

ON MUSICAL NOTATION.

(To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.)

MUSICAL Notation, or the Method of writing Music, is generally allowed to be susceptible of great improvement.

In its present state it has two serious defects: first, the want of simplicity, through which the elementary part of music is encumbered with difficulties which necessarily retard the progress of the learner, and have a tendency to abate his love of the science; and secondly,—the impossibility of conveying ideas to the mind through this medium with that degree of accuracy which is at all times desirable, and is often essential.

I am aware that this is not a new subject; it has already attracted considerable attention both in this country and on the Continent, and a variety of new methods of writing music have been at different times submitted to the public. But hitherto nothing has been done; for although several of such suggestions have exhibited considerable ingenuity and merit, they have all one after the other sunk into oblivion. It is not an easy task to introduce a system which shall supersede one which is already universally received, and many have therefore concluded that the object can never be effected.

Perhaps it may be impossible to effect an entire change; but I am of opinion that it will not be found a matter of insurmountable difficulty to introduce certain improvements which shall leave nothing to be desired on this head.

The nature of those improvements I proceed to explain.

If a few of the most celebrated composers should perceive their importance, and be induced to adopt them in their future works, they must soon be carried into general practice, and in a few years we shall witness a complete reform.

A note or musical character, such as a crotchet or a minim, is a sign designed to convey an idea to the mind of a given tone or sound, and of its duration. It is required that the sign or character employed should be so simple and definite in itself, as to be accurately understood when seen, without involving the hesitation or doubt of a single instant.

The present method fails in this, owing to the form of the staff, the changes of the clefs, the uncertainty of what are called *the Modes*, and the arbitrary use of the same notes to express different durations of sound; so that minims are sometimes written for quavers, and quavers for minims.

It is a fault arising out of the present form of the staff, that when leger lines are introduced, the music cannot be easily read at first sight. For when a number of lines are placed together, as there are no distinguishing features by which one may be known from another, it is often necessary to *count them* before the notes can be understood. I allude particularly to such passages as the following:—

Flauto Primo.

Overture, *Tancredi*.



The difficulty is greatly increased by the circumstance of a great part of the music used in an orchestra being in manuscript. A practised eye may possibly read such passages as the above from printed copies with comparative facility; but in manuscript copies the leger lines are seldom placed equidistant from each other, and in that case the notes cannot be understood even by the most expert, without study and reflection.

The clefs were probably invented to supersede the use of leger lines, and that the parts to be taken by different instruments or voices might be easily distinguished from each other in a score. But although this object is in some measure effected, it is at the expense of a much greater evil, for the same notes change their places in the staff so often, that we are always liable to mistake them for others in a different staff, and a similar confusion is caused to that which would arise in our accounts if the figure of 8 were sometimes to represent 5 or 10 units. When a note is placed, for instance, on the middle line of the staff, it does not momentarily convey a distinct idea to the mind; we must pause to ascertain its character with certainty. It is B in the treble clef; in the clef usually employed for the bass it is D; and if the C clef be used, it may represent either of the seven notes in the scale according to the place which the sign of the C clef occupies on the staff.

JULY, 1829.

The C clef is not now used to the same extent as formerly, but even by modern authors it is still retained to distinguish some of the parts of a composition; the consequence of which is, that those parts cannot be taken up by performers generally, but only by such (and they are not numerous) as are well acquainted with the character. In provincial concerts, and in amateur musical societies, it is difficult to collect all the instruments required for an overture: there is generally a redundancy of some and a deficiency of others. In such case the flute will sometimes take the part of the oboe or clarinet, and the violin or violoncello the part of the viola; but I have often seen the part of the latter instrument wholly omitted, because a performer accustomed to read difficult passages in the C clef could not be procured.

As respects the duration of sounds, it is a great fault in the present system, that through the absence of all rule, one composer employs quavers and semi-quavers where another endeavours to convey his ideas by minims and semi-breves; so that at first sight we do not know whether an air is to be sung or played in the measure of a funeral march or of a quadrille. For example, in the following passage from *Macbeth*, although a largo movement, the same notes are employed as if the movement were allegro.



It is obvious that this passage would be much better understood if written as follows :



The moods do not indicate the real time of a composition, although employed for that purpose. They inform us whether we are to count three or four or eight within each bar, but they do not teach us with what rapidity we are to count. The explanatory Italian terms placed above the staff give little assistance, as they are very indefinite; they are almost as useless as the moods, for the *adagio* of one is the *allegro* of another. On this account, an overture, the performance of which may usually occupy fifteen minutes, will sometimes be performed in less than ten; so much is left to the discretion of the leader, and so little is accurately known of the intention of the author.

This objection is in some measure removed by the introduction of Maelzel's metronome; but as it is an expensive instrument, it will never be in the hands of the public at large; and, therefore, the reference made to it by modern composers is but little understood. It is desirable that it should be generally known, that every individual may make for himself a very simple instrument, equally well adapted to effect the same object. A few feet of tape with a small weight attached to one end, and suspended by the other, is a pendulum, which, when set in motion, will perform a certain number of vibrations within a minute of time; mark on the tape the number of its vibrations at different lengths, from fifty to one hundred and sixty, and it is at once a metronome. It is quite unnecessary that the motion of the pendulum should be accompanied with any sound, the time occupied by each vibration, which may be as correctly understood by the eye as by the ear, defines the exact duration of each note. The space which the pendulum will traverse when it receives its first impulse, will gradually become less and less with each vibration, but *the time* occupied by the first and last vibration will be the same. Let the pendulum or tape be made to wind round a cylinder, and be enclosed in a neat mahogany case; and as the cost would be a mere trifle, it would be a profitable speculation as an article of sale.

The following are the improvements which I would suggest.

1. I propose to discard the use of different clefs, and to write all the notes of the scale upon one plan.

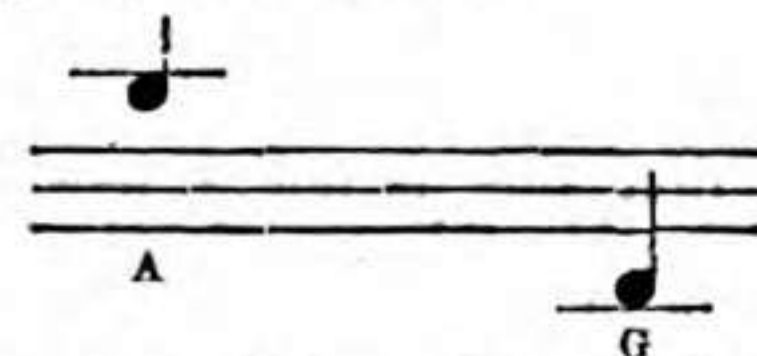
2. To change the form of the staff in such a manner that it shall comprehend the tones and semitones of one scale only, in order that it may be more easy to describe different scales of sounds, and that without altering the position of the notes in the staff.

I propose that the notes shall retain the places they now occupy in the treble or *c* clef, but that the two bottom lines shall be omitted; so that the staff shall consist of but three lines and four spaces, instead of five lines and six spaces. Thus:

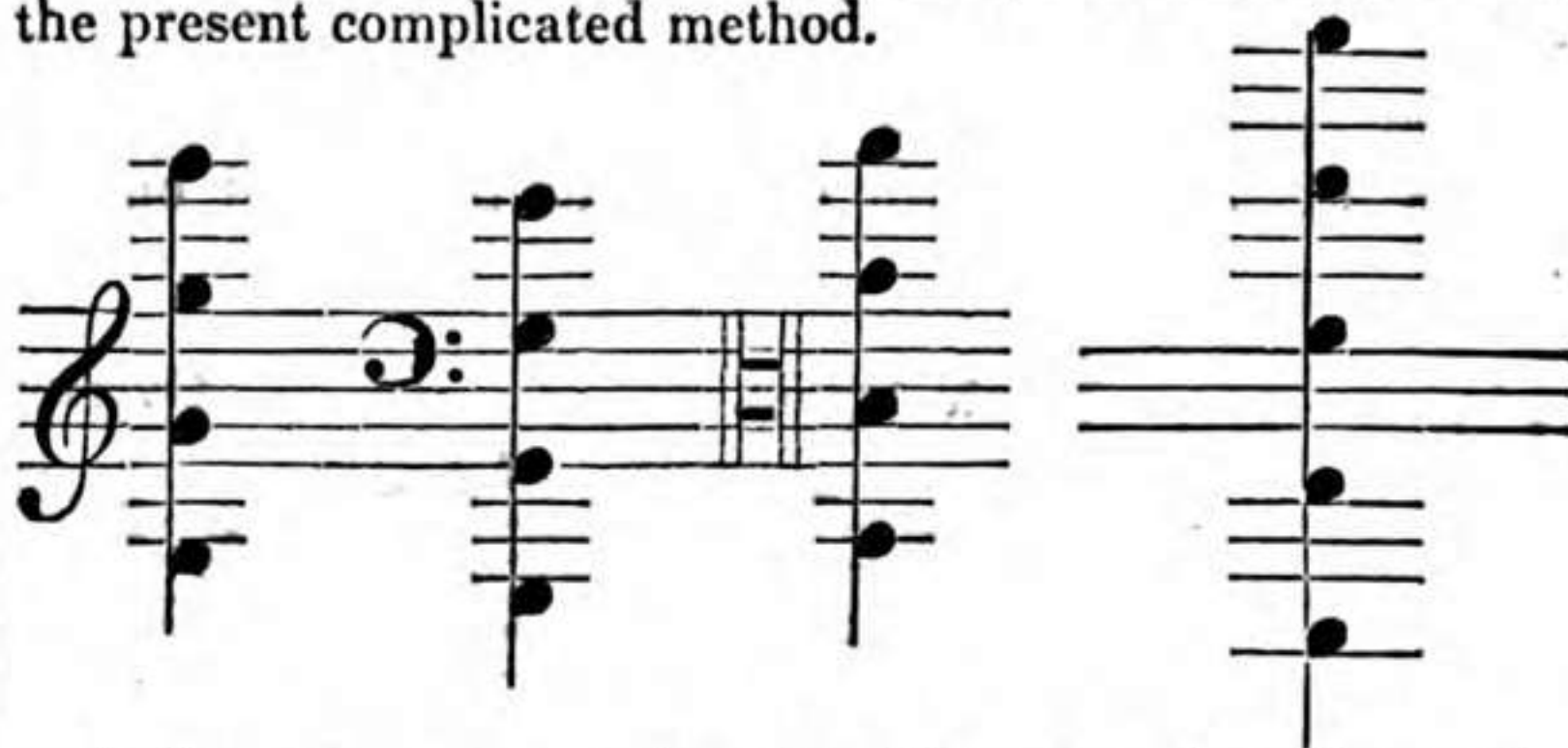


3. When it is necessary to introduce leger lines, I place

them at the distance of *two* spaces from the upper or lower line of the staff; so that the octave *A* and lower octave *a* would be written in this manner.

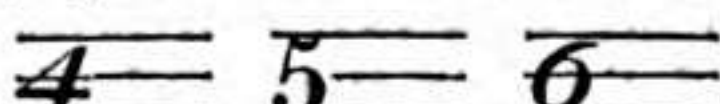


The advantage of this method is, that the leger lines cause no confusion; the two intervening spaces separating them from the other lines, they are at once recognised as belonging to another staff, and the notes placed upon them preserve in that staff, as in every other, one uniform relation to the same number of lines and spaces. This will be better understood by the following example, in which *a* is written in different scales, and contrasted with the present complicated method.



4. I propose to number the different scales of sounds, to distinguish them from each other. The lowest scale to be called No. 1, the highest No. 7; and to the intermediate scales to be given the intermediate numbers. Thus, instead of describing the vocal bass, tenor, and treble, by

the characters  employed in the

F, *G*, and *C* clefs, I place at the head of the staff the numbers 4, 5, and 6, 

The lowest note on a modern piano is *c*; but it is best to begin two notes below *c*, and count from *A* to *a*, in order that the first place in the staff should correspond with the first letter in the alphabet, by which circumstance it will the more easily be impressed upon the memory.

5. Instead of moods, or characters representing what is called common time, or $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$ time, I place at the head of the staff, figures describing the number of vibrations which the pendulum of the metronome should make within each bar, and the exact duration of each vibration, as follows:



The figure 3 directs us to count 3 vibrations in each bar, and the figures 82 denote that the duration of each vibra-

tion is the 82nd part of a minute of time, which a reference to the metronome will give with the greatest precision.

6. To obviate the arbitrary use of the same notes in different measures, I propose the following rule. The duration of a semibreve never to be less than the 30th part of a minute of time; a minim to range from 31 to 60; a crotchet from 61 to 120; and a quaver from 121 to 240.

This rule does not give absolute accuracy, but the nearest approach to it that can be made, so long as the notes continue to bear to each other a geometrical rate of increase.

7. In writing music in which the notes ascend or descend into many different scales, instead of employing leger lines, I describe as many staves as there are scales, and connect them with a bracket, thus:—

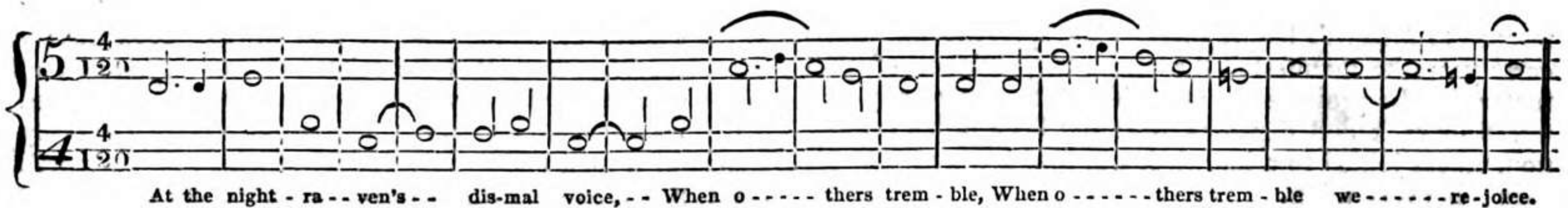


Music designed for the piano-forte or organ, may be written in the following manner; the notes to be played

by the right hand having their tails turned upwards, those for the left hand turned downwards.



It must be obvious that a much clearer idea is given, by this method, of the merits of a composition, than can be conveyed by the present system. By this plan the eye is enabled to discover at a glance the relation of the different parts, and the chords employed are immediately seen and understood. I conclude with a few more examples.



Le Nozze di Figaro.



God save the King.



Yours, &c., H.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF MOZART.

THE *Musical Gazette* of Munich, a periodical work lately established, gives the following letter of Mozart, with a translation of which we present our readers. Independently of the interest that attaches to every thing calculated to throw a light upon the character of this great man, it is very curious in itself, in as far as it enables us to form a comparison between the times, circumstances, and persons of the period in which Mozart wrote, and what is actually passing under our own eyes, in cases of a parallel nature.

The letter is addressed to the Baron Heribert von Dalberg, a distinguished friend of the art, by the young composer, then in his twenty-second year. It was written during Mozart's stay at Mannheim, on his return from Paris to Saltzbourg, in 1778; two years before he wrote his *Idomeneo* at Munich. The Baron Heribert von Dalberg, younger brother of Prince Carl Theodore, was not only desirous of improving the opera at Mannheim, but also ambitious of raising it to a rank with the first theatres of Germany. He devoted his own time to dramatic labours, and to the composition of music; a circumstance to which, doubtless, the following letter alludes. It will be observed that the artist addresses a man of high rank, with all the familiarity of an equal, which must appear strange, considering the state of Germany at the period in question. An explanation of this will be afforded by a reference to Mozart's biographers, who represent that in his early years he manifested the same independence of character that he preserved in after life. The superiority conferred by rank and dignities were but little in his estimation, unless joined to a knowledge of that art, which in his eyes was every thing.

"Sir,—I have twice called to pay you a visit, but had never the honour of finding you at home. It is true that I met with you yesterday, but still I was not so fortunate as to find you disengaged. In consequence, I have to ask pardon for thus addressing you, but it is of urgent necessity that I should come to an understanding with you. Sir, you know me well; I am not an interested person; no selfish motives should prevent me from doing a pleasure to so distinguished an amateur, and so true a connoisseur in music as yourself. In return, I also feel persuaded that you would not wish me to suffer any thing here prejudicial to my interests; and it is for this reason that I take the liberty of making my first and last observation on this affair, because it is impossible I can stay here any longer, unless something decisive be done in my regard.

"I engage, for the consideration of five-and-twenty Louis, to write a monodrame, to stay here for the term of two months, to arrange every thing necessary, assist at all the rehearsals, &c.; with this stipulation, however, that I shall receive the said sum at the end of January. I also demand the freedom of the house; but that is a matter of course. Such, Sir, are the only terms to which I can accede. If you consider this proposal at your leisure, I think you will allow me the praise of acting with discretion. With respect to your opera, I assure you that I would with all my heart set it to music, but really I cannot undertake to do it for less than five-and-twenty Louis d'or. I put it to yourself whether I can; for at the most moderate calculation, it will require as much or more labour than the monodrame. Besides, there is another consideration, that withholds me from undertaking the task, and that is your having told me that Gluck and

Schweitzer had already put their hands to the work. But, supposing even that you were to offer me fifty Louis d'or* for the work, still my conscience would dissuade me from undertaking it. What would you do with the opera, without singers, either male or female, to execute it? If, however, in the interim it should appear practicable to have it performed as it should be, I will not refuse, out of the sincere affection I bear you, to undertake the work; and in that case, I give you my sacred word of honour that it shall not be any mediocre performance.

"Having thus candidly and explicitly avowed my sentiments on this subject, let me beg of you to come to as prompt a decision as possible. If I could learn your determination this very day, it would be most acceptable to me, as I have heard that some one is to set out all alone for Munich, on Tuesday next, and I should be very glad to avail myself of the opportunity. In the mean time, I have the honour to remain, with all consideration,

"Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

"WOLFGANG-AMADEUS MOZART."

"Wednesday, December 24, 1778."

OBSERVATIONS ON SONG.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

MUSIC would not have recommended itself so effectually to the esteem of mankind, if it had always been merely instrumental. For, if I mistake not, the expression of music without poetry is vague and ambiguous; and hence it is, that the same air may sometimes be repeated to every stanza of a long ode or ballad. The change of the poet's ideas, provided the subject continue nearly the same, does not always require a change of the music; and if critics have ever determined otherwise, they were led into the mistake by supposing, what every musician knows to be absurd, that, in fitting verses to a tune, or a tune to verses, it is more necessary that *particular words* should have particular notes adapted to them, than that the *general tenor* of the music should accord with the general nature of the sentiment.

