

THE  
**HARMONIC**

—  
1829.  
—

PART THE FIRST,

CONTAINING

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, BIOGRAPHY, FOREIGN REPORTS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS CORRESPONDENCE.



Harmonicon

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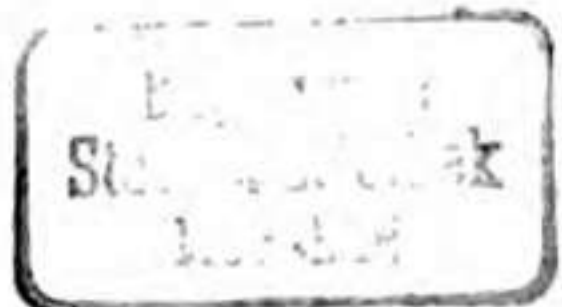
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THE  
HARMONICON.

NEW SERIES.

MEMOIR OF MATTHEW LOCK.

[Chiefly collected from the Histories of HAWKINS and BURNEY.]

MATTHEW LOCK was a native of Exeter, and a chorister in the cathedral of that city, where he was initiated in music by William Wake, the organist. He afterwards received instructions from Edward Gibbons, and very early in life attained a considerable degree of eminence in his profession. We learn from the continuation of Baker's *Chronicle*, that he was employed to compose the music for the public entry of Charles II. at the restoration, and not long afterwards we find him appointed composer in ordinary to that monarch.

His first publication appeared in 1657, during the interregnum, under the title of *A Little Consort of three Parts, for Viols or Violins*, consisting of pavans, ayres, corants, and sarabands, the first twenty of which are for two trebles and a bass.

Some of his compositions also appear in the second part of John Playford's *Continuation of Hilton's Catch that catch can*, published in 1667. In the second part of this work, which consists of "Dialogues, Glee's, Ayres, and Ballads, of two, three, and four voices," we find one of the most pleasing of Lock's compositions,—*Ne'er trouble thyself about Times or their Turnings*, a glee for three voices\*.

Lock may be considered as the first composer who attempted dramatic music for the English stage, if we except the masques performed at court, and at the houses of the nobility, in the time of Charles I., and during the reign of Charles II. When musical dramas were first attempted,—which Dryden styles "heroic plays" and "dramatic operas,"—Lock was employed to set the greater part of them. *Circe*, written by Sir W. Davenant, was composed by Banister, but the *semi-operas*, as they were called, were set by Lock. The first of these, the *Tempest*, was given to the public early in 1673; and in the same year, *Psyche*. This last was a close imitation of a musical drama written in French by Moliere, and set by Lully, in 1672, in the manner of the Italian operas, by which Cardinal Mazarine amused Louis XIV. during his minority. The music of *Psyche*, as performed in London, was not printed till 1675, when it appeared with the following title: "The English Opera; or the Vocal Music in *Psyche*, with the Instrumental therein intermixed. To which is adjoined, the Instrumental Music in the *Tempest*. By Matthew Lock, Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty, and Organist to the Queen." This publication is dedicated to James, Duke of Monmouth.

There is a preface of some length by the composer,

which, like his music, is rough and nervous, exactly corresponding to the idea which one is led to form of his private character by the sight of his portrait in the music-school at Oxford. It is written with that petulance which seems to have been natural to him, and which probably gave birth to the many quarrels in which he was involved. He begins with a complaint of the tendency of his brother musicians "to peck and carp at other men's conceptions, how mean soever may be their own. And expecting to fall under the lash of some soft-headed or hard-hearted composer,"—he sets about removing "the few blocks at which they may take occasion to stumble," with a degree of indignation that implies an irascible spirit under no great degree of governance. The first objection which he anticipates as likely to be made, is to the term *opera*; to this he answers, that it is a word borrowed from the Italian, and distinguishes such a kind of drama from the comedies, which, after a plan is laid, are spoken *extempore*; whereas this is not only designed, but written with art and industry, and afterwards set to suitable music. He goes on to state that in this idea he has produced the following compositions, which, for the most part, are "in their nature soft, easy, and, as far as his abilities could reach, agreeable to the design of the poet. For in them there is ballad to single airs, counterpoint, recitative, fugue, canon, and chromatic music; which variety, without vanity be it said, was never in court or theatre, till now, presented in this nation." He confesses, however, that something had been attempted before in this way of composition, but more by himself than by any other; and he adds, "that the author of the drama, prudently considering that though Italy was and is the great academy of the world for music and this species of entertainment, yet as this piece was to be performed in England, which is entitled to no such praise, he mixed it with interlocutions, as more proper to our genius."

Here we have a short history of those early attempts at dramatic music on our stage, in which, as in the most successful representations of the kind in later times, the chief part of the dialogue was *spoken*, and recitative, or *musical declamation*, which seems to be the true criterion and characteristic of Italian operas, but seldom used, unless to introduce some particular airs and choruses.

The music appears to have been composed upon the model of Lully. The melody is neither recitative nor air, but partaking of both, with a change of measure as frequent as in any of the old serious French operas. Lock's genius would have enabled him to surpass his model, or to cast his compositions in a mould of his own; but such was

\* See music of the present Number.



the passion of Charles II., and consequently his court, for every thing French, that, in all probability, Lock was instructed to imitate Cambert and Lully\*. That he might confidently have depended on his own resources, without seeking any foreign aid, is abundantly evinced by his music in *Macbeth*. This, when produced in 1674, was more smooth and airy than anything of the time, and its beauties are unchanged, after the lapse of a century and a half.

In his third introductory music to the *Tempest*, which is called a *curtain tune*, probably from the curtain being first drawn up during the performance of this species of overture, he has, for the first time, introduced the use of the *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, and *lentando*, under the words "louder by degrees,"—"soft and slow by degrees." No other instruments are mentioned in the score of his opera of *Psyche*†, than violins for the ritornels; and yet so slow was the progress of that instrument during the last century, that in a general catalogue of music, dated 1701, scarcely any compositions appear to have been printed for its use.

Evidence has already been given that Lock was a man of an irascible disposition, but he was sometimes unavoidably involved in many broils and disputes, one of which was his quarrel with the gentlemen of the chapel royal, early in Charles the Second's reign. Being composer in ordinary to the king, he produced for the chapel royal a morning service, in which he set the prayer after each of the ten commandments, to different music from that to which the singers had been long accustomed. This was considered as an unpardonable innovation, insomuch that, on the first day of April, 1666, the king being present, a disturbance was raised, and its performance was for some time impeded. To convince the public that this did not arise from any fault in the composition, Lock thought it necessary to print the whole; and it accordingly appeared in score, on a single sheet‡, under the title, "Modern Church-music pre-accused, censured, and obstructed in its Performance before his Majesty, April 1, 1666; vindicated by the Author, Matthew Lock, Composer in Ordinary to his Majesty§."

\* Cambert was organist of the church of St. Honoré in Paris, and the first French musician who attempted to set an opera. Having quitted France in chagrin, on account of being deprived of the management of the opera, which was conferred by Louis XIV. upon Lully, he came to London, and was appointed master of the band to Charles II. His opera of *Pomone* seems to have been performed at court in its original language. After this his *Ariadne*, or *the Marriage of Bacchus*, translated into English, "was presented by the Academy of Music, at the Theatre Royal, in Covent-Garden, 1674, by the gentlemen of the Academy of Music." It is said in Blainville's *Histoire de Musique*, that Cambert, who died in London in 1677, broke his heart on account of the bad success of his works in England.

† We learn from Downes, the prompter, that the scenery, dresses, machinery, and other decorations of this opera, cost upwards of 800*l.*; a very considerable sum for that period.

‡ This rare and curious paper may be seen in Hawkins's illustrated copy of his "History" (Vol. iv. p. 418), which is in the British Museum.

§ It is prefaced as follows:—

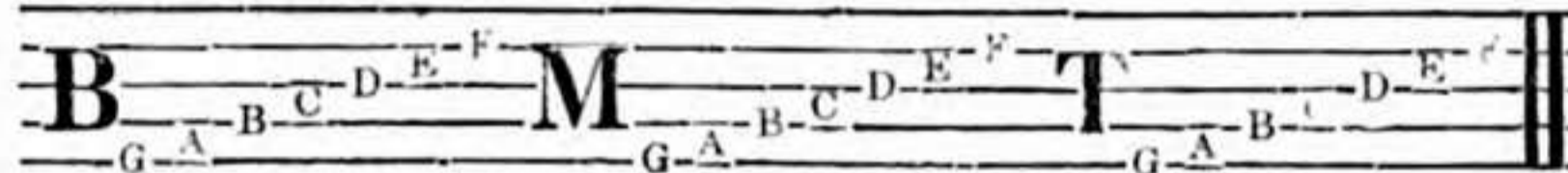
"He is a slender observer of human action, who finds not pride generally accompanied with ignorance and malice, what habit soever it wears. In my case, zeal was its vizard, and innovation the crime. The fact—changing the custom of the church, by varying that which was ever sung in one tune, and occasioning confusion in the service by ill performance.

"As to the latter part of the charge, I must confess I have been none of the fortunatest that way; but, whether upon design or ignorance of some of the performers, it so happened, I shall neither examine nor judge (they are of age to understand the value of their own reputation, and whom they serve); nor is it my business to find eyes, ears, or honesty for any, or answer for other men's faults: but, that such defects should take their

The following, however, is a clear proof of his quarrelsome disposition and obstinacy:—

In 1672, a clever book was published, entitled, "An Essay to the Advancement of Music, by casting away the Perplexity of different Clefs, and uniting all sorts of Music, Lutes, Viols, Violins, Organs, Harpsichord, Voice, &c. in One Universal Character, by Thomas Salmon, A. M., of Trinity College, Oxford."

The author's plan was to reject the eight or nine clefs then in use, and express the whole scale of sounds, on the five lines and spaces in the following simple manner.—



G, in every part of the scale, being on the first line, A on the first space, B on the second line, &c.; the letters signifying Bass, Mean, and Treble ||.

This ingenious proposal, which betrays nothing either absurd or impracticable, could not escape the acrimony of Lock, who, in a pamphlet entitled "Observations on a late Book, called an Essay, &c.," treated it not only with contempt, but with obloquy and unbridled abuse. Salmon answered it in "A Vindication of an Essay to the Advancement of Music, from Mr. Lock's Observations ¶."

rise from the difficulty or novelty of the composition, I utterly deny; the whole being a kind of counterpoint, and no one change from the beginning to the end, but what naturally flows from and returns to its proper centre—the key. And for the former, the contrary is so notoriously manifest, that all relating to the church know, that that part of the liturgy assigned for music was never but variously composed by all that undertook it: witness the excellent compositions of Mr. Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons, and others, their and our contemporaries, on the *Te Deum*, Commandments, *Preces*, *Magnificat*, &c., in use to this day, both in his majesty's chapel, and the cathedrals in this nation. And to speak rationally, should it be otherwise, art would be no more art, composers useless, and science pinioned for destruction. If, therefore, in imitation of them, I have, according to art and the nature of the words, contrived and varied this little composition, and, as to the true manner of speaking, conducted it in the midway between the two extremes of gravity and levity, I hope I may, without ostentation, affirm myself guiltless, and retort the crime from whence it came—Æsop's manger.

"And here might I fairly take notice of a thing lately crawled into the world, under the notion of composition, which, in the height of its performance, is both out of time, out of tune, and yet all to the same tune, had I the itch of retaliation; but since the accuser has been pleased to pass a public censure on the tender of my duty, I shall only at present take the freedom (though it was never intended for a public view) in this manner to expose it; that all capable of judging may see there is neither heresy nor schism, nor any thing of difficulty as to performance, either in the matter or form of it. In fine, this vindication offers at no more than denying those to be judges in science, who are ignorant of its principles."

|| Several French writers on music have done Salmon the honour of approving his plan, so far as to wish to make it their own, and to pass for its inventors. But though the plan for abolishing the clef has been recommended by subsequent French writers, the plagiarists seem never to have been detected. Indeed, the French have frequently disputed among themselves the invention. In January, 1766, a proposal for adopting the single clef, as a new discovery, was published in the *Journal de Paris*; and Gretry, in his *Essais sur la Musique*, is a strong advocate for such a reform. See also, on this subject, HARMONICON, vol. iv. page 47.

¶ To the reader who is curious to see a specimen of the tone and temper in which this controversy was carried on, we present a few extracts:—

Lock thus opens the fire.

"To my worthy friends and fellow-servants, the Gentlemen of His Majesty's public and private music, and all other approved professors and understanders of that science.

"Gentlemen, the abusiveness not excellency of the pretended *Universal Character*, gave me occasion of presenting you with these remarks, wherein I have endeavoured to manifest the falsity, insignificance, contradiction, and, in some parts, impossibility of its author's proposals. But ere I proceed, I will tell you a tale. "Once



The musical world is indebted to Lock for the first rules ever published in this kingdom for thorough-bass, in a book entitled *Melothesia*, London, 1673, oblong quarto.—It is dedicated to Roger L'Estrange, Esq., afterwards Sir R. L'Estrange, himself a good judge, and of an ancient Norfolk family, which always cultivated and encouraged music in an eminent degree. This publication, besides the rules for accompaniment, contains lessons for the harpsichord and organ, by himself and other masters.

Lock was also the author of several songs published in "The Theater of Music," "The Treasury of Music," and other collections of that period. In "The Theater of Music" is a dialogue, or duet, "When death shall part us from these Kids," which, with Dr. Blow's "Go, perjured Man," was ranked among the best vocal compositions of the time.

The music in *Macbeth* is, however, his masterpiece; a composition of which Dr. Burney observes, that its "rude and wild excellence cannot be surpassed,"—though the epithets "rude and wild" are woefully misapplied.

"Once upon a time, when I was a schoolboy, had got a smattering of the Syntax, could sing my part, put three or four parts together in music, and play a voluntary and service on the organ (perhaps well enough for the time), I began to admire my own excellency, despise others, and (Lucifer-like) thought on nothing but setting up for myself; not doubting but fame and fortune would attend those so suddenly acquired accomplishments, which they (silly fellows) had been so long groping after to so little purpose. But here my good genius put a stop to my career, and (with a *seest thou a man wise in his own eyes?—there is more hope of a fool than of him.*) prevented the publication of my folly; that, by longer study and experience, I might become sensible of the vanity and impudency of it. And truly, when I began to write *man*, and had conversed in the world, it proved so; for, notwithstanding the fair progress I had made, I found it was but at the beginning of my journey; which, the more seriously I reflected on it, the closer it obliged me to proceed cautiously, and not judge of any thing I was not certain I knew.

"Gentlemen, you have the privilege to make what application you please of this to the great Universal Essayer . . . His telling us that a beginner may learn as well his way as ours, is as much to the purpose, as if in teaching one to read, I should persuade him that A signified blockhead; or a mother sooner teach her child to go on all-fours, rather than upright, because a puppy, commonly his first play-fellow, gave him the example . . . .

"The viol, he seems, most knight-errantly, to take for a distressed lady, and to fight for her relief; but instead of accomplishing it, (O misfortune in so great an adventure!) he has both pinioned and fettered her; for where the old timing gives her the fair liberty of all sorts of keys, in all kinds of music, he confines her to one that can hardly do either, saving such lean stuff as *Fortune my Foe*, or, *John, come kiss me now*, which is enough to make a healthy man sick, and a rational one mad. . .

"The organ and harpsichord fall next under his lash. These, for the advancement of his humble T, he has left emptier than *three blue beans in a blown bladder*; not so much as allowing them the privilege of a poor Welch harp, without the hopping and skipping of his servant B M T, upon all occasions.

"His dear empress, the lute, brings up the rear of his examples, but with the like success (*poor dumb thing!*) as the rest; for, at first dash (as a true friend to confusion), he sets her at defiance with her sister instruments, by buzzing her in the head that she is supreme; which is as absolute a *Tale of a Tub* as ever wanted bottom or truth. . .

"If I have used too much gall in these lines, it is only to let him know that I can write with his own ink, and that I intend to vindicate the old scale till I meet with a better, as long as I am capable of subscribing myself

"From my lodgings near the Savoy,  
April 11, 1672.

Your servant,  
"M. LOCK."

To this Mr. Salmon replies in a corresponding strain of bitterness and invective:—

"Moorfields, or the Bear-garden, is an entertainment only for the rabble; and should I spend my time in wrangling, scratching, and pulling by the hair, the reader would have good reason to think himself but rudely treated; but lest he should grow drowsy, he will allow me to be pleasant upon this subject.

"Do

It is presumed that when Lock was appointed composer in ordinary to the King, he was professionally a member of the church of England; but towards the latter part of his life he became a Roman Catholic, and was appointed organist to Queen Catharine of Portugal, the consort of Charles II.\* He died in the year 1667.

Though all the productions now generally known of the composer are of the secular kind, there are extant several of his works for the church, which are evidences of his skill in sacred music. Amongst these may be mentioned the two anthems, "Not unto us, O Lord," and "Turn thy face from my sins:" likewise one for five voices, "Lord! let me know my end," inserted by Dr. Boyce in his excellent *Collection of Cathedral Music*.

