleasing, principally from its tranquillity, even on the piano-forte. Then follows an allegro in the same key, loud and agitated. This introduces a *ranz des vaches* in G major, which leads into a military movement in E major, and herein every performer in the orchestra appears to be brought into full play. We can easily imagine a great deal of instrumental and theatrical effect in this, but not so much of that which is purely musical.

The two books comprise seven pieces,—airs, choruses, &c. most of which have afforded us much gratification, even in their present necessarily imperfect form, and unassisted by any knowledge of their real effects. That Rossini has for some time past been in transition to a new style, has been justly remarked, and, if we might venture to judge from these sketches or outlines of his last opera, we should say, that he has fully completed the change. We here find nothing resembling what he has before done,—no plagiarisms from himself—no mannerism. Possibly, however, only such pieces have now been selected as are free from reminiscences. There appears to be more solidity in the general construction; the harmony is more regular, while not the slightest diminution of melody is apparent. Its author has heard more good music, and a greater variety of it, than he had an opportunity of doing while in Italy. The effect of this has been visible in his later works, but in none so distinctly to be seen as in the present. One passage, a brief fugato, we extract from the *Pas d'Archers, et Chœur* (Book ii. page 10,) which will not a little astonish many of our readers.

There are many other classical allusions, and symptoms of a nascent taste for ancient harmony, scattered throughout the several pieces.

This arrangement bears every appearance of being exceedingly well executed; but upon this point, as well as all others connected with an opera of which we know so little, we wish to speak with reserve.

DUETS, PIANO-FORTE.

Willis's JUVENILE DUETS, Nos. 1 to 5. (Willis and Co.)

THESE belong to that class of minor adaptations which are often in request, and when well executed, as in the present case, are extremely useful, though when wanted are, from their comparative insignificance, not often known, or easily remembered. For this reason we just mention them, but certainly not for the purpose of criticising. They consist of "I'd be a butterfly;" "Cherry ripe;" "The Swiss boy;" the Barcarolle, market chorus, and Guaracha, from *Masaniello*, &c.; each number containing four pages.

DIDACTIC.

1. A CATECHISM OF MUSIC, in which the elementary principles are explained, with preliminary instructions for the Piano-forte, by T. BUSBY, Mus. Doc. (Souter, St. Paul's Church Yard.)
2. THE ELEMENTS OF PRACTICAL MUSIC, by CHARLES C. SPENCER. (The Author, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.)

THE first of these contains nearly all that has been or can be said on the subject, in a very compact, cheap form; it only seems to us, that Dr. Busby has now and then been a little too learned for such as are to be instructed by means of a catechism. For instance, the word *Euphony* must be perfectly unintelligible to a child; but if inserted, why not translate it literally at once. The terms *tonic*, *mediant*, &c. are equally unadapted to infantine understandings. But if we must have learning in a little work like this, let it be free from error: if the Italian words *coro*, *sestetto*, *tema*, &c. must be introduced, let the first and last be spelt without an *h*, and the second without any *i*. If necessary to talk to children about such a thing as an *acciacatura*, let it not be called *accentura*. Let it not be said that "the word *buffa* means a male performer in an Italian comic opera." But we will not multiply instances.

No. 2 is intended, we conclude, for those who reason while they read. It is decidedly too scientific for young persons, and perhaps not quite sufficiently demonstrative for older students. In one point the author is decidedly wrong, namely, in his minor scales, (p. 10,) one of which he gives without sharpening either 6th or 7th ascending, and the other with the 7th alone sharpened. This we notice, because a matter of singular importance. In other

respects we have been pleased with this pamphlet, which is clearly and well written, free from any of those absurdities which are not uncommon in books of instruction on music, and containing in a small compass a great deal of useful information.

VOCAL.

1. CANTATA, "Be silent now, ye merry strains," the words by W. STEELE, Esq.
2. FANTASIA VOCALE, the poetry by J. HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.
3. TWO SONGS, The Twin Brothers, the words by MISS LANDON.
4. Two ditto, The Twin Sisters, the words by W. STEELE, Esq. All composed by A. P. HEINRICH. (Published by Clementi and Co.)