It cannot be denied, that instrumental music may both quicken our sensibility and give a direction to it; that is, may both prepare the mind for being affected, and determine it to one set of affections rather than another: to melancholy, for instance, rather than merriment, composure rather than agitation, devotion rather than levity, and contrariwise. Certain tunes there are, which, having been always connected with certain actions, do, merely from the power of habit, dispose men to those actions. Such are the tunes commonly used to regulate the motions of dancing.

Yet it is in general true, that poetry is the most immediate and most accurate interpreter of music. Without this auxiliary, a piece of the best music, heard for the first time, might be said to mean something, but we should not be able to say what. It might incline the heart to sensibility; but poetry, or language, would be necessary to improve that sensibility into a real emotion, by fixing the fancy upon some definite and affecting ideas. A fine in-

* Five and twenty Louis! fifty Louis!—and was it for a miserable pittance like this, that the finest musical genius the world ever produced lavished his inspirations? Look at the most recent instance within our knowledge, and see whether the composers of the present day have not more of the wisdom of this world, in the estimate they make of their talents.—(Editor.)

strumental symphony, well performed, is like an oration delivered with propriety, but in an unknown tongue; it may affect us a little, but conveys no determinate feeling; we are agitated, perhaps, or melted, or soothed, but it is very imperfectly, because we know not why. The singer, by taking up the same air, and applying words to it, immediately translates the oration into our own language; then all uncertainty vanishes, the fancy is filled with determinate ideas, and determinate emotions take possession of the heart.

A great part of our fashionable music seems intended rather to tickle and astonish the hearers, than to inspire them with any permanent emotions. And if that be the end of the art, then, to be sure, this fashionable music is just what it should be, and the simpler and more expressive strains of former times are good for nothing. Nor am I now at leisure to inquire, whether it be better for an audience to be thus tickled and astonished, than to have their fancy impressed with beautiful images, and their hearts melted with tender passions, or elevated with sublime ones. But if you grant me this one point, that music is more or less perfect in proportion as it has more or less power over the heart, it will follow, that all music merely instrumental, and which does not derive significance from any of the associations, habits, or outward circumstances above mentioned, is to a certain degree imperfect; and that, while the rules hinted at in the following queries are overlooked by composers and performers, vocal music, though it may astonish mankind, or afford them a slight gratification, will never be attended with those important effects that we know it produced of old, in the days of simplicity and true taste.

I would beg leave to put the following queries:—1st. Is not good music set to bad poetry as unexpressive, and therefore as absurd, as good poetry set to bad music, or as harmonious language without meaning? Yet the generality of musicians appear to be indifferent in regard to this matter. If the sound of the words be good, or the meaning of particular words agreeable; if there be a competency of hills and rills, doves and loves, fountains and mountains, with a tolerable collection of garlands and lambskins, nymphs and cupids, *bergères* and *tortorellas*, they are little solicitous about sense or elegance. In this respect, they seem to me to consult their own honour as little as the rational entertainment of others. For what is there to elevate the mind of that composer, who condemns himself to set music to insipid doggerel? Handel's genius never soared to heaven, till it caught strength and fire from the strains of inspiration. 2dly. Should not the words of every song be intelligible to those to whom they are addressed, and be distinctly articulated, so as to be heard as plainly as the notes? Or can the human mind be rationally gratified with that which it does not perceive, or which, if it did perceive, it would not understand? And, therefore, is not the music of a song faulty, when it is so complex as to make the distinct articulation of the words impracticable? 3rdly. If the singer's voice and words ought to be heard in every part of the song, can there be any propriety in noisy accompaniments? And as every performer in a numerous band is not perfectly discreet, and as some performers may be more solicitous to distinguish themselves than to do justice to the song, will not an instrumental accompaniment be almost necessarily too noisy, if it is complex? 4thly. Does not the too frequent repetition of the same words in a song confound its meaning, and distract the attention both of the singer and the hearer? And are not long-winded divisions, or successions of notes warbled

to one syllable, attended with a like inconvenience, and with this additional bad effect, that they disqualify the voice for expression by exhausting its power? Is not simplicity as great a perfection in music as in painting and poetry? Or should we admire that orator, who chose to express by five hundred words a sentiment that might be more emphatically conveyed by five? 5thly. Ought not the singer to bear in mind, that he has sentiments to utter as well as sounds? And if so, should he not perfectly understand what he says as well as what he sings; and not only modulate his notes with the art of a musician, but also pronounce his words with the propriety of a public speaker? If he is taught to do this, does he not learn, as a matter of course, to avoid all grimace and finical gesticulation? And will he not then acquit himself in singing like a rational creature and a man of sense? Whereas, by pursuing a contrary conduct, does he not expose himself to be considered rather as a puppet, or a wind-instrument, than as an elegant artist? 6thly. Is not church-music more important than any other; and ought it not for that reason to be most intelligible and expressive? But will this be the case, if the notes are drawn out to such an immoderate length, that the words of the singer cannot be understood? Besides, does not excessive slowness, either in speaking or singing, tend rather to wear out the spirits, than to elevate the fancy or warm the heart? It would seem, then, that the vocal part of church-music should never be so slow as to fatigue those who sing, or to render the words of the song in any degree unintelligible to those who hear. 7thly. Do flourished cadences, whether by voice or an instrument, generally speaking, serve any other purpose than to take off our attention from the subject, and set us a-staring at the flexibility of the performer's voice, the swiftness of his fingers, or the sound of his fiddle? And if this be their only use, do they not counteract, instead of promoting, the chief end of music? What should we think, if a tragedian, at the conclusion of every scene or of every speech in *Othello*, were to strain his throat into a preternatural scream, make a hideous wry face, or cut a caper four feet high? We might wonder at the strength of his voice, the pliancy of his features, or the springiness of his limbs; but should hardly admire him as intelligent in his art, or respectful to his audience.

But is it not agreeable to hear a *florid* song by a fine performer, though now and then the voice should be drowned amidst the accompaniments, and though the words should not be understood by the hearers, or even by the singer? I answer, that nothing can be very agreeable which brings disappointment. In the case supposed, the tones of the voice might no doubt give pleasure; but from mere instrumental music we expect something more than mere sweetness of sound, and from vocal music a great deal more. From poetry and music united we have a right to expect pathos, sentiment, and melody; in a word, every gratification that the tuneful art can bestow. But in mere sweetness of tone, the best singer is not superior, nay scarcely equal, to an *Æolian* harp, to Fischer's hautboy, or Giardini's violin. And can we without dissatisfaction see a human creature dwindle into mere wood and catgut? Can we be gratified with what only tickles the ear, when we had reason to hope that a more powerful address would have been made to the heart?

But in speaking in this manner, by way of illustration, let me not be misunderstood. I firmly acknowledge the truth, that of all sounds, the one which makes its way most directly to the human heart is the human voice; and those instruments that approach the nearest to it are in expres-

sion the most pathetic, and in tone the most perfect. The notes of a man's voice, well tuned and well managed, have a mellowness, a variety, and an energy, beyond those of any instrument; and a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is beyond comparison the sweetest and most melting sound, either in or out of nature. Is it not strange, then, that the most musical people upon earth, dissatisfied, as it would seem, with both these, should have incurred a dreadful reproach, in order to produce a third species of vocal sound, that has not the perfection of either? For may it not be affirmed with truth, that no person of uncorrupted taste ever heard, for the first time, the music I allude to, without some degree of horror; proceeding not only from the disagreeable ideas suggested by what was before his eyes, but also from the thrilling sharpness of tone that had startled his ear? Let it not be said, that by this abominable expedient choruses are rendered more complete, and melodies executed, which before were impracticable. Nothing that shocks humanity ought to have a place in human art; nor can a good ear be gratified with unnatural sound, or a good taste with too intricate composition. Surely every lover of music and of his kind would wish to see a practice abolished, which is in itself a disgrace to both; and, in its consequences, so far from being desirable, that it cannot truly be said to do any thing more than debase a noble art into trick and grimace, and make the human breath a vehicle, not for human sentiments, but for mere screaming and squalling.

To conclude: a song to which we listen without understanding the words, is like a picture seen at too great a distance. The former may be allowed to charm the ear with sweet sounds, in the same degree in which the latter pleases the eye with beautiful colours. But, till the design of the whole and the meaning of each part be made obvious to sense, it is impossible to derive any rational entertainment from either.

I hope I have given no offence to the connoisseur by these observations. They are dictated by a hearty zeal for the honour of an art, of which I have heard and seen enough to be satisfied, that it is capable of being improved into an instrument of virtue, as well as of pleasure. If I did not think so, I should hardly have taken the trouble to write these remarks, slight as they are, upon the philosophy of it.

C. M. VON WEBER'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS,

TONKUNSTLER'S LEBEN, EIN ARABESKE.

(THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.)

(Concluded from p. 133.)

A *Polichinello* was in full activity in the quarter of the saloon towards which Dario had directed his course, and it was some time before I could make my way through the dense mass. At length I again caught a glimpse of the intriguing Italian. He was in deep conversation with three dominos in black; and before I could reach the spot where they stood, I saw them open a way through the crowd for a tall mask, who was leading by the arm a female dressed all in white, with a lilac coloured scarf. In the impulse of the moment I made a spring forward, and came in such violent contact with a couple of gend'armes, that they instantly seized me, exclaiming, "Here's the thief! so we have caught my gentleman at last!" While I was struggling to get free from their grasp, I had

the mortification to see the three dominos in question make their exit with the lady through the side-door of the saloon. I raved and tore like a madman, and by the violence of my manner, had nearly converted my sham arrest into one in earnest. The moment I got free, I rushed into the street, but amidst the confusion of a hundred carriages, could discover no traces of the fugitives. In a transport of fury, rage, and despair, I hastened home to my lodgings. After the first burst of passion had subsided, the violence of which was, however, sufficient to discompose the slumbers of half the sober inmates of the house, I gradually became more calm and collected. "Fool that I am!" at length I exclaimed, "thus to fall into a fever at the mere mention of the name of Emily. And who is Emily? a being known to me only by name, and who, in all probability, feels not the slightest interest in my regard. Again, is there but one female of the name of Emily in the world? What proof have I that this is the person, whom, in my waking dreams, I have accustomed myself to call *my* Emily?"

Soothed by these reflections in part, and in part worn out by exhaustion, I at length fell asleep. But the lady in white and the lilac coloured scarf continued to dance before my imagination; so that I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. I endeavoured to compose my thoughts, and to settle down to composition, but in vain. I was in that unfortunate frame of mind so common to men of impetuous tempers, in which the materials of unhappiness are produced not from external but from interior causes. Where others feel mere joy, such men are in a transport; where others are merely dejected, they are overwhelmed in bitterness of heart. They live, feel, and act in extremes; and this very sensibility is the active cause of their unhappiness, for, inexhaustible and all-absorbing as it is in its nature, it can never fill up the void in the soul, which it has itself created there.

Several days passed in this state of mind. How often did I fly to music, in the hope to give utterance to the feelings that overwhelmed my soul; but all to no purpose. There was a chaos in my thoughts; and when I endeavoured to reduce my feelings into order, they seemed to repel the effort, and to end in dulness and nullity of thought.

The common remark, that none but the gay can compose what is gay, and the sorrowful what is sorrowful, proved a fallacy in my regard. He who first made this remark was but ill read in the human heart. The deeper feelings of the soul are felt, but not expressed. The true moment for the creation of a product of art is the first repose from passion, when the individual I—so to express it—first abstracts its attention from itself, and fixes it on other objects; and in the transition from excitement to enthusiasm, finds leisure to reflect, to arrange, and to give utterance to its feelings.

This moment had not yet arrived for me. It was some time before I recovered my spirits and usual tone of mind; and, at last, when reason and reflection had fully assumed their sway, I formed a resolution to banish from my mind all thoughts of the idol of my former fancies.

In this determination I very laudably persevered some days, and was priding myself on having made a considerable progress in forgetting her, when the accidental view of my masquerade dress at once upset my resolution, and awakened all my former flame. I put my hand mechanically into the pocket of the coat I had worn the same evening, and found a paper, which, at the first glance, I recognised to be the poem which his Satanic majesty had given me to compose, and which I had promised to bring

him at the next ball. The mere inscription To EMILY was of itself a sufficient motive for my so doing. I now felt desirous to examine its contents, and sat down to read it. It was a beautiful poem, and the spirit that breathed through the whole of it perfectly enchanted me. On a second perusal, a melody in unison with the sentiments it contained at once presented itself to my mind, and I had hastened to commit it to paper, and was giving it the last finishing touches, when my friend Dohl came in.

"Heaven be praised," said he, "that I again see you at work, and that your countenance has resumed its usual serenity. Do I disturb you?"

"Ever and never.—You were going to say"——

Dohl. "That it is inconceivable to me how you can continue to converse while you are composing. I have long wished to put some questions to you on that point."

"Yes, my dear friend, I could almost bring myself to believe with Plato, that men,—or at least myself,—possess two souls; for certainly I possess two faculties, the one of which is adapted to the nature of music, and the other to conversation. For instance, I am able to speak coherently and with ease on things totally different, and yet wholly occupied by my subject, and with all my soul, I can pursue a train of musical thought, and compose. I must, however, confess that, in so doing, I feel considerable exhaustion of spirits, not unlike the state of persons under the operation of certain gases, who speak and do things of which they are unconscious."

Dohl. "And is it the same with you in respect to every kind of composition?"

"Not altogether. The more severe works of art, such as fugues, &c., prevent me from combining both."

Dohl. "That's curious enough. Now I should have fancied that it was precisely this sort of stuff that needed the least exertion of the faculties; and that, for this purpose, it was sufficient for a composer to have properly digested his Kirnberger, Fox, Wolf, and other animals of the same kidney."

"On the contrary, in compositions of the abstract kind, it is absolutely necessary that our feelings should serve as guiding stars to direct our course over the dreary desert, lest we should be led astray by the pedantry of the schools."

Dohl. "The sensible manner in which you are now conversing with me is the most perfect evidence that you are not composing fugues."

"Ah, there it is! you uninitiated people can never let the poor fugue pass in peace. Well, then, to tell you the truth, I was composing a song."

CHAPTER XXVII.

***** Having made my escape from the company, I returned to my quiet and lonely chamber, and once again tasted the sweets of that seclusion which I have always found so delightful and so beneficial. Here I can throw off that restraint which I am obliged to assume in the society of strangers; that calm and unruffled exterior which conceals a heart agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, of which the least part are those arising from the pressure of external circumstances. And, in this respect, I had so far gained the command over myself, that it was impossible for any one to conceive that a countenance so calm, not to say cheerful, as mine, could conceal a heart consumed by secret sorrows, which were wearing away at once my body and soul.

It is by pressure only that the wave is raised; by pressure alone does the spring show its elasticity; and difficulty and distress have alone produced great men. If,

therefore, it be permitted me to apply this reasoning to myself, my expectation of greatness ought to have some foundation, for sure never mortal experienced more discouraging or more depressing occurrences than myself. In the least, as well as in the most important events of my existence, fate has thrown a thousand obstacles in my way; and if sometimes I have been successful, the hindrances I experienced, and the difficulties I had to surmount, were incredible, and embittered the enjoyment. The only advantage,—if advantage it can be called,—derived from these benumbing feelings, is a gradual insensibility to the blows of destiny; so that joy itself is no longer able to make an impression upon me, because the startling conviction that it will assuredly be mingled with bitterness comes with it hand in hand, like an attendant spectre. From the moment of my birth to the present hour, the course which my life has described has been different from that of other men. It is not given me to dwell with delight on the recollections of a childhood spent in happy and reckless glee; nor was my boyhood like that of other boys. In the green years of youth, I am already an old man in experience; and an experience derived wholly from myself, and not from others. My bosom is a stranger to rational love, for my reason showed me too early that all the women by whom I was fool enough to fancy myself beloved, were only trifling with my feelings. One coquetted with me because I happened to be almost the only man in our village under forty; another pretended to love me for the sake of my talents; while a third gratified her vanity by giving myself, and all the rest of the world, to suppose that I had made a conquest of her heart. My belief in female excellence, of which, in the enthusiasm of my early years, I had formed a sublime idea, is gone, and with it, too, a great share of my claims upon human happiness. And yet, after all, would to heaven that I could find a female who would give herself the trouble to deceive me so ingeniously, that I might believe it all. How grateful should I be to her, even in awakening me from my dream of happiness; for, in spite of my hatred of the sex, I feel the necessity of loving them.

I said that my youth was unhappy; how could it be otherwise, since I lost my mother at a very early age, and became my father's pet? I was aware that he loved me to excess; and, in spite of all the esteem and love I felt for him in return, my feeling of confidence in him was shaken, if not destroyed. I was aware of his weakness in my regard, and a love of this kind is never excused in a parent.

I afterwards imagined I had found friends: custom and intercourse had bound them to me; we separated, and I was forgotten. I then threw myself into the arms of art. I taught myself to look upon great artists as little less than gods; but, upon a closer intimacy, I was astonished to find them, in spite of their approach to divinity, very nearly upon a level with myself. The masters were at open war, and abused each other in a most unheavenly manner; what then were the scholars to do?—O, thou divine art! if the rules to comprehend thee were not in thyself, I should have been lost. And yet Thou, my only solace, my hope, my all, even Thou canst rise up against me as a foe, and at the very moment I am embracing thee in rapture of heart, canst dash me to the earth in the consciousness of my own nothingness. Circumstances, which narrow and cramp everything, and which,—like the fabled dress of Hercules,—cling so painfully to humanity, set me at variance with myself, with my friends, with the art, nay, with heaven itself. While I conform to them, I am

wasting in secret away; while I laugh, I am perishing; while uttering some jeu d'esprit, I am pronouncing my death warrant.

In a word, misery is the portion of man; the image of perfection is ever before his eyes, but only to mock him with the impossibility of its attainment; he is ever restless and discontented; he is a personified impulse, without any settled power, will, or a capability of repose. He may possess them for a moment, but they are evanescent phenomena, upon which it is impossible to calculate. To me there cannot be a more convincing proof of the truth of this, than the very speculations in which I am at this moment engaged, and which flow from the very fulness of my soul.

ON THE SOUNDS OF THE MUSICAL SCALE.

I. Memoir on the Numerical Values of the Notes of the Scale; by M. Delezenne.

II. Note upon the Number of the Musical Modes; by the same.

[*Recueil des Travaux de la Société des Sciences, &c., de Lille; année 1827.*]

THE numbers generally admitted to represent the notes of the scale, are, it is well known, subject to some degree of uncertainty, as much from the difficulty of determining them by direct experiment, as from the great tolerance of the most cultivated ear; a tolerance which, in other respects, is very fortunate, for without it music could have no existence. But, to compensate for this, theorists who do not think proper to adopt the received opinions respecting the formation of our scale, and who have some peculiar views of their own to propose, have not failed to avail themselves of this uncertainty. We are, therefore, much indebted to the learned and modest author of the memoir, the title of which we have above given, for the extremely delicate experiments he has made, with a view to elucidate this difficult question, which direct observation seemed to have no power to grasp. These experiments, which appear to us to merit entire confidence from the precision with which they have been made, decide the question in favour of the ordinary theory, and give us at the same time the measure of the sensibility of the ear in the appreciation of the degree of gravity or acuteness of sounds; for it was requisite that the author should begin by finding this measure.