The professional character of Lock is thus summed up by Dr. Burney, in a single sentence:—"He was the first who furnished our stage with music in which a spark of genius is discoverable; and who, indeed, was the best secular composer our country could boast, till the time of Purcell."—But this is 'cold and inadequate praise. The

"Do but turn over the leaf, p. 2, and you will find me indebted to the *Observer* for a tale, and indeed, Sir, I was never so indebted to any man in my life; for he has described himself to be an arrant fool, out of goodwill to prevent all venturesome young men from being like him. There he stands, like a frightful scare-crow stuffed with straw, and furnished with an old hat and a muckinger, holding forth his arms; See here, young man; *when I was a schoolboy, &c., then was I, Lucifer-like &c.*, which is the same as to say that he was proud and as false as the devil. One would long to be acquainted with the *Observer*, in order to know what kind of man such an ill-begun boy has made.

"Sir, I must inform you that our *Observer* has two excellent eyes: one, to see such things with as nobody else can see; and one, not to see those things which every body else can see. With the latter he can look upon a printed page, and see nothing but a piece of clean white paper; to the former, the letters will appear so double, that he cannot read a word. With the negative eyes he reads the first pages of my "Essay," and blinks them into confusion; but this non-seeing eye being closed, he opens the other, which is his left, and which looks something askint, and with this he sees such visions as never appeared.

"Next comes Madam Viol; for our *Observer* will needs have her a distressed lady, and professes himself able to play nothing but *John, come kiss me now*; and, if she turn away her head, *Fortune my Foe*. For my part, I cannot help his inclinations; if he should fall in love with *the top of a bed-post*, 'tis nothing to me. But though he is not able to enlarge his captivated fancy above these two amorous airs, I know many persons of good repute that play excellent suits of lessons, according to this very same ridiculous, sickly timing, as he is pleased to term it. . . .

"Truly his book is nothing but shreds and patches, which being stitched together with blue thread, looks like a tailor's apron, or a fool's coat. There is no question, that a man of ordinary capacity might so improve himself in one week's time at Billingsgate, as to answer sufficiently his most substantial objections; though really some of his book is so dirty, that a decent man would be afraid to touch it with a pair of tongs."

Is it possible, one is tempted to exclaim, that all this ill-blood could have been generated by an ingenious attempt to improve music!

\* The Queen was permitted the exercise of her religion, and had a chapel in which mass was celebrated, with an organ, and something like a choir. After the death of Charles, she had an ecclesiastical establishment in Somerset House, of which the following list is given in Chamberlayne's "Present State of England, 1694."

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Cardinal Howard of Norfolk . . . . .    | Lord Almoner.  |
| Mr. Paulo de Almeyda . . . . .          | } Almoners.    |
| Mr. Emanuel Diaz . . . . .              |                |
| Father Christopher de Rozario . . . . . | Confessor.     |
| Father Huddleston . . . . .             | } Chaplains.   |
| Father Michael Ferreyra . . . . .       |                |
| Three Portuguese Franciscans, called    | Arrabidoes.    |
| And a Lay-brother. . . . .              |                |
| Mr. James Martin . . . . .              | } Chapel Boys. |
| Mr. Nicholas Kennedy . . . . .          |                |
| Mr. William Hollyman . . . . .          |                |
| Mr. John Baptista Draghi . . . . .      | Organist.      |
| Mr. Timothy de Faria . . . . .          | } Vergers.     |
| Mr. James Read . . . . .                |                |
| Mr. Anthony Fernandez . . . . .         |                |



music in Macbeth is a lasting monument of the author's creative power, and of his judgment. If the age in which it was produced, the infantine state of dramatic music at that period, the paucity and imperfectness of instruments, and the humble condition of what was then called an orchestra, be all duly considered, his work will be described, not as a spark, but as a blaze of genius, the brightness of which neither years nor comparison have been able to dim, and which, could it have been aided by the enlarged means so plenteously afforded in after times, would now have shone with a splendour that has rarely been equalled in any age or country.

### ON THE PNEUMATIC ORGAN OF THE ANCIENTS.

Few questions are enveloped in more obscurity, than that concerning the nature of the organs of which some writers of antiquity have left descriptions almost unintelligible. Without speaking of the *clepsydra* or hydraulic organ, the invention of which is attributed to Ctesibius, a mathematician of Alexandria, who lived in the time of Ptolemy Evergetes, and who is known to us only by the enigmatic details of his disciple Heron, and of Vitruvius\*, every particular relative to the pneumatic organ, to the period of its invention, the principle of its construction, its mechanism, and dimensions, has remained buried in obscurity, in spite of the laborious researches of the learned. Forkel is of opinion, that the invention of this instrument was anterior to that of the hydraulic organ, but he has no proofs to produce of the fact. The organ spoken of by Athenæus†, is no other than the *clepsydra*. The most ancient notions that have reached us of a species of pneumatic instrument bearing some analogy to the organ, are found in a Greek epigram of the Anthology, first noticed by Ducange‡, and which has since been cited by several authors.

The epigram in question contains the description of an organ, said to have been possessed by Julian the philosopher, or as some term him, the apostate. But as in this instrument there is no mention of bellows, but of a leathern bag, and as it appears that the person who played it did not make use of a key-board, but only opened and shut with his fingers the holes of a pipe or pipes, to give passage to the wind, it struck me, that the kind of instrument here spoken of might be that which the Greeks termed *πιθουλη*, the Latin *tibia utricularis*, and which we call the *bagpipe*, rather than any species of organ§. This conjecture has determined me to make some researches respecting the monuments which represent this instrument. These monuments, it is true, are but few in number, but, in my opinion, sufficient to justify the inductions which I draw from them.

A faun holding a bagpipe, seen upon an engraved cornelian, as represented in the work of Ficcaroni||; a basso-relievo in the Palazzo Santa-Croce, cited by Bianchini¶; a bronze in the Villa-Albani, representing a herdsman playing upon this instrument; together with a small mar-

\* In his work *De Architect. lib. x.* Nothing more ridiculous can be imagined than the translation given of this passage by Perrault and others.

† *Deipnosoph. lib. iv. c. 23.*

‡ *Glossar. mediæ et infimæ Lat., in voce Organum.*

§ The figure given by Bianchini of a bagpipe joined to the pipes of an organ (fig. 13. tab. 2.), in his Dissertation *De tribus generibus instrumentorum musicæ veterum*, is purely imaginary.

|| *Tratt. delle Maschere*, tab. 83, p. 214.

¶ *Loc. citat.*, tab. 2, fig. 12.

ble statue of a young shepherd holding in his arms the *πιθουλη*, belonging to the museum of the Marchese Venuti, and of which the Abbate Orazio Maccari has given a description in *Le Memorie dell' Accademia di Cortona* (tom. 7.), are all the evidences furnished us by antiquity relative to this instrument; but I consider them as ample and incontestable. Some varieties are seen in the form of the instrument represented in these monuments; for instance, the *tibia utricularis* of the Faun, cited by Ficcaroni, has but a single pipe for the admission of wind into the leathern bag (*tibia inflatoria*), while it has several of different lengths by which the air escapes in sounding the instrument. In the figure given by Bianchini, a single pipe pierced with lateral holes, appears destined to modify the sound, and two large pipes which are found at the upper part of the instrument, and which have the form of antique trumpets of the straight kind, seem intended to produce the effect of the drone. The instrument of Ficcaroni's figure appears to have more analogy with the *organum* than that of Bianchini. The opinion of the latter writer, who also observes that the *organum pneumaticum* may be nothing else than the *tibia utricularis*, is as follows: "Subjecimus organum pneumaticum tibiæ utriculari, cum ad genus utricularium tibiæ pertinere videatur."—(*De tribus gen. instr. Vct.* p. 11.)

If we refer to the "Epistle to Dardanus," commonly attributed to St. Jerome, we learn that the *utricularia* had but two pipes of brass, one of which was used to inflate the leathern bag, and the other to produce the sounds. The words of this author are: "Antiquis temporibus, fuit chorus quoque simplex, pellis cum duabus cicutis æreis, et per primam inspiratur, secunda vocem emittit." But the question here evidently is of the *chorus* or simple *utricularia*, as represented in Bianchini's figure, and not the *organum pneumaticum*, of which Ficcaroni has given a representation. Besides this writer expressly says, that he is speaking of ancient times (*antiquis temporibus*), that is, times considerably distant in reference to the period in which he is writing; now we have nothing to indicate that anterior to the third century there was any instrument like the *organum pneumaticum*. It is true, that upon some medals of the species called *contorniates*, and particularly upon one with the head of Nero, there is a figure bearing some resemblance to the *organum*; but it is now known that the *contorniates* were struck only from the age of Constantine to that of Valentinian\*; so that this authority does not hold good when the question is to show the high antiquity of the organ, as the term is now understood.

We find the term *πιθουλη* employed by some writers of antiquity, to designate the players upon a certain instrument, affirmed by some to be the *utricularia*, but denied to be so by others. Before examining this question, it may not be useless to stop and examine the etymology of the Greek word *ἄσκαυλης*, by which the players on the *utricularia* are sometimes designated. It comes from *ἄσκος*, a leathern bag, and *ἄυλος*, a flute; in other words a leathern bag joined to a flute. This word is also employed by some Latin poets, and particularly by Martial, who, in speaking of a certain *Canus*, a celebrated player on the flute, who would have thought himself dishonoured by changing his instrument for the *utricularia*, says:

Credis hoc, Prisce,  
Vocem ut loquatur Psittacus cothurnicis,  
Et concupiscat esse Canus *ascaules*.

\* See Millin, *Dictionnaire des Beaux-Arts*, tom. i. p. 340.



With regard to the etymology of the word *πιθουλη*, we have less certainty than for *ascaules*, though it evidently means the player of a flute composed of several parts. Scaliger\* pretends that this word comes from *πιθος*, a jar of earth, and *αυλος*, a flute, upon the supposition that there were instruments with several holes, in which these jars supplied the place of the leathern bag. On the contrary Bertholinus† and Boulanger‡ are of opinion that these pythauls, instead of an *utricularia* or bag, made use of a barrel of wood, called *cadus*, which, according to them, supplied the place of the bag, like the wind-chest of our organ, and distributed the air into pipes pierced with holes. The following verses of Propertius seem to countenance their opinion. The poet, celebrating the victory which Augustus had gained in Asia, thus expresses himself:

Spargite me lymphis, carmenque recentibus aris,  
Tibia mygdoniis libet eburna cadis.—*Eleg.*, lib. iv. 6.

It is, however, probable that in these verses there is a little question of a barrel as of a jar; for, independently of the inconvenient form this would have given the instrument, it is not easy to conceive of what utility these barrels or jars could have been in communicating air to the pipes§. It is much more probable, that Propertius has employed the word *cadus* in the sense of leathern-bag, as Virgil has done in the following verse:—

Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis oneraret Acestes.

All these strained etymologies ought, therefore, to be rejected, by which it has been attempted to represent an instrument with different pipes, and of which ancient writers have spoken in very obscure terms, as resembling our organ, instead of considering it, what it really appears to have been, no other than the *bagpipe*. I think that Vossius, Ducange||, and Bianchini seem settled in their opinion, when they say that *pythauls* signifies merely a player upon the latter instrument.

The testimony of Suetonius has been often cited to prove that the organ was known in the time of Nero: but the greater part of those who rest their opinion on the text of this author, were not sufficiently versed in what relates to the history of music, to see that this very text condemns their opinion, and that the supposed organ is merely a bagpipe, and a *chorus* or hydraulic *choraula*, an instrument of which it is impossible to form any distinct idea, considering the obscurity of the inscriptions, and the absence of monuments relating to it. It is thus that the Latin historian expresses himself:—“Sub exitu quidem vitæ palam voverat, si sibi incolumis status permansisset, proditum se partæ victoriæ ludis hydraulam,

\* *In Catalect*, p. 118.

† *De Tibiis veter.* lib. iii.

‡ *De Theatris*, lib. ii. cap. 19.

§ The use, however, of certain contrivances, such as large tubes, not for generating sound in the first instance, but for augmenting its power after being produced, has lately been very distinctly and satisfactorily shewn at the Royal Institution, by Mr. Faraday, who stated that he was indebted to Mr. Wheatstone for the subject-matter of his lecture. It is not a little curious, that nations, advanced but one degree from barbarism, such as the Burmese, &c., are, and have been long, acquainted with a means of increasing the strength of sound, of which the philosophers of Europe have, till the present moment, remained in total ignorance. To the collection of Burmese instruments collected by Sir Stamford Raffles we are partly indebted for this discovery; concerning which the learned M. Fétis can hardly yet have received any information. When the inquiry into this subject shall be further pursued, perhaps we may be enabled to form a more correct notion of what has hitherto very much puzzled antiquarians,—the *Echæa*, or acoustic vases, used, according to Vitruvius, by the ancients in their vast theatres, for the purpose of augmenting the power of the performer's voice. (*Vitruv. lib. v. cap. 5.*)—*Editor.*

|| *Glossar. voce Utricularius.*

choraulam et UTRICULARIAM.” This passage refers to the vow which the emperor made to play at the public games upon the *choraula* or the *utricularia*, if the gods restored him his health. It is seen that the term *organum* does not at all occur in the text.

The only difference between the ancient and modern employment of the bagpipe is, that at present it ranks only as a vulgar instrument, while with the ancients it was used in public ceremonies, and formed a part of theatrical music. Seneca tells us, that pythauls, or performers on the *utricularia*, were heard in the theatre of Naples; “et hic (id est in teatro), ingenti studio, quis sit pythauls bonus judicatur.” (*Epist. 77, lib. x.*) \* Flavius Vopiscus also informs us, that among the *mimæ*, the *histriones*, and the parasites of the emperor Carinus, there were also a hundred pythauls:—“Et item centum psalistas uno crepitu concinentes, et centum camptaulas, † etiam pythauls centum, pantomimos et gymnicos mille. Pegma præterea cujus flammis scena conflagravit.”

In order to terminate my proof that the bagpipe is the instrument designated in the description given by ancient writers, it will be sufficient to quote the elegant passage of Virgil, in which he has so well described the shepherd Tonus playing upon the *tibia utricularis*:—

Et cum multifori Tonus cui tibia buxo  
Tandem post epulas, et pocula, multicolorem  
Ventriculum sumpsit, buccasque inflare rubentes  
Incipiens, oculos aperit, ciliisque levatis,  
Multotiesque alto flatum e pulmonibus haustum  
Urem implet; cubito vocem dat tibia presso,  
Nunc huc nunc illuc digito saliente. . . .”

In all this there is nothing but what is strictly applicable to the bagpipe. In vain has it been attempted to discover in the instrument of this period the bellows, pipes, and key-board of the organ, acted upon by the fingers: when soberly considered, it presents nothing but pipes pierced with lateral holes, and an inflating pipe, which the musician applied to his mouth to fill the bag with wind ‡. There is no question that the instrument now known by the name of the organ, with its key-board, was invented in the fourth century only, and everything leads us to believe, that, anterior to the reign of Louis-le-Débonnaire, the instrument called by this name had no relation with that now employed in our churches. It is

\* And here (that is, in the theatre) the greatest zeal is shown in adjudging which is the best pythauls (vulgo, bagpiper). At every turn in our literary researches, we are reminded of the old adage, “that there is nothing new under the sun.” What is the above but a faithful picture of that which takes place annually in the theatre of Edinburgh, on the occasion of adjudging the prize pipes to the best player?—*Editor.*

† Turnebius thinks that, instead of *camptaulas*, we should read *ascaulas*; an emendation that appears excellent.

Hyginus, and Horace in his *Ars Poetica*, inform us that the pythauls also appeared in the Pythian games. The former adds: “Pythauls qui Pythia cantaverat, septem habuit palliatos, unde postea appellatus est chorauls.” It would appear from this passage, that the instrument of the Pythauls was the same as that of the Chorauls. Perhaps the hydraulic choraula differed from the *utricularia* in this respect, that the inflating pipe agitated water in the vase to which the sounding pipes were attached. If such were the case, the conjectures of Scaliger, Bertholinus and Boulanger would not be without foundation.

‡ There is a passage in the Greek writer, Dion Chrysostom, in which, speaking of the emperor Nero, it is said, that he played on the flute with a bladder, or leathern bag, under his arm, filled with wind. The reason given for Nero's preference of the *Tibia utricularis* is curious:—“He made choice of this, that he might avoid those contortions of the countenance occasioned by the flutes blown by the breath, and which so greatly disgusted Minerva.”

From the various descriptions given of this species of wind instrument, we must conclude that, at the period in question, it had attained a state of considerable complication and refinement.—*Editor.*



true, that in the 8th Book of his *Harmonia Universalis*, p. 387, Mersennus informs us that the antiquary Naudé had sent him the figure of a *positif* or small organ, found on one of the basso-relievos of the Villa-Mattei, at Rome, where a woman is seen playing upon a key-board, while a man, stationed behind the instrument, is supplying wind with a pair of bellows, similar to those at present in common use. The work of Mersennus has not an engraving of this basso-relievo, but it was found among the papers of Haym, editor of the *Tesaurus-Britannico delle Medaglie antiche*. Hawkins has given a copy of it in his "History of Music," and Forkel caused it to be engraved as a frontispiece to his work. But there is nothing to indicate to what epoch this monument belongs. It greatly resembles a figure seen in certain miniatures in manuscripts of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and of which the authenticity is not satisfactorily demonstrated. I, therefore, think myself justified in coming to the conclusion, that it was not the organ, but the bagpipe that was known to antiquity, and designated in the quotations I have given.