THERE is so much fancy and labour, deep feeling and eccentricity, knowledge of harmony and occasional contempt of its rules, in these compositions, that we are fairly posed in endeavouring to speak of them according to their deserts. With more attention to melody and less devotion to accompaniment—more nature and less art, they would have attracted a greater degree of notice than they are likely to obtain in their present state. We freely confess that notes so unexpected started up,—modulations so *recherchées* and unlooked for occurred, that we were repeatedly compelled to pause in order to clearly understand the author's meaning. But he exhibits such vigour, such pathos, is so entirely in earnest, that the trouble bestowed on his compositions is certainly well bestowed, and we recommend them to the attention of those who delight in what may not unaptly be called the Curiosities of Music. Let us also express a hope that he will not be discouraged should his present publications not extend themselves so widely as he may have been led to expect. But let him persevere, giving rather a different direction to his genius. His enthusiasm carries him away—he is too energetic. He should recollect that the multitude have not the same intensity of feeling that he possesses, therefore cannot always go along with him. With his talent, if he will but be less ardent, less profound, and more familiar, success may burst on him at an unexpected moment, when disappointment may almost have extinguished hope.

Mr. Heinrich's history is, we are told, highly interesting—amounting to the romantic. His evidently is no common mind, and this, it is probable, has led him into adventures of no common kind.

1. SONG, Love and Time, written by a modern Welsh harper, composed by MRS. J. B. THOMPSON. (Latour, New Bond Street.)
2. Ballad, "A solitary grief," written by T. H. BAYLY, Esq., composed by JOHN LODGE, Esq. (Willis and Co.)
3. Serenade, "Awake thee, Rosalie," by Berry King, Esq. (Willis and Co.)

No. 1 might be called a cantata, there is such variety of movement in it, and ad libitums as substitutes for the necessary recitative. In one or two places the accompaniment wants that regulating which the rules of harmony require; but on the whole the fair authoress has here shewn a considerable share of talent for song.

No. 2 is a very elegant and extremely expressive ballad, richly entitled to unqualified praise.

No. 3 is a pretty melody, and the accompaniment assists the voice, without entering into rivalry with it. Some

of the words, however, hang very much: the notes are too long for them, and produce a drawling effect.

The above are further proofs of the progress making in the art of musical composition by dilettanti.

1. The Minstrel Maid, written to a Spanish Bolero, by W. BALL; the Music adapted by S. WEBBE. (Chappell.)
2. SONG, "O cease to persuade me!" Written by R. S. C. JONES, Esq.; adapted to an Air by PUCITTA, by A. LE JEUNE. (Chappell.)
3. The Vine-Dresser's Song, "Come away, girls, to labour;" written to a Waltz by WEBER; arranged by W. BALL.
4. CANZONET, "Give thee good-morrow, busy Bee;" the poetry by MISS MITFORD; from the Christmas Box, composed by EDWARD TAYLOR. (Chappell.)
5. SERENADE, "Lady, the silver moon shines bright;" sung by MISS LOVE; composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Clementi and Co.)
6. BALLAD, "Farewell! thou dear country;" composed by G. F. STANSBURY. (Clementi and Co.)
7. CAVATINA, "Maidens, try and keep your hearts;" sung by MISS H. CAWSE, in the Operetta called The Middle Temple, composed by J. NELSON. (Chappell.)
8. BALLAD, "When we two parted;" the poetry by LORD BYRON; composed by THOMAS MILLAR. (Mori and Lavenue.)
9. SONG, Peter Peppercorn, written by T. HUDSON; composed by J. BLEWITT. (Clementi and Co.)
10. BALLAD, "The bonnie wee rose-bud," sung by MISS PATON; composed by C. H. PURDAY. (Clementi and Co.)
11. BALLAD, The Dream; written by MRS. TURNBULL, composed by W. TURNBULL. (Clementi and Co.)
12. SONG, "Adieu! fair isle;" from the poem of Vallery, by C. DONNE SILLERY, Esq.; composed by J. JOLLY, Organist of St. Philip's Chapel. (Purdie, Edinburgh.)