The ear of a professor (*artiste*) is sensible to an interval of a quarter of a comma ($\frac{81}{80}$) $\frac{1}{4}$ in the unison; that of

an amateur is sensible to a half comma, or ($\frac{81}{80}$) $\frac{1}{2}$; but

it is requisite that the two sounds should be heard *alternately*, because, in the comparison of simultaneous sounds, the ear tolerates greater differences.

The ear (of a professor) is sensible to an interval of a third of a comma in an octave.

In the fifth, the interval of $\frac{15}{100}$ of a comma is sensible to professors, and three-tenths to other persons. Thus, the ear is more strict for the fifth than for the unison or the octave, a circumstance very worthy of remark. It hence results, in particular, that the value ($\sqrt[5]{5} = 1.4953$) attributed to the fifth by Galin, which the author had principally in view to refute, is entirely inadmissible, as well as the rest of his system.

The author has not ended here. It is a fact, confirmed by daily experience, that in ascending to the octave from the tonic, the ear so strongly desires to pass from the leading note (*note sensible*), that we involuntarily sharpen the latter to arrive sooner at the octave. Following up this remark, M. Delezenne raised the *B* by a comma; then the *A*; and lastly the *E*; he thus obtained a scale composed of five major tones equal to $\frac{9}{8}$, and of two semi-tones represented by $\frac{256}{243}$. But this scale, though very preferable to that of Galin, did not stand the proof of the ear, which immediately perceived that the *E*, the *A*, and the *B*, were too high; but this last only in descending.

The following are some other applications. When we pass from any key to its dominant, and take the latter as a new tonic, the second note of the new key, which is the sixth of the primitive one, ascends a comma. This arises from there being, between the second and the sixth notes of a key, only the interval of a fifth diminished by a comma. Also, when in playing in *c* on the violoncello, the experiment properly made will prove that the *A* is too high.

The author might have made a similar verification, which we regret did not suggest itself to him. It consists in this, that the *D*, considered successively as the sub-dominant of the key of *A* minor, and as the second note of the relative key to *c* major, ought to be lower by a comma in the first case than in the second. It would be curious to ascertain this by experiment, because it would prove the minor scale to be formed of three successive perfect minor chords.

Lastly, the value of the sharp is not obtained by multiplying the note which it affects by $\frac{9}{8}$, but by multiplying the note above by $\frac{15}{16}$. The ordinary rule is only applicable when a sharp is to be inserted between two notes which differ only by a minor tone. In the other cases the value of the sharp is $\frac{135}{128}$; it is higher by a comma than the other sharp. The results are analogous for the flat.

Such are the principal facts arising out of an investigation, which appear to us to merit the attention of theorists.

We shall not discuss the author's system of musical modes, because to us it appears to rest upon a false basis, though we acknowledge that the definition of mode given by M. Delezenne is applicable to our two ordinary modes—to the mixed mode of Blainville, and to the authentic modes of church music. (*Tons authentiques de l'église.*) We do not, however, consider this as a true notion of mode; for many melodies are to be found in various authors that do not accord with the definition of M. Delezenne; although we consider them as constituting real modes.—*Bulletin des Sciences Physiques, &c., Avril, 1829.*

BOIELDIEU'S NEW OPERA, *LES DEUX NUITS*.

[*Extract of a Letter from Paris.*]

June 1, 1829.

* * * * * After various delays and disappointments, Boieldieu's new opera, *Les Deux Nuits*, has made its appearance at the *Opera Comique*. Nothing could exceed the sensation which this work excited in the musical world: all were desirous to compare this latest production of the head of the modern French school, with his former compositions; to see whether he had adhered to his former originality of character, or had been induced to

sacrifice to the reigning taste of the day. And first, as to the poem. This appears to have disappointed the expectations formed of M. Scribe's talent; and assuredly there is nothing very new either in the characters or situations—a contriving valet, a lover in disguise, an amorous guardian. The scene is in Ireland. Malvina, the heroine of the piece, becomes, through the death of her uncle, the heiress of a large fortune; but under condition that she is to marry within three months after his decease, in default of which the fortune is to pass into the hands of her cousin, Lord Fingar, a young man of five-and-twenty, whom he has appointed her guardian. The young lady having determined to pass these three months in retreat, her cousin, who, of course, is desirous of marrying her, assigns an old castle for her residence, where she is shut up with the greatest precaution. The rising of the curtain introduces us to a party of young officers, who are merrily carousing, and among them is Lord Fingar, whom wine renders more than usually communicative. He boasts of the beauty and accomplishments of his cousin, and hands her portrait about among his companions. On reaching the hands of a young officer, Sir Edward Acton, he instantly recognises it to be that of a young Irish lady, whom he had met and fallen in love with in France; but who, from some motive of jealousy, had suddenly broken off their short acquaintance, and left him without any trace of the route which she had taken. In his embarrassment how to discover the retreat of Malvina, which Fingar keeps a profound secret from every one, he has recourse to Victor, his expert valet, who is converted into a great wit for the occasion, and who, by the way, treats his master with a familiarity, which few officers would be thought willing to admit. By one of those contrivances which every comedy furnishes, the valet contrives to find out the young lady's residence, and to deliver his master's letter, but is surprised by Lord Fingar, who arrives very malapropos, and hardly allows him time to escape in a whole skin. The letter falls into the guardian's hand, and he learns the projects of his rival. Shortly after Victor returns with his master, both disguised as minstrels, but as the secret is known, they are very unceremoniously seized upon by Lord Fingar, and disposed of in the keep of the castle: they are however delivered from this unpleasant situation by a simpleton who is placed there by the author expressly for the purpose. Midnight approaches, and the marriage of the young lady with her guardian is to take place off hand. But having received notice in time that her lover is near, she contrives to substitute in her place a young person who is her confidante. Meantime Lord Fingar, supposing that his young bride is awaiting him in the oratory, arrives at midnight to conduct her to the altar, and discovers the stratagem that has been played him. The doors fly open, and Malvina and Edward enter, their union having been just concluded. Lord Fingar rages considerably; but as he has himself been at the pains previously to inform us that the fortune and not the person of his niece is the object of his love, and as Malvina begs his acceptance of a moiety of her estate, every thing is comfortably adjusted.

You may readily imagine from this outline, that few, if any, situations are furnished worthy of M. Boieldieu's talent; and yet, in spite of all these obstacles, he has been successful. He has contrived to find inspirations even in such a poem, and has soared above difficulties which would have proved fatal to any other composer.

The same qualities that distinguish *Le Chaperon rouge*, *Le Calife*, *La Dame blanche*, &c., are observable in the present

work; the same originality, the same knowledge of scenic effect. Every part of it bears the traces of that elegant pen, which has contributed so much to the musical enjoyments of the public. The introduction, though rather long, is well designed, and sustained with spirit. The air of Chollet, which is a singular conception, but full of vigour and character, was warmly applauded, and the finale of the first act quite electrified the audience: some couplets at the commencement of the second act pleased by their grace and freshness, as also did the duet. The finale of the second act is, in my opinion, the best part of the whole opera. It is one of those pieces that please by a happy contrast of effects. There is a movement of a religious character, with the accompaniment of a bell, the melody of which possesses a breadth and tone of colouring rare in the compositions of the modern school: the part executed *piano* was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. A very remarkable piece in the third act is that in which the two valets are interrogated, which possesses a vivacity and character peculiar to itself, and breathes all the whim and humour of Cimarosa's best manner. A concerted piece has also much merit. The omission of an air, written for Ponchard, but which Moreau-Sainti, a singer of moderate talents, was unable to execute, is much to be regretted; especially as it is pronounced by several amateurs who had heard it at the piano, to be one of the most spirited things in the whole score. In a word, I feel assured that much of the merit of this opera is not to be appreciated at a first hearing, and that a series of representations will open up new beauties, and afford a prolonged enjoyment.

With respect to the performers, Madame Pradher is delightful in the part of *Betty*, and has several charming morceaux to execute, to which, as well as to the concerted pieces, she did ample justice. It is to be regretted that, with a voice of much power and flexibility, Madame Casimire seemed altogether a novice in the art of song. Of the new singer I have already spoken, and Lemonnier was scarcely more effective; consequently the weight of the piece fell upon Chollet, who seemed to feel the responsibility of his situation, and performed with more than usual vigour. * * * * *

ORGANS IN SCOTISH CHURCHES.

THE use of the organ in places of worship in Scotland is making a slow but, it appears to us, certain progress: in less than a quarter of a century there will not be, we venture to predict, a single church or chapel of any importance in North Britain without its "box of whistles."

The following extract from a letter, dated Edinburgh, May 21st, 1829, is interesting at the present moment, and may prove still more so at some future period, when it may be referred to as an historical document:—

"I mentioned to you some time ago (and the notice appeared in the *Harmonicon*) that the pastor of a large dissenting congregation had introduced an organ into his church. This organ has been used ever since, much to the pleasure and advantage of the congregation. They belong to what are called the Relief Church, and differ from the Established Church in nothing but the point of patronage. They are, accordingly, very numerous and respectable throughout Scotland. Their church is governed, like the Establishment, by *Presbyteries* and *Synods*. At a late meeting of one of these last-mentioned assemblies, the organ-question was brought forward, and the result

was that the clergyman was severely censured, and ordered to pull it down. Instead of obeying this injunction, he determined to renounce his allegiance to the government of his church, and did so last Sunday, accompanying his declaration with an admirable address to his flock. On the day following there was a very crowded meeting of the congregation, at which it was resolved, without a dissentient voice, to return thanks to their pastor for his conduct, and to adhere to him as an independent congregation. It is expected that other congregations will follow his example, and all who do so of course will have organs in their churches.

"Perhaps you may think it worth while to record the event, which, though of little interest in England, is yet of importance, as paving the way for the general use of organs in this country."

DR. CROTCH'S LECTURES.

DURING the months of May and June, Dr. Crotch, professor of music in the University of Oxford, gave a course of six lectures at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, which were attended by the members and their families chiefly. As practical examples of various composers, nothing could have been better calculated for the purpose than those produced and performed by the highly-gifted professor; but in a scientific institution, and one that ranks so high, we have always thought that the science of music, strictly so called, should at least divide the lecture with the practice. The subject is a very curious one, and could not fail to prove interesting in the present philosophical and inquiring age.

The following is the syllabus of Dr. Crotch's lectures:—

LECTURE I.—Tuesday, May 12th.

On the Music of the Ancients, and National Music. The National Music of the Hebrews, of China, Java, the East Indies, Greece, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, England, France, Scandinavia, and Norway.

LECTURE II.—Tuesday, May 19th.

On Scientific Music. The Invention of Harmony by Guido in the 11th Century. The Sublime Style invented before the Beautiful, and the Ornamental after. They all exist in National Music. Ambrosian and Gregorian Chants. Tallis. Josquin de Praz; 15th Century. Present State of Parochial Church Music. Psalm Tunes of the Reformers. Cathedral Music. Boyce's Collection. Orlando di Sasso. Palestrina, Tye, Farrant. The Madrigal invented in the 16th Century. Monteverde, Converso, Marenzio, Bird. Recitative invented for the first Opera. The oldest Oratorio by Cavaliero in the 17th Century. Gibbons.

LECTURE III.—Tuesday, May 26th.

The Cantata and Opera Aria invented in the 17th Century. Carissimi. Alessandro Scarlatti, the father of the Ornamental Style in Scientific Music. Stradella. Salvator Rosa. Improvement in the Accompaniments of Oratorio and Opera Songs.

LECTURE IV.—Tuesday, June 2d.

Music of the latter part of the 17th and early part of the 18th Centuries. English Church Music. Croft. Durante, Pupil of Alessandro Scarlatti. Corelli, the Inventor of Concerted Instrumental Pieces. Henry Purcel.

LECTURE V.—Tuesday, June 9th.

Cursory Remarks on the present State of Music. Decline of the Art. Remedies suggested. Music of the earlier half of the 18th Century continued. Steffani, Marcello, Leo, Pergolesi, Sebastian Bach. Perusal of his Life, by Forkel, recommended.

LECTURE VI.—Tuesday, June 16th.

George Frederic Handel. The manner in which he formed his Style. His Anthems, Organ Fugues. Instrumental and Vocal Chamber Music, Concertos, Overtures, Recitatives, Songs, Duets, and Choruses of his Operas and Oratorios. His Character estimated from the predominant Styles. Conclusion of the present Course.

MR. JAMES AND M. TULOU.

To the Editor of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

28, Regent-street, June 21, 1829.

We shall consider it a great favour if you will cause the enclosed to be printed in the next number of the *Harmonicon*.

We are, Sir,

Your humble servants,

MONZANI & HILL.

Un mot à Mr. W. H. JAMES.

J'ai lu dans un journal un article où se trouve cette phrase: *M. Tulou a reconnu que les flûtes de M. James étaient supérieures aux flûtes de M. Monzani.*

Il faut que je parle bien mal l'Anglais ou que M. James ne comprenne pas du tout le Français pour interpréter ainsi la réponse que je lui ai faite après avoir essayé sa flûte à la dernière visite qu'il m'a fait l'honneur de me rendre. Je ne répondrai donc qu'un seul mot, et je désire que M. James le comprenne plus exactement.

Je ne me permets pas de juger de la qualité des flûtes des différens auteurs de Londres; tout ce que je puis dire à M. James, c'est que jusqu'à ce jour je ne me suis servi, en flûtes Anglaises, que de celles de M. Monzani.

Londres, le 23 Juin, 1829.

19, Gerrard-street, Soho.

TULOU.

REV. MR. LISTON'S EUHARMONIC ORGAN.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

Manse of Ecclesmachan, 13th June, 1829.

WITH much mortification I observe that in writing off the Table of Intervals, given by my Organ, I have, by some strange fatality, omitted the Diatonic Semitone, the very interval in question between your correspondent Mr. G. H. and myself. At the same time I observe several typographical errors (if some of them be not chargeable to myself,) which are to be corrected as follows:—

HARMONICON, No. XVIII. New Series.

Page. Col. Line.

125, 1, 5, from bottom of text, *for* from prime seven, *read* from the prime seven.

126, 1, in the Table, the Measure of Major seventh 15 : 8, is 0.9068908.

ib. ib. ib. the Measure of Redundant fifth 25 : 16 is 0.6438565.

ib. ib. ib. *for* C — D # | Redundant seventh, *read* C — D #

| Redundant second.

ib. ib. ib. *for* D — E | Minor second, *read* D — E | Grave Major second.

ib. ib. ib. Immediately below the last mentioned, insert the following line,—

C—D b | Minor second, or Diatonic Semitone | S | 16 : 15 | 0.0931092.

126, 2, 21, of letter-press, *for* is a chord of perfect fifth, *read* in a

chord, &c.

127, 1, 23, Ditto, *for* first to the second, *read* first chord to the second,

ib. ib. 30, Ditto, *for* on the dominant, *read* in the dominant.

128, 1, 30, and 32, *for* stop, *read* step.

ib. 2, 9, *for* stops, *read* steps.

ib. ib. 21 sq., *for* with r' third to d b, *read* with r, acute third to d b.

129, 1, 35, *for* produced, *read* produces.

ib. ib. 21, from bottom, *for* a #, *read* a #.

ib. ib. 12, Ditto, *for* those objects, *read* these objects.

ib. ib. 16, from bottom of foot-notes, *for* certainly to nothing, *read* certainty to nothing.

By giving this a place in your next number you will oblige

Your already much obliged Servant,

HENRY LISTON,

Review of Music.

1. *SIX CANZONETS, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte; the words by LORD BYRON, the music by JOHN LODGE, Esq. Book 1st. (Chappell, 135, New Bond Street.)*

2. *A Second Set of SIX ITALIAN ARIETTES, for One or Two Voices, with an accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, composed by P. VERINI. (Same Publisher.)*

THAT the number of excellent dilettanti is fast on the increase, must be obvious to all who mix in society. Without going beyond the limits of our own acquaintance, we could point out in this metropolis unprofessional performers in sufficient abundance to constitute, with the aid of two or three wind-instrumentalists, a very effective orchestra: and as to the highest branch of the art, composition, the pages of our review furnish evidence of the strides making by those who have studied music as an accomplishment merely; while the other portion of our work occasionally shews the superiority of amateur composers over some professed ones of no short standing and no mean name.*

We cannot but rejoice at this; for assuredly it is more creditable to a gentleman of good education and fortune to indulge in an intellectual, innocent pursuit, than in an irrational, cruel one. It is more becoming his station, more worthy the improved condition of his mind, to employ his leisure, and seek his amusement, in the cultivation of an art in which the utmost ingenuity, the most refined taste, may be displayed, and the effects of which are so undeniable, than in chasing timid animals with the eagerness, but without the motive and justification, of a famished savage, and destroying them with less humanity than the most ferocious butcher exhibits in his slaughter-house. Animals, too,—bred more with a view to the mode of their destruction than to their ultimate use,—the feeding of which is so injurious to the farmer, so expensive to the country at large, and the preservation whereof, or the attempt to preserve, for the exclusive diversion and use of certain classes, half fills our jails with what the law calls criminals, and is preparing our peasantry to become desperate bandits, if not bold rebels, at a period which, we fear, is approaching with more hasty steps than is generally supposed.

In speaking of gentlemanlike amusements, Lord Chesterfield bears very hard on the fiddle and flute. The noble earl's infinitely more noble contemporary, Dr. Johnson, is not less severe on the angle-rod and line; and we are persuaded that the majority of thinking people,—that is, of people who think to some purpose,—will agree with us, that "a stick and a string," if employed to "discourse most eloquent music," are fitter for the hands of a sensible man, than when used to kill time and torture fish.

That the author of the above *canzonets* is a dilettante composer we know. We cannot affirm that he is not a sportsman, though we should infer that he is neither a

member of a hunt nor a "brother of the angle," because those who, from a pure, disinterested love of art, devote their thoughts to poetry, painting, or music, are rarely inclined to gallop, in all weathers, over hedge and ditch, in pursuit of a poor hare; to tramp over ploughed land, under a burning sun, with a dog as a companion, for the sake of knocking down a few birds; or to sit for hours by a dull stream, watching the motion of a bit of cork on the water, with no other design than to lacerate some unhappy trout or tench. But though an amateur (or dilettante, for both words mean the same thing,) Mr. Lodge's musical talent and knowledge place him far above most of our professed composers, and qualify him to vie with the best of them, if we may judge by his present publication, which has afforded us a pleasure that, as critics, it is not often our lot to enjoy.