FETIS.

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## ON THE CHARACTERS OF KEYS.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

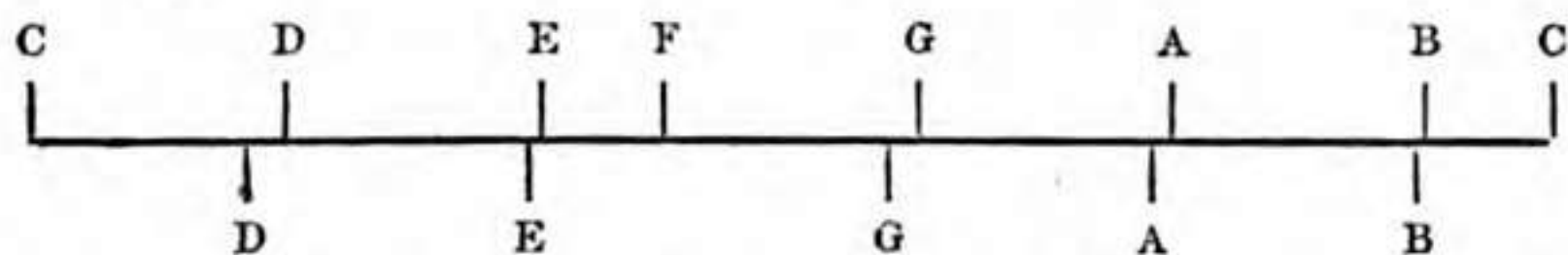
SIR,

London, Dec. 1828.

In the *Diary of a Dilettante* for last month, some remarks appear on the peculiarities of certain keys, to which I venture to add a few observations.

It seems to me that the particular character of many keys arises from what in tuning is called temperament, a process well known to most musicians, who are aware that if instruments were tuned so as to make every 5th perfect, only certain keys could be used without violently shocking the ear. To remedy so great an evil, it becomes necessary to depress, or flatten, some of the 5ths, an operation requiring great nicety of discrimination arising from long experience.

To such of your readers as are not conversant with the subject, the annexed diagram, or scale, with the observations that follow, may perhaps afford some insight into the matter.



The upper division represents the real distance of each note of the diatonic scale; the lower exhibits the distances of the intervals as tuned according to the system of temperament now adopted; from which it will be seen, that in tuning upwards from c, the first 5th, g, is flattened; the next 5ths, d, a, e, flattened likewise, though not quite so much as the first; and the b almost perfect; from which note all the 5ths are made perfect to g#. In tuning downwards from c, all the 5ths are made as sharp as the ear can bear them.

It will be observed, that each of the principal keys with flats has its 3rd formed by one of the above lowered notes; and thus is produced the tender, or more properly the melancholy expression of such keys.

The reverse is the case with respect to keys with sharps: for the 5ths being tuned perfect after b, and the flattened

notes becoming the key-notes, or tonics, the 3rds and 5ths of these keys are more perfect, and produce a brilliancy of tone that keys with flats can never possess. The key of b (five sharps) for instance, is perhaps the most brilliant one we have, from having its 3rd and 5th quite perfect; and, according to the theory mentioned by 'Dilettante,' belongs to festivities and rejoicings. The same cause operates in minor as well as major keys; and c minor, on account of its flattened 5th, is more plaintive than b minor.

On stringed instruments, where it is easy to make a distinction between g# and ab, c# and db, &c., the difference is very rarely attended to, though these notes are stopped with different fingers. Indeed such nicety would lead to mischief in orchestral performances, unless the wind instruments had the means of adjustment. The imperfection (if it must be so termed) is a very happy one; for were it possible to produce a perfect 3rd and 5th in every key, ab would not be more pathetic than a#, and much very beautiful musical effect would be lost. Weber's charming cavatina in *Der Freischutz*, for example, if performed in a key with sharps, loses half of its effect.

Formerly organs were tuned with the 5ths all perfect, consequently were intolerable in three and four flats; so much so in fact, that some were provided with extra pipes tuned to accord with those keys.

Should, however, the characters of certain keys appear to be attributable to any other cause than that I have here suggested, I shall hope to be set right by any of your correspondents who may be better informed on the subject. Nevertheless, trusting that the few hints I have thrown out may at least prove interesting to some of your readers, and possibly lead to further investigation,—moreover, not being aware that I have ever been anticipated in any musical work,—I beg leave to offer them to your consideration; and am, &c.

T. S. R.

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## C. M. VON WEBER'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

TONKUNSTLER'S LEBEN, EINE ARABESKE.

(THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.)

By CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



—And off flew the hammer from its joint—and crash went some half dozen strings—with such fury did I dash my hands upon the keys of the piano-forte. In one corner lay the scribbled music-paper, and in another the music-stool; with lengthened strides I paced my little chamber, and zigzagged in and out of every corner, adroitly avoiding, however, even in the height of my agitation, every sharp angle of the furniture.

What for months before had caused me daily annoyance, had, within the last few weeks, risen to its height and grown absolutely insupportable. That indefinite yearning of the heart for something from which we hope for relief, without being able to give ourselves any satisfactory reason *why*;



that painful struggle of the internal powers, which are kept bound in fetters by the consciousness of the unattainable ideal, a bondage from which, at times, there appears no hope of getting free; that irresistible impulse to labour, which raises gigantic images, and after all exhausts itself in mere emptiness of thought; that chaos of fluctuating and anxious feelings, which so often overpowers the whole soul of the artist, had at this moment entirely overwhelmed my own.

All the wishes, dreams, and resolutions, connected as well with the art, as with the general affairs of life, which had frequently before sprung up at shorter intervals, now came upon me with redoubled violence, and drove me absolutely frantic.

The burden of existence weighed heavily upon me; fain would I have sought relief from it in the solace of art; but as art exists by life alone, and life by art, they, mutually, combined to destroy both themselves and me.

Exhausted, at length, by my internal struggle, I half unconsciously took my customary seat at the piano-forte, and leaned my head upon it to sleep, as a last resource—an evil prognostic!

The composer who draws his materials from his instrument, is little else than a child of distress: or, at all events, is on the high way to poverty of spirit, and its inseparable companions, vulgarity and commonplace. Yes, even these hands, these cursed piano-forte fingers, which by eternal hammering and practising assume, at last, a kind of independency and will of their own—even these become the ignorant tyrants and task-masters of the creative faculties.

They invent nothing new; nay, what is worse, they are ever ready to war with whatever is not old. Cunning and roguish, like true handicraftsmen, they patch up, from musty antiquated materials, forms of tone that have almost the look of new figures; and these, as they have something taking in their sound, bribe the ear, which sits as judge in the first instance, and secure a favourable reception.

How very differently does he create, whose *inward* ear is the judge of what is created, and which, in the very act of its invention, is submitted to the ordeal of criticism. This mental ear has a wonderful tact in receiving the forms of tone, and assigning to them their relative value. Herein lies that divine secret, which is known only to the initiated, and remains incomprehensible to the many.

An ear like this, hears whole periods, nay, entire pieces at once. It passes over little occasional lacunæ and irregularities, content to leave them to be filled up in some happier moment; and afterwards, as time and opportunity serve, will review the whole in its parts, and not refuse to abbreviate and retouch, where maturer judgment shall point out.

An ear like this delights to see some finished whole; a form of tone with that individuality of features, which, if but once seen by the eye of a stranger, will be recognised again. This is what it desires, and not a mere *lay-figure*, a thing of shreds and patches. If the mind has conceived such an image, it must be content to let it go its time; for good things will have their due season of maturity; it must be fed with proper nourishment, and be reared with care.

At length, an internal voice whispered to me: "Thou must depart—forward, forward! The artist's sphere of action is the world. What avails thee to bury thyself longer in the narrow-minded circle of thy acquaintance? What, the gracious favour of some little Mæcenas, extended to thee in payment for some tune reluctantly fur-

nished, to suffer from his stupid and heartless rhymes?—What, the boisterous applause of the multitude on parade, for a successful march? What, even the friendly squeeze of the hand by a pretty neighbour, as the reward of a couple of spirited waltzes? Forward! try thy genius among strangers, and when the exercise of thy talent has given satisfaction to men of judgment—when thou hast advanced their knowledge of thy art, and appropriated to thyself their information,—then return to thy home of peace, and enjoy the fruit of thy industry."

I immediately packed up my instruments, embraced the few individuals whom I counted as friends, requested two or three introductions to families in the next little town, and commenced my journey in the humble *post-wagen* (stage), which the state of my purse very strongly recommended. It was late in the evening; like dumb shadows my travelling companions sat beside me; not an observation disturbed the deep repose, and I soon settled into a placid sleep, from which I was aroused at early dawn, by the ready hand of the driver, who demanded his fee.

I beheld the unfolding of day in placid grandeur.—The holy *crescendo* of nature, displaying itself in a beautiful succession of colours, awakened in my youthful breast a glow of devotional feeling. Filled with serenity and confidence, my inmost soul turned to that power who had infused into my mind a disposition for an art which was to stamp my future life, and which once implanted, could never again be rooted out. I felt conscious that I was acting up to my vocation, and enjoyed the internal satisfaction of duty fulfilled.

Nature operates on me in a peculiar manner. That quality of the mind, in which all the other faculties concentrate—call it talent, vocation, genius, what you will—restricts within its magic circle all our powers of vision. Not only to our physical, but also to our mental eye, is its particular horizon assigned. Both may be varied by change of position; and well is it for the artist, if, in his progress forward, he can enlarge it; for to go out of it is impossible.

Nay more—all objects assume the peculiar colouring of the artist's mind, and imperceptibly partake of the characteristic tone of his life and sensations. At least, I acknowledge that such is the fact in my case: with me, every thing is associated with musical forms, and becomes modified accordingly.

The contemplation of a landscape is to me like the performance of a piece of music. I feel the effect of the whole upon my mind, without analyzing, or dwelling upon, the individual parts of it. In a word, strange as it may seem, the landscape has upon me the effect of a rhythmical movement; it is to me a successive enjoyment. But it is equally a source of delight and of pain: of delight, when I calmly contemplate the manner in which interesting objects are harmoniously blended together; and of pain, when I see these objects mingled and confused, as they are beheld from the window of a stage coach. A corresponding confusion is communicated to my mind; all my associations become wild and disorderly. Good heaven! perhaps at the very moment I am beating out a confoundedly complicated fugue, a rondo theme will start up, which in its turn is supplanted by a pastorale, and that again by a *furioso*, or a funeral march. By my fellow passengers, ignorant of the peculiar workings of my mind, and deterred from conversation by my strange and unsocial demeanour, I am, of course, set down as one of the stupidest fellows in existence!



## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

In the mean time, we had reached the pleasant little town of X—, and so powerfully did I feel the mania of essaying my musical powers, that, contrary to my first intention, I resolved on sojourning there for a time, in order to gratify it. "None but a faint-hearted simpleton," said I to myself, "suffers himself to be dejected." So humming Pedrillo's air in *Die Entführung* (Mozart's *Seraglio*), I sought the refreshment of my couch, full of buoyant hopes respecting my projected concert.

On the following morning, I made the best figure I could, and waited on Mr. von Y—, of the musical taste of whose family I had heard a great deal, and who was one of the most influential personages in that small town.

He saluted me with, "Ah, welcome! I am extremely happy to make your acquaintance; I assure you, in several letters I have received, your name has been very favourably mentioned.—(I bowed.)—You, of course, know my newest sonatas?"

I was strangely embarrassed. "I beg pardon, but really I cannot say that—"

"But," interrupted he, "the quartett!"

"I am very sorry," said I, stammering and blushing at the time; "but I do not remember—"

"Well," said my host, not a little disconcerted, "at all events, you must be familiar with my set of capriccios—at least, if you read the journals, or are at all conversant with scientific literature."

I felt that these perplexing questions must be put a stop to, and so plunged at once into the desperate confession. "I am ashamed of my ignorance; but was really unaware of the fact, that Mr. von Y— composed."

The good gentleman's countenance fell; and lowering instantly the tone of his voice, he said, "My dear friend, I am really very sorry; but understanding that you propose giving concerts, I must candidly tell you that you have very little chance, very little indeed, of doing any good here. The people of this place, Sir, are critical judges; critical as the Viennese themselves, and—(here a new thought seemed to strike him)—unless, indeed, you could prevail on my daughter to sing: in that case—"

At this moment the door of the room opened, and a young female entered, whose figure and appearance were of a kind to provoke observation, not unmingled with mirth. She was her father's Opera 1<sup>ma</sup>, and a truly droll specimen of composition did she exhibit. Do but picture to yourself a diminutive creature, burdened with a tremendously large head, covered with black shaggy hair, and ornamented with a tiara of false diamonds of unconscionable size. From her mouth, at the formation of which the Graces did not certainly preside, issued a voice which resembled a pitch-pipe of the days of good Guido Aretinus, and screeched such tones, that my ears enjoyed sensations similar to those produced by scratching on a pane of glass. The delicate daughter threw her spider-like arms around her papa, who introduced her to me as a scholar of the art, and said, "You must sing this gentleman a part of your grand scena; you know how much I admire it. Sir, it is a composition at once lofty and profound." (I bowed).

The young cantatrice eyed me from top to toe, with that kind of patronising air which your long-pursed amateur know so well how to affect, and then, turning, said to her father, "Papa, you know (and here she strove to get up a cough), you know what a cold I have got; I am absolutely hoarse to day; (here she began a strained croaking;) good heavens! you yourself hear in what bad order my voice is."

The fact is, that nature had denied the lady organs capable of producing any thing like an endurable tone; and when she began again to essay, I felt alarmed. I, however, suppressed my repugnance, and feeling that interest prompted my doing the polite thing, I interposed, and begged that the lady would honour me by singing a few bars.

The condescending maiden (evidently nothing loth) complied. She squatted down before the piano-forte, and after hammering out a few chords with all her might, and blundering an unfortunate slip-shod run through the semitones, she screamed a bravura air of Scarlatti.

I showed all the interest I could feign, striving occasionally to get a peep at the notes, over her active and broad-spread shoulders. At every dozen bars, she would exclaim, with a languishing turn of the head, "You see, I can't make it out at all!" She then coughed again, and offered little appoggiatura remarks upon her hoarseness, and amidst increasing interruptions, at last got to the end of her task. I struggled against nature to say something handsome of the performance, for my very teeth were set on edge; some of her upper notes were for all the world like those of the hurdy-gurdy. Nothing could be more dangerous than admiration at such a moment; for I saw she was upon the point of treating me to another specimen, when luckily her mother entered. This lady was a perfect copy of Xantippe, in a high state of preservation. The moment she came in, she set up a shout of admiration, compared to which, the noise of one of Wranitz's allegros is but as the rustling of a few leaves. I thought it but common politeness to contribute my quota of admiration at the same time; but my feeble "brava!" died away unheard amidst the tempest of her applause.

"My daughter, Sir," said she at last, after she had somewhat recovered from her raptures, "is a true musical genius: the talent she possesses is astonishing! and though she did not begin to study music till thirteen, she has frequently corrected the *Stadt-musikant* [musician in ordinary to the town] in *generalpasch*. And then, Sir, you should hear how beautifully she plays on the *Strahlharmonica*. O, go and fetch it; there is nothing to compare to that charming instrument!"

The agonies of death seized me, in anticipation of this new ordeal, and I could only stammer out, that it certainly was an instrument adapted to Adagios.

"True," said the pertinacious mamma, "Adagios, that is the very thing: so, my dear, pray play us Mozart's *Bird-catcher*."

I could contain myself no longer; disgust gave way to an inclination to laugh, and in spite of all my struggles, the suppressed titter at length broke forth. The countenances of the whole family underwent an instantaneous change; and, from a smirk of self-complacency, fell some dozen inches in length. They whispered to each other: my ear caught the words, "Utterly destitute of all taste"—"No more ear for true music than an ape,"—and in the course of five minutes, I found myself left quite alone. The father was called away upon particular business, the mother was wanted in the kitchen, and the Signora figlia, complaining of head-ache, scampered away to her boudoir. I drew breath as though my lungs were obliged to supply the bellows of the great organ at Westminster; and, after a moment's pause, laying my finger on my nose, I performed the *scala descendendo*, and walked quietly out of the house, fully resolved never again to attempt to propitiate the patronage of a musical family.

I determined to go directly to the *Stadt-musikus*, to engage the necessary performers for my concert.



## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

I had not proceeded far in the street, when I met a group of chorus-singers, who were preparing to treat the townspeople to a piece of music. They were coughing themselves right lustily into good voice.

Oh divine human organ! thou first instrument bestowed upon us by the Creator, according to which all others are modelled; thou that alone art capable of truly and effectively moving the feelings; how admirable do thy powers appear to me in choral song, which, even when exercised in a humble degree, put me quite in a glow, and strike to my very heart!