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are adaptations. The first to a pretty, lively bolero; well arranged, it is hardly necessary to say, as Mr. S. Webbe's name appears to it. The second, (to an Italian air, the title of which we forget, but was hardly worth a revival, though the opening is expressive,) goes very ill to the verses, the metre and emphasis of which are set at utter defiance by the notes. But such violations are tolerated at our grand national theatres, it seems! The third is a well known waltz.

No. 4 is pleasing, easy, and the words are appropriately set, but it exhibits no very new feature.

No. 5 is rather a poor affair. "Her beams;" "Thy lover," &c., and other such accentuation ought not to escape reproof.

No. 6 is set in a superior taste and with much feeling, and the words are all properly accented.

To No. 7 the singer gives a certain archness, upon which its effect depends in a very considerable degree. It is, however, without faults.

No. 8 is very vocal; the melody if not quite new has a certain elegance about it, and is well suited to the character of the poetry. But the $g\flat$, sixth bar, page 3, should be written $F\sharp$. The previous chord is a $\frac{5}{4}$, and g the 4th is resolved by $F\sharp$.

No. 9 is one of those comic songs in which Mr. Blewitt is generally very successful. The vignette by Gauci, it must be acknowledged, is not the least meritorious part of this.

No. 10 is very like an old air that every body knows; and as to the accompaniment, a novelty in which is some-

times an apology for melodial *reminiscences*, it leads us to believe that the composer is a mere tyro in harmony.

No. 11 has nothing uncommon in it, except the measure, which is $\frac{6}{4}$; why, we cannot guess, for $\frac{3}{4}$ would have been far preferable on every account.

No. 12 is all *en règle*; the taste both of melody and accompaniment is unimpeachable, and the words are accurately set; but as to originality, it is not in mortal composers always to command it, though they may strive hard to be endowed by so rare and desirable a gift.

FLUTE.

SOCIAL PIECES, with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by CHARLES NICOLSON. Nos. 4 and 5. (Clementi, Collard and Collard.)

These are a continuation of a work noticed by us before in those terms of commendation which we felt it merited. The present numbers well uphold the credit of the publication, and contain eight of the most popular pieces in *Masaniello*, together with an aria by Mr. Nicolson, and a Portuguese melody, all arranged according to the plan in which the editor set out; that is to say, to suit the various compositions to the degree of practical skill which the majority of tolerably good amateurs acquire; with an accompaniment so simple and free from all passages of the slightest difficulty, that little more than firmness in time is required from the performer*.

ÆOLINA.

Instructions for the Æolina, or Mund-Harmonica, with a Selection of POPULAR MELODIES, expressly arranged for the instrument. 8vo. 1829. (Wheatstone and Co.)

DURING this very year a new musical instrument has sprung up, and, what in the present day may appear extraordinary, it is neither made of cast iron, nor worked by means of steam; but "there is much music in this little organ give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." Hamlet's description is quite as applicable to the æolina as to the flageolet of the sixteenth century, with this immense advantage in favour of the former, that it is not only capable of harmony, but peculiarly calculated to render it by means so simple, that every man, woman, and child in the habitable world, having lungs—the only peremptory condition—may produce it after five minutes' practice.

Mr. Wheatstone, to whom we are mainly indebted for having made this instrument known here, is, we conjecture, the author of the present little treatise, which contains nearly everything that can be said on the subject, and in the clearest language; a fact which by no means surprises us, for this gentleman possesses a truly philosophical mind, and a thorough knowledge of the science of acous-

* To the fourth number is prefixed a strong and pointed attack on an individual,—who we must for the present conclude has provoked it—under the title of "A word or two to Mr. W. N. James," the author of "A word or two on the Flute," and editor of the Flutist's Magazine. As we never see the latter work, we are ignorant of the full extent of the offence therein given to Mr. Nicolson, but so far as we are qualified to judge from the *six folio pages of letter-press* put forth by the latter, he has had abundant cause for complaint. However, it must be granted that we in some measure have only *ex parte* evidence on which to form an opinion, though Mr. James's own letter, and the circumstances connected therewith, which are detailed at length, will, we should think, render this gentleman's defence a task of extraordinary difficulty.