The style of these *canzonets* is a happy mixture of what is become English by adoption, and of Italian, the latter rather predominating. The airs are less striking in themselves than in combination with the accompaniments, which are very clever, and prove the author to be not only a good harmonist, but an excellent judge of effect. He has not been always equally successful in accenting the poetry: in the second *canzonet*, for instance, the words "through" and "and" should have fallen on the last beat of the previous bars. At page 9, also, "sepulchre" draws too much; but it stands in the verse as a most untoward trisyllable, and we do not see how it could have been better managed when set to notes. The first, "'Tis sweet to hear at midnight;" the fifth, "Adieu, adieu, my native shore;" and the last, "There be none of beauty's daughters," please us most. The melodies are full of grace, and natural, though not common; while the accompaniments are quite of the higher order of composition. But all the six possess strong claims to notice, which we shall be surprised if they do not obtain, and that speedily.

The *Ariettes* of Signor Verini are in that exceedingly simple, easy style, which has always met with admirers, and will long continue to find them. Requiring little exertion of voice, with but a very moderate extent of musical knowledge, in the performers, and calling on the auditor for no effort, either of attention or understanding, such compositions conciliate both parties; and though not calculated to meet the wishes of those who discover in the art something more than a power to tickle the ear, will, nevertheless, gratify by far the most numerous class,—the supine, or such as do not desire to be roused; and the uncultivated, by which term we mean to designate those who have not, by either learning or hearing, acquired any thing like a true feeling for music.

These pieces are all for two voices, though the airs may be sung without the second part. They are in the plainest Venetian manner, running in either direct or inverted thirds, without any complexity in the measures; and, in short, may be performed at first sight by almost any body who can sing in tune.

* We only need refer to the last Number of the *HARMONICON*, which contains an aria that the first composer of the present day might be proud to acknowledge.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. Introduction, Variations, and Finale, on BELLINI's favourite air in *I Pirati*, by F. KALKBRENNER. (Goulding and D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square.)
2. BOCHSA'S MARTIAL FANTASIA, on the air Partant pour la Syrie, arranged by AUGUSTUS MEVES. (Chappell.)
3. HAYDN'S OX-MINUET, with Variations, by JEROME PAYER, Op. 111. (Paine and Hopkins, 69, Cornhill.)
4. VARIATIONS BRILLANTES sur la Cavatine, "Viens gentille Dame," dans *La Dame Blanche*, composées par W. PLACHY, Op. 38. (Balls, 408, Oxford Street.)

MR. KALKBRENNER is determined not to be outdone in difficulty by the young composers who surround him in Paris; he has in the first of these inserted passages which may challenge the most desperate efforts of Herz, C. Czerny, &c., and such as must daunt even executioners as bold and ready as those young Germans. But such passages are, fortunately, not so indissolubly united with the other parts as to render a divorce impracticable; the separation may easily be brought about, and when the *tours de main* are discarded, much that is really good, though little that is fit for ordinary performers, will remain. The Introduction shews the pen of a master, particularly in the first twelve bars of page 4; it must, however, be a strong hand that can do it justice. The air, or subject, "Ah! non fia sempre odiata," is certainly the favourite thing in Bellini's opera; though, by-the-bye, somewhat indebted to the spinning song in *La Dame Blanche*. It begins thus:—



Mr. K. has not given the second portion of this exactly according to the original; it has rather lost by the change. In the fifth variation, or finale, the theme is treated in the fugue-style, forming a striking and agreeable contrast to the other parts; and at nearly the end are passages which will make very good exercises for proficients, but otherwise have not much to recommend them.

No. 2 is neither more nor less than the well-known popular French air, with some variations that are any thing but ingenious or effective, and an introduction of a most common kind; to all of which it seems M. Bochsa has given the name of *Fantasia*, and claims it as his own. He might with equal truth have appropriated to himself "Di tanti palpiti," and have called it a chorus, or a ballad, for his "fantasia" has no one characteristic of the kind of composition which it pretends to be, the air excepted. Mr. Meves has adapted it by means of a few trifling alterations, and dignified it by the epithet "celebrated." The comical part of the business is, that the only name which ought to appear prominently in the title-page,—to wit, the composer of the air, the only good part of the piece,—is wholly concealed.

A butcher in Vienna importuned Haydn to write a minuet for his daughter's nuptials, and offered any price for the production. The composer, thinking such an employment rather *infra dig.*, declined. But the knight of the cleaver redoubled his entreaties, and the great musician at length relented; peremptorily declining, however, any compensation. The minuet was delivered, and was danced at the wedding. The following morning a fine ox, decorated with ribbons and flowers, arrived at Haydn's door, led by the grateful butcher, who positively refused to depart till Haydn gratified his wishes a second time, by accepting the beast as an offering. Such is the history of No. 2; and we must confess that, in our opinion, the composer was exorbitantly remunerated, for he never appeared so unlike himself as in this minuet. M. Payer has not mended the matter by his variations, or added to his own fame by his 111th opera!

No. 4 is a charming air, varied with great taste and knowledge. It is evident, even from this example alone, that M. Plachy is a sensible composer, for he has been guilty of no one of those follies which are now so often, so systematically committed, but has kept the real object of music in view, and sought to please not only the performer, but those who may listen to the performance. He has not endeavoured to flatter the vanity of the one at the expense of the other. The term "brilliant" must not be construed in the present case by the same word or phrase that expresses the difficulty of much modern music: the piece is not easy, but, on the contrary, requires a good player; but is, however, very attainable by any tolerably experienced amateur.

1. FANTAISIE, Echoes of the Alps, introducing three Swiss Airs, with the embellishments of Madame Stockhausen, composed by J. MOSCHELES. (Mori and Lavenue, 28, New Bond Street.)
2. DIVERTIMENTO, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad libitum, on the admired Fandango, composed by SIXTO PEREZ. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
3. BAJELITO, the Spanish air sung by Madame Vigo, arranged as a Rondoletto, by the same. (Chappell.)
4. DIVERTIMENTO, Le Caprice, composed by CHARLES HARGITT, Jun. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)
5. Les Bagatelles, No. 7, containing the Chapter of Kings, arranged by J. W. HOLDER, Mus. Bac. (Cramer and Co.)
6. Ditto, No. 8, containing "Ackee O," arranged by M. C. WILSON. (Same publishers.)

THE Swiss airs, a taste for which was excited in this country by the many interesting performances of the Rainer family, and is nourished by the delightful manner in which Madame Stockhausen and the fascinating Madlle. Sontag still sing them, have lost but little of their attraction for us British islanders. Either we are a very constant nation, disliking change, or slow in discernment, and only discovering beauties after they have begun to pall on people of quicker sensibility. We leave the reader to make his election out of the two characters. M. Moscheles has chosen for his present purpose *The Pastor of the Alps*,—*The Goatherd's Boy*,—and *The Swiss-drover Boy of Appenzell*. These are so connected by the composer's additions, and the various parts are so well dovetailed together, that nothing but extemporaneousness is wanting

to render this a genuine fantasia. The introduction opens rather in the manner of a prelude, but changes into a short pastoral movement, in character with the melodies. The concluding part, which the composer terms a "Movimento Ballabile," makes an admirable finish to a composition that will prove very charming in the hands of a good player. We must not neglect to mention that this fantasia begins in B b, and ends in G: a rather remarkable peculiarity.

The second and third of these are very good compositions up to a certain point; that is to say, they are written in a musician-like manner, are well suited to the hand, and ably adapted to the instrument; but they want the animating principle, they want novelty in design, and vigour in filling up; in a word, they want that which genius alone can impart. The Fandango selected by M. Perez is not the best variety of the species; he might have chosen half a dozen better in every respect for his purpose: and of the *Bajelito*, an air full of originality and character, he has not made so much as, we presume, he might have done by the exertion of a little more thought. We like both his introductions, and there are portions of the other pages which afforded us pleasure. Let him invoke his muse, and pray for more of the inventive faculty. Should his petition be granted, he may yet acquire fame as a composer.

No. 4 is a very singular, ingenious composition: we know not when we have met with so much of that very rare commodity, originality. A few bars will give our readers a clearer idea of this than half a column of words.

Hence it will be seen, that this would have been written in six-four time in the sixteenth century, by Byrde, Bull, and their contemporaries: while most composers of later ages, and of the present period, would have treated it as

belonging to the measure of six-eighths. Let musicians ponder awhile on this; it ought to lead to a simplification of time, which now,—by the use of brief notes and Italian words directing a comparatively slow movement, instead of long notes and words indicating celerity—may be reckoned among the most formidable stumbling-blocks to learners. The last bar but one, page 2, contains an engraver's error of importance: the G in the treble should, we conclude, be E.

We recommend this composition to the notice of our readers, both on account of its newness and effect.

Nos. 5 and 6, containing two pages each, are for the use of those who have just got out of an instruction book. The first is not remarkable for the polish of its style. The second has considerable merit, and is calculated to improve the taste of a learner.

1. ANDANTE and RONDO, by J. CALKIN. (Chappell.)
2. Matilde, a ROMANCE, varied by G. KIALLMARK. (Same.)
3. The MARKET CHORUS in the Ballet of Masaniello, arranged by T. VALENTINE. (Same.)
4. DIVERTIMENTO, Il Giorno di Festa, in which is introduced the favourite Swiss Waltz, composed by JAMES CLARK. (Preston.)
5. AIR, "My love is like the red, red rose," arranged with Variations by A. C. WHITCOMBE. (Paine and Hopkins.)

THE above five pieces are much of the same order of composition, are calculated for the same class of players, and have many points of resemblance. We discover no error, whether as regards rule or taste, in any one of them; neither do they manifest any extraordinary vigour. They are all suited to the generality of performers,—not difficult, and yet sufficiently respectable in every way to be introduced where music of the higher kind is not the order of the evening. In schools they will be found exceedingly useful.

No. 1 is a short air, à la Haydn, (which, by the way, calls a very popular song to memory) with three variations, and a Rondo as the last. The whole of this is distinguished by a certain gracefulness that runs through it, and two or three little touches of harmony show the author to belong to the legitimate,—the best school of music.

No. 2 is an air unknown to us, upon which five unassuming, but perfectly correct, variations are written in good taste, the last forming a lively and rather brilliant finale.

No. 3 is one of the best things in Auber's opera, the chorus, "Au Marché!" arranged with judgment, and producing much effect, without requiring any unusual skill or exertion in the player.

The composer of No. 4 is, we conjecture, a lover of solid music: there is a sober gaiety in his divertimento which gives to it an air of novelty in these "giddy-pated" times, that is far from displeasing.

Though we do not find a single new idea in No. 5, there is, nevertheless, a something that may almost be called elegance in parts of it, which is no bad substitute for originality.

1. Hilarité, POLACCA BRILLANTE, composée par C. M. von WEBER. (Wessel and Stodart, Frith Street.)
2. BRILLIANT VARIATIONS on a Theme in ROSSINI's *Semiramide*, composed by FRANÇOIS SCHÖBERLECHNER, of Vienna. (Same.)

3. *Chœur des Pages, Thème de l'opera de CARAFFA, La Violette, varié par CHAULIEU, Op. 73.* (Cocks and Co., Princes Street, Hanover Square.)
4. *RONDO BRILLANT, in which is introduced PANSEON'S Barcarolle, "Eh! vogue ma nacelle," composed by the same.* (Balls.)

WE have never estimated the piano-forte compositions of Weber so highly as his vocal and orchestral works. In the former his genius seems painfully bounded,—it appears to want the means of development, and flies with unceasing activity to all parts of the instrument, as if endeavouring to escape from so circumscribed a field into one of ampler dimensions. His addiction also to unequal, jirking notes,—to the dotted semiquaver alternately with the demisemiquaver—so apparent in all he has written for the piano-forte, together with his hurried passages of triplets, betray something like impatience; and whatever may have been the feeling that produced such results, they certainly do not excite the most agreeable emotions in the majority of well-judging hearers. This opinion is strengthened by the present Polacca (in E) which exhibits the peculiarities we have mentioned; though the author's genius always will display itself in some shape or other, and often shines forth in the work before us, particularly in the *cantabile*, pages 2 and 3, which is like a tranquil, beautiful episode, in the midst of a hurried, vehement oration.

No. 2 is in the worst manner of the worst school of the present day. The choice of the air shows a miserable taste, and the variations on it betray a still more wretched judgment.

The subject of No. 3 is deservedly popular on the continent, and a good ground-work for brilliant variations, which M. Chaulieu has wrought with considerable ability; though we should have liked them better had they been more *chantantes* and expressive, less *sautantes* and hurried. The introduction is of a gentle nature, and leads in the theme in an advantageous manner.

No. 4 has more attractions than the preceding by the same composer. The air itself is not so pleasing, but is expanded with superior taste. It is rather too long, perhaps, the unfruitful nature of the subject being considered; yet the composer has imparted a variety to it that was hardly to be looked for, and in the hands of a good performer, this will meet with success.

The above four compositions are only adapted to superior performers; they are full of difficulties, and, unlike many works that will occur to the reader, do not possess attraction enough to urge the less advanced player to any extraordinary exertions.

1. *A set of QUADRILLES and a WALTZ, composed by D. SCHLESINGER.* (Cramer and Co.)
2. *La Gaîté, a ninth set of QUADRILLES, selected from AUBER'S Masaniello, by L. ZERBINI.* (Wessel and Stodart.)
3. *FOREIGN WALTZES. Book 3.* (Edinburgh; Paterson, Roy, and Co.)
4. *WALTZ and TRIO, by C. DELLA TORRE.* (Luff, Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury.)

THE quadrilles of M. Schlesinger bear the impress of a master, and at the same time offer no impediment to those who have not a passion for overcoming difficulties. The waltz is in the present fashionable Swiss manner, and pleasing.

No. 2 is a remarkably pretty set of quadrilles. We can assert from our own knowledge that they have often during the present season been used in the best circles, and always with approbation.

Upon opening No. 3 we find that these "Foreign Waltzes" are composed by an ingenious professor of music, a native of North Britain, Mr. Finlay Dun! There is some discrepancy in this, which can only be accounted for by supposing that one title-page is made to serve for many books. The waltzes, however, are far superior to the common standard, and exhibit many really new features.

No. 4, too, is clever, and not only attempts but achieves something much better than we are accustomed to in this species of composition.

1. *The Introductory SYMPHONY, AIRS, RECITATIONS, DANCE, and CHORUSES in the Tragedy of Macbeth, in complete Score, composed by MATTHEW LOCK; the whole revised and corrected, and an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte added, by J. ADDISON.* (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. *The OVERTURE, AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS, and CHORUSES in the Beggar's Opera, carefully collated, and supplied with appropriate accompaniments for the Piano Forte, by J. ADDISON.* (Same Publishers.)

BOTH these volumes are printed by the new method,—by Cowper's patent copper types,* and for correctness, distinctness, and cleanliness, they need but be seen to be approved.

The only score of Macbeth with which we are acquainted, is that published by "John Johnson, of York Street, Covent Garden," and which must have appeared at least fifty years ago, for it is dedicated to Garrick, who died in 1779. This has a figured base, but no other accompaniment for a keyed instrument. The music has since been often printed with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, but without the instrumental score, so that the two together was a desideratum. This is now supplied by Mr. Addison, who has faithfully interpreted the composer's figures, and arranged the scanty orchestral parts in a manner that will hardly fail to obtain general approbation.

An octavo edition of *The Beggar's Opera* was printed, the preface to this tells us, in 1728, with the melodies to each song and the overture in score. We possess the second part of the Beggar's Opera, called *Polly*, in quarto, with the airs and a base detached from the letter-press, printed in 1729. Hence we are led to ask if it is not probable that the Beggar's Opera itself was first published in a similar form? We have also the quarto edition of the latter, dated 1777, "with the Overture in score: the Songs and the Bases engraved on Copper Plates." This must have been a reprint, if, as Mr. Addison informs us, it appeared in the same shape in 1761.

There are but very few adaptations of this admirable collection of beautiful old melodies, and the one which professes to give new bases set to the airs by Dr. Arne, is very properly designated by Mr. Addison; for there can be little doubt, judging by the evidence afforded by the work itself, that the name of that celebrated composer and excellent musician was fraudulently used. In 1777, we learn from the same source, Mr. Linley, the senior, com-

* See page 139 of our last number; and the first volume of our new series, page 60.

posed some very ingenious and effective accompaniments to the opera, which are now generally adopted, and to these the present adaptor acknowledges great obligation, though he states that he has sometimes restored the original harmony as better suited to the air, and because an excess of notes, which he sometimes met with, militated against the true expression of the words. Mr. Linley's alterations, however, never before in any shape appeared in print, so that we have now the benefit of his excellent taste, and also of the improvements which since his time have been made in the mode of accompanying the voice.

VOCAL.

1. *SOLFEGGI, and EXERCISES upon Scales, Intervals, &c. with explanations and instructions; to which is prefixed an Introductory Discourse on Vocal Expression, composed by FINLAY DUN, of Edinburgh.* (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)
2. *THE WHOLE ART OF SINGING AT SIGHT exemplified in a series of Easy and familiar Exercises, &c. &c. written and arranged by JAMES HENRY HORNCastle.* (Preston.)
3. *Progressive EXERCISES for the VOICE, &c. with Illustrative Examples from the works of Purcell, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, &c. by D. E. FORD.* (Westley and Davis; and Longman and Bates.)

MR. FINLAY DUN, in his preface, informs us, as an apology, which he seems to deem necessary, for augmenting the number of works of the kind, that his method, "though successively adopted in some of the best books of exercises for the piano-forte and violin, has not been used (he believes) in exercises or studies for the voice." This method is, to render each solfeggio "an example of one particular and specific mode of managing the voice. Some, for instance, for the *legato* and *portamento*; others for the *vibrato*; others for the *staccato*; so that the student may have an idea of the different modes of managing the voice."

The composer has introduced these solfeggi by the "substance of a discourse on vocal expression, by his master, the celebrated Girolamo Crescentini, prefixed to the first part of that signor's *Vocalizzi*." This he has translated and given freely; and in addition has "ventured to introduce a few remarks of his own, when he conceived that, by so doing, he could render the discourse more useful to the English student." We have not Crescentini's work in the original Italian in our possession; but, judging from the French translation, are enabled to say, that Mr. Dun has rendered the preliminary discourse very accurately as to the author's meaning; and the observations he has added are apposite and elucidatory. His own exclusive share of the work, then, begins with the major and minor scales, page 8, which are accompanied by the simplest harmony. We regret here to find that it is the author's practice,—an erroneous one, we believe,—to give the syllable *do* to *c*, be the key what it may. We have on former occasions said much on this subject, therefore do not repeat our arguments here. The skips of diatonic intervals, and likewise the chromatic scale, are inserted without any base,—an unfortunate omission, for the ear of the vocal student cannot be too soon accustomed to the relations of harmony. For want of this habit, and from being incapable of performing on such instruments as give chords, many otherwise charming vocalists are unsteady, and commit the most glaring blunders in their ornaments.