Though full of my project I halted, prepared to listen to a chorus, simple, touching, and in every respect adapted to the feelings and capacity of the people. But my evil stars had doomed me to-day to nothing but vexation and annoyance; and what should my gentlemen strike up but one of the latest airs from the opera of *Fanchon*; and even this they so dreadfully mangled, keeping neither time nor tune, that I made no scruple of accosting the lanky singer of the bass, who stood next to me, and who, as he was filling up his pause in the piece by voraciously swallowing a jorum of bread and milk, appeared the least likely to suffer any interruption, inquiring of him the direction of Mr. — the *Stadt-musikus*. “Sir, *Der Herr Principal* lives yonder to the right; you cannot possibly miss the house; you will be sure to hear them, for this is the very hour they are practising the Russian horn-music; but I don’t think you’ll find any vacancy at present.”

Not a little chagrined at the fellow’s coolness, I answered rather testily, that I was in want of no such situation, and turning sharply on my heel, I steered my course directly towards the house. Sure enough I had no difficulty in finding it; for of all the horrid noises I had ever heard, this was assuredly the most appalling. Feeling considerable alarm for the drums of my ears, I cautiously approached the scene of uproar, and at length making a bold effort, entered the school. The scene that presented itself was whimsical in the extreme. In a circle of from ten to fifteen boys, who were blowing their horns with all their might, or at least stood in the act of blowing, was stationed Mr. the *Stadt-musikus*, who grasped in both hands a musical baton of formidable size, with which he beat the time upon a piano-forte that stood near him, and occasionally upon the head of the unlucky wight who happened to miss the time; and all this had the additional accompaniment of his feet, with which he stamped with all the fury of one who had lately escaped from the madhouse. They were performing an overture of his own composition, in which the horns had a very predominant part, and which his scholars were playing after the Russian fashion—a horn to every single note. To the right and left were ranged other performers on the violin, clarionet, bassoon, trombone, &c., who were working away with all their might, giving every passage *fortissimo*; and in the midst of this terrible din was, at every instant, heard the infuriated exclamation of the director: “Wrong, you blundering dog! too high! too low! too quick! too slow! attention there!” &c.

My appearance in the room did not mend matters; there was something more novel in the appearance of a stranger than in their master’s score, and every eye was turned towards me, to the good director’s no small annoyance. The moment was critical; they had just come to the allegro movement, and the master, wishing to rally the attention of his scholars, and bring his favourite passage to bear, waxed warm in the fervour of direction, and beat and stamped with redoubled fury. At this unlucky moment, a

long board, which served as a music-stand, and which overhung the piano, having become loosened by such powerful and incessant vibration, came down with a crash upon the piano-forte, and sent the sounding board in shivers into the air. A burst of laughter, *all’unisono*, followed, and there was an end of every thing like music, at least for this sitting. Profiting of this moment, I stepped forward, and introduced myself to the worthy director.

(To be continued.)

## THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

[Letter II.]

SIR,

Nov. 8th, 1828.

THE report I alluded to in my letter of the 15th of October last, concerning the intention of some members of the Philharmonic Society to vote a piece of plate to the Treasurer—a report to which I really gave little credence—was too well founded. At the annual general meeting held on the third of this month, the sum of fifty pounds was ordered to be applied to this purpose, and without any attempt having been made to prevent so unjust, so injurious a measure, from being carried into execution!

It was confidently expected, that a member, whose opinion was known to be unfriendly to such a step, would oppose the motion; but he, it appears, was out of town at the time it was carried; and I can only express a hope that his absence was unavoidable.

When the motion was made, one gentleman proposed to “fill up the blank” with the sum of one hundred pounds; but another, rather more sane, named fifty pounds; and if a third, soberer than either, had recommended the latter sum to be halved, his advice would have been followed; for the resolution passed only because none had the courage to question its propriety. I have good authority for asserting, that many who were present disapproved of the thing altogether, on the following grounds:—

1st. That the office of Treasurer has always been honorary, and that voting a piece of plate of so high a value to him who discharges its duties, is only indirectly paying him for his labour.—

2nd. That if the present Treasurer be entitled to such a compliment, when his duties are performed with so little trouble, more is due to those who held the office at a time when it required much thought and consumed a great deal of time;—to those who never exhibited their services to the Society through a magnifying glass, or dealt out hints that were likely to call forth some well-meant, but thoughtless proposition.—

3rd. That if the Treasurer, an honorary officer, is to be remunerated, why are not the Directors to be rewarded in a similar way? It is well known how troublesome the latter office has proved to many gentlemen who have held it; how much time it has cost, and how entirely it has often compelled them to neglect their own affairs; particularly at that period when they were struggling to save the Society from an attempt to annihilate it: why, then, not vote a piece of plate to all who have *actively* served as Directors, and who have never touched one shilling of the Society’s receipts, in any form, but, on the contrary, have often been largely out of pocket in discharging the duties most disinterestedly undertaken by them?—

4th. That if the Society is so embarrassed by its riches that it seeks to be relieved from part of the burthen, it ought first to exercise its liberality on those who, at a mo-



ment of extreme peril, saved it from destruction. If these refused to take any of the pressure from its shoulders, and the weight of its wealth still proved too heavy to be borne, it would then be time enough to look out for others to whom the Society is not at all indebted, on whom part of its load might be cast\*.

That in these opinions two of the best-judging members of the Philharmonic Society coincide, I affirm from my own knowledge; and I repeat, from unquestionable information, that several others, too timid to object in a public manner to a proposal they heartily condemned, only regret that a ballot on the question had not been demanded.

I am, Sir, &c.

AN ASSOCIATE.

### THE BAND OF THE KING'S THEATRE.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

Dec. 10th., 1828.

IN your October Number you have published a sensible, well-written letter from "One of the Band at the King's Theatre," whereby the public are made acquainted with the scandalous terms on which it is proposed to engage the band for the ensuing season. Whoever may be the author of that letter, he is entitled to the gratitude of every orchestral member of the musical profession, and to you also, for having given publicity to it, and thereby exposing the heartless contriver of the most unjust, insulting, and tyrannical articles that were ever dreamt of, and which none but a degraded outcast could have had the impudence to ask a respectable Englishman to sign. In this one act, Mr. Editor, you have done more to serve the profession—I mean, of course, the orchestral performers—than, as a body, they ever did to serve themselves. Had your advice been followed, and a *general* meeting of the Band called, some proper and manly resolution might have been entered into, which must have been productive of good†: and I cannot but think that the neglect of so salutary a measure shows a want of spirit on the part of the Band (upon a point, too, where their own interest is so materially concerned) that does not tell much in their favour.

The English are said to be a moral people, and I should be sorry to hint, or to suppose, that our musicians are less so than any other body of men; but how can that nation, or any one class of it, be called moral, when it tolerates a man wholly destitute of moral character? The Directors of the Royal Academy of Music did, indeed, act with great propriety, when, with a becoming feeling, they first suspended (an ominous word) the expatriated Frenchman, to give him an opportunity of vindicating his character, and, upon his failing so to do, finally expelled him from that establishment. And when this man was first brought to the Opera House by Mr. Ebers (merely because he offered to serve for little or nothing),

\* The next paragraph of our correspondent's letter we have omitted, thinking it of too personal a nature. We have also taken the liberty to convert the names he has introduced, into more general terms.—EDITOR.

† Since this letter was written, I hear that a partial meeting of the Band has taken place, but the result has not reached me. The meeting ought to have been general.—(Note of AN OBSERVER.)

The principals of the band not only assembled, but resolved to reject the terms proposed. No good could have arisen from a meeting of *every* individual belonging to the orchestra, because there are among the number creatures, some of them mere boys, of M. Bochsa, who would not only be inclined, but feel themselves obliged, to subscribe to any articles that might be imposed on them. Up to this moment the band, *i. e.*, the efficient members of it, have acted with spirit and consistency.—EDITOR.

had the Band then acted with a proper spirit, and shrunk from the degrading contact of such a person, many grievances, nay evils, that have since been experienced, would never have been heard of. For this the musicians have entirely to thank themselves.—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

AN OBSERVER;  
but not one of the Band at the King's Theatre.

### ITALIAN OPERA AT BRIGHTON.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

SIR,

Brighton, Dec. 19th.

THAT the musical world may be put in possession of something like an impartial account of the Italian Opera speculation which has just been tried here, I transmit you a few particulars concerning it.

The undertaking was a partnership concern of Madame Caradori, Signors Curioni and Pellegrini, Mr. Mori, and Nicholas Charles Bochsa; for so little respect had the first four for themselves, that they actually suffered this person to join with them! The agreement was a participation of profits; but when the forty pounds per night for the theatre was paid to Mr. Russell, and the other expenses defrayed, together with the travelling, lodging, living, &c. &c. of the parties themselves, the account turned out, I have reason to know, a very beggarly one. The theatre was not half full, or near it, of real payers, on the first two nights; and as to the third, nothing like the expenses could have been covered. Indeed it was at first intended not to open the doors on the Saturday, but the lessee giving it to be understood that he should nevertheless expect his rent, the performance, such as it was, took place.

Madame Caradori was very respectable in her parts, but to undertake the *Desdemona* after Pasta, was, by dispassionate people, considered a rash step. But one of our newspapers here thought it vastly fine; and after finding out that Curioni's voice is become *mellow*, even praises a Sig. Piozzi for his singing of *La Calunnia*, and poor M. Deville for his *Iago*!

It is impossible to describe to you the wretchedness of the band, or the miserable work it made of everything: it was so bad as to be almost amusing. This co-partnership had agreed to try the same experiment at Bath, Birmingham, and Liverpool, but the failure at this place has broken up the firm: Madame Caradori found out that she was not likely to gain in *any way* by the association; she saw that the whole business was like "Hamlet in a barn," a kind of operatic *High life below stairs*, and—fell ill! Miss Paton was called in to supply her place, and her leaving out all the recitatives, that is to say, the dialogue, produced an effect truly comic. But in the grand air, "Una voce poco fa," she certainly far surpassed the other. The Gazette blames her for introducing an English song in an Italian Opera, and the thing in itself was rather ridiculous; but was it more so than Mdlle. Sontag's Swiss air, and Signorina Garcia's Spanish one, in the very same place.

Gutteridge's concert is stated in the same paper to have had three hundred people present. There were not two hundred tickets sold; and as he had to pay Miss Paton sixty guineas, and the attraction that she might have proved having been diminished by her performance in the *Barbiere* on the preceding Saturday (for which Mr. Gutteridge was indebted to his friend Bochsa) he must have lost considerably.

AN AMATEUR.



## Review of Music.

A PERIODICAL COLLECTION OF SACRED MUSIC, selected from the best Masters of the GERMAN and ITALIAN SCHOOLS, with a few Original Compositions; the whole composed, selected, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano Forte, by VINCENT NOVELLO. No. 1. (All the principal Music-sellers.)

THIS first Number of a Collection intended for the use of the Catholic Church, but applicable to other purposes, contains Mozart's *Litania de Venerabile Sacramentum*, for which the Editor is indebted to the MS. score in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Latrobe. It is written for the four choir voices, and comprises five chorusses, two solos for a soprano, and one for a tenor.

We have more than once had occasion to remark on the character of the sacred music used by the Catholics for above a century past, particularly of that which has prevailed during the last fifty years. Belonging to the reformed church, and brought up in the very bosom of protestant cathedral music, we perhaps are, unconsciously, under the influence of prejudice, however we strive to divest ourselves of it, and may owe our opinion rather to the force of early habit than to any infallible test: nevertheless we cannot but think that, when addressing the Deity, and in words too of the most fervid devotion, "light quirks of music, broken and uneven,"—airs as gay as those of the theatre,—are wholly incompatible; and that to sing the *Kyrie Eleison* to a melody as sprightly as a dance-tune, is not a whit less preposterous than were the priest himself to "trip" to the high altar "on the light fantastic toe."

Such levity, according to our notion, is the besetting sin of many of Haydn's, and also some of Mozart's masses; and such is the glaring error in parts of the present Litany. We shall cite one instance only, and our readers will be somewhat surprised to find such words so set and so accompanied.

*All<sup>o</sup>. molto.*

Chris - - te au - di nos!

Chris-te ex - - au di nos!

The image shows two examples of musical notation for the phrase 'Chris-te au-di nos!'. The first example is marked 'All<sup>o</sup>. molto.' and shows a vocal line with a trill on 'te' and a piano accompaniment. The second example shows a similar setting with a trill on 'te' and a different piano accompaniment.

We are not among the number of those who would throw a gloom over the service of the Church, therefore, much as we admire Tallis, Byrde, and Farrant, musically, have always felt that in the *Te Deum*, a hymn of praise, and in the *Benedictus*, a song of thanksgiving, their minor keys and dolorous strains are evidences of false judgment; but we can never hear so solemn a petition as the above, sung to an air more vivacious than most stage music, without having a suspicion raised, that all the surrounding scene is mere theatrical display, and that not of the most serious kind, moreover.

We now proceed to consider this merely as a composition, in which character it deserves, as a whole, high commendation. The opening is magnificent: what an *Introduzione* it would make to an heroic opera!—the sudden change, however, to adagio, when the voices come in, is devotional and imposing.

The three solos have not the same claims to notice as the other parts; they are rather long, and, generally speaking, common; some of the passages would, in fact, be thought almost vulgar, under less protection than so great a name affords. But the chorusses make amends for the weaknesses of the rest; in them the science in which they abound is only conducive to effect; not a chord is inserted to catch the applause of the pedant. Even the unskilled hearer will have a strong emotion excited by the fugue "*Pignus futuræ*," without being able to assign any reason for the feeling; though the philosophical musician would be at no loss to explain the cause.

The adagios, "*Verbum caro factum*," and "*Viaticum in Domino morientium*," are the finest parts of the work in respect to the setting of the words, and likewise in regard to modulation. The gentleness of the conclusion, "*Agnus Dei*!" is not less admirable: here we find no allegro molto; no fortissimo; no furioso; all is slow, subdued, and expressive of true piety.

This work is clearly engraved, though close, and very correct. We must say that the title does not please us: the phrase "composed, selected, and arranged," is only fit for that description of persons with whom Mr. Novello neither wishes nor deserves to be classed. Its inaccuracy is proved in the very first page. If the "whole" is composed by the editor—for he introduces no saving *or*—why at the onset give the name of Mozart? Mr. N. will, we feel assured, ascribe our remark to its true motive; we are solicitous entirely on his own account. Even in a matter of such secondary importance, we are pained to see him drawn in to mingle with the herd.

SELECT AND RARE SCOTISH MELODIES, the poetry by the ETTRICK SHEPHERD; the symphonies and accompaniments composed and the whole adapted and arranged by H. R. BISHOP. (Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.)

SCOTLAND really possesses an ever-flowing fountain of melody: we thought that ere this it must have been drained to the dregs, for half the world have been drawing from it for the last fifty years, and yet the stream runs fresh and pure, and for the lover of genuine song, has lost none of those qualities which so long have been admired, and still will be confessed.



The present collection contains no less than twelve such airs which to us were before unknown. Two of them, indeed, are newly composed, by the poet himself, the Ettrick Shepherd, Mr. R. Hogg; but all have more or less claim to notice, and some are eminently beautiful, particularly the first, second, fourth, seventh, and ninth. The fourth, which we have selected as a specimen, composed by the author of the words, therefore more than ordinarily interesting, will be found amongst the music of this number, and shews what may be produced when, like the bard of other days, the poet and musician are united in one and the same person. The collection, in fact, comprises thirteen songs, but one of them is by Mr. Bishop, and, consequently, not to be numbered with Scottish melodies.

We have been exceedingly gratified in examining this work; its beauties are manifold, without any drawback—not a single defect do we find worth noticing, or that will be noticed. The airs and words are exactly suited, and the accent is irreproachable. In two or three instances we had our doubts on the latter point; but recollecting that the northern and southern extremities of our island differ occasionally as much on this subject as in latitude, we no longer hesitated, for in a Scottish song, Scottish accent must be the most correct.

The symphonies and accompaniments are precisely what such accessories ought to be; they introduce the melodies with propriety, and lend them support, at the same time enforcing, so far as inarticulate sounds have the power, the sentiments of the poet. True to the character of the music, they are Scottish in outline, and a few modest touches of German harmony are no more incongruous than a tropical flower in the braids of a Caledonian beauty. They are indeed highly creditable to Mr. Bishop's musical taste, and to his judgment.

#### PIANO-FORTE.

1. FIRST GRAND CONCERTO, *with Accompaniments for a full orchestra, composed by J. COHAN.* (Mori and Lavenue, 28, New Bond Street.)
2. FANTASIA AND GRAND VARIATIONS, *on the Jager Chorus in Der Freischütz, by the same.* (Liverpool, by Yaniewicz and Weiss.)

WE shall have but very few words to say of these two publications, notwithstanding their bulk, the labour bestowed on them, and the important air they assume. The author, who is we understand a very young man, is evidently a most enterprising composer, full of ambition, and by no means devoid of talent; but it is talent that wants experience, ambition which must be restrained, and enterprise that requires to be guided. Without considering that music is meant to please, he has united a series of passages which few will attempt, still fewer will be able to execute, and none—save perhaps the writer himself—will enjoy. He seems to believe that to produce difficult music is a proof of ability, not being aware that almost every performer is capable of doing something on his particular instrument which no other can accomplish without great labour; and that this something is that which youthful composers are at first so anxious to publish, and afterwards so willing to suppress.