NOVEMBER, 1829.

tics, on which, if we do not much deceive ourselves, he is destined to throw very considerable light ere long.

The delightful little organ has now taken a great variety of shapes, and is capable of producing an equal variety of effects. In all its manifold forms it is to be met with in the principal music-shops in the metropolis.

* * Many articles of Review are necessarily deferred till next month, our printer not being able to find room for much that is set up.

WELSH MELODIES.

SIR, To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

WHEN one man knocks another down *unintentionally*, the least he can do is to help him up again. In your last number, you were kind enough to notice my third volume of Welsh Melodies, and in giving the following passage, you observed "Here are not only fifths, but most horrible ones."



I referred immediately to the MS., and there found, that F, and not E, preceded the D flat—which of course rendered the harmony correct. The reason why the error occurred three times, is, that as it was the accompaniment to the melody, I only wrote it to the *first* of the three stanzas of which the song consists. To all your other observations I bow, and readily admit that the harmony would have been improved, had it been written as you give it.

I shall accept your challenge, and endeavour to prove the right which we Cambrians have to a number of melodies denominated "*Welsh Airs*," in doing which, I shall do my utmost to render the article interesting to your musical readers as well as to Antiquarians.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN PARRY.

October 14, 1829.

Foreign Musical Report.

VIENNA.

A GRAND heroic, historic ballet in five acts has been produced at the *Kärnthnerthor Theater*, with the most decided success. It is called *Cæsar in Egypt*, is written by Astolfi, and composed by Count Von Gallenberg. For many years no work has here met, and that deservedly, with such universal and rapturous applause. The "pomp and circumstance" of dramatic decoration, scenery, costume, &c., is only exceeded by the beauty of the music, which, in the elegance of the solos and the imposing effect of the choruses, is beyond all comparison. The German journals, speaking of the effect of the piece, say, that "the public swam in a sea of delight," and intimates that the manager may be assured of reaping

"Golden opinions from all sorts of men."

BERLIN.

A new opera called the "Eroberung von Jerusalem," (*Conquest of Jerusalem*) by Löwe, is to be produced at the Theatre Royal. This composer has already distinguished himself in ballad composition. The present announcement has excited great interest among his numerous admirers, who have long wished to see him in a more enlarged sphere than any which he has hitherto chosen.

FRANKFORT.

On the 17th of September, Paganini gave a concert here to an overflowing and enraptured audience. There is really something magical in the effect produced by this artist's performance. A gaunt figure, with a pale face and long black hair, presents himself, and by the spell of "his so potent art," opens to the imagination a world of beauty unthought of in the enthusiast's brightest dreams. Every where his arrival is impatiently awaited, and every where he leaves behind him "a memory that may not die."

CASSEL.

This theatre was re-opened on the 25th of July, and on the 28th the untiring opera of *Otello* was performed, in which Madame Schweizer as *Desdemona*, and Mr. Wild as *Otello*, were welcomed with acclamation by a numerous audience. *John of Paris*, *Oberon*, and *Jessonda*, followed in succession. It is somewhat singular that the last, which next to *Faust* is the most perfect of Spohr's operas, should not have been produced in South Germany. We should regret being constrained to account for this by believing, as some among the North Germans believe, that their southern countrymen are so wedded to Italian melody, that they have no taste for the powerful harmony of genuine German music. Madame Schweizer as *Jessonda*, and Wild as *Nadori*, left nothing to be desired.