The solfeggi, which form the bulk of the book, are

thirteen in number, and admirably adapted to the objects the composer has in view. They are in various styles, and progressive; the melodies are elegant, and expression, "the soul of music," is the most prominent feature of them. The accompaniments are not less deserving of praise,—accustoming the student to good harmony, and preparing him for all the varieties he is afterwards to meet with as a general singer.

No. 2 is a cheap compilation, in an abridged form, and in language far from refined, of other treatises.

In No. 3 a vast deal of good sense is shewn, and a laudable preference for classical music is exhibited in every page. We differ from the writer, however, in the wish that singers would become acquainted with all the clefs; on the contrary, we hope, among the many improvements taking place almost daily in other arts and sciences, to see the use of the *mean* clefs utterly abolished, as worse than useless. It is downright bigotry to retain them, particularly after so excellent a substitute for them has been proposed, as that recommended in a former volume of the *HARMONICON**. Mr. Ford, we are glad to see, agrees with those who hold it right to give the syllable *do* to the tonic, in all keys.

1. *SERENADE, The White Maid of Avenel, sung by Miss Love at Drury Lane, the words from the romance of the Monastery, and composed by Mrs. COLONEL STEWART.* (Balls; and Cramer and Co.)
2. *BALLAD, "Hame frae the wars," composed by Mrs. PHILIP MILLARD.* (Pettel.)
3. *Song of the Spanish Maid, sung by Miss E. Paton, composed by JOHN THOMSON, Esq.* (Edinburgh; Paterson and Co.)
4. *CAVATINA, "If here I still linger," the words from the Harmonicon; sung, composed, and published by the same.*

THE four compositions here classed together are by amateurs, and bear us out in what we have just now advanced concerning the progress making in music by those who cultivate it without any professional views.

The first evinces so much knowledge of the art—so nice a discrimination in setting poetry, that prepared as we were to expect a great deal from such a dilettante, it has, nevertheless, surprised us; and though we rarely can afford room for extracts from works of this class, yet it is due to the authoress, and indeed to our readers, to insert the brief symphony, which will more than justify our repeated assertions on the subject of amateur composers.—



* The writer there advises the *c* clef to be placed in the third space, by which means the names of both lines and spaces will correspond to those in the treble, and the sign itself will suffice to shew that the notes are to be taken an octave lower by counter-tenor and tenor voices, as well as by certain instruments.



In the next page is the following bold harmony, which shall speak for itself:—



How this composition was received at Drury Lane we cannot report: it was too good, we fear, for a winter theatre, and should have been heard by a smaller and more select audience at the English Opera House.

Though in an entirely different style, and not having the same pretensions as a musical work, Mrs. Millard's ballad is not less entitled to commendation than the preceding. It is a sweet melody well accompanied, and will be better appreciated by numbers than if it had been more studiously written.

No. 3 is an intentional, allowable, and successful imitation of the bolero: its effect is remarkably pleasing. We should, however, have set the words at page 2 thus, for the sake of accent,—



The modulation in the latter part of the same page, takes the ear somewhat by surprise, and pleases us exceedingly.

No. 4 must not be compared to the foregoing in any respect. It has been published, we suspect, in haste, and before it had undergone a careful revision.

1. A MEDLEY GLEE, arranged from the works of the most popular composers, by W. W. TIMBRELL. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. DUET, The Pilgrim's Prayer, composed by S. NELSON. (Chappell.)
3. SPANISH SONG, "El corazon en venta," sung by Mad. Caradori, composed by JOSE M. GOMIS.
4. SONG, "I saw thy tears," the English words by Don Telesfor de Trueba; the Spanish by D. M. Seoane, composed by J. M. GOMIS. (Birchall and Co.)
5. BALLAD, "Love not," the poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, composed by J. BLOCKLEY. (Cramer and Co.)
6. SONG, "O Peace! of smiling lip," the words by the Rev. H. MOORE, composed and sung by EDWARD TAYLOR. (Mori and Lavenue.)

7. RONDO, "Muses! honour her," composed by F. W. CROUCH. (Chappell.)
8. VENETIAN SERENADE, "Hark! 'tis the signal of meeting," sung by Mr. BRAHAM, composed by G. A. HODSON. (Chappell.)
9. BALLAD, "The Ranger's Bride," written and composed by W. BALL. (Chappell.)
10. RECIT. and AIR, "Ye Cliffs!" composed by S. NELSON. (Chappell.)
11. SERENADE, "Sweetly blows the Rose," sung by Mr. SAPIO, composed by W. KIRBY. (Chappell.)
12. SONG, "O! that I were a merry sprite," words and music by H. GRAVES. (Chappell.)
13. BALLAD, "Sweet as the breeze," composed by W. H. CALLCOTT. (Callcott.)
14. BALLAD, "Fly! fly to my own sweet bower," composed by G. W. REEVE. (Mori and Lavenue.)
15. BALLAD of the olden time, "The Disowned," written by Mrs. C. B. WILSON, composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Barnett and Co.)
16. SONG, "Oh no! they never lov'd like me," composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Paine and Hopkins.)
17. BALLAD, "Afton Water," sung by Mad. CARADORI, composed by H. PHILLIPS. (Callcott.)
- 18 and 19. Little SONGS for little singers, written and composed by J. GREEN. Nos. 11 and 12. (Green, Soho-square.)

No. 1 consists of a number of scraps of airs well put together, and producing a very humorous effect.

In No. 2, we find nothing very remarkable. An awkward 7th appears in the third vocal bar.

No. 3 has a national character, and No. 4 is entirely in what may be termed the English style; but neither the one nor the other exhibits anything like a new trait.

No. 5, an exhortation to refrain from love, possesses considerable elegance, both words and music; but, however argumentative the poetess, and eloquent the composer, the world would go on very dully, if it went on at all, without a pretty liberal distribution of the soft passion. Besides we learn from good authority, that

— All we know of those above,
Is that they sing and that they love.

No. 6 is a good base song, considering that it is cast in a mould which has long been used for such compositions. We much prefer the first movement to the second, because it takes less of the old form, does not run in unison or octaves with the base, and is infinitely more expressive. We find here prosodial accents which cannot be defended; for instance "his" on the strong part of the bar, instead of "fond," (page 4); and a whole semibreve given to an insignificant preposition, instead of its being expressed by a short note at the end of the previous bar. See page 5, fourth vocal staff.

We cannot launch out much in praise of No. 7. The music is correct, undoubtedly, but the words are not set as if the composer had read them with care.

The rhythm of No. 8 is good, and the accent free from blame; though we cannot trace any new passage in the serenade: indeed the cadences are too much of the common order.

The air of No. 9 is far better than the words. We would advise the author to re-write the former. And as to

those which Mr. Nelson has had the ill luck to set in No. 10, they are either very fine and pass our understanding, or vastly ridiculous and unworthy of the writer's.

Nos. 11 and 12, flow on smoothly and are rather pretty. Both are easy and within a reasonable compass. We were surprised to read in the last of a *blushing lip*. We counsel composers to take good advice before they turn poets.

No. 13, is very good music, and the words—which are of a superior order—are expressively set.

No. 14 is airy and free from fault. No. 15 possesses no little merit, and has some very good points. We wish that Mr. Barnett would spare himself the trouble of giving directions to the singer in Italian, when that tongue, which he doubtless understands better, would be much more welcome to the great majority of ballad-singers.

In No. 16 we have again to regret that the words are so very unworthy of the music. The latter might be listened to with much pleasure, did not the former turn it almost into farce.

The gently-flowing accompaniment of No. 17 is well conceived, the key (E) well chosen, and the ballad altogether is a pleasing composition. To be sure the lady with her lover's "cot in her eye," is rather a bold image. It should have been pursued by making her shed a flood of tears, and thus the nuisance would have been abated by an inundation.

The words of No. 18 are very humorous, and the tune well adapted to them. No. 19 is a lively panegyric on the "smiling month of May," which season, by-the-bye, frowned abominably this year, and invalidated Mr. Green's praises of it. The diminished size of these little songs, the lithographed frontispieces, and their simplicity, should recommend them to youthful singers. We, however, advise the author not to mark the fingering in future.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

(Resumed from page 141.)

May 25th. This evening Prince Leopold gave his first entertainment,—a concert, at which not an English performer was engaged, and not a single piece of classical music was introduced. I put the exact program on record, not out of respect to the various compositions; far from it; but that at some future period the state of the art among the fashionable people of the present day may be known.

Terzetto, "Una Campana;" Fioravanti.

Duetto, "Prendi vola al Capitani;" Mercadante.

Terzetto, "Dopo duo lustri;" Mercadante.

Duetto, "Ebben a te ferisci;" Rossini.

Aria, "Salvo alfin;" Pacini.

Quintetto, "O guardate;" Rossini.

Aria, "Se m'abbandoni;" Mercadante.

Quintetto, Rossini.

Aria, Meyerbeer.

Duetto, "Se mi credi;" Meyerbeer.

Duetto, Cimarosa.

Finale *Aureliano in Palmira*; Rossini.

29th. The musical critiques in the daily papers are become amusing by the excess of their absurdity. The
JULY, 1829.

Times of this day, in an account of *Don Giovanni*, says, that Madlle. Sontag contrived to introduce some *obligato* passages in her last air, 'non mi dir,' which were highly applauded." The *Herald*, in a very self-complacent strain, tells us, that "'Deh vieni alla finestra' was given by Zuchelli in a style of plaintive and romantic melody;" and adds, that "in the last scene he delivered the vehement passages incidental to his appalling situation, with appropriate intonation." But nineteen in twenty read such stuff with great gravity, and think the writer the very Aristarchus of music.

30th. The *Court Journal* has a story about the famous commemoration of Handel, and Dr. Hayes, and Dr. Miller, and the elder Cramer; stating, that the latter had refused to lead the band if the two doctors were allowed to beat the time with their wands. The whole narrative is a jumble: Drs. Hayes and Miller, being country professors, could have nothing whatever to do with the abbey music in 1784, the entire management of which was confided to the Earls of Exeter, Sandwich, and Uxbridge,—Sirs W. W. Wynn, and Richard Jebb,—Mr. Joah Bates,—Drs. Cooke, Arnold, Ayrton,—Messrs. Simpson, Dupuis, Jones, Aylward and Parsons. It was at the New Musical Fund Concert that the leader's hostility to the two country doctors was manifested, not at the commemoration; of the latter of which, by-the-bye, Cramer was only joint leader with Mr. Hay, whose name stood first in the list; though certainly the former was the efficient man.

June 4th. In the *London Review*, No. 2, are some judicious remarks on Spanish poetry and music, and as they come from a writer who is not only a native of Spain, but an excellent judge of the latter art particularly, I shall extract the passage.—

"To us, many a Spanish poem has appeared to resemble the Jews-harp, with its soft floating tones, out of which the player's imagination may make what tune he pleases within the narrow bounds of his drone-like base. A confirmed taste for the drowsy enjoyment of vague sounds, expressing rather a state of being than any thought or even sentiment, is certainly a characteristic of the Spaniards, especially in the south, where they most resemble the eastern nations. Their general fondness for the guitar is a natural effect of that taste. Wind instruments require more activity than a southern Spaniard likes as an amusement, or is indeed suitable to the climate. Those instruments, being incapable of yielding more than one sound at a time, require considerable attention and dexterity, in order to give pleasure even to the rudest ear. The guitar has three of its strings ready tuned for a perfect harmony, which the change of one or two fingers may swell and vary with good effect; and the sounds will follow the most unskilful hand passing the end of the fingers up and down across the instrument. In this manner it either lulls the player in a manner not unlike distant bells, or makes the most appropriate accompaniment to the national melodies, which have little variety of modulation. The asonante, or imperfect rhyme, keeps the sound of the same two vowels on the ear from beginning to end in the national ballads. The music is an unmeasured chant, which the singer ornaments and varies according to his taste and the flexibility of his voice. But the prevalent effect of both music and poetry is that of soothing into repose, or affording a quiet amusement to idleness. Even the tunes intended for dancing have a certain tinge

of melancholy; and the heart-stirring fandango is in a minor key. Some begin with a slow, unmeasured strain, suddenly breaking out into a boisterous quick measure; but we do not recollect a national Spanish air which may be called truly gay and lively; both music and poetry are generally stamped with a reverie which borders upon sadness when inclined to be serious, and with mischievous wantonness, when gay. In both moods, however, the Spaniards delight in mere sound."

5th Prince Leopold gave his second concert on Monday the 1st. Every performer again a foreigner, and all the music of the same calibre as on the former occasion.

8th. His Majesty had a concert at St. James's Palace this evening, performed by the Italian Opera company, assisted by other foreigners now in England.

That the king should wish to hear the new singers is quite natural, for, not going into public, he has no such opportunity but in his own palace. That, as talented strangers, his Majesty should graciously be pleased to desire their services for one evening, is what every liberal-minded man must rejoice at; and that they should be allowed to select for so important an occasion music in which they can be most advantageously heard, is perfectly just and proper. The king was exceedingly pleased; was, as usual, very courteous, saying something kind to most of the *artistes*, and evinced his approbation of them by calling for two pieces over and above those set down on the paper—of which the following is a copy, the singers names being omitted.

Terzett, "Papataci," <i>Italiana in Algeri</i>	ROSSINI.
Duetto, "Lasciami! non t'ascolto;" <i>Tancredi</i>	DITTO.
Terzetto, "Io diro"	FIORAVANTI.
Duetto, "Nel riverdirti"	CELLI.
Aria, "Ombra adorata!" <i>Romeo e Giulietta</i>	ZINGARELLI.
Quintetto, "O guardate;" <i>Turco in Italia</i>	ROSSINI.
Terzetto, "Le faccio un inchino"	CIMAROSA.
Duetto, "Le fiato in corpo avete;" <i>Il Matrimonio Segreto</i>	CIMAROSA.
Aria, "Vieni, bel idol mio"	MERCADANTE.
Quartetto, "Dova mi ormai"	ROSSINI.
Duetto, "Vanne se albergi"	MERCADANTE.
Coro Pastorale	ROSSINI.

11th. A little war of words is going on in the journals on the subject of the *Beggar's Opera*, which has been advertised for the benefit of a Mr. Watson, the characters reversed. Miss Hughes, it seems, refuses to put on the *pantaloons*, upon which Mr. Watson is wrath, and the friends of each party go straightway to the press. It appears very clear to me that the lady is not only justified, but praiseworthy, in rejecting such attire, and, more especially, for declining to utter the language put into the mouth of Macheath. She is quite right if, by complying, her feelings might be wounded, or her respectability in society endangered. But, on the other hand, it is downright affectation to talk of the impropriety of the thing, if the performers themselves do not object. Do we not see Madame Vestris, Mrs. Humby, Miss Love, &c. &c., in male habiliments every week?—and, in the characters they represent, do not these ladies both act and speak in a manner which, in their own proper persons, they would consider far from decorous? Is it more offensive to good manners to see a female in men's attire, than in a state

very nearly approaching nudity?—and yet the latter is witnessed every Tuesday and Saturday night at the King's Theatre, by between two and three thousand persons of both sexes, and of the very highest rank. Besides which, it is no new thing as a theatrical frolic to represent the opera in different forms. In the year 1729 it was performed by children (we learn from the preface to the new edition of the music*), called "The Lilliputian Company."—"In 1781 it was performed at Covent Garden sixteen times, entirely by ladies, and called the Ladies' Opera:—*Macheath*, Mrs. Cargyll; *Peachum*, Miss Ambrose; *Lockit*, Mrs. Webb; *Mat-o'-the-Mint*, Miss Morris (now Mrs. Geo. Colman); *Wat Dreary*, Mrs. Inchbald; *Filch*, Mrs. Wilson; *Polly*, Miss Harper (now Mrs. J. Bannister); *Lucy*, Mrs. Kennedy; *Jenny Diver*, Mrs. Martyr. In the same year it was performed eighteen times at the Haymarket, under the title of a Pasticcio, and all the characters were personated by those of the opposite sex: viz., *Peachum*, Mrs. Le Fevre; *Lockit*, Mrs. Webb; *Macheath*, Mrs. Cargyll; *Filch*, Mrs. Wilson; *Polly*, Mr. Bannister; *Lucy*, Mr. Edwin; *Mrs. Peachum*, Mr. Wilson; *Diana Trapes*, Mr. Wewitzer."

12th. At the new church of Brompton an organ has been put up by Messrs. Flight and Robson, at a cost of 700*l.*, and, as a matter of course, it was announced that an organist was wanted. Fourteen candidates sent in their names. Three professors were chosen to judge the performances of the probationers. Those professors looked very wise; made their lists; when lo! a person ranked by them in the second class, was elected. They looked vastly silly; they were not aware that their opinions would be as dust in the balance. If they had selected the favourite candidate, the electors would have had credit given them for impartiality. As it was, their judgment was treated as judgments in such cases generally are—with sovereign contempt.

13th. The *Spectator* I perceive has a long, argumentative, well-written article to-day, in reply to my remarks on an attack which appeared in that paper on Mr. Grea-torex. I entirely agree with the writer, that private feelings should not influence the conduct of public critics; and I am quite aware that the press, in so far as concerns musical matters at least, is, generally speaking, very deficient in that intelligence and bold honesty which is to be met with in the columns of the *Spectator*, and one or two other weekly papers. But my objection to the strictures in question was less to the substance than to the manner. I objected, and still object, to the language used, which I think too severe; and I felt, and still feel, that, under almost any circumstances, much more consideration than was shewn was due to a man who, with credit to himself, had so long filled honourable and conspicuous situations in the musical profession, and whose high character and advanced period of life entitled him to gentler reproof, if reproof were necessary, and milder language, than were resorted to in the observations which called forth mine.

14th. In the *Examiner* of to-day is a peevish complaint of my having taken from that journal an account of the *Kaliffthongon* without any acknowledgment. The fact is that it was altered in copying, for which reason, the usual inverted commas, indicating quotation, were omitted,

* See Review for the present month, page 164.

and purely from inadvertency I neglected to mention my authority. That I have never consciously made use of articles from that or any other paper, without naming their source, I can pretty safely affirm, though I have not always been treated with the same courtesy; and that I entertain a full sense of the ability exhibited in the columns of the *Examiner*, and have not the slightest wish to conceal my opinion, which I have more than once avowed, I can assure the writer of the querulous, impolite, paragraph to which I allude. Moreover I will tell him that I have no motive in the world for "blazoning" any "authorities from other quarters." I detest any thing in the shape of a puff, and act up to such feeling. I hope that my petulant assailant can say as much.