We are far from wishing to discourage Mr. Cohan, but on the contrary, counsel him to proceed, though by a different road. Let him turn his thoughts to melody, to design:—let him learn that good harmony does not consist in a crowd of notes, but in a selection of the best:—let

him understand that what is called execution, is mechanical; and that he who prepares work for an automaton, is a mechanic, and nothing better.

1. Bacchanale, *en forme de RONDEAU, composé par FERD. RIES.* Op. 106, No. 3. (Goulding and D'Almaine).
2. RONDINO, Op. 127, No. 3. *Composed and published by the same.*

IN all Mr. Ries's productions, the well-educated, excellent musician is apparent. He is not one of those who design at the instrument, and hammer out bar after bar as a smith manufactures nails. His compositions form a connected whole, for he never writes without a real subject, of which he rarely loses sight, and always treats in a masterly manner. But there is occasionally a dryness in his music which, in spite of its other merits, does not tempt the hearer to cry out "encore!" with the warmth excited by some things,—his Cossack and Russian airs, for instance.

Both of the above will be listened to with attention, for they have a meaning, and deserve to be spoken of with respect, because they are clever; but well contrived as they are for the hand, and decidedly the production of no ordinary man, they are not calculated to become popular, though both open in a very promising way, and the motivo of each strikes the ear at once. The truth is, they are too long, and, for the nature of the pieces,—a *Bacchanale* and a *Rondino*,—are over elaborated, and the quantity of air is not proportioned to the quantity of pages.

- LA DOLCEZZA, } *Three characteristic NOTTURNOS, com-*  
 LA MELANCONIA, } *posed by HENRI HERZ.* Op. 45.  
 LA SCIMPLICITA. } (Goulding and D'Almaine).

To meet with three such compositions for the piano-forte as these, is an occurrence not very frequent now-a-days: bustle and glitter are common enough, but delicate taste and deep feeling are scarce commodities, and though valuable at all times, are rendered still more so at present, on account of their rarity. The author is still very young,—two or three-and-twenty at the utmost—therefore, what may not be hoped for from him, should he persevere in a style so far superior in every way to that in which he commenced his career as a composer, and for which his genius, or temperament, seems decidedly to have prepared him.

*La Dolcezza* is an andantino in a flat; twelve-eight time, on a subject so vocal, that were words set to it, it might become popular as a cavatina. It passes through some fine modulations, but so gently, that the changes are hardly perceived at the moment they occur. A short *agitato* is useful as a contrast, and gives increased effect to the returning subject. In this, nevertheless, are the boldest consecutive 5ths we ever encountered, and being repeated three times, it is to be concluded that they are intentional. We can quote but not defend them.



*La Melanconia*, in G minor, moderato, in twelve-quaver time also, is an air not less beautiful than the former. This is given, with scarcely any other notes, to the right hand entirely, the left being employed in accompanying it in wide arpeggios; e. g.



The composer has not in this, or indeed in any of the three, been sparing in his directions: there is scarcely a bar without some Italian word, and in one there are no less than three lines of instructions to the performer!

*La Scimplicita*, in Bb, allegro moderato, three-four time, is in a familiar style, and the air is still more predominant, more decidedly vocal, than in either of the preceding. This is by far the easiest to execute, the others requiring a great deal of that which practice alone will not give; though, like the last, it requires a hand of great compass for the base accompaniment, as the four opening bars will shew. They will likewise afford a general idea of the whole piece, as well as of the author's passion for directing.—



These Notturnos are meant for such as admire and cultivate the expressive style, to whom we strongly recommend them. To those who have no taste for music of this description, we will not address ourselves in the words by which the *Carmen Seculare* opens, whatever may be our propensity thereto.

1. Premier Melange, sur les *Airs tirés de Demetrio e Polibio de ROSSINI, arrangés par P. PAVINI.* (Callcott, Great Marlborough Street.)
2. Deuxième Melange, sur les *Airs tirés de Tancredi de ROSSINI, arrangés par P. PAVINI.* (Callcott.)

THE airs in No. 1 are smooth and rhythmical, but without an original idea. They are exceedingly easy, and on the whole well arranged; but a few passages shew a want of attention to rules which ought never to be violated without a good excuse; for instance the following, which occurs several times:—



No. 2 is rather late in the field: *Tancredi*, like the *Freischütz*, has been put, sometimes tortured, into so many

shapes, that we thought it would never appear in another. The adaptor has chosen the best parts of the opera, undoubtedly, and, by close engraving, has compressed much into a comparatively small compass and at a moderate price. The arrangement too is blameless, and as free from difficulty as the above.

1. FANTASIE BRILLANTE, sur les thèmes de l'Opera *Semiramide, de ROSSINI, par FRANCOIS HUNTEN.* Op. 29. (Cocks and Co.)
2. MAYSSEDER'S VARIATIONS, Op. 40, arranged with a new Introduction, by the same. (Same publisher.)
3. Les Recreations Utiles, a collection of favourite melodies, composed and arranged in a familiar style, by the same. (Same publisher.)
4. LE BOCAGE, a Collection of familiar Pieces, arranged and published by the same.

THE *Fantasie*, No. 1, combines in itself the choice things in *Semiramide*, admirably arranged in every respect, whether in relation to the various parts, which are well condensed, or for effect, or with regard to the convenience of the performer. The latter must be of rather a superior order to do justice to this, though there is in it nothing that a little practice will not speedily subdue. Whoever possesses it may rest assured that he has some of the most beautiful, animated, and popular compositions the opera can boast, in his possession\*.

No. 2 is not one of Mr. Mayseder's happiest airs: it has no meaning that we can make out, or any claim to notice; but it is intended as a mere trifle.

Nos. 3 and 4 are agreeable collections for the use of such as have just learnt the names of the notes, &c.

M. Hüntén is a young German recently settled in Paris, and a very rising composer, as well as a much-admired performer.

SHORT PRELUDES, intended as Exercises, divided into two classes, composed and fingered by T. LATOUR. (Latour, New Bond Street.)

THESE are intended for the younger classes, to whom they will be found useful. The general plan is good, and will give the learner some notion of the manner in which harmony may be broken into arpeggios, &c. But that appearance of spontaneousness which should characterize all such things, will not be found in these Preludes; and this is, unquestionably, an imperfection in them.

ORGAN.

A second series of EFFUSIONS, containing Fugues with Introductions, Swell, Diapason, and other pieces, by C. BRYAN, Organist of the Mayor's Chapel, and St. Mary's, Bristol, 5 Numbers. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

WE are glad to meet with new compositions for the organ, for they are wanted occasionally; though we grant that the classical music of ancient composers, the Oratorios of Handel, the Masses of Haydn and Mozart, nay, even the graver parts of modern operas, furnish an inexhaustible supply, when judiciously pruned and arranged for sacred purposes. Still the talents of our organists ought sometimes to be called into action, and the

\* Some of the pieces in this *Fantasie* have appeared in different forms, in the former series of the *Harmonicon*.



very name of novelty, whether the reality exist or not, carries a charm with it, even into the church.

These five numbers bear testimony to Mr. Bryan's skill as a musician, and shew that he has a full knowledge of, and a true feeling for, the noble instrument he professes, together with a proper sense of the nature of an organist's duties. He is a good harmonist, and evidently has no prejudices against modern combinations: at the same time, he is not unmindful of melody, the animating principle of music.

Each number, the first excepted, contains three movements at least, one of them a fugue. They are all adapted to the genius of the instrument: we find no rapid passages, no arpeggios; the pipes are allowed time to utter their real sounds; a semiquaver is scarcely to be met with, and of any shorter character there is not a sign. The slow movements are solemn, the lighter ones in good taste, and the fugues pleasing. The admirer of the Scarlattis, of Sebastian Bach, Marpurg, Albrechtsberger, &c., must not, however, look in the latter for an adherence to the severe rules of the ancient school,—they are written in a free style, and set up no claim to profound science. The work is calculated to please a mixed congregation, and to further the objects of a religious assembly.

#### HARP.

1. *Souvenir du Wolfberg*, FANTASIE, composed by THEODORE LABARRE, *Harpist to the King of France*. Op. 33. (Mori and Lavenue.)
2. *THEME and VARIATIONS*, Op. 34, composed and published by the same.
3. *SWISS AIR*, with FOUR VARIATIONS, composed and arranged by W. ETHERINGTON. (Monro and May, Holborn Bars.)
4. *INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS to the air "Stauco di Pascolar,"* sung by Mad. Catalani, arranged and published by the same.

MORE imagination is exhibited in the first of these than we are accustomed to meet with in compositions for the harp, for which instrument, since the death of Dussek and Mad. Krumpholtz, and the retirement of the Vicomte de Marin, but few things "in the fancy bred" have appeared. Arrangements of all sorts have issued in shoals, and many very good ones, but these ask no invention, no effort of genius; a sufficient acquaintance with the rules, and with the instrument, are all that the best of them require, and very ordinary minds may become possessed of such knowledge.

The wildness in the opening of this Fantaisie immediately draws attention, and the theme comes in the fifth page just when the ear desires more regularity of air. This is a very sweet melody, and the descant on it—for the term variation seems misapplied—is simple, but ingenious, and interesting.

No. 2 has a most spirited Introduction, in character with the subsequent air, which is *en militaire*. In this, too, the liveliness of the author's fancy is constantly present to us, and takes a most agreeable form. Neither of these demand any extraordinary effort from the performer, but they should be undertaken only by those who can enter with spirit into the author's meaning.

Nos. 3 and 4 are easy variations on two very pleasing airs. Both are short, and the last has an Introduction to it which makes a good prelude, either to this or any other piece in a suitable key.

#### VOCAL.

A NEW and COMPLETE INTRODUCTION to SINGING, &c. &c. &c., extracted from the best authorities, by T. GOODBAN. (Boosey, Holles Street, and Preston, Dean Street.)

HAD we inserted the long title to this book, we should have given a large portion of what the writer imagines to be its contents. He tells us, as will be seen above, that his is a "Complete" work, and thereby leaves nothing for the critic to say, if inclined to praise; while he makes it imperative on him to deny the assertion, should he not acquiesce in the perfectness ascribed by its author. His apology for so courageous an epithet will be, perhaps, that he is wholly indebted to others for his pages, and that he may unblushingly extol that which he did not produce.

That this Introduction is a compilation, we are ready to give evidence; likewise that the rules are, with an exception or two, quite orthodox. But Mr. Goodban, in beginning with the chromatic scale, departs from the practice of the best masters, and will not be able to defend such a method upon any valid principle or good authority. His giving the syllable *do* to *c*, be the key what it may, is equally objectionable, though he has precedents for it certainly. But where he found the accompaniments which appear in pages 5, 6, and 7, we cannot guess; they are very "complete," in error, and prevented us from examining further into his harmony.

In a word, then, this publication was quite uncalled for; the originals whence most of it is extracted, are far superior in every way, and the few departures from those are not improvements. We, however, admit that there is in the language a perspicuity rarely met with in such books, though it has no pretensions to the praise of elegance.

1. SACRED MELODIES, the words from classical Authors, adapted for the Piano-forte or Organ to airs of MOZART, MILLICO, BLANGINI, HIMMEL, WINTER, &c., by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Books 1 and 2. (Payne and Hopkins, Cornhill.)
2. "Domine! labia mea aperies," and "Gloria Patri," as sung by Mad. Catalani at York and Birmingham, composed by PLO CIANCHETTINI. (Willis and Co.)

MUCH may be said in favour of the adaptation of sacred words to popular music of the secular kind, provided that no very ludicrous or vulgar associations be thereby raised. But this requires great musical judgment, and considerable moral discernment, otherwise the finest compositions may be grievously disfigured, (a fact which has been strikingly exemplified,) and the most serious subjects be combined with ideas of very questionable purity. "The d—I should not have all the best tunes to himself," said John Wesley, and to a certain extent we agree with him; but we would leave such as the prince of darkness made his own, in his sole possession, till the grounds of his claim were utterly forgotten; an oblivion which half a century is pretty sure to produce.

The compiler of the present work, however, has avoided the latter of these errors; all she has chosen, so far as we can trace them, are unobjectionable as to associations; except, perhaps, the Duchess of Devonshire's air, from *The Stranger*, which is quite as well known in union with Mr. Canning's parody, as to the original words of Sheridan. Equal good fortune has not attended the treatment of all the music, though well selected. The first piece is Mozart's "Porgi amor," from *Figaro*, written by him in



**E** b, and now unhappily transposed into c, which deprives it at once of a most beautiful feature. But this is not all; by changing a few notes in the accompaniment at the opening, its character is lost, and it sinks to a common level. The accent of the words in this, and their disjunction, are faults which we must notice. We refrain from saying anything on the "classical" rank given in the title-page to certain names; and shall only add, that these books contain fifteen pieces of music, many of which are excellent, and all unobjectionable.

No. 2 may have produced a certain kind of effect when delivered by Madame Catalani with her stentorian voice and freedom of action, but calmly examined by the critic in his study, it exhibits only a repetition of passages which were used in opera songs, from nearly the beginning, till towards the close of the last century. The cadences too, are of about the same period, and the whole together is a glaring instance,—but not without an abundance of high authorities for the practice,—of the unfitness of the ornamental and bravura styles for such words.

1. DUET, written by T. BAYLY, Esq., adapted to a Swiss air by Sir J. STEVENSON, Mus. Doc. (Willis and Co.)
2. SERENADE, The Minstrel Lover, from NEELE'S Romance of History, the music by T. ATTWOOD. (Willis and Co.)
3. BALLAD, "Meet me at sun-set; written by A. WATTS, Esq., composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Willis and Co.)
4. CAVATINA, "Would you know where I've been straying?" Sung by Miss Paton; the poetry by J. BIRD, Esq., the music by Miss A. MELVILLE. (Willis and Co.)
5. SONG, "Oh! fly from the halls;" poetry by H. PEARSON, Esq.; composed and published by the same.
6. WALTZ, sung by Miss Foote; written, composed, and published by the same.
7. SONG, "Oh! do not forget me," composed and published by the same.
8. BALLAD, sung by Miss Stephens, composed by JOSEPH COGGINS. (Coggins, 88, Piccadilly.)
9. BALLAD, "The slave of Love I'll never be," sung by the same; composed by E. PERRY, jun. (Mori and Lavenu.)

OUR English vocal list this month does not enable us to indulge in those terms of praise which we always use with more willingness than the language of censure, or even of indifference: but we must submit to circumstances, which are not at the present moment, we suppose, propitious to song.

No. 1 may be a much admired air in the adaptor's circles, but is not so in those we frequent; and we cannot bring ourselves to see anything in it, except its extreme simplicity and ease, that can be urged in its recommendation.

In No. 2 the composer has not met with his usual success, and the accentuation of the words is not distinguished by that correctness which we so generally find in his compositions. The mark of six-eight instead of three-four, leads to a conjecture that this song was first written in the former time; which suits the measure of the poetry much better than the latter.

No. 3 will please by its simpleness and distinct rhythm; but the first of these qualities approaches too nearly to monotony.

Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, have all been sung, the authoress tells us, either with "enthusiastic," or with "unbounded" applause. We would not be so ungallant as to question the accuracy of this statement, even were we qualified; but

the fact is, that we never heard any one of the songs performed, nor ever met with even the titles of them, till now. They possess an airiness, and are correct; but what in them excited such extraordinary manifestations of approbation, we cannot for the life of us guess.

No. 8 is announced as an answer to Mrs. Millard's popular ballad "Alice Gray," and is stated to have been sung at the "nobility's concerts and musical festivals, by Miss Stephens." If so, the charming songstress, by introducing such a thing as this, proves that her taste in selection is not equal to her talent in performance.

No. 9 is a very inferior production in every respect. Here we have consecutive fifths and octaves, skips not vocal, and other faults, without one redeeming quality.

*The Symphonies and Accompaniments of the first seven of the following SCOTISH SONGS, are by Mr. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, of Edinburgh, who has likewise arranged them, and is the publisher.*

1. "Lass, gin ye lo'e me."
2. "My love's in Germany," a Jacobite ballad.
3. "Oh! was I to blame to love him?" written by W. SMYTH, Esq.
4. "How blythely the pipe thro' Glenlyon was sounding," the poetry by JOSEPH MAC GREGOR, Esq.
5. "My ain fireside."
6. "Laddie, Oh! leave me."
7. "O waly, waly, up the bank."
8. "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," written by SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.; arranged, with symphonies, &c., by R. A. SMITH. (Robertson, Edinburgh.)
9. "O wha's for Scotland and Charlie?" a Jacobite song, arranged and published by the same.
10. "Thou art gone awa frae me, Mary," with symphonies, &c., by J. DEWAR. (Same publisher.)

No. 1, a plodding man's reasons for not going often to woo, is quaint enough. The history of the courtship of a most celebrated and highly popular London surgeon, may be collected from this song.

Nos. 2 and 3 are pathetic and beautiful. Both are in the minor key, and of the olden times.