On the 18th of August, Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* was re-produced; on the 21st *La Dame Blanche*; on the 24th *La Muette di Portici*. In all these operas, and most especially in the last, the loss of Heinefetter is but too sensibly perceived. It cannot be concealed that Madame Schweizer's voice is impaired; the Germans affirm that our climate has caused this change, and contend that it is by no means favourable to female voices. From this opinion it is our bounden duty to dissent, and we dare of our own knowledge aver, that our climate, with all its varieties, is constantly favourable to the "most sweet voices" of the *schöne geschlecht* (fair sex). But this is a truism, and with best wishes for Madame Schweizer's vocal restoration, we hope that she will give our much-wronged climate another trial.

HALLE.

The Grand Festival of the Thuringian-Saxon Musical Meeting, took place September last.

This festival, which was got up under the superintendence of Mr. Naue, musical director, opened with an overture by Spontini, who presided as leader on the occasion. The Prussian national song concluded the performances of the first day.

The second day of the festival surpassed the former. Handel's *Samson* captivated all hearers. The performance of this day also concluded with the Prussian national song. The third day afforded a further delight to the assembled amateurs, by two overtures and fifteen pieces. Upon the whole, the selections and arrangements at this festival were in the highest degree praiseworthy, and Spontini has done himself honour, by the zealous feeling with

which he identified himself with the immortal spirit of Handel.

Sixty-three German towns have subscribed to the honorary medal presented to Spontini, on one side of which is an image of that celebrated composer.

ROME.

Teatro Valle. L'orfanello di Genova.—A new opera, by Maestro Signor Ricci, has just met with considerable success. The overture was listened to but coldly, but the cavatina in the first act by Gentili elicited great applause, which was increased to enthusiasm at the cavatina sung by Madame Fischer, as also at the duet between that lady and Gentili. A quintetto which followed was not relished, but all the second act drew down rapturous plaudits. This is the first successful work by Ricci, who is a Neapolitan artist.

COMO.

On the 2d of August Madame Pasta, assisted by the singers and orchestra of the *Teatro Carcano*, at Milan, gave a concert for the benefit of the poor of this place. Her reception may be easily conceived.

PARIS.

Théâtre Royal Italien.—M. Inchindi, who appeared at Paris some years ago, when he was called Hinnikindt, has since Italianized his name, and what is more to the purpose, his style of singing. Having been treated with, perhaps, unmerited neglect in his earliest efforts before a Parisian audience, he departed for Italy, where, generally speaking, audiences are not predisposed to censure. Hinnikindt gradually regained his self-confidence, and suddenly discovered that he had a good voice, and sung well; a discovery, not unfrequently made by young *debutants*, who, unable to withstand the *persiflage* of the Parisian press on their first attempts, make their appeal to kinder, and, it may be, sounder critics, and eventually become very distinguished vocalists. In proof of this we may now mention the names of Meric-Lalande, and Favelli, who enjoy unrivalled fame in Italy; and also Madame Fodor, who could not maintain her position at the Théâtre Feydeau, but who, in a more favourable situation, has secured to herself a brilliant and well-merited reputation.

On his re-appearance among the amateurs who had misjudged him formerly, Hinnikindt, under the name of Inchindi, took the part of Assur in *Semiramide*, and did wonders. A firm, clear, and sonorous voice, and his great facility of execution, won for him unanimous and deserved applause. His embarrassment and evident emotion prevented his giving full dramatic expression to the character which he represented; but the performance was one full of promise, and, allowing for a re-appearance before an audience which had formerly rejected him, he may be said to have fulfilled the most sanguine expectation of his friends.