17th. A certain Sussex newspaper is supposed to receive its musical articles from a very celebrated demoiselle, who takes the name of a very notorious harper. Hence the puffs in that journal of the cigar-makers, and the abuse of the family of Rainer. Hence also the prodigious praise of all and every thing connected with the Opera House. How much, therefore, was I surprised at meeting with the following paragraph in that paper!—

"We have heard of a very ingenious device on the part of a manager, which would have done honour to some professional people of another sort. When M. Laporte in his first season brought over Mars to perform at the Italian Opera, he was reminded of an existing engagement with Messrs. Cloup and Pelissié not to establish any other French play 'in London.' M. Laporte got over the difficulty by contending that the King's Theatre was situated not in London, but in Westminster! This was a piece of ingenuity worthy of those informers who got some coach-proprietors fined on the ground that Charing Cross was not in London; but to which party the merit of the discovery may have been originally due, we are unable to say."

24th. The *Athenæum* of this day tells us that Paganini has been detained at Berlin by the excellent reception he there met with, and by the ample receipts which rewarded his performance. "On his fifth concert his exertion appeared more wonderful than ever; and it is remarked, that the oftener he is seen, and the more his performances are reflected on, the more inconceivable do they appear. A distinguished connoisseur remarked of him, 'where our performance ends, Paganini's begins.' At the concerts above-mentioned he gave a new surprise to his auditors, in addition to the magical effects by which he had before caused such astonishment, by accompanying a song by a young lady, Madlle. Von Schätzel, whose voice he imitated in a most perfect and masterly manner. The voice of the Demoiselle is spoken of as one of those purely bell-like organs which alone could venture to engage in such dubious contest with the violin."

— M. Bochsa had the audacity to take a benefit at the King's Theatre on the 22nd, and thus to place himself openly in the face of the public! But he well knew what sort of virtue is possessed by a certain portion of the public. Not being there, I learn from hearsay only, that the performance was worthy of the individual who caused it, and was attended by many of the most profligate persons in this town, where there is a greater mixture of virtue and vice than in any city in Europe. On this benefit the *Times* makes the following sensible remarks, which are in a tone that proves the author not to

be among those who set all decency at open defiance. The other daily papers abstained from mentioning it at all.

"Under the denomination of 'A dramatic Concert,' a strange medley of detached scenes, unconnected pieces, imperfect representations, and solo instrumental performances, was on Monday night displayed on the boards of this theatre. The idea of such a confused jumble of uninteresting matter fully answered the purpose for which it was suggested. It gave birth to a bill of at least three yards' length, full of big names and large letters, and that was deemed a bait most likely to prove a temporary one on the occasion. The person on whose account these arrangements were conceived and executed was M. Bochsa. The British public are already aware that they owe the honour of M. Bochsa's residence among them to causes which did not originate in his own free will. Although many years a candidate for public favour, it is for the first time that he has ventured to lay aside all reserve, and openly offer himself to their notice. As to his claims on the special thanks of the frequenters of the theatre, it is really difficult to discover on what they are founded. We have neither time nor room to waste on the subject of M. Bochsa's benefit; but as the whole gallery and a part of the pit and upper boxes were filled with persons who appeared to be sent there by M. Bochsa for the express purpose of forcing down the throats of the independent portion of the audience the mass of crude and indigestible stuff he had prepared for them, we think it necessary to raise our voice against one particular act of profanation resorted to on this occasion. Until now, the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven was looked upon by all musical men as a composition so complete, that nothing beyond perfect instrumental execution could possibly add to the effect of its performance. M. Bochsa has, however, assigned on this occasion the whole of that magnificent symphony to some of the figurants of the ballet!"

— The same paper has very properly agitated a question concerning the enormous rent of the Opera House, and the consequent exorbitant price of boxes, stalls, &c., which will, we are convinced, be fully discussed before the ensuing season, and end in a very considerable reduction. A rent of 8000*l.* and a subscription of 200 guineas per box, would enable any manager of ability to give as good an opera and ballet as ever were exhibited in this country. Let us hear what *The Times* says:—

"We find, by some advertisements, that the assignees of Messrs. Chambers and Son's bankruptcy propose having a performance next Thursday for the benefit of Messrs. Chambers' creditors. Some inquiry into the grounds on which this announcement is made is necessarily called for. Those grounds evidently rest on no other foundation than the circumstance of Messrs. Chambers having become mortgagees of the property commonly called the 'King's Theatre,' in security for the capital and interest of a sum of about 60,000*l.* advanced to the real owners. It appears that an average rent of 10,000*l.* has been regularly received by the mortgagees, affording not only a handsome interest on the sum advanced, but likewise a surplus sum, by the accumulation of which the debt ought in a very few years to have been liquidated. We have calculated the average rent at 10,000*l.*, because, though Mr. Ebers has held the theatre from Messrs. Chambers at 16,000*l.*, there is reason to believe that he has not every year been regular in paying the whole of that sum. Last year the theatre was let to Messrs. Laurent and Laporte for 8,800*l.*, and this year M. Laporte has yielded to the increased terms of the

assignees by taking a three years' lease of the theatre at the exorbitant rent of 13,000 guineas per annum. As the assignees have taken every possible precaution to insure the regular payment of this rent, the interests of the creditors are of course considerably benefited by the arrangement. A claim on the public under any circumstances whatever, and under those especially to which we have adverted, on the part of persons who are already so much the gainers by their connexion with this property, and with whom neither the Opera frequenters, nor any other portion of the public, have any thing whatever to do, ought not to be passed over without public censure, as it is a fact which has by this time become sufficiently obvious, that all the complaints and discussions which have sprung from the system of sordid economy adopted this season in certain departments of the Italian Opera, and other matters of which the public have had reason to complain, owe their origin to the enormous increase of rent which the assignees of Messrs. Chambers' bankruptcy have made the *sine qua non* of their terms for letting the theatre. It now remains with the public either to encourage this career of extravagant pretension by giving their money for the benefit of people of whom nothing more is known than that they have no claims whatever to public sympathy, or to discountenance at once an attempt the success of which would lead to greater encroachments."

—Pursuing the same subject with great spirit, the same journal thus comments on M. Laurent's proposed benefit, and very happily alludes to the prices paid to the foreign singers, who, allured by the extravagance, the almost vulgar profusion of John Bull in the case of strangers, have crowded here in larger flocks than ever before was known.

"Being on the subject of undue benefits, we may take the opportunity of mentioning that M. Laurent is just come from Paris for the purpose of claiming one for himself, in consideration of his liberality in allowing some of the singers of his theatre at Paris to come to this theatre for a while. When, last year, M. Laurent offered himself as a candidate for a similar favour, he was a joint partner in the undertaking here, and his claims to public patronage on that especial occasion were advocated in this journal on other fair grounds besides. The public then did for M. Laurent all that he had any right to expect of them, and a very profitable benefit became his reward. M. Laurent presents himself this year to notice with claims of a very different kind, and by no means equally well sustained. The British public are not so vastly indebted to M. Laurent for his condescension in allowing his singers to come and fill their pockets at John Bull's expense, as to be considered bound to remunerate him personally. If M. Laurent has conferred any favour at all, (supposing him to have the right of monopoly to the vocal faculties of the persons in question,) it is on the singers alone, who have had all the advantage of it. Let him, therefore, go and settle his claims with them. They have doubtless reaped by this time a sufficient harvest from their theatrical benefits, and the modest price of twenty-five guineas charged for every worn-out Italian song with which they have treated us at private and public concerts, and a thousand places besides; they can, therefore, afford to remunerate M. Laurent for his 'liberality.' In certain classes of society the folly of terms so outrageously exorbitant has been but too inconsiderately indulged in this country. John Bull would show

wisdom in withholding his sanction from all inducements to such extravagance. There are means enough of employing his money for gratifying purposes, without the necessity of filling the pockets of Messrs. Chambers and Son's creditors, and Monsieur Laurent, of Paris."

—The *Sun* has followed up the above in the subjoined forcible article, in which is expressed, in terms of becoming indignation, the feelings of by far the greater part of our best people of rank—opera-goers too, who begin to feel disgusted by the extortionate, blood-sucking system which has for two or three years past been pursued, to the great injury of our own theatrical and musical people of all kinds, and whereby we are become the ridicule of every private society in Europe.

"In our paper of to-day will be found some sensible observations extracted from the *Times*, on the subject of Benefits at the King's Theatre. Our cotemporary, after directing attention in a proper spirit to the extraordinary public claims of M. Bochsa; and commenting with an equally happy effect on the obligations entailed on the musical part of the world, by the services of the Messrs. Chambers' creditors; comes lastly to the consideration of Monseieur Laurent's right to a benefit. This gentleman, who has, it seems, been amusing himself during the season in Paris, has just discovered that a benefit in London would be no unpleasant addition to his income. He has therefore hurried across the water with a view to impress a sense of his services on the managers of the King's Theatre. Now in what do our readers suppose these services consist? Simply in the fact of his having permitted (permitted!) with singular liberality, "some of the singers of his theatre in Paris to come to this theatre for a while!" Assuredly, cool impudence can go no further than this. If M. Laurent really thinks himself liberal, let him hasten to prove the fact by resigning all claim to an unwarrantable remuneration. If he conceives himself endowed with common sense, let him enlighten the public on that point also, by giving them the usual credit for justice and penetration. On the plea that M. Laurent urges, there is not a grandfather and grandmother of any one of the actors or actresses now engaged at the Opera, who has not ten thousand times stronger claims than himself. Claim a benefit, indeed! because in his gracious condescension he permitted certain performers to come and fill their pockets at the expense of the generous English! The thing is as monstrous in its conception as it is super-human in its impudence."

25th. I must preserve in my Diary the following specimen of criticism, of construction, of grammar, and of Italian orthography, afforded me by this morning's *Herald*, in a notice of M. Drouet's concert.

"M. Drouet performed some variations on an air of Weber's, likewise composed by himself, in which he surpassed even his former performance of the concerto, fugue succeeding fugue, and stacato stacatos in endless variety, till, as a celebrated poet expressed it, the theme dissolved in an ocean of harmony, without however ceasing to imitate the original air. * * * * * M. Drouet played Handel's national anthem, 'God save the King.'" [Thus the long-disputed question is settled in a moment.]

Speaking of the variations to "God save the King," the writer continues,—"To say nothing of his inimitable sostenuto tones, his crescendos and diminuendos, his last va-

riation in descending staccatos expressed the theme in the base notes, whilst he at the same time accompanied himself in the upper scale with embellishments which filled the whole audience with delight and amusement. Miss Carnaby sung afterwards, 'The pledge of Truth,' by particular desire, which, with Madlle. Basis' 'Ultimo giorno di Pompei,' [*sic in orig.*] by Paccini, concluded," &c. &c.

Good heavens!—not only a fugue, but an endless variety of fugues, played by one flute! No wonder though, as we afterwards find that M. Drouet had the power of working a miracle, by accompanying himself—(on the flute,—let it be observed)—with high notes, while he played the subject in the base. What an extraordinary instrument his must be,—it not only admits of two parts, at least, being played on it at one and the same time, but those parts may be as far apart as treble and base!—Then the charm of *stacato* succeeding *staccatos* in endless numbers: how ecstatic!—Then again the theme dissolving in an ocean of harmony!—This is certainly making more of a subject than ever flutist before attempted. Nicholson, I will venture to assert, never dreamt of such a liquefaction, and on so grand a scale. But this is an age of wonders, and the musical critic in the *Herald*, is the wonderful wonder of wonders."

The Ancient Concerts.

TENTH CONCERT.

*Under the Direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York,
Wednesday, May 20th, 1829.*

ACT I.

Overture	(Scipio.)	HANDEL.
Trio and Chorus	Fear no danger. (<i>Dido and Æneas.</i>)	PURCELL.
Song.	Lascia Amor (Orlando.)	HANDEL.
Song.	In infancy (Artaxerxes.)	DR. ARNE.
Song.	Ah, se fosse intorno. (<i>Clemenza Di Tito.</i>)	MOZART.
Concerto 2nd	(Oboe.)	HANDEL.
Recit.	O let eternal honours	HANDEL.
Song.	From mighty kings	
Quartet and Chorus.	Adeste fideles.	
Scene.	Credi la mia ferita. (<i>Elfrida.</i>)	PAISIELLO.
Air and Chorus.	O Lord in thee (Dett. Te Deum)	HANDEL.

ACT II.

Overture	(Clemenza di Tito)	MOZART.
Recit. acc.	Sposa—Euridice	GLUCK.
Aria.	Che farò (Orfeo.)	
Trio.	See the conquering (Judas Maccabeus)	HANDEL.
Recit. acc.	First and chief	HANDEL.
Song.	Sweet bird. (Il Penseroso)	
Quartet and Chorus.	Then round about (Samson)	HANDEL.
Recit.	Solitudine amiche	MOZART.
Aria.	Zeffiretti lusinghieri (Idomeneo.)	
Glee.	Let not rage	DR. ARNE.
Chorus.	The gods who chosen (Athalia)	HANDEL.

WE really labour on more and more at a loss what to say, or how to spin out our critique. We begin this night with the overture to Scipio, then "Fear no danger," then "Lascia amor," (finely sung certainly by Phillips, for it is an air exactly suited to his power.) Then—grant us patience!—"In infancy our hopes and fears." At last we have Signor Donzelli and a song of Mozart—and all this is mighty fine, and mighty *operatical*; but where is the concert of ancient music—where are our choruses? There is but one in the whole act, and that as entirely out of its place as the most ingenious *misplacer* could contrive it. The second oboe concerto came to our relief a little, but then, what follows—Miss Stephens's "From mighty

kings," sweetly and correctly warbled beyond all question; but the fire, the brilliancy, the energy—where were all these? We *have* heard this song sung: Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Salmon; but the time is gone by, never, we fear, to return! The very admirably diversified duet from the *Elfrida* of Paisiello we must not lightly pass over. Considering all the disadvantages under which Madame Malibran and Signor Donzelli laboured in singing it, they have infinite credit in executing the scene as they did; but the truth is, that the music, from its simplicity and the little opportunity that *can* be taken of introducing ornament and decoration, is so completely at variance with the modern masters and the Rossini school, that to modern Italian performers it must be like a new language. On the whole, however, this fine duet gained great and deserved applause, and the last movement was beautifully executed. After Mozart's spirited overture, which opened the second act, Madame Malibran became again the object of our attention, and had to encounter the same difficulties as in her duet with Donzelli. The "Che farò" of Gluck is still less capable of admitting ornaments and graces than Paisiello, and Madame Malibran was as careful as *she could be*, and the lower notes of her voice have, in our opinion, all the force and fulness of Pisaroni without her harshness. Her recitative "Sposa Euridice" was by far the most perfect part of her performance. "See the conquering hero comes," in honour of the Duke of Wellington's *second triumph* we *should* have presumed, had not the Archbishop of York been the director of the evening!

"Sweet bird." Very well indeed, Miss Stephens; but in such songs as these always excellent. We do not think that the exquisite chorus from *Samson* is at all improved by being sung first as a quartett. Handel would have shaken every curl of his wig at it.

We do not much fancy Mozart's "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," nor is it a song well adapted to Madame Malibran's powers. There is nothing very striking either in the melody or construction of the composition, which runs into reiteration, and occasionally into feebleness even, considering who was the great composer. It was, however, well sung upon the whole, and the accompaniments are very ingenious.

ELEVENTH CONCERT.

*Under the Direction of the Earl of Darnley, for the Earl Fortescue.
Wednesday, May 27th, 1829.*

ACT I.

Overture.		
Chorus.	O the pleasures.	(Acis and Galatea.) HANDEL.
Recit. acc.	Ye verdant	
Song.	Hush ye pretty.	PAISIELLO.
Duet and Chorus.	Happy.	
Song.	Mentre ti lascio	HANDEL.
Concerto	(Select Harmony)	WEBBE.
Glee.	A generous friendship	
Recit. acc.	Berenice.	(Lucio Vero) JOMELLI.
Song.	Ombra che pallida.	
Chorus.	The Lord our enemy (Esther)	HANDEL.

ACT II.

Overture	(Henry the Fourth.)	MARTINI.
Scene from Tyrannic Love		PURCELL.
Trio.	Frena quel labbro	CIMAROSA.
Glee.	Fair Flora	DANBY.
Duet.	Deh! prendi.	(Clemenza di Tito.) MOZART.
Chorus.	Ah! grazie.	
Song.	Non più di fiori.	
Trio.	Quello è di Tito.	
Recit. acc.	Ma che.	PAISIELLO.
Chorus.	Tu è ver.	
Duetto.	O momento!	
Chorus.	The many rend (Alex. Feast.)	HANDEL.

THE venerable Earl Fortescue has retired, we are grieved to observe, from the direction. The only nobleman who appeared anxious to preserve the Ancient Concerts from that taint of frivolity which has so long infected them: probably he has retired in disgust, and who can wonder? The concert of this evening was a little better, and only a little, than the last; several of the pieces, however, were performed for the *second time this season*, and is this dealing fairly with the subscribers generally?

The opening of *Acis and Galatea*;—well, what are we to repeat about that? Delighted always to praise Miss Stephens when we can bestow our commendations justly, we will repeat our admiration of her exquisite performance of “Hush ye pretty warbling choir;” she never warbled (warbled is the only word to be used on the occasion) it more effectively, nor can any singer, that we know of, warble it like her. “*Mentre ti lascio*” is not one of Paisiello’s happiest efforts. It was chosen, we presume, (perhaps by Donzelli himself) for the display of his compass of voice and execution, but there is nothing particularly striking in the song itself; nor do we approve of those sudden plunges from the *garret* to the *cellar*, and rapid flights from the *cellar* to the *garret*, in which he seems so fond of indulging. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that Signor Donzelli is a very fine singer, if his songs are not quite so happily selected for him as they might be. We will not pass over, this time, Handel’s concerto from the *Select Harmony* without noticing the finished and masterly violin playing of Mr. Moralt, the principal second violin. Throughout all the passages where he had to imitate Cramer, in the correctness and nicety with which he followed his admirable leader, few could have equalled and none excelled him.

Madame Camporese must ever be respected as a most finished singer, but Time, that stealthy tyrant, will encroach upon the *voice*. She chose a most formidable recitative and song; but, upon the whole, we should have been quite satisfied with her performance, if she had not completely destroyed the simply sweet and plaintive close upon the words “*pace non v’è*,” by an unmeaning flourish!—Oh! Madame Camporese, where was your wonted taste, where your judgment, here? The splendid chorus, &c. from *Esther* was very finely performed by *all hands*, as a seamen would say. Had it been otherwise, we should indeed have stared.

