

MEMOIR OF HENRY CAREY.

[Collected from BURNEY'S Account of him, from HAWKINS'S History, and other Authorities.]

HENRY CAREY, or Harry Carey, as he is most commonly called, is said to have been an illegitimate son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax. He was a musician by profession, one of the minor order of poets, and a man of a very facetious disposition, who had the power of exciting mirth without licentiousness or indecorum, a desirable talent, which none of his predecessors, such as Cornyshe, Coryat, Tom Brown, or Tom D'Urfey, possessed. Of his education nothing seems to be known, except that he was not a regular bred musician. It has been said, indeed, that he had his first lessons from a German named Westinon Linnert; that Roseingrave gave him some instructions; and, lastly, that he was in some sort a disciple of Geminiani. But the result of all this did not, as his friend Lampe, a man of truth, used to say, enable him to put a base to his own ballads.

Being thus slenderly accomplished in his art, his chief employment was teaching at small boarding-schools, and among people of middling rank in private families. He possessed a prolific, ready invention, and very early in life distinguished himself by the composition of songs, of which he was author of both words and music. One of these, "Of all the Girls that are so smart," or "Sally in our Alley," was sung by everybody when it came out, and has never ceased to be a favourite since. This the author relates was founded on a real incident; and, mean as the subject may appear, he states that Addison was pleased with that natural ease and simplicity of sentiment which characterize the ballad, and more than once vouchsafed to commend it.

The first we hear of CAREY was that he produced two farces in the year 1715; one of which, *The Contrivances*, is said, in the *Biographia Dramatica*, to be a very entertaining piece, which had good success in its day.

In 1730, it appears, that when *Miss Rafter*, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Clive, first appeared on the stage of Drury Lane as a singer, it was at the benefit of *Harry Carey*, who seems to have been her singing-master. The manner in which this benefit was announced in the *Daily Post*, December 3, is so singular, that we shall transcribe the paragraph for the amusement of our readers. After naming the play, which was *Greenwich Park*, and the additional entertainments of singing, particularly a dialogue of Purcell by Mr. Carey and Miss Rafter, and a cantata of Mr. Carey's by Miss Rafter, there is an apology from Carey, for "the tragedy of half an act" not being performed; but a promise is made of indemnification by the entertainments between the acts. The editor of the paper then adds: "But at our friend *Harry Carey's* benefit to-night, the powers of music, poetry, and painting assemble in his behalf, he being an admirer of the three sister-arts: the body of musicians meet in the Haymarket, whence they march in great order, preceded by a magnificent moving organ, in form of a pageant, accompanied by all the kinds of musical instruments ever in use from Tubal Cain to the present day; a great multitude of booksellers,

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authors, and painters form themselves into a body at Temple-bar, whence they march with great decency to Covent Garden, preceded by a little army of printers devils, with their proper instruments: here, the two bodies of music and poetry are joined by the brothers of the pencil; when, after taking some refreshment at the Bedford Arms, they march in solemn procession to the theatre, amidst an innumerable crowd of spectators."

Poetry and music, in high antiquity, formed but one profession, and many have been the lamentations of the learned, that the sister arts were ever separated. Harry Carey, and Jean Jaques Rousseau, are the only bards in modern times who have had the address to reconcile and unite them. The *Honest Yorkshireman* of Carey, and the *Devin du Village* of Rousseau, are indisputable proofs that popular strains, at least, if not learned and elegant music, may be produced by the writer of a dramatic poem. Carey, without musical learning, invented many very pleasing and natural melodies, which neither obscured the sense of the words, nor required much science to hear. But either from the ambition of the singer, or expectations of the audience, music is not suffered to remain simple long upon the stage; and the more plain and ancient the melodies, the more they are to be embellished by every new performer of them. The tunes in the *Beggar's Opera* will never appear in their original simple garb again.

In 1732 he produced the words of two serious operas, *Amelia*, and *Teraminta*. The first of these was set by Lampe; and the second by the late Mr. Smith, Handel's disciple, friend, and successor in superintending the performance of oratorios.

In 1734 his mock tragedy of half an act, called *Chronothologos*, was first performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket; a piece of humour that will always be in season, as long as extravagance and bombast shall dare to tread the stage.

In 1736, and for several subsequent years, his little English opera, entitled the *Honest Yorkshireman*, was almost always in constant run.

The year 1737 was rendered memorable at Covent Garden Theatre by the success of the burlesque opera of the *Dragon of Wantley*, written by Carey, and set by Lampe, "after the Italian manner." This excellent piece of humour had run twenty-two nights when it was stopped, with all other public amusements, by the death of her Majesty Queen Caroline, November 29th, but was resumed again on the opening of the theatres in January following, and supported as many representations as the *Beggar's Opera* had done ten years before. And if Gay's original intention in writing his musical drama was to ridicule the Opera, the execution of his plan was not so happy as that of Carey, in which the mock-heroic tuneful monster, recitative, splendid habits, and style of music, all conspired to remind the audience of what they had seen and heard at the Lyric