Re-appearance of Garcia.—It was in 1807 that Garcia first appeared in Paris, and by his performance of *Alma-viva* created a sensation till then unparalleled; and the remembrance of which was yet fresh in the minds of many on the 24th, when an immense crowd had collected to welcome the old favourite of the public. The anxiety with which the triumphant artist of other days is expected, after an absence of years, has something painful in it. The march of time is seldom one of traceless steps; and, perhaps, no more manifest and melancholy evidence of this truth can be conceived, than that presented by an undi-

minished spiritual energy, acting on enfeebled physical capabilities. Yet who is there, who in thirty years of human life has not met with some such change in the powers of the vocalist, whose performance was the wonder and delight of his youthful enthusiasm. And how many among those who flocked to welcome Garcia—Garcia once the most wonderful tenor that had ever been heard in Paris—were there not who found that the power which formerly, as it were, revelled in its own resources, was replaced by an effort scarcely less painful to them than to the distinguished veteran himself. The introductory *cavatina* was the most dangerous trial which Garcia had to fear, and all his address could not prevent his failing in it. He never sang this piece in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and on this occasion the sensation which he caused was embarrassing, and the applause which he received must be termed that of remembrance. Through the remainder of the opera he sang with great spirit and effect, managing his voice with the tact of a perfect master.

Mademoiselle Sontag continues the delight of the Parisian audiences, and as their critics observe of her execution of Rode's variations:—"It is allowable to make an instrument of the voice, when in rapidity and brilliancy the vocalist eclipses the most skilful instrumentists."

The amateurs are on the *qui vive* for the representation of *Don Juan*, which, if the management are willing, may be brought out with a combined effect rarely met with in the modern distribution of talent. The three difficult parts, *Zerlina*, *Donna Anna*, and *Donna Elvira*, may be represented by Madame Malibran, Mesdemoiselles Sontag and Heinefetter. In the two first, Madame Malibran and Mademoiselle Sontag have been most successful in London; and of Mademoiselle Heinefetter's qualification for the third there can be no possible doubt. Garcia's superiority in *Don Juan* is well known. Santini will make the best *Leporello* Paris has ever had; and it is to be hoped that, for the sake of Mozart's beautiful music, Graziani will not refuse to play the unimportant part of *Mazetto*. *Don Ottavio* should be given to Donzelli, whose animated style is necessary to second that of Garcia in the duets, &c. Thus cast, there can be no doubt of *Don Juan* producing an effect equal to that in 1824.

Jenny, ou la Muette, a Comic Opera, in three acts, written by M. de Saint Georges, composed by M. Carafa.—This opera is making a considerable sensation in Paris, less on account of its intrinsic merits, than because two gentlemen lay claim to the "laurelled wreath of fame," destined, as they conceive, for the author of the dialogue, which dialogue, to us, appears as stupid as the plot itself, and more than this need not be said. Very different, however, is the opinion of Messrs. de St. Georges and Menisier, who are reviling each other in the newspapers, and have appealed to the tribunals of their country to decide the momentous question as to whether the *St. George* intellect alone, or assisted by the *Menisier*, produced the dramatic abortion.

Amidst the confusion and jumbling of incidents in this piece, there are certain situations really dramatic and favourable for musical expression, some of which have been happily rendered by M. Carafa, and some, on the other hand, expressed in a way familiar to the ears of all who have admired Masaniello. There is a romance admirably sung by Ponchard, and a charming air in the second act, both of which, and especially the latter, were much and deservedly applauded. Generally speaking, however, this opera will add nothing to the fame of M. Carafa. It is

probable that the composer was too closely occupied with his opera for the Italian theatre, to give much attention to *La Muette*. Were we so rigid as to wish him a punishment for his negligence, no heavier sentence could be passed upon him, than an order to attend every night of the performance of this piece, in which the choruses are undoubtedly the most execrable that ever did violence to a well-tuned ear.

Théâtre Italien.—Rossini's new opera, *Mathilda di Shabran*, has been produced at this theatre with perfect success. It is not, indeed, the offspring of one of those wonderful and sustained inspirations which gave birth to *Il Barbiere* or *Otello*, but a charming collection of marches, duets, trios, *cavatina*s, &c. mingled with occasional recollections from former works. The first act contains beauties of the highest order, amongst which we may particularly cite the introduction, a duet between Matilda and Alejandro, admirably given by Mademoiselle Sontag and Inchindi; an air full of expression, beginning thus, "Piangi il mio ciglio," unluckily intrusted to Mademoiselle Speck—the scene in which the Countess of Arcos expresses her jealousy and vexation—the finale of this scene, and lastly the concluding movement of the act. The musical richness of this act would be inconceivable, had not *il maestro* made us familiar with all the treasures of the art.