Miss Wilkinson succeeded better to-night in her *Italian*, and certainly with such props as Madame Malabran and Donzelli, there was no want of spur to her best exertions; still she had better adhere to the Handelian school. This fine composition of Cimarosa was admirably sustained upon the whole, though it is unequal. Many passages we thought rather *draggy*, and the trio altogether too long.

“Fair Flora” would have a very sweet effect in the Zoological or Kensington Gardens on a moonlight evening. As to the charming scene from the “*Clemenza*,” what *can* we add to praise so often and so lavishly bestowed? To-night the trio was peculiarly delightful, and Camporese!—No want of taste and judgment here, Madame.

The duetto “*Oh momento fortunato*” we thought altogether more showy than pleasing; it was well sung; and never did chorus more aptly follow than “*The many rend.*”

Poor Corelli! Poor Geminiani! Where are you? Alas! “Deserted at your utmost need!”

TWELFTH CONCERT.

Under the Direction of the Earl of Cawdor, Wednesday, June, 3rd. 1829.

ACT I.

Overture	(<i>Ptolomy.</i>)	HANDEL.
The Passions	(<i>Solomon.</i>)	HANDEL.
Song. Thou didst blow	} (<i>Israel in Egypt.</i>)	HANDEL.
Chorus. The people		
Canzonet. Soft Cupid		TRAVERS.
Concerto 1st.	(<i>Grand.</i>)	HANDEL.
Recit. It must be so.	} (<i>Jephthah</i>)	HANDEL.
Song. Pour forth no more.		
Chorus. No more to Ammon’s.		
Song. Sorprendermi vorresti		HASSE
Duetto. Come ti piace	(<i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>)	MOZART.
Motet. Splendente Te		MOZART.

ACT II.

Overture	(<i>Il Matrimonio Segreto</i>)	CIMAROSA.
Recit. acc. Che per pietà.	}	CIMAROSA.
Aria. Deh! parlate.		
Song and Quartet Fairest isle		PURCELL.
Song. Cara sposa	(<i>Rhadamistus.</i>)	HANDEL.
Recit. Ah! cara sposa.	} (<i>Giulio Sabino</i>)	SARTI.
Duetto. Come partir poss’io.		
Chorus. Theme sublime	(<i>Jephthah</i>)	HANDEL.
Song. Gratias agimus		GUGLIELMI.
Glee. I’d mourn the hopes	(<i>Irish Melody.</i>)	
Song. Qui sdegno non s’ accende		MOZART.
Chorus. Cum Sancto Spiritu		PERGOLESI.

THE closing concert of this evening was by far the best we have, for some time, heard; but, as an instance of the necessity of having a professional man to superintend and control the selections generally, we had this evening the “*Passions*” from Handel’s *Solomon* performed, with the *omission* of the most strikingly beautiful movement, viz., “*Draw the tear from hopeless love*,” a chorus so admirably characteristic, so expressive of the sentiment, and so happily introducing the concluding sweet strains rendered doubly so by contrast, that we think it quite impossible the noble Director of the evening *could* have been acquainted with the music. If the *omission* *was* intended with a knowledge of it, Oh Handel, Handel! into what hands art thou fallen, and to what barbarous mutilations mayest thou not hereafter be doomed!

The song and chorus from *Israel in Egypt* was indeed a great treat, and made us some amends for the cruel disappointment before mentioned. In regard to the chorus, there is not, for contrivance of subject, for richness and variety of harmony, and strikingly bold and characteristic effect, a finer specimen of the composer’s wonderful skill and genius throughout the whole of his works! Miss Stephens sang her song very pleasingly, and the choruses were far better, and more correctly executed, than we had dared to anticipate. “*Pour forth no more*” very well, Mr. Phillips; especially in the second part. “*Soft Cupid*” we are not disposed to quarrel with, only if there *must* be the organ accompaniment at the close (though we do not fancy the canzonet improved by it), we think that the able conductor, Mr. Greatorex, would evince more “*skill*” if he did *not* use quite so much “*power*” upon the keys: the voices were inaudible.

We were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag in the orchestra, and equally pleased with her brilliant, and charmingly-executed song. The duetto between Madame Malibran and Donzelli gave us also great pleasure; and the motet was splendid in the extreme! Indeed it would be peevishly fastidious in us not to declare our delight in hearing such music and such singing, though in the Ancient Concert rooms. Cimarosa’s

spirited and elegant overture introduced the old favourite "Deh! parlate," most feelingly sung by Madame Malibran; after which was produced a *new filigreed* edition of "Fairest isle" which we did not like at all. Poor Purcell!—Was this *quarteting* of thy simple melody in good taste?—All such airs are, in the poet's language, "when undorned, adorned the most."

Signor Donzelli seemed a little *shy* of Handel, but perhaps, all the better; he certainly played no tricks with it, and executed it, altogether, extremely well. The duet is not a composition in Sarti's best manner; but what is wanting in air is made up in display, and here our two delightful songstresses had "ample room and verge enough."

The beautiful chorus from Jephtha, "Theme sublime" was a rich novelty. We have not been treated with it for many, many years.

As Mademoiselle Sontag was to sing again, we should have liked any thing from her in preference to that everlasting "Gratias agimus"—even *her* fine execution of it was tiresome to our ears. We could not *escape* the Irish melody, on account of its immediately preceding Mozart's heavenly air, most effectively sung by Phillips, and in his very best manner. Pergolesi's "Cum sancto" closed, the last, and altogether the fairest concert of the season—but they have all been principally *operatical*, and it remains to be seen whether the subscribers to the *Ancient Music* will be satisfied with *Opera Concerts* instead; for ancient they must no longer be.

From the commencement of this interesting publication in January 1823, We have, under the signature of Clio, endeavoured to do justice to it by a fair and unbiassed critique of the Ancient Concerts year after year; and year after year have we regretted that, with the same ground to go over, we could give to our observations so little variety. Mozart, indeed, was at last introduced, and we had some passing novel employment for our pen; but even Mozart, at last, as we had only repetitions of particular compositions, ceased to be a subject of particular remark.

Though the introduction of so much Italian music, aided by the inimitable singers of it, may have some temporary attraction, the public voice must ultimately cry out, "this is all very fine, but this is not the Concert of Ancient Music," and we feel a melancholy conviction that the establishment, deprived, as at present it undoubtedly is, of all regular direction and management, must fall to the ground.

We lay down our pen with little reluctance, for we have long despaired of any remonstrance of ours, however respectfully made, working the least reformation. Still there is time, yet, for some radical change. The subscribers *have* at length opened *their* eyes—let the directors open theirs, and instead of yielding to their own fancies, without consulting their soberer judgment, let them depend upon some active, scientific, *professional* manager, to whom a proper authority shall be delegated, to make and vary the concert selections. Then will the ancient music lift up its head again, and not till then. That this day *may* come, is our sincere wish; but if it should not, and the concerts are left to linger on a season or two more in the same dreary round, still that round will be new to *our successors*, who may, by telling the *old story* in a new, and most probably far superior style of criticism, keep alive that interest of communication on a subject

which *we* can support no longer, and, therefore, respectfully bid farewell to the public, and to the proprietors.

CLIO*.

The Philharmonic Concerts.

SEVENTH CONCERT, Monday, May 25, 1829.

ACT. I.

Sinfonia MS. (never performed)	F. MENDELSSOHN.
Aria, Mr. Rosner, "So reizend hold" (<i>Zauberflöte</i>)	MOZART.
Concertante, Piano-forte and Harp, Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Dizi	KALKBRENNER & DIZI.
Scena, Miss Paton, "Misera me"	C. M. VON WEBER.
Overture, <i>Euryanthe</i>	C. M. VON WEBER.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in E flat	MOZART.
Aria, Madame Wranizki, "Non piu di fiori," (Corno)	
Bassetto obligato, Mr. Willman) <i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>	MOZART.
Concerto Voilin, Mr. Oury	KREUTZER & DE BERIOT.
Song, Miss Paton, "If guiltless blood" (<i>Susanna</i>)	HANDEL.
Duet, Madame Wranizki and Mr. Rosner, "Amor! possente nome!" (<i>Armida</i>)	ROSSINI.
Overture, <i>Anacreon</i>	CHERUBINI.

Leader, Mr. L. CRAMER.—Conductor, Mr. CRAMER.

THE most remarkable feature in the seventh concert was the new symphony of M. Mendelssohn-Bartoldy. This gentleman—grandson of the distinguished Jewish philosopher and writer, whose work, "Phædon, a Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul," gained him the title of *the Jewish Socrates*—is a native of Berlin, the son of a banker, a young man of independent fortune, and enthusiastically attached to music, for which art nature seems to have designed him; for though only about one or two-and-twenty years of age, he has already produced several works of magnitude, which, if at all to be compared with the present, ought, without such additional claim, to rank him among the first composers of the age. It is not venturing too far to assert, that his latest labour, the symphony of which we now speak, shews a genius for this species of composition that is exceeded only by the three great writers; and it is a fair presumption, that, if he persevere in his pursuit, he will in a few years be considered as the fourth of that line which has done such immortal honour to the most musical nation in Europe.

This admirable symphony is in c minor, and in four movements;—an allegro, a slow andante, a scherzo and trio, and a finale. Fertility of invention and novelty of effect, are what first strike the hearers of M. Mendelssohn's symphony; but at the same time, the melodiousness of its subjects, the vigour with which these are supported, the gracefulness of the slow movement, the playfulness of some parts, and the energy of others, are all felt; though from a first hearing, and without some previous knowledge of the score, it were in vain to attempt any analysis of the work which we can now only describe in general terms, but hope ere long to be able to enter into its details. The author conducted it in person, and it was received with acclamations. The audience wished the

* With much regret we take leave of our correspondent, whose attachment to the most classical of the really ancient music, has elicited from him many critiques which the old subscribers to the concerts have confessed to be severe, though they have acknowledged to be just. We shall not easily supply our friend's place, but hope that the cause will not suffer by the change to which we must reluctantly accede.—Editor.

adagio to be repeated, but M. Mendelssohn did not construe the continued applause as an encore. The scherzo and trio, however, were instantly called for a second time, and the band seemed most happy to comply with the demand. It would be an act of injustice to the orchestra not to state, that the execution of this entirely unknown work was as perfect as the most sanguine hopes of the composer could have taught him to expect. He was surprised at such accuracy of performance—which indeed was still more remarkable on the morning of rehearsal than at the concert itself—and expressed his satisfaction in terms that were highly gratifying to this most excellent band.

Mozart's lovely symphony never went better, or produced more effect. The Overture to *Euryanthe*, was well executed, but it has been performed here more effectively than on the present occasion. Of the Concertante, the less said the better; but Oury's Concerto was admirably played.

M. Rosner is a good singer, rather in the manner of Donzelli, but he has not exactly the true delivery of his voice. Miss Paton's first song called for much effort, and produced no equivalent effect; though none but herself could have extracted so much out of it. Her song from *Susanna* was an exquisite treat. We are glad to meet with Handel occasionally at these concerts, more especially when so performed; and as to the objection raised to the introduction of his sacred songs in a miscellaneous concert, we beg to observe, that if not so introduced, they must be at once banished, for the public will not listen to an entire oratorio. What other opening then is left for them?—It is not, we presume, proposed to graft them on an opera.

Madame Wranizky* now made her first, and most probably her last, appearance in this country. She has been for several years past the first singer at Vienna. Her voice is a soprano of great compass, though the lower tones are not equal to the air chosen for her debut in London. Her style is that of the school of Mara, Billington, and Banti, but she is not so absolutely youthful as some other recent candidates for English gold, and is ignorant of those arts by which the patronage of our easy, good-tempered, people of fashion is to be obtained. Mad. W., disappointed at not being more immediately noticed by the public, left our shores a few days after this concert, with a determination never again to revisit them.

EIGHTH CONCERT, Monday, June 8, 1829.

Act I.		
Sinfonia in E flat	.	SPOHR.
Recit. ed Aria, "Del mio pianto," Mademoiselle Sontag	.	MERCADANTE.
Fantasia, Flute, Mr. Nicholson	.	NICHOLSON.
Aria, Madame Malibran Garcia, "Nacqui all'affanno!" (<i>La Cenerentola</i>)	.	ROSSINI.
Overture (<i>Der Freyschütz</i>)	.	C. M. VON WEBER.
Act II.		
Sinfonia No. 9	.	HAYDN.
Duetto, Mademoiselle Sontag and Madame Malibran Garcia, "Ebben a te ferisci" (<i>Semiramide</i>)	.	ROSSINI.
Fantasia Violin, Mr. De Beriot	.	DE BERIOT.
Recit. and Air, Mr. Phillips, "Rolling on foaming billows" (<i>Creation</i>)	.	HAYDN.
Overture, <i>Egmont</i>	.	BEETHOVEN.

Leader, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI.—Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

* She is the daughter of the late Paul Wranizky, an élève of Haydn, and composer of *Oberon*, a German Opera performed at Franckfort in 1790, on the coronation of Leopold II., and which ran twenty-four nights in six weeks.

SPOHR's symphony is a fine study, *after*, to borrow a term from painting, Mozart. Every movement is a consistent whole, and abounds in passages and masterly contrivances, the merit of which is felt at the moment, but the particulars escape from the memory before an hour is elapsed. The fact is, that in his instrumental music Spohr is always scientific and elaborate, but seldom very original: his scores are too much crowded; his subjects, which are rarely striking, are overlaid by accompaniment, and his general defect is want of relief. The symphony, however, was listened to with profound attention, and its excellencies duly appreciated and acknowledged. It cannot be said that there is a want of invention in Haydn's ninth; in this, genius is always apparent, and the labour concealed. Not having been so popular as many of his others, it is less frequently performed, and therefore possesses a freshness that in itself is invaluable.

The overture to the *Freyschütz* was marvellously performed, and long and loudly encored; but the conductor stating that the lady-singers were straitened for time, being engaged at his Majesty's concert at St. James's, the audience waived their privilege. *Egmont* was played in rather a hurried manner. It would be well if a pause of five minutes took place previously to the last piece, that those who wish to depart might retire without disturbing such as desire to hear the performance to the end. The finale at these concerts is too often spoiled by the bustle of withdrawing; and the leader is generally in too much haste to begin it.

Mr. Nicolson's Fantasia was a wonderful performance, and the greater part of the composition extremely pleasing, musically considered. M. De Beriot played in his usual masterly manner, and with his accustomed effect. It were to be wished, nevertheless, that he would seek a little more variety in what he performs, and occasionally favour the public with one of those concertos of Viotti which are held in universal respect, instead of so constantly exhibiting his fine talent in an air with variations; and too often the very same air.

The vocal portion of the present concert compensated in some measure for the defects in this department which had been so sorely felt during the greater part of the season. Mdle. Sontag and Madame Malibran, much to their honour, offered their services on this occasion, considering this society as established for the preservation of good music, and proved their respect for such an audience by putting forth all their best powers. It was acknowledged by every one present that, both separately and together, they had never exerted themselves more, or to so good a purpose. Their performance was indeed a high treat, and one that will long be remembered.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE third morning concert of the pupils of this institution was performed on Friday, June 5th, at the Hanover Square Rooms; but owing to the illness of Charles Lucas, the violoncello, and other causes, was not successful. A new "Fairy Chorus" was tried; but before it is repeated we should advise the retrenchment of some of the accompaniments, and a revision of the whole.

Benefit Concerts.*Continued from page 147.***MR. CIPRIANI POTTER'S,***Argyll Rooms, Wednesday Morning, May 20.*

FOUR new compositions, by Mr. Potter, were produced on this occasion, viz. The first movement of a clever symphony in E flat; some good "Variazioni di bravura, on a favourite theme of Rossini," played by the author in a very brilliant manner on the piano-forte: a concertante, in D minor, for piano-forte, &c. on *Les folles d'Espagne*, with orchestral accompaniments; and, as a finale, part of a symphony in D. Mr. P. was assisted by Mad. Camporese, Miss Paton, Madlle. Sontag, Madlle. Blasis, Messrs. Vaughan and Knyvett, Signori Curioni, De Begnis, &c. &c., and a full orchestra of the first performers. His room, too, was filled by very good company. Sig. Spagnoletti led, and Mr. Potter conducted.

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS',*Argyll Rooms, Thursday Morning, May 21.*

Sig. De Begnis had every foreign singer in London to aid him in this concert, together with Miss Wilkinson. It was a vocal selection, but the Sig. Gambati opened the proceedings with a "Duetto di Trombe," or blast of trumpets; and Mr. Moscheles played a very fine extempore fantasia on the piano-forte. Mr. Mori led, and Mr. P. Cianchettini conducted. The room was exceedingly crowded.

MR. LINDLEY'S,*Argyll Rooms, Friday, May 22.*

Mr. Lindley performed a new fantasia, composed by himself for the occasion, in his usual manner, and it is impossible to say more, for he has no rival. He also, with his son and Dragonetti, executed the favourite trio of Corelli; and, joined by Mr. Moscheles, and Madlle. Sontag, gave the variations on the *Swiss Boy*. Mr. Moscheles played his *Scottish Bards*; and M. de Beriot on the harp, and Miss Losack on the harp, played concertos. There was much excellent vocal music interspersed with the instrumental. The leaders were Messrs. F. Cramer and Mori, and Sir G. Smart conducted.

M. SEDLATZEK'S,*The same Evening, at the Mansion of Lady Francis Shirley, 2, Harley Street.*

M. Sedlatzek played on his new flute down to A, and produced a good effect from it. Messrs. Moscheles and Stockhausen performed on their respective instruments, and Mad. Stockhausen, Madlle. Sontag, Madlle. Blasis, Sig. De Begnis, &c. sang; and Mr. P. Cianchettini conducted. The spacious rooms were well filled by guinea tickets.

M. AND MADAME STOCKHAUSEN'S,*Argyll Rooms, Wednesday Morning, May 27.*

This was an interesting vocal concert. Mad. Stockhausen's performance of Mozart's cantata, "Ch' io mi scordi di te!" accompanied on the piano-forte by Mr. Cramer, proved a high treat. Several Swiss and Tyrolese duets, sung in French by Mad. Malibran and Mad. Stockhausen, were very deservedly admired. There were other very pleasing things during the concert, which was respectably attended.

JULY, 1829.

MATINEE MUSICALE; DE M. FETIS,
At Sir George Warrender's, Albemarle Street, Friday Morning, May 29.