No. 4 is a good martial song, but the rattling accompaniment in the second page, and the flourish on the word "home," smack too much of the prevailing taste of the English galleries. There is nothing Scottish in such parts of it.

No. 5 is not remarkable. No. 6 is a lovely old air, and the words are worthy of the music. No. 7 everybody knows well.

Mr. Robertson's share in these entitle him to the praise of moderation and good sense. He has swerved very little from that simplicity of accompaniment best suited to the subjects; and his harmony is blameless.

No. 8 is just the sort of music to inspire great bodies of men with martial ardour: bold, somewhat rude, and so strictly measured, that every man may beat time to it with his broadsword on his targe: while from its inartificial construction none would be deterred from joining in the animating chorus.

No. 9 is as spirited as the former, but more melodious: yet very simple.

No. 10 is one of the most generally known of all the



Scottish airs; but the elegant manner in which it is now introduced and accompanied, is an apology for re-publishing it. The E♯ in the second bar is delicious, but, as the leading note of F♯ minor, it ought to have risen:—the ear expects it to ascend.

### ORCHESTRAL.

The *Orchestral Accompaniments to HAYDN'S MASSES*, Edited by VINCENT NOVELLO. No. 1. (The Editor, 66, Great Queen Street, and all the principal music-sellers.)

THIS first number contains the accompaniments for a full band to Haydn's Mass in B♭.

Mr. Novello's edition of the seventeen masses by this composer was, our readers may recollect, the subject of two articles in our fourth volume, to which we refer those who desire any information concerning them. Mr. N's. objects in the present publication are, 1st. "to afford an opportunity of having these masterly compositions performed by an orchestra exactly as the composer intended." 2nd. "To enable a *small* band to execute them in amateur societies, when a *full* orchestra cannot be obtained. For this purpose, instead of having the *stringed* instruments engraved *with rests* upon the old plan, the prominent passages of the *wind instruments* and *voices* are inserted in a smaller character, wherever the rests formerly occurred; so that the leader may not only see what is going forward in the other parts, but will also be able to supply the place of the flute, oboe, &c., in case those instruments shall be deficient. In the same manner, the second violin will be enabled to supply the obligato parts of the second flute, &c. when necessary: the viola of the horns, and the violoncello of the bassoon, when requisite."

The advantages of this kind of arrangement must be too obvious to need pointing out. But there are other conveniences attending this publication, which will at once be felt by those who possess it, though it is unnecessary to name them here.

We hope, and indeed are assured, that the means thus afforded will very much promote the performance of these fine compositions among amateurs, who are increasing in numbers and in skill to a degree that to us was as unexpected as it is surprising.

### PIANO-FORTE AND VIOLIN.

THREE DUETS CONCERTANTE, composed by J. Mayseder. Nos. 2. and 3. (Wessel and Stodart, Frith Street.)

THESE are new editions of very favourite works, with the violin part fingered by Sig. Spagnoletti. No. 2 is the duet in E♭, Op. 31, and No. 3 that in E major, Op. 32.

Not being new publications, we, of course, do not enter into an examination of them; but merely add, that they are among the best of Mayseder's compositions.

### FLUTE AND PIANO-FORTE.

1. *Recollections of Ireland, introducing Airs with variations, composed by C. NICHOLSON.* (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, Cheapside.)
2. *ORIGINAL THEME, with Variations by EUGENE WALCKIERS.* (Paine and Hopkins.)
3. *ROSSINI'S TRIO, "Cruda Sorte," arranged by TULOU.* (Cocks and Co.)

THE first of these was performed by the author at his last concert, and produced great effect, being calculated, we

hardly need say, to display to every possible advantage all his powers as a flutist. As this was the main object of the composition, and which it fully accomplished, it has the merit of having been successful; besides which, parts of it are as pleasing as some are extraordinary from their difficulty. How a flute-player of the last century would stare at such a work, could he revisit earth and take a look at it,—Florio, or De Camp, for instance!—The airs introduced are *Boyne Water*; *The Young Man's Dream*; *Planxty Kelly*; and *The Sprig of Shillelagh*.

No. 2 is a gentle, elegant air, which, with its three variations, may be undertaken by all good amateurs. The Piano-forte has as much to do in this as the flute: it is strictly a duet. As a composition it has no great claims to notice, though portions of it are very agreeable.

No. 3 is a most useful and faithful arrangement of one of Rossini's best compositions, and in a perfectly practicable form for flutists in general. In fact M. Tulou has done little more than extract the melody of each part, with the accompaniment, from the German adaptation of the score; and, except making a few slight changes, this is all the share he has had in the present publication.

### FLUTE.

THE ELEMENTS OF FLUTE-PLAYING, according to the most approved principles of Modern Fingering, by THOMAS LINDSAY. (The author, East Street, Red-Lion Square, and all the principal dealers.)

THIS is really a very comprehensive treatise, and an extremely clever book. The author is evidently a man who has thought much and deeply on the subject, and to a good purpose. His here reprinting Gunn's essay on Musical Sound in relation to the Flute, shews that he is sensible of the importance of studying an art philosophically; and his own remarks dispersed throughout the work, prove that he himself has so studied it.

It appears by the Preface, that Mr. Lindsay has freely profited by former publications on the subject, and with becoming candour and manliness he avows his obligations. "Thus," he says, "the elaborate *Méthodes de Flute* of BERBIGUIER, and of DROUET; the well-known treatise of DEVIENNE; the celebrated *méthode* of HUGOT and WUNDERLICH, adopted by the *Conservatoire* at Paris; the philosophical, and, in many respects, admirable Treatise of the late Mr. GUNN; the practical works of Mr. NICHOLSON, Mr. MONZANI and Mr. WEISS, besides other authorities, have been all freely consulted."

The "Practical hints on the choice, care, and management of instruments," are not the less useful because already known to experienced persons. An elementary work is meant for such as are uninformed; and, moreover, we never recollect to have seen anything in the shape of such hints before in print.

The author begins with the very first principles; the scale, the clefs, &c., and before entering on the subject of time or measure, he very properly teaches the method of producing sounds from the instrument on which he treats. The times, characters, &c. follow; and we cannot withhold our praise from his chapter on Accent, which is as lucid as it is correct. This introductory part, however, might have been compressed: it is not too long or too elaborate and minute for those who love study, but may discourage persons of another description, who generally form by far the largest class.

Then follow fifty-two duettinos and seventy exercises,



in various keys and measures, which are chiefly selected, and with judgment.

The size and price of this work, to such as have been in the habit of using WRAGG'S PRECEPTOR, may appear alarming; but let it be recollected that the flute and its performers are not what they were thirty or forty years ago; as they have advanced, so has the mode of Instruction. Who now would learn from, or recommend, such a book as Wragg's?—and yet it has in its day worn out no less than eighteen sets of plates; equal to about 40,000 copies!

SELECT AIRS from MOZART'S FIGARO, arranged, with Embellishments, by CHARLES SAUST. (Cocks & Co.)

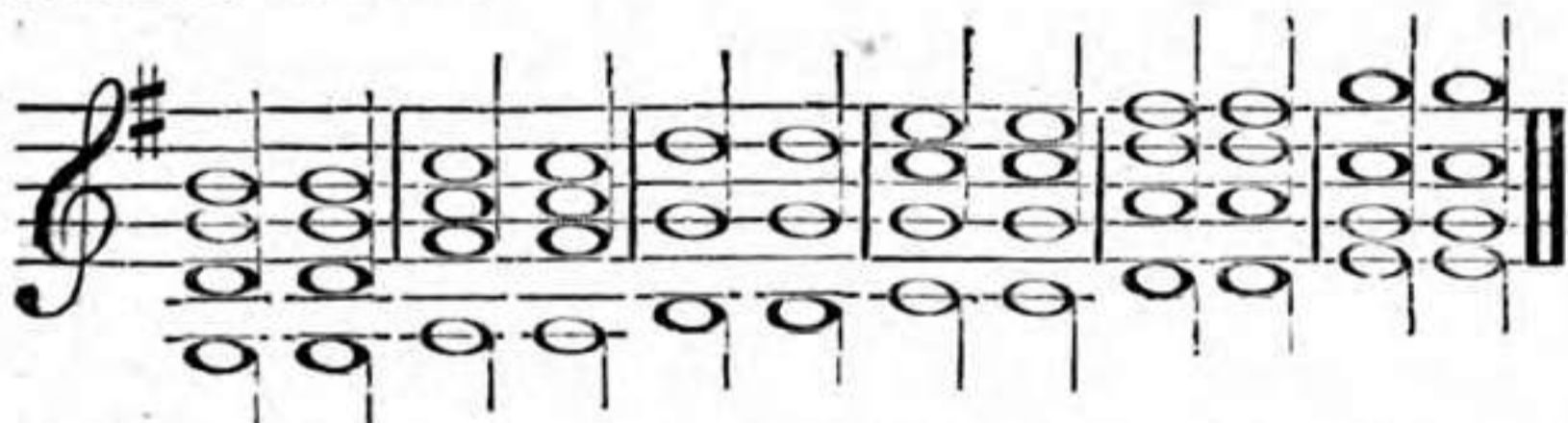
THIS is the first number of a Collection of Mozart's operas, to be selected and arranged in a similar manner, by Mr. Saust. It is a neat, moderate-priced publication: the pieces are well chosen, and adapted to performers who have reached the usual degree of practical skill.

### GUITAR.

1. A Complete Instruction Book, composed by E. DUVERNAY, *Guitarist to the King's Theatre.* (All the principal music shops.)
2. A Complete Preceptor, composed by N. JAURALDE. (Published by the Author, 15, Finsbury Street.)

M. DUVERNAY'S book, which is both in English and French, consists of seven pages of preliminary instructions, and thirty-six of lessons and exercises of various kinds; together with a useful plate containing "a general descriptive representation of the whole extent of the finger-board of the guitar, and of all the harmonic sounds." We do not discover anything in this work that has not been often said before: indeed the author lays no claim to originality, as will appear from the following modest paragraph in his introduction.—"I do not pretend to lay before the public a newly-invented system; on the contrary, I have endeavoured to collect the best notions that were to be met with, and to these have added the result of my own experience, and have founded my method less on new principles than from ancient ones modified and corrected."

The grand desideratum of most guitarists—for so they are now called—is a correct knowledge of harmony.—How complete a master of this was Sor!—That M. Duvernay is not very learned on this subject, the following Exercise will shew:—



This is not the only instance we have met with of error; and as an intimate acquaintance with harmony, the very foundation of music, is more necessary to the performer on the guitar than that on any other instrument, the organ, piano-forte, and harp excepted, we cannot be very liberal of praise in a case where we find such information either wanting or not called into use.

M. Jauralde's work consists wholly of precepts, and brief examples of these, with scales and exercises. He is decidedly opposed to the practice of giving airs, &c. to  
JAN. 1829.

the learner, until he has acquired a full knowledge of the rules, and is sufficiently acquainted with a good mode of fingering. We are quite agreed with the author on this point, and doubt only whether he will persuade his pupils to be of his mind. If he is so fortunate, so much the better for him and for them. This is a sensible book, and adapted for sensible people; but M. Jauralde has met with a very indifferent translator,—for we presume that he did not write the original in English—who has not always clearly expressed what the author doubtless meant. In truth, the book requires much revision in this respect.

### THE MUSICAL BIJOU.

IN bringing up our arrears of Review, we have already exceeded the number of columns usually allotted to that department; but *The Musical Bijou* being a work peculiarly belonging to the season, and, we will be candid enough to acknowledge, we are so much struck by its exterior, the beautiful scene on its cover, the excellence of the three lithographed plates within, and the neatness of the printing, not to mention the gay richness of the gilt leaves, that we feel bound thus far to notice it now, though we have not had time to examine its music, poetry, or tales, which will occupy our attention for next number; and would have done so this, but that the works now reviewed had all of them so undeniable a claim to priority, that it would have been unjust to defer any one of the number till next month.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

[Resumed from last Volume.]

November 24th. The *Milan Gazette* has a curious article, in which the writer asserts that the Greek March in the *Siège de Corinth (Maometto Secondo)* is taken, note for note, from the *Atalia* of Mäyer. He also adds, that the romance in *Otello*, and many other celebrated pieces in Rossini's operas, are copied from old works. Of the truth of the first charge there is not the slightest doubt, because the music, so unceremoniously copied, is in many hands. The Italian writer, however, is bound to produce distinct proofs of his further assertion; which, from the general character of the journal, I am persuaded he has at hand. Among the musical critiques that appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* some few years ago, many instances are pointed out in which the fashionable composer had boldly availed himself of the productions of others; and time will probably unfold many more. Nevertheless, we are highly indebted to him for much that he has done. Some of his works will live to a very distant age. But neither he, nor any one of his real friends, is obliged to those who strive to save from that oblivion which is their best refuge, such of his productions (and they are numerous) as would do no credit, even to the lowest of the many low dramatic composers who are boring the cities of Italy with their miserable attempts. When I see the efforts continually making by a few people with more influence than taste, to bring forward again, in spite of frequent failure, such things as *L'Inganno Felice*, *La Cenerentola*, &c., I am, in my wrath, almost provoked to exclaim, "Would that Rossini had never lived!"

26th. "At a meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, on the 24th of November, the Bishop of Lincoln in the chair, a paper was read by Mr. Willis, of Caius Col-



lege, "on the vocal sounds;" and after the meeting, experiments were exhibited illustrative of the doctrines asserted. It appears that the vowel sounds may be produced by means of a *loose reed* in the order *i, e, a, â, o, ô, u*, by successively contracting the aperture of the cavity in front of the reed. It seems also, that by fitting on a tube of gradually increasing length, the sounds produced are the above series of vowels in a direct order, and the same in an inverse order, with intermediate positions giving no sound; and that this cycle is repeated at equal lengths of the tube.

Mr. Willis was, no doubt, aware, that many years ago, M. Kratzenstein, and likewise M. Kempelen, produced machines in the form of reed organ-pipes, which imitated with the utmost accuracy many sounds of the human voice, particularly those of the vowels. In Young's *Course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy*, plate 26, vol. i., are sections of the pipes employed by Kratzenstein for producing the sounds of the different vowels; generally accomplished by means of a larynx resembling the mouth-piece of a reed-organ pipe; but in the case of the vowel *i*, by simple inflation through a tube with a bent channel. (See Dr. Young.) I hope these investigations will be further pursued. German writers have lately thrown much light on the subject, and lead me to believe that things are in a very fair train for explaining most of the phenomena of speech.

29th. One of the most barefaced tricks that the town has lately witnessed, is that at present playing off at the Argyle Rooms, where four Jews, who have long been known in Whitechapel as cigar-makers, and in Margate and other places as itinerants, are now posted, under the title of *The Bohemian Brothers*, and pretending to sing native German melodies, &c. There is so accurate and lively an account of them in the *Literary Gazette* of this day, that I must transfer it to my diary.

"They have been taught, we were going to say, to sing; but that would not be true. The two middle brothers chant in a manner that has nothing peculiar about it; but the wonders of wonders are the two outside voices. To begin at the bottom, there is a deep bass, so deep that it is as perfect a grunt as ever issued from the throat of an aged animal of the kind held in abomination by the Jews. The person who utters it appears to be a hollow man, and the sounds which he squeezes out are no more notes than they are cadences. [*Chords* would have been better.] To counterbalance this *great bore*, there is a soprano, with a sham voice, at the other extremity, who is a still greater pig: his squeak, in vile imitation of Velluti, is unparalleled. The whole four make a noise together; as for being in concert, there is no such thing; sometimes the middle two sing in unison; but the grand effort is, when Signor Soprano utters chuck, chuck, chuck, as if he were calling to fowls (not fools) around him, and then he squeaks, and bass throws in a growl, enough to make the audience exclaim—"Well, we never did hear anything like this before!" Nor did they, and we trust they never will again; for it strikes us to be as sheer a piece of trickery as ever was got up to be-noodle the musical amateurs of this sensible and tasteful metropolis."

30th. The *Examiner* of to-day assists in exposing so very impudent an imposition as the above, and gives the credit of it to Bochsá. But I understand that this man has a partner in the concern; one worthy to be his associate.

30th. I cannot help regretting the letters which have appeared in the papers from Mr. Guichard and Mr. Novello, and the still more intemperate paragraphs that have followed them. But the Portuguese minister is most to blame in suffering the names of two organists to appear in his household; the one ought to have been distinguished by the word *sub*, or deputy. But the truth of the matter rests on the answer to this question: Who does the ambassador return to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in Downing Street, as the regular officer in the establishment?—which, in plainer terms, is the one exempted by such appointment from the King's taxes?—He, whosoever he may be, is the *bona fide* organist; in spite of special pleading and calling of names.

Dec. 1st. The newspapers too often get incorrect versions of fashionable anecdotes; one proof whereof is in the following manner of relating a story which has some foundation in truth. "When Rossini," says the *Atlas*, "was at the Palace at Brighton, he is reported to have congratulated a certain lady of quality, who moved between him and the Duke of Wellington, that she stood between the two greatest men in Europe." It ought to have been thus told:—The Countess \* \* \* \*, in passing to her own refreshment-room, took the arm of the Duke of Wellington and likewise that of Signor Rossini, remarking to both, that she was then conducted by the two greatest men, &c. The fact is, that, whatever may be Rossini's opinion of himself, and of his rank in the eyes of the world, he never acts with impropriety, but in society invariably shews a well-bred deference to all present, accompanied by a demeanour which, though manly and independent, is anything rather than vain and assuming.