The second act is less striking, though it has a beautiful *sestetto*, and two sweet airs, those of Coradin and Matilda! With regard to the performers, Sontag was beyond praise. Donzelli sang with great delicacy; Graziani with infinite humour; Inchindi tastefully; and Santini alternated between excellence and abomination. Mademoiselle Amigo is still a very pretty person, but that is a sort of talent which must needs decline. The orchestra, on their parts, thought fit to be cold, drawling, and without energy.

The scenery is splendid, and the *libretto* perfectly unfettered by plot of any kind. Take a madman, a doctor, a countess, a commander of the guards, and a starving poet, put into their mouths any absurdities pronounceable to Rossini's music, and the admirers of *Mathilda di Shabran* would be unsuspecting of the change.

MUSIC IN TURKEY.

THE director of the new military music in Constantinople, a Piedmontese, named Donizetti, who has been very recently appointed to his office, has been absurdly attacked by the "Smyrna Courier," for introducing nothing but French music. To this he has replied by a letter to the Editor of the "Turin Gazette," in which he states that the musical corps in Constantinople have hitherto played no music but Rossini's, and a few compositions of his own. The favourite march with the Grand Signior is a variation of the air of *Figaro*, in the *Barber of Seville*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Moscheles is expected at Copenhagen, whither Madame Pasta will also proceed in the ensuing winter.

M. Vincenti, a lute-master at Florence, has invented a violin with eighteen strings and two bows, and has called it the *Violon Général*, because it combines with the tones of the violin those of the *countra-base*, the *violoncello*, and the *viola*.

A Monsieur Ch. Czerny has just published a work, entitled *L'Art d'Improviser sur le Piano-Forte*, which is,

as the author observes, the first treatise which has appeared on the subject. He does not profess to make every reader of his book a Hummel or a Moscheles—or, in other words, to give genius, but to teach an art; and this he does in a manner to deserve attentive consideration. The typographical part of the work is truly splendid.

The brother of Maëltzel, a mechanist, who invented the *Panharmonicon*, has produced an orchestra of forty-two automata, which play together.

In the island of Lagosta, on the borders of Austrian Dalmatia, there is a family of musicians named Salieri. This family consists of the father and mother, seven daughters, and five sons, without counting the cousins or the grandfather, who is *Maître de Chapelle*. They perform operas and concerts alone, the orchestra being formed exclusively of the cousins.

M. Mercandante, whose last opera, *La Repressaglia*, is said by the *Diario Mercantil* to have been most successful in Cadiz, has been this summer reconnoitring in Milan and Bologna, where he is said to have engaged some vocalists for the Cadiz theatre. He is now returned to the last-mentioned city.

Elena e Malvina, a new opera lately composed by M. Raimondo Carnicer, at Madrid, has been matter of praise for the audience, and a bone of contention for the critics, some extolling the author to the skies, others again charging him with innumerable plagiarisms.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE two winter theatres opened at the usual time, but nothing of a musical nature, calling for notice in our work, has yet been performed at either of them.

Nevertheless, though it is travelling out of our province, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of mentioning a *debut* of an uncommonly successful kind which took place at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 5th of October. Miss Fanny Kemble, one of a family which has long shed lustre on the stage, and filled a distinguished station in society, appeared for the first time before the public, in the character of *Juliet*, and the result of her performance affords us every reason to hope, that a name which is so honourably associated with our most legitimate drama, will for many years to come be connected with it, and preserve from that neglect which seemed to be impending, a branch of our literature of so much importance to the morals and happiness of the people.