M. Fétis, on his arrival in this country, proposed, during his visit, to read a course of lectures on music. He, however, found the season too far advanced for his purpose, and abandoned his plan. But a few of his friends, wishing to hear some of his remarks on the art, persuaded him to deliver one lecture, and to precede and follow it by certain pieces of vocal music. His lecture shewed research, and an intimate acquaintance with musical history, making us regret that he had not given a complete course. The singers were Madame Camporese, Malibran, and Stockhausen, Messrs. Donzelli, Begrez, Le Vasseur, Zuccoli, &c.; and Messrs. Labarre and De Beriot executed a duet on the harp and violin. The tickets were one guinea each.

SIGNOR TORRI'S,*The same Evening, at Mrs. F. Perkins' Residence, Bryanstone Square.*

All the opera corps, together with Mad. Camporese, Sigs. Velluti and De Begnis, assisted at this vocal concert, which was fully attended by a fashionable company. The tickets were each one guinea. Sig. Gabassi was at the piano-forte.

MM. DE BERIOT'S AND LABARRE'S,*Opera Concert Room, Monday Morning, June 1st.*

M. Labarre on the harp, and M. de Beriot on the violin, displayed their admirable skill before a most numerous and respectable company, among which were the Duke of Orleans and his son. Madame Malibran, who much exerted herself, and Signori Donzelli, Begrez, Bordogni, &c., formed the vocal party.

SIGNOR PUZZI'S,*At Sir George Warrender's, Wednesday, June 3rd.*

All the vocalists from the Opera, with Mad. Camporese and Sig. Velluti, attended this concert. Sig. Puzzi's performance on the horn produced its accustomed effect, and he was assisted by MM. Labarre and De Beriot. The company was a very fashionable one, and the tickets one guinea. Sig. Spagnoletti led, and Sig. Scappa was at the piano-forte.

MR. BEGREZ'S,*Opera Concert Room, Monday Morning, June 8th.*

This was attended, as usual, by an uncommonly large and elegant audience, and some interesting music was performed. Sontag, Malibran, Pisaroni, and most of the vocal establishment of the Opera, sang; also Mad. Camporese, De Begnis, &c. MM. Labarre, De Beriot, and Puzzi assisted; and the band was led by Mori.

MR. NICHOLSON'S,*Argyll Rooms, Wednesday Morning, June 10th.*

At this concert, Mr. Nicholson had the good fortune to obtain M. Mendelsshon's permission to perform his new MS. symphony, which was executed by nearly the whole of the Philharmonic band, with great spirit, accuracy, and effect. Mr. Nicholson played, in his admirable manner, his *Recollections of Ireland*; and, as a solo, the air, "Au clair de la lune," which had formed part of his concerto at the Philharmonic Concert. Mr. Cramer performed his *Recollections of England*; and M. de Beriot an air, with variations. Mr. N. engaged for his concert Madlle. Sontag, Madlle. Blasis, Mad. Stockhausen, Signori Vel-

luti, Curioni, De Begnis, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Begrez, and the Messrs. Herrmann, and a splendid band. Leaders, Messrs. Weichsel and Mori; conductor, Sir G. Smart.

MADAME CAMPORESE'S,

At the Mansion of the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, Arlington Street, Friday, June 12th.

All the foreign vocal strength now in London (Mad. Malibran excepted) contributed their assistance at this concert, to which were added Miss Chambers and Miss Wilkinson. Mad. Camporese sang duets with Mad. Pisaroni and Mad. Sontag; also an aria, "Come sembravami," by Pacini, accompanied by Sig. Puzzi. Signors Scappa and Gabussi conducted. The company was remarkably elegant and select, for Mad. Camporese deservedly enjoys the patronage and regard of a large circle of persons distinguished by their rank and station, all of whom have always been ready to testify their respect for her talent and excellent private character. The tickets, of course, were one guinea each.

MM. TULOU AND BOHRER'S,

At the Opera Concert Room, Saturday Morning, June 13.

M. Tulou is a real flute-player, but of the more grave and steady school. His fantasia possessed some merit, and the duets he played with M. Bohrer were pleasing, though not very scientific. M. Bohrer's rondo was charmingly executed. A Mad. Dulcken performed some variations by Herz, in the favourite romance in Mehul's *Joseph*, with great brilliancy. The room was but thinly peopled. Messrs. Spagnoletti and Mori led one act each.

MASTER A. MINASI'S,

At the Argyll Rooms, Tuesday Morning, June 16.

The youthful flutist did many extraordinary things on his flute, some of them pleasing. He was to be assisted by a strong vocal corps, which had been engaged for him; but many absented themselves, and no little embarrassment was thus produced, which, however, the company bore with much fortitude. Mori led, and a Sig. Rabitti conducted.

MR. ELIASON'S,

Opera Concert Room, Wednesday Morning, June 24th.

Mr. Eliason performed a concerto, compounded of Rode and Mayseder, with great spirit, and a duo-concertante with Mrs. Anderson. The latter played part of Hummel's difficult concerto in A minor with great neatness; and M. Rousselot again offered himself to the public, in some variations for the violoncello—a measure which we could not but consider highly indiscreet, for we really are accustomed to see this instrument in the hands of a great master, and not prepared, therefore, to admire such a performer as M. Rousselot.

Foreign Musical Report.

VIENNA.

Kärnthner Theater.—Since the departure of Madame Pasta no performance has been given here, but active preparations are making for the opening of the new musical campaign. Among other assistance, the Count von Galenberg has had recourse to that of the Italian composer

Pavesi, who is to be a kind of sub-director. As it was professed in the new prospectus that, for the next season at least, German operas were exclusively to be given, the choice thus made by the new director has somewhat puzzled the speculators in these matters. But then, by way, as we suppose, of preparing the public mind, a paragraph has appeared in one of the journals, in which is spoken "of the high estimation in which Signor Maestro Pavesi holds the German school of music, and of the enthusiasm with which he has studied the masterpieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, &c."

Madame Pasta has left us for Milan. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of her last appearance, and the harvest she reaped was an ample one.

Leopoldstadt Theater.—There has appeared here a piece entitled *Die Drachenhöhle* (the Dragon's Den), with music by Kapellmeister Müller. The story is of a comic cast, and not devoid of interest; the best part of the music are the accompaniments, which are spirited, and not without character.

Josephstadt Theater.—The novelty here has been a magic drama in two acts, called *Nicht küssen, nicht tanzen* (Not kiss, not dance), with music by Kapellmeister Gläser. In point of merit it is much upon a par with the piece produced at the other house; like buckets in a well, the two Kapellmeisters are well poised against each other, and regularly bring up their quantum towards satisfying the thirst of the Viennese for novelty.

BERLIN.

PAGANINI is still among us, and has continued to give several *last* concerts; we must, however, do him the justice to say, that he has the art of always keeping something good in reserve; for instance, in one of his last performances, he quite electrified the public in his variations to a theme called *The Witches Dance*, composed by the celebrated Viganò, and introduced by him in his ballet *Le Nozze di Benevento*. In the performance of this piece, Paganini showed himself under an entirely new point of view. Heretofore he had been found bold, impassioned, original even to extravagance, and above all melancholy. In the latter piece, his vigour and fire were fully called into action; but in addition to this, he displayed a comic power altogether unexpected, and thus struck into a path wholly new to his hearers. In this concert, his first string snapped while he was executing one of Rode's concertos. Without being for an instant disconcerted, he continued, and executed the passages, which were of the greatest difficulty, on the second string.

The astonishment and admiration which he has excited here, has led a rival artist to enter the field of competition, in the person of Sigismund von Praun, a youth of noble family, who, some years since, visited the greater part of the capitals of Europe, bearing with him, like another Pícus di Mirandola, pretensions to the inheritance of universal genius. After wisely seeking for some years past to mature his talent in retirement, he has been persuaded again to emerge into public notice, and, at an age when youths are still accompanied by their tutors, goes about attended by a number of sycophants, the chief of whom, a certain M. Izabo, indiscreetly advised him to announce in the papers, that he was ready to accept a challenge, which none had ever conceived the idea of offering him. The young artist certainly gave proof of considerable talent, which, with care and attention, might be matured into excellence, but which, at present, is only of the secondary order.

HANOVER.

THE opera season here has been a very spirited one; the tenor Seboni, and the Signora Tibaldi, make daily advances in public favour, and Mlle. Groux bids fair to rival some of the first singers of the day. Concert-Master Maurer has lately retouched his pleasing opera of *Aloïse*, which was excellently performed, and gave general pleasure. The composer directed its performance in person; and at the fall of the curtain was loudly called for. We have been informed that he is engaged in the composition of a new work.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE grand musical festival of the Rhine was celebrated on the 7th and 8th of June. The first day opened with a MS. Symphony of Ferdinand Ries, after which a new oratorio, composed for the occasion by the same, by whom the music of the festival was conducted. The piece is entitled *The Triumph of Faith*, and contains much that is admirable, both in the melodies and concerted pieces, not forgetting the accompaniments, which bespeak the hand of a great master. We shall find an opportunity of entering more particularly into the merits of this composition. On the second day was given the heroic symphony of Beethoven, and the characteristic piece by the same composer entitled *The Calm at Sea and the Prosperous Voyage*; also Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*. The whole terminated with the *Creation* of Haydn, which was performed in a very effective manner.

PARIS.

Opera-Comique.—At a time when every thing seems subjected to the dominion of taste, and to the mannerism of one single individual; at a time when the greater part of composers seem content to renounce their own inspirations, in order to adopt those of the man who has produced a most extraordinary revolution in the art; at a moment like this, it was interesting to observe whether the most spirited and ingenious of our composers, M. Boieldieu, had been courageous enough to stem the torrent,—to preserve the character of originality impressed upon his other delightful productions—in a word, to keep free from that mania of imitation, which seems to have spread like a contagious fever. Be it as perfect as it may, a copy is, after all, but a copy; and the copyist has little other merit than that of a good workman. There may here and there exist an imitation of Raphael or Michael Angelo, which cannot easily be distinguished from the original but it will always be of comparatively small value.

It was, therefore, with feelings of no common satisfaction that the friends of M. Boieldieu were enabled to hail, in the author of *Les Deux Nuits*, all the originality and noble dependence upon his own resources which marked *La Dame Blanche*. One of the first conditions, however, for composing sound dramatic music is, to have a good, or at least a passable poem, affording situations of interest. In the present instance, M. Boieldieu has wanted that advantage. The subject of the poem is of the most hackneyed character, and the situations anything but probable or interesting; yet M. Boieldieu has come forth triumphant from the contest.

Salle Favart.—During the absence of the Italian company, M. Laurent has hit upon the happy expedient of filling up the interval with a German opera. Twelve of the best productions of that school are promised, and the performance of them is intrusted to the excellent company which has lately been performing at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the direction of M. Roeckel, with the band of the

Italian theatre. The operas already given have been *Der Freischütz* and *Die Zauberflöte*. The first piece was performed according to the author's genuine score, and gave general satisfaction. Madame Fischer and M. Haitzinger, the two principal singers, possess great powers both of voice and action, and were received with considerable applause. The cognoscenti were delighted with the admirable manner in which the different concerted pieces, and, above all, the choruses, were performed. The persons composing the latter are not numerous, and some of the female parts are sung by children; but it is impossible to imagine more vigour of execution, and more spontaneousness of effect.

The *Zauberflöte* was also excellently performed, and this delightful music drew forth bursts of admiration. Madame Fischer was quite at home in the Queen of Night, and gave her two difficult airs in the most brilliant style; but the bravura passage in which they both terminate, and which belong to the taste of another age, did not appear to be much relished, save by the dilettanti of the old school, who hang over them with the same delight as a virtuoso over his antiques.

In a concert lately given here, Madlle. Pardi, a native of New York, made her first appearance, and delighted a numerous audience by her extraordinary powers upon the harp. She is but twelve years of age, but appears to possess a feeling for the true character of her instrument, the taste for which has been a good deal spoiled of late by false brilliancy of the Bochsá school. It is something striking, in the history of the art, to see the New World sending forth artists to instruct the Old.

M. Stöpel, a learned German professor, known as the author of several much-esteemed works, has opened a course of lectures upon the theory and composition of music.

A musical production of an extraordinary cast is causing a considerable sensation here; it consists of eight scenes from the celebrated *Faust* of Goethe, set to music by M. Berlioz, a pupil of M. Lesueur. This young composer has already given proofs of great power of fancy and imagination, bordering even upon the extravagant; and nothing could supply a subject better adapted for the exercise of his peculiar powers than Goethe's poem. The first piece is entitled *The Easter Hymn*. Faustus, being on the point of poisoning himself, hears this hymn sung in the neighbouring church; he becomes deeply affected; the cup falls from his hand; tears start in his eyes, and earth again claims him as her own. The youthful composer has entered perfectly into the spirit of this situation; the distant hymn, interrupted by the chime of the church-bell, presents a feeling of repose which contrasts strongly with the tumult that fills the soul of Faustus, and the transition from that tumult to calm is strikingly depicted. The next piece spoken of is a sextett, entitled *The Concert of Sylphs*. Mephistopheles, in order to give Faustus a foretaste of the pleasures prepared for him, assembles the spirits of the air, and commands them to sing. By degrees Faustus is lulled to sleep, during which he has the most delightful dreams. Here every means is employed of obtaining a suitable accompaniment in the orchestra. The harp is happily employed; and when the song of the Sylphs is reduced to *pianissimo*, the wind instruments cease, and four violoncellos fill their place, with the softest harmony, "linked and long drawn out." The whole of this aerial movement does honour to the imagination of the young artist. Among the other pieces

particularly admired are the two Bacchanalian songs, the rhythm and character of which are very original; and the ballad of *The King of Thule*, sung by Margaret, which has a certain Gothic air and naïveté about it peculiarly its own.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

EUROPEAN music has lately started into existence here, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, "in arms complete." Signor Donizetti, younger brother to the composer of that name, and who last year filled the situation of director of the military music to the King of Sardinia, received an offer to go to Constantinople to direct the two bands of musicians, in the pay of the venerable Serasquiez, which do service in the regular troops that he commands, and which it is said he also levied at his own expense. Donizetti having obtained permission of his government, proceeded to the Turkish capital, where he is at the head of fifty Piedmontese musicians, who receive a very handsome pay. These in their turn are appointed to form Turkish musicians, and we are assured that their pupils have already made remarkable progress. Thus will the taste of the Turks be gradually formed to a relish of European music, from which important results may be anticipated.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON the 28th of May, *Don Giovanni* was produced by Sig. Zuchelli, for his benefit.

Of Madlle. Sontag's *Donna Anna* we spoke in high terms last year; and, thinking as we do, that her voice has become more mellow since then, and that her person, by having lost some of its embonpoint, is upon the whole improved, we cannot but view her performance of the character on the present occasion, as least as favourably as we did formerly.

Mad. Malibran's *Zerlina* has the fault of her *Ninetta*; she makes her sing like an educated lady, and act like a vulgar peasant. The source of this error we took some pains to point out in our last, and endeavoured to shew that the *contadina* of the lyric drama is most commonly a kind of poetical character, and not the country wench of low farce. If *Zerlina* can sing skilfully and in time, she as certainly can, and as assuredly will, dance in the same manner. It is next to impossible to imagine a Spanish girl well informed in the one art, and abominably ignorant in the other,—so instructed and so barbarous as Mad. M. represents her. But this young lady, it is too evident, has a most exalted opinion of her own judgment. Time will either correct this or render her insupportable; and of time she has plenty before her. The little applause she met with ought to operate as a hint, but we doubt whether it will so act.

The *Donna Elvira* of Madlle. Monticelli, and the *Masetto* of Graziani, do not deserve notice. The *Leporello* of Pellegrini is insipid and feeble. The *Don Ottavio* of Donzelli is excellent in every respect; and the *Don Giovanni* of Zuchelli is yet respectable, but not what it was, and never could approach,—except as to the singing, which is far superior,—to that of the splendid original, Ambrogetti. The band—but we are tired of complaining on this head—were miserably imperfect; and M. Rousselot, the successor of Lindley, made us, by the force of contrast, feel the ex-

cellence of the latter in the accompaniment to "Batti, batti," *Zerlina's* soothing air.

On Thursday, the 11th of June, Mad. Malibran took her benefit, and evinced her discrimination in choosing *Le Nozze di Figaro*; for her *Susanna* is by far the most successful of her efforts on this stage, and affords so little opportunity to complain, that we bestow our praise on it, without the drawback of a single critical "but." Madlle. Sontag, on the contrary, quite mistakes the character of the music, and treats it with as little ceremony as if it were Pacini's or Mercadante's. Her "Porgi amor," among other things, is very censurable; even in this fine air she introduces her eternal descending run of semitones, and almost makes one wish that her pretty mouth were closed by the padlock fastened on *Papageno's* for a much more pardonable offence. Donzelli, in *il Conte*, is really admirable; if he did but abstain from now and then using his falsetto, quite needlessly, he would be perfect in this part. But with these three performers our praise must cease; all the other parts are either below mediocrity, or positively bad. One fine air seems as if omitted, because not audibly sung, and other parts are cut out, because there is no one who can sing them. There is not on the Italian stage a more difficult opera to get up: it requires eleven performers; six of them of the first order. There were now three!

If, however, we are driven to complain of the manner in which *Figaro* is produced, how much more reason have we to mention the performance of the *Zauberflöte* in terms of unqualified censure. This was mutilated and murdered on the 18th ult. in a manner that we should have deemed impossible by a German company, for by such it was assassinated. M. Schütz undertook to prepare it for the benefit of Madlle. Sontag, and the dialogue, such as it was, as well as the words of the music, were given in the original language. Except the air, "Dies bildness," or "Oh! cara immagine;" the duet, "Der liebe," or "Là dove prendi," and the quintet, "Hm, hm," which last was sung by only three audible voices, all the best parts of the opera were by some prophane hand cut clean out! It would be tedious to enumerate the pieces thus discarded. The air was tolerably well sung by a M. Rosner; the duet was certainly performed in a very pleasing manner by him and Madlle. Sontag, who judiciously sung the first verse plain, and the second with some florid, but pleasing ornaments. Madame Rosner attempted the bravura,—which was retained, we conclude, because the least agreeable thing in the opera, and because there was none who could sing it—but she made the tolerant and good-humoured audience smile. M. Schütz, to whom we are indebted for this barbarous performance, can scarcely be heard, and once or twice had better have remained quite mute. He has been puffed industriously in some of the journals for his efforts at Covent Garden Theatre, but if they were not much superior to those he made on the present occasion, he ought to meet with anything rather than praise; unless it were meant—which is far from improbable—"as censure in disguise." Even the overture to this—the overture to the *Zauberflöte*!—was mercilessly treated. Such bassoons!—such oboes!—and Spagnoletti, as if anxious to get it over with all possible speed, led it so quick that not half the band could keep up with him.

[The benefits this season, with the exception of M. Laporte's, have not turned out so profitable as was expected. That for the assignees of Messrs. Chambers on the 25th, would hardly pay the expenses, if any were incurred.]