—The last *Spectator* inserts some caustic remarks on Mr. A. Lee's music, and lets the cat out of the bag. An evening paper, in rather a maudlin tone, endeavours to propitiate the hebdomadal critic, but the puff indirect is clumsily concealed. It is vexatious to read such *profitable* paragraphs in the latter journal, which on all great points is so ably conducted.

2nd. In a biographical sketch of Braham, published in the *Revue Musicale* for September, the writer fixes his birth in 1774,—makes him the composer of *The Cabinet*, *The English Fleet*, and other operas to which he only contributed the pieces sung by himself—and finally takes him off the stage, and confines him to concerts and oratorios. How surprised M. Fétis will be to learn, that he is about to perform at Drury-Lane Theatre in an adaptation of that composer's own French opera.

—The same journalist makes the following pointed remarks on the benefit concerts of London, after translating the account of them from the *Harmonicon*—"If the benefit-concerts are numerous in Paris during the season, they are nothing in comparison to those of London, where they succeed each other for nearly two months, at intervals of only a day or two: sometimes there are many on the very same day. Such are the resources of that country, that they seem inexhaustible in paying performers. But the talent of these is no recommendation unless they are protected by some powerful family, for in that land of liberty everything depends on patronage. There talent is not received with those attentions that are heaped on it in France, and which exalt its dignity. The esteem of the English is manifested by the gold they bestow. I have



met with great artists, who acquiesce entirely in this mode of being admired, and who revenge themselves by ridiculing such *fashionables*."

3rd. A letter in the *Herald* of this day, which bears every mark of an advertisement, says, that Mademoiselle Sontag *only* asked 4000*l.* for singing at York, &c., last summer, and was to have paid M. Laurent 40,000 francs for his permission; besides travelling expenses, &c. Now this betrays itself by proving rather too much. It has never been said that she asked 4000*l.*, but 2000*l.* Therefore, if she would have had to give the French manager 1600*l.* and to pay her expenses, she certainly could have received little or nothing for her labour; a folly of which none suspected her. I trust that, on the next occasion, she will find a better advocate. And as to the 40,000 francs, something like a proof of such a demand ought to have been produced. I believe that little more than one-fourth of the sum was even asked. But Madlle. Sontag is not so much to blame as her advisers; and, perhaps, they are not very culpable; the fault lies with those who submit to be duped.

6th. I really blush for the writer of an article, in a Sunday paper of this morning, on the subject of the dispute between the two organists—for two there are, it most clearly appears—to the Portuguese embassy. If an inference injurious to a man's character is to be drawn from the similarity of his name to that borne by an assassin above a century ago, who with a common appellation is free from danger?—It is not long since that a murderer, with a common name, turned king's evidence, and was sent to New South Wales:—is every one who a hundred years hence may bear that wretch's name, to be charged with the like crime?—One paragraph such as that I allude to, is more fatal to the power and liberty of the press, than a dozen criminal informations.

8th. An Italian opera, the *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini, performed at a theatre built and licensed for the encouragement of English music!—The *Spectator* does not reason on this subject with its usual acuteness and foresight:—"We hope," the writer says, "they (the pupils employed) may succeed; and to this end, that we may have a *cheap* Italian opera in this country, supplied by English singers." If we should have an economical Italian opera, performed by natives of this country, the audience may, perhaps, be able to count many connoisseurs and lovers of music among their number; but fashion will fly from it at once. And, to confess the truth, I am a great advocate for Italian performers on the Italian stage, and for British performers on the English stage. A foreigner never can pronounce the language like a native; and, among many other reasons, is it not desirable to have something like a school for the pronunciation of Italian, the study of which is gaining ground so fast? It will be argued that the imperfect pronunciation of the English pupils on this occasion not having been discovered, except by a few, it matters very little at any time how the language, when united with music, is pronounced here. But this is striking at the root of improvement, and checking the advance of knowledge. Besides which, let it not be overlooked, that the audience at this performance came to admire or applaud, some from one motive, some from another, and not to listen with critical ears. The Italians themselves very liberally made every kind of allowance; but would they, would foreigners

in general, to whom the language is more familiar than to us, be equally indulgent in the King's Theatre—in a theatre, which is partly indebted for its licence to a feeling entertained by government, that it is both prudent and polite to find some amusement of a mixed kind for such strangers as visit the metropolis?—No!—they would immediately see and proclaim the absurdity; their opinions would speedily influence the fashionable world, as it generally does in such matters, and, even if no other cause operated, the main supporters of the house would abandon it, declaring it to be *mauvais goût* to listen to an Italian lyric drama performed by an English company.

This country is every day becoming more and more musical,—let, therefore, a sufficient supply of good English singers be raised and kept up for our British theatres, our oratorios, private parties, and numerous country meetings and concerts; let foreigners not be engaged at these, particularly at the preposterous sums they now demand, and there will be plenty of occupation for such singers as Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, Mr. Braham, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Knyvett, Mr. Phillips, &c. &c., without forcing them on a stage where they can never feel themselves at home,—where their talent will never have a fair opportunity of developing itself, and where it will generally be undervalued.

The remarks, however, in the same journal, on the exclusive performance of one composer's music, I heartily agree in.—"The friends of Rossini's music in this country have brought it so often before the public, that he is now the stalest of stale composers. We know every bar of *Il Barbiere* by heart. The finest work in the world would not bear unintermitting repetition, and what wonder is it that we begin to hate Rossini? Since his operas first made their appearance in England, they have had almost sole possession of the Italian Theatre, and have occupied by far the greater share of concert-bills," [the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts excepted]. "And this favour has been shown to one who, by universal confession, is the greatest plagiarist of himself that musical history can furnish."

9th. A correspondent of the *Herald* this day writes a letter,—for the admission of which he most undoubtedly pays—full of heroic panegyrics on Madlle. Sontag, and denouncing all who say that her long confinement is owing to anything but a peach-stone. He tells us that she shall return here with increased glory; that all the greatest and the best shall be present at her re-appearance to greet her, and shall wave their white handkerchiefs as demonstrations of their love and of her purity. He forgets to say whether the two Houses will adjourn on that occasion. They ought, as guardians of the revenue, for puffs now pay a handsome sum to the Stamp Office, and I am much deceived if Mademoiselle has not contributed nobly in this way; particularly in the shape of such letters. But this is just as it should be: part of the large sums raised to pay foreign singers, fall again thus on our own soil in those refreshing dews to which Mr. Burke so eloquently alludes.

13th. There is a great deal of good feeling and good sense in the following observations. The writer, nevertheless, rather mistakes the musical theorists: they assert, and truly, that the minor third—the chief characteristic of the minor mode—is not produced by nature: that is, it is not the true harmonic third. This is a physical fact. But that it is one of the commonest intervals dictated by the



mind to the vocal organ, is a moral fact which they never have disputed. It may perhaps be thus accounted for: 1st. Because it is easier, or requires less effort, to sing a minor than a major third. 2nd. Because the minor mode prevailed in the earliest music of the church of which any record is left, and it is probable that the airs of the minstrels and the troubadours were imitated from this, and then transmitted. But the author shall speak for himself.

"It has been said that airs which hit the taste of a great number of people, *must* contain something good. This we do not believe to be true of tunes which suddenly spread far and near among the population of a city, and gradually sink into oblivion; but it appears eminently true of melodies which live in the memory like Sailors' ditties or the Christmas Carol. We must look at the comparative duration of the two, to find which is genuine and which sophisticate. The tearful chant with which poor people are now daily coming under our windows, telling us to "remember Christ, our Saviour," has not been sung since last year, and in a few weeks' time will not be sung again till the next—no copy assists the singers, and yet it will go on. This is the kind of immortality which a musician most vehemently desires for a melody. To write a tune which shall sink into the hearts of a people, is perhaps an achievement beyond the reach of art; and therefore few of our well-known great composers are known to have signaled themselves in this way. The musician *unawares*—one who gives way to his feelings, and follows the rules of composition without knowing them—is the man to write a lasting popular melody. Musical mathematicians aver that the minor key is not in nature. How comes it then that Sailors' tunes, the Christmas Carol, and the old Monkish Chants, between which there is remarkable similarity, should partake so much of this mode? These come down to us from remote periods: the Argonauts might have invented the first, and the Shepherds of Bethlehem the second, for anything we know of the matter. It is hardly to be supposed that in the infancy of the language of sound, people who merely vented their feelings should affect a refinement beyond nature. But let us hear the two combinations. The major chord, which is the natural and perfect combination, as mathematicians impress upon us, conveys nothing beyond a satisfactory sensation to the ear. The minor chord, on the contrary, carries the sentiment of melancholy in its sound;—a shade passes over us as we hear it. It would be a pleasant deduction to draw thence, that all the misery, pain, or unhappiness that are to be found in the world, are but perversions of Nature's intentions, like the minor key! Banish sorrow, and we should have no more sympathy with so sophisticate a mode, that could only have come into fashion at the fall of man! We believe that none of those quaint minor tunes with which mariners are wont to sooth the dreary hours of their watch, have ever been pricked down in notes."—*Spectator*.

14th. In the *Examiner* is the following narrative. "COMPACT BETWEEN EIGHTEEN-PENNY SONG-WRITERS AND SINGERS—A TRUE STORY.—A. applies to B. to sing an air for him, offering B. 20*l.*; B. declines receiving money, and A. sends her a muff and tippet value fifteen guineas. B.'s husband hears she is to sing this song for A.; calls upon him, and demands the "usual compliment" upon the occasion. A. dares not give husband B. any hint about the muff and tippet, so presents him ten pounds more. When the song is to be brought forward, half a dozen wide-mouthed colleagues can at any time obtain an encore, and newspapers next day announce its success

accordingly. Such are the tactics of these people; and so long as the management of our principal theatres is to be dictated to by the singers, as to what pieces of music shall be introduced, so long will they be infested with trash, to the benefit of two or three individuals, and the detriment of good taste. If Madame Vestris were determined to sing a song written by Mr. A. Lee, does any one believe that the manager would run the hazard of refusing her?"—I believe with the *Examiner*, that few managers have firmness to act as becomes them. But where does the fault really lie?—Why with the public, who suffer the theatres, managers, authors and composers, to be dictated to by a couple of dozen of *claqueurs*, (sent in we see how,) who by their impudence and perseverance enlist the half-drunk, half-stupid portion of the audience into their service, and keep out the sober, discriminating part of the public by exactly the same means.

16th.—Suppose a person, ignorant of the manner in which part of the daily press conducts its business, were to read the two following accounts of Miss Paton's appearance when she performed at Brighton in *Il Barbiere*, what inference would he draw?—First, *Morning Post*. "We never saw her in better looks or spirits."—Then *Morning Herald*. "Miss Paton sung very sweetly, but looks a mere wreck of what she was: the London public will be shocked on her return to Covent Garden, to behold what ravages time has wrought in her form."

19th.—In an account of the performance of *L'inganno felice* by the the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music last night, the *Globe*, violently bent on making a flourish with technicalities, whether right or wrong, tells its readers that Seguin's voice (a deep base) is a fine *contralto*!—This is quite on a par with the *Morning Chronicle*, which once expressed its regrets that "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion" had not been given to Belamy instead of W. Knyvett, because the air so much better suited the voice of the former. But, I have before remarked, it would be an endless task to point out the blunders of the musical critics in the daily press. The phraseology too of some of them, which never meant much, is absolutely worn thread-bare: we bore for a time with "Braham was in fine voice,"—"Miss Stephens sang in her very best manner,"—"Madame Vestris was as fascinating as ever,"—knowing that the writer dare not venture on precise terms, lest he should expose himself: but the sameness of the thing at length grows intolerable, and we fly from it as from Wright's champagne, or his masquerades.

22nd.—I am rejoiced to learn from the Milan Gazette, that Coccia's new opera, *L'Orfano della Selva* (The Orphan of the Wood) has completely succeeded at the grand theatre, *La Scala*. In the same it is stated, that M. Laporte has engaged Madame Lalande and Lablache for the seasons 1830 and 1831; the former at a salary of 50,000 francs, with a benefit guaranteed at 25,000 francs, making the sum of 3125*l.* for four months:—and the latter at 160,000 francs for the two seasons; or about 3,330*l.* for each, to which benefits are, no doubt, to be added. But this cannot be true, because, 1st. The assignees of Messrs. Chambers have been publicly told in Chancery, that they can only let the theatre from year to year. 2nd. It is not likely that either the creditors, or Mr. Taylor's executors, or Mr. Waters, will allow the theatre to remain much longer in its present state. 3rd. M. Laporte is not quite,



so foolish as to make such engagements; and even if he were, and still held the theatre, it is probable that the public indignation would at length be roused, and a stop be put to what would otherwise become a national disgrace.

24th.—The report of Spohr's death, and also of his paralytic attack, appears, by a letter from Cassel, to be utterly void of the least foundation. He never was in better health.

## Foreign Musical Report.

### VIENNA.

*Theater an der Wien.*—IN the absence of the higher efforts of the lyric muse, through the prolonged suspension of performances at the Kärnthnerthor, this theatre is all activity. During the month of October two new pieces were produced; the first a romantic opera in two acts, entitled *Armida, die Zauberin im Orient* (Armida, the Enchantress of the East), the music by Kapellmeister Gläser; the second, *Vetter Lucas von Jamaica*, a comic opera in two acts, the subject of which has long been familiar to the public, but which has been much improved in fitting it to receive the music of Kapellmeister Riotte. Both pieces are by no means deficient in merit; some of the concerted pieces are good, and several of the melodies of a popular and attractive kind.

There is also in rehearsal here, *Die reisenden Operisten* (the Itinerant Artists), a comic opera in two acts, taken from Fioravanti's well-known work *I Virtuosi ambulanti*.

*Josephstadt Theater.*—The rivalry existing between these two theatres has also produced two new pieces at this house; the first entitled *Die Entführung der Prinzessin Europa*, a mythological caricature in doggerel verse by Meisl, the music by Edward Hysel, Kapellmeister to the Society of the Friends of Music. The humour of the piece is well supported by the characteristic music, which, if it does not possess any high degree of merit, is at least free from the pretension of the second piece, entitled *Die Schauer-Nacht in Felsenthale* (The Night of Terror in the Valley of the Rocks), a romantic and magical drama in three acts, with songs and other pieces, intended as companion-pieces (Seitenstück) to the *Freyschütz*, the music by Kapellmeister Drechsler. It is evident that the public did not view this intended rival of Weber's matchless production with the same complacency as the composer, for it obtained but a cold reception, a fate which, in all probability, was hastened by the very pains that Mr. Drechsler had taken to revive a recollection of the old adage that "comparisons are odious."

A concert, which was crowdedly attended, was given at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, by M. Hindle, the well-known rival of Dragonetti and Dall' Occa on the double-bass. This favourite artist has just returned from a successful professional tour through the north of Germany. He astonished all the lovers of the wonderful, and justice also bids us add, delighted all the cognoscenti, by the admirable manner in which he performed a difficult rondo of B. Romberg for the violoncello, and several variations in the manner of Paganini, imitating with astonishing exactitude the sounds of the flageolet, and other instru-

ments. Curiosity in art is not, however, proficiency in art, let them be confounded as they may.

There seems now every hope that the last-mentioned theatre will be shortly opened. It is positively stated that Count Robert von Gallenberg has taken the house for a term of ten years, under an express compact that only German operas and operettas are to be given, including ballets. "May this establishment," exclaims one of the German musical journals, "again become one of a truly-national kind! Let it hold out encouragement to our native artists, and show that it can satisfy the wishes of the most fastidious without the aid of foreign attraction." We can only say, that we wish this may be effected with safety to the pocket of the worthy Count, who is himself a practical musician of ability.

The Emperor has granted for ten years the lease of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre to the Count de Gallenberg, composer of the ballets of *Alfred-le-grand*, of *Jeanne-d'Arc*, &c.

### BERLIN.

*Königstädt Theater.*—A NEW opera has been produced here, founded on Madame Cottin's celebrated tale of Elizabeth, entitled *Die Waise aus Russland* (the Orphan of Russia), the music by Carl Blum, known as the composer of *Didone*, and several other works of merit. Two of the airs, as well as a duet, and several concerted pieces, were warmly applauded. There was also a revival of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Secreto*, which was excellently cast, and in which the Signora Tibaldi, in particular, was very effective in the part of Beatrice.

*Königliche Theater.*—*Der Hausirer* (Le Colporteur), of Onslow, still continues a favourite, or, to speak more properly, is daily growing into favour. There has been no novelty here of late, except the appearance of the Fraulein von Schätzel in the part of Zerlina may be so termed. This highly gifted and interesting performer has won every heart, and is generally considered as amply to compensate for the absence of the Sontag. Her performance of the character of Zerlina was a great additional triumph for her talents; nothing could exceed the native grace and artless simplicity which she threw into the part, and at the fall of the curtain she was enthusiastically called for.

Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, which was once before given here, but proved defective in several essential requisites, was again performed with an orchestra of above three hundred performers, and with a precision and unity of effect, which forms the nearest conceivable approach to perfection. The solo parts were performed by the *élite* of the two theatres, including, of course, the Fraulein Schätzel, who enters perfectly into the spirit of the music of this great master. Madame Turr Schmidt, a member of the Academy, was particularly effective in the treble parts, in which her pure and silvery tones were displayed to great advantage. The choruses and instrumental accompaniments were all that the most fastidious could desire.

In one of the musical *soirées* of the celebrated traveller Alexander von Humboldt, was produced a new cantata of Rellstab, set to music by Felix Mendelssohn, with full instrumental accompaniments. It excited general admiration, and is a proof that this gifted young composer is more anxious to tread in the footsteps of the ancient masters, than to follow those seductive novelties, which, like meteoric exhalations, glitter, but mislead.

We hear that Kapellmeister Schneider is engaged in the composition of a new romantic opera, founded upon Sir W. Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*.

Carafa's *Solitaire* is said to be in preparation at the



Königstadt, under the title, *Der Klausner auf dem wüsten Berge*.

The drama has lately experienced a great loss in the poet Pius Alexander Wolff, author of "Preciosa," and numerous other dramatic works. He possessed, in a superior degree, the gift of improvisation, a talent rare in Germany.

#### MUNICH.

THE Baron v. Poissl, known as the composer of several operas and other compositions of merit, has at length undertaken the entire direction of the German opera of this place. Kapellmeister Stuntz, who succeeded Carl Maria v. Weber in this situation, found it no very easy task to become the substitute of such a man, and did not succeed in gaining the favour and confidence of the public.

A desirable change has also taken place at the Italian opera, the direction of which has passed into the hands of M. Moralt, a gentleman who has long filled the situation of concert director, and who is known as the first professor of this place on the violoncello. He has already commenced an important reform in the orchestra, into which a certain Turkish and Chinese taste had gradually made its way. His first care has been to add to the number of the violins and violoncellos, at the same time making an important reduction in the drums, cymbals, triangles, ottavinos, &c.; a measure which will entitle him to the thanks of all true lovers of the art.

Handel's *Messiah* was lately performed by a company of amateurs and artists, to the number of a hundred, under the direction of Professor Stöpel. It was given for the benefit of the different charitable institutions of the place, and attended with such success, as to induce the director shortly after to give the *Judas Maccabeus*, which was well performed, and not less crowdedly attended.

Professor Stöpel, of whom mention is here made, is the editor of the new "Munich Gazette of Music," which has now entered its second year, and appears to have established itself in the public favour.

#### MAGDEBURG.

A NEW opera has just appeared here, which has excited great interest: it is entitled *Der Vampyr*, the music by J. Marschner. Objections have been made to the subject of which the composer has made choice, but he is said to have treated it with great power and originality of conception. Among the pieces particularly spoken of, are a chorus of witches in the first act; a Bacchanalian chorus, a quartett of the same character, and a grand recitative and air in the second, besides several lesser airs of great beauty. We hope soon to be able to give a satisfactory analysis of the composition.

#### BRESLAU.

THIS town at present enjoys a high reputation for the zeal and success with which church music is cultivated by its amateurs and artists. The following list of pieces performed, will show that their claim to this character is well founded.

In the Church of St. Mary, in three successive weeks, were performed the following classical works, with an orchestra of more than one hundred and fifty persons:—

1. Newkomm's Grand Cantata, or, more properly speaking, Oratorio *Der Ostermorgen* (Easter Morning).

2. A grand *Te Deum* of Hasse, with additional accompaniments by Professor Siegert.

3. A new *Te Deum*, and Grand Mass, and a Cantata (all MSS.) by Professor Siegert.

4. Haydn's *Creation*, and

5. To wind up the whole with honour, the *Messiah* of Handel, with nearly a hundred additional performers, who volunteered their services from all the neighbouring towns and villages; the whole under the able direction of F. W. Berner.

Professor Siegert has established a society for the performance of ancient music, which consists of one hundred and seventy members. The following list of pieces performed may not be unacceptable to the lovers of the good old school, and will serve as a guide to others in the choice they make. I. The Psalm, *Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord*; 1st verse, in five parts, by J. Ekkard (1597); 2nd verse, in four parts, by Hans Leo Hassler (1608); 3rd verse by J. S. Bach. II. *Cor mundum crea*, in five parts, by Orlandus Lassus (1667); the choral song *Like a lamb was he led &c.*, by J. G. Ebeling (1667); and the *Crucifixus* of A. Lotti (1696).

#### MILAN.

*Teatro alla Scala*.—At the close of September, Pavesi's promised opera, *Il Maldicente*, ossia, *La Bottega del Caffè*, was produced, but did not obtain the success which the ill-advised zeal of this composer's friends had taught the public to expect. The audience maintained the most freezing silence—an infliction more terrible to the artist than all the opposition in the world. The opera bears (or rather *bore*, for it is gone to its long rest) all the marks of being composed in haste. The melodies were common and trivial, and even in their triviality were but imitations; the accompaniments were below criticism: in a word, it contained nothing calculated to awaken the attention of the hearers. And as if to throw into stronger relief the poverty of Pavesi's score, what should be introduced but the fine quintett from *Le Trame deluse* of Cimarosa, and Guglielmi's piquant duet, *Oh, guardate che figura!* The latter piece, which was sung in a superior manner by Lablache and Madlle Ungher, called forth the loudest applause.

The success of the new opera, *L'Orfano della selva* is every day more and more confirmed. The pieces which please most are, the introduzione and finale to the first act; the trio between Lablache, Winter and Biondini; the duet for Mad. Lalande and Lablache, and the last grand rondo of Mad. Lalande.

#### BOLOGNA.

THE Journal of this place gives a splendid account of the success obtained at Odessa, by the Signora Adelaide Moriconi, who fills the place of prima donna. At a musical entertainment given by the Count Woronzoff, at which several of the members of the Imperial family were present, she is said to have produced an impression most flattering to her talents. She is a contralto of great power, and was a pupil in the Musical Lyceum of this place.

#### FLORENCE.

A SOPRANO singer of great promise has made her debüt here, the Signora Matilda Cascelli Hynterland, a native of Naples, daughter of a German artist who had long been settled there. Considerable expectations are formed of this young singer, who, to great compass and flexibility of voice, unites much personal attraction.



## TRIESTE.

IL SIGNOR MAESTRO PACINI seems to have become strangely enamoured of the titles of Meyerbeer's operas. Last year he produced his *Margherita d'Anjou*, which proved a failure, and he is now engaged in composing *Il Crociato* for the theatre of this place.

## COMO.

It is said that Madame Pasta has lately purchased an estate in this beautiful neighbourhood, where she will, in all probability, eventually repose when the fatigues of her professional life are closed. The selection of the spot is a proof of her good taste. Madame Meric Lalande is also here. Her situation—that in which

All wives are proud to be who love their lords—

renders her retirement from the stage for some time necessary. She took her leave of the inhabitants of Milan in the *Esule di Roma*, and the spirit which she threw into her parting representation served to augment the regret experienced by all amateurs. She was uncommonly effective in an adagio sung by herself, Lablache, and Winter, which was re-demanded, and sung, if possible, in a still more finished manner. The following extract from the Musical Journal, *Il Teatri*, will at once show the degree of interest which she excited, and the mode which the Italian journals have of expressing it. "The public concentrated all their applause in her alone; nor was it unmingled with regret, for we were about to lose her. Enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch, and after the grand aria in the finale, she retired amidst stormy and long-continued applause. The public could never be satisfied with gazing on this delightful singer. Fortunate Bellini! it will be for you to restore her to our enthusiastic admiration. Well is he worthy to compose for her, whom our hearts more eloquently proclaim as the queen of song, than the medals which are at this moment struck in her honour."

## BARCELONA.

*Teatro Italiano.*—FOR a number of years there has been no such favourite at this theatre, as Madlle. Fanny Eckerlin. She possesses a very fine voice, between a contralto and a mezzo soprano, which she knows well how to display to the greatest advantage, without however sacrificing her author to any passion for such display—a rare exercise of discretion! Her method is excellent, and she sings with a warmth of soul that carries the hearer along with her. To these qualities she unites a perfect acquaintance with stage effect, and the whole is enhanced by considerable personal attractions. In the part of Arsace in the *Semiramide* of Rossini, and in Generali's *Bacchanali di Roma*, she obtained a degree of applause but rarely witnessed here.

Madlle. Eckerlin is a pupil of the Conservatory of Milan, where she received instructions from the well known Professor Banderali; she does ample honour to the method and talents of her master. Her engagement here terminates shortly, to the great regret of all, when she leaves for Paris, where she has signed a contract for the *Théâtre Favart*.

## BRUSSELS.

MADAME SCHUTZ, who gained considerable applause in London, has appeared here, and been successfully received, particularly in the parts of Rosina and Tancredi, in which she displayed the varied range of her talent. A Tyrolese air, which she introduced as her singing

lesson in the *Barbiere*, gave universal satisfaction. Though this lady's voice is by no means of the first order, yet her intonation is so just, and her expression so true, that every fault is overlooked.

A M. Dapreval, a tenor of considerable promise, made his débüt here as George, in *La Dame Blanche*, and pleased, as well by his chaste style of singing, as by his excellent acting.

## CASSEL.

THE death of the maestro, SUTOR, of Hanover, has led all the journals into the error of supposing SPOHR to be the maestro meant. WE ARE HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT THIS DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN, WHO WAS KILLED SO SUDDENLY, IS IN EXCELLENT HEALTH. He performed lately, at the first subscription concert, a symphony-concertante of his own composition, with M. Wielé, who is considered as one of Baillot's best pupils.

## VENICE.

THE theatre of *La Fenice*, which has lately been completely repaired, opened this autumn, under the direction of Signor Joseph Crivelli, [the tenor who was in London in 1817] who has, amongst others, engaged Signora Brambilla as *primo musico assoluto*, and Porto as *primo basso*.

## The Drama.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ON the 4th ult. an operetta, under the title of *Love in Wrinkles* was produced at this house, the dramatic part translated from that exceedingly ingenious and fertile French writer, M. SCRIBE, and the music adapted from the original of M. FETIS, editor of the *Revue Musicale*, by Mr. ROPHINO LACY. The two principal parts are sustained by Miss LOVE and Mr. BRAHAM, and the latter has perfectly astounded many of the newspaper critics by having burst forth all at once as an actor, to which character he has hitherto made little pretence. His efforts in such a line were certainly unexpected; therefore, the success that crowned them naturally enough excited some surprise. But Mr. BRAHAM is a man of sense, of strong feeling, of much knowledge of the world, and of great theatrical experience: if then, with these qualifications, he essayed another field, it is no wonder that he won it; and we trust that the praise he has so richly merited, will encourage him hereafter to shew, what has rarely been exhibited on the English stage, that the great singer and good actor may be united in the same person.

The music, though not strikingly new, or possessing any very prominent features, is all pleasing and good, and the piece has been quite successful. But we shall return to it when again performed.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A KIND of operatic farce, called *The Sublime and Beautiful*, which is only a stupid extension of the tiresome but short farce, *The Sultan*, taken by Bickerstaff from Marmontel's admirable tale, *Soliman II.*, was brought out early in last month, and, thanks to the prettiness and popularity of Madame VESTRIS, together with the absolute want of discrimination in the audiences of our winter theatres, succeeded: that is to say, was not condemned; but its success is negative, and does not promise to replenish an



exhausted treasury. If the dramatic part (for so we must, for want of a better term, call it) is weak, the musical is still more so: such a heap of trash has rarely been got through without opposition; and the encores are in proportion to its vapidness: the worst things are most loudly called for a second time,—nay a third. But the secret history of this encoring is spreading; therefore we may hope that the practice, which is enough to drive all rational people from the theatres, and actually deters thousands from entering, will soon be abandoned: it is a great nuisance, and ought to be abated. Miss HUGHES sings an air, in the midst of direst woe, with something in the shape of a tail to it that has well been named “the Paddington coachman’s whoop.” Such a barbarism we can only find one term for. Yet the brutal deformity is always encored; by the hirelings in the gallery and at the backs of the boxes, no doubt; but the *real* pay-audience have not spirit enough to resist so great a waste of time, so violent an outrage on common sense. Mr. WOOD’S style is not bad, and when we have heard him he sings modestly enough, but his intonation is intolerable; he was constantly half a note below pitch when we underwent the punishment of sitting out *The Sublime and Beautiful*, which, but for an occasional word and posture from little KEELEY, and a constant view of Madame VESTRIS, we could not have borne for more than ten or fifteen minutes.

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE pupils of the ROYAL ACADEMY of MUSIC, who had been engaged during great part of the autumn in studying two Italian operas, with a view to an exhibition of their talent in the foreign lyric drama, performed publicly three times during the last month, at this house. On Monday, the 5th ult., with the assistance of Signor De Begnis, who took the character of *Figaro*, they gave Rossini’s *Barbiere di Siviglia*, the parts being distributed in the following manner:—

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Il Conte Almaviva</i> | BRIZZI.           |
| <i>Don Bartolo</i>       | SAPIO.            |
| <i>Rosina</i>            | MISS CHILDE.      |
| <i>Basilio</i>           | SEGUIN.           |
| <i>Berta</i>             | MISS BROMLEY.     |
| <i>Figaro</i>            | SIGNOR DE BEGNIS. |

The orchestra also was wholly composed of the pupils, C. A. SEYMOUR being the leader, and PACKER acting as *maestro* at the piano-forte: and as the piece commenced with the commencement, namely the overture, we will begin by saying, that this was vastly well performed; and, putting the Opera House out of the question, would not have been disreputable to any of our London theatres. This band likewise went through the whole opera in an equally steady, correct manner, and gave very few opportunities for even the best judges to detect an error of any consequence. The overture was encored; but this, which has been much dwelt on in some of our daily prints, leads only to one conclusion; for as the house was filled with friends, either to the institution or to the pupils, it must be considered as having arisen from a desire to encourage the youthful parties, to put them in spirits for the remainder of the performance, and not as an irrefragable proof of any comparative superiority. The same observation will partly apply to other encores.

Miss Childe’s *Rosina* was, taken as a whole, the part best filled in the opera: her aria, “Una voce,” was sung with great firmness and admirable correctness. To the sensible instructions of Signor COCCIA, this young lady

ought to feel herself indebted to the latest moment of her professional life.\* Next to Miss Childe, SEGUIN deserves the highest praise: there is a self-possession in his manner that promises much for the future; and his fine base voice, which has plenty of time to improve, united to a style not yet adulterated by any false ornament, must, with prudence and a little more spirit, lead him to eminence. SAPIO’S *Don Bartolo* exceeded our expectations; it is a very difficult character for so young a man, and he entered into it in a way that shewed no small share of observation. As a singer he is still rather heavy, a fault which, if he does not speedily divest himself of, it will become habitual. BRIZZI as *Almaviva* performed much better the second time than the first; but at present there are no decisive indications of the future, either in his voice or style. Of course we do not mention DE BEGNIS.

On the 18th, the pupils gave Rossini’s *Inganno felice*, a one-act piece, now swelled into two by the addition of certain compositions, which, with the exception of a scena by RADICATI, were even inferior to those in the operetta itself, which is allowed to be one of the composer’s worst works, and well calculated to vitiate, rather than improve, the taste of learners. It was performed very indifferently; but it must be confessed that such music, and such a drama, were not likely to excite the zeal of the pupils, who, if we may judge from appearances, did not much relish either the piece itself, or the feeble things grafted on it.

On the 20th the *Barbiere* was given a second time, without any alteration in the characters.

Mr. Arnold, we understand, lent the use of the house gratuitously, and as the expenses must therefore have been very inconsiderable, some profits we hope have accrued. These are to be divided between the Academy and Signor DE BEGNIS, the latter taking a moiety for his trouble in getting up the performances. The assertion that the proceeds are to go to the fund for the Spanish and Italian refugees is entirely unfounded; indeed it is difficult to imagine how such a report could have originated. Justice ought to precede generosity, or the old adage is much in fault; and the Committee have, very properly, determined to act on this honest maxim.

We would fain suggest to those who control the affairs of the Academy, that, as an institution for the advancement of English music, as well as for the improvement of English musicians, the performance at the next opportunity of good English operas would hold out real encouragement to native students; while the preference shewn to the works of foreign composers, even to their worst, cannot but depress the hopes and check the ardour of those who thus have the painful certainty forced on their notice, that should they perchance ever rival our Arne, our Linley, our Arnold, or our Shield, they will, in all probability, become the same victims to fashion, and be exposed to the same chilling neglect.

Let us also add, that an opera in which the two principal characters—we might have said *four*—are performed by foreigners, cannot be considered as got up by an English academy, but rather leads to a suspicion that the institution, with all its efforts, finds it impossible to exhibit itself on the stage without the aid of strangers.

\* Signor Coccia has, we regret to say, quitted England. He had too much real ability, and too little cunning and suppleness, for this country. He is an honest, upright man, as well as an excellent musician; and, to his honour, refused to have any connexion with an infamous swindler and condemned felon.