Miss Kemble, let us add, was educated for private life, and never entertained a thought of becoming professional, till the deranged state of Covent Garden Theatre, in which concern the whole of her father's property is vested, suggested to her the propriety of calling into action talents which doubtless an internal voice whispered her she possessed. We believe that her determination to assist her father, at a most critical moment for the theatre, was in opposition to his wishes, but so noble a devotion has proved that she did not over-estimate her powers,—though we are persuaded she knew not their full value,—and also rewarded her by the cheering, the proud reflection, that she has rendered the most signal services to a parent to whom she has every reason to be attached,

and saved a great national establishment from dangers that threatened to involve it in hopeless difficulties and final ruin.

A communication has been received from M. Hummel, by which it appears certain that this very able and celebrated musician will be in London in March next.

Mr. James having, in No. 19 of the *Flutist's Magazine*, insinuated that Mr. Nicolson has been aided in his compositions by Mr. J. B. Cramer, we are requested by the latter gentleman to disclaim all cause for such an insinuation, and to express his surprise at the unwarranted use Mr. James has made of his name.

NEW MUSICAL WORKS PUBLISHED DURING THE LAST MONTH.

THE MUSICAL BIJOU FOR 1830.

An Annual of Music, Poetry, and Prose, interspersed with Embellishments by Artists of acknowledged eminence.

PIANO-FORTE.

Burrowes's, J. F., *Airs in Rossini's "Guillaume Tell."* (Flute ad. lib.) Book 2.

— Ditto Duets. Book 1.

Chaulieu, Op. 88. *Brilliant Fantasia*, with *Airs from Boieldieu's "Les Deux Nuits."*

Kiallmark, G. *Variations on Weber's last Waltz.*

Weippert's *Second Set of Gallopes*, from Marchner's "*Der Vampyr.*"

— *Forty-eighth Set of Quadrilles.*

Overture, Masaniello, for Piano-forte, with accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, by S. F. Rimbault.

The *Barcarolle*, *Fisherman's Chorus*, *Market Chorus*, *Guaracha Dance*, *Hymn*, and *Triumphal March in Masaniello*, by S. F. Rimbault.

La Sentinelle, with *Variations* by Rimbault.

Largo al factotem, ditto.

Les Arbres les plus choisis du jardin. Three easy Lessons for the Piano-forte, by G. F. Harris. No. 1, "*Le Pecher*," No. 2, "*L'Abricotier*," No. 3, "*Le Cerisier.*"

Gems à la Blasis, No. I., containing "*Alfin Goder*," by Pio Cianchettini.

Frank's Variations on the "Looking Glass."

Chaulieu's *Marche de "Masaniello."*

Rimbault's six popular *Airs*, arranged for juvenile Performers, and Fingered, Books 1 and 2.

QUADRILLES.

Dunois' 19th Set, or *Quadrilles à la Malibran*; containing the *Airs* sung by Madame Malibran in "*Don Giovanni.*"

ENGLISH SONGS.

Angier's three *Hymns*, in score, with a separate organ accompaniment; by John Purkis.

Song, "*From slumber light*," by F. E. Lacy.

"*Away, my gallant Page*," adapted to the celebrated *Gallopade*, by W. Ball.

"*When Music awakens*," by N. C. Bochsa.

"*O lovely Moon*," reply to "*Rise, gentle Moon*," by W. Ball.

"*Belito*," the admired Spanish Song, sung by Mad. de Vigo, by Garcia.

"*The Orphan Boy*," by Begrez.

"*The month of October in Rome*," by Ditto.

"*Autumu is coming*," E. Solis.

"*When twilight's dewy hours*," Weber.

ITALIAN SONG.

"*Se mai turbo*," by Pio Cianchettini.

HARP.

Bochsa's "*Petits riens*."

— "*Une petite Bagatelle*."

— *Rondo on the favourite Gallopade.*

Bochsa, N. C., *Airs from Rossini's "Guillaume Tell."* Book 1 and 2.

— *Pupil's Companion*, No. 3 and 4.

HARP AND PIANO-FORTE.

Bochsa, N. C., "*Chapel Chorus*," from Auber's "*Masaniello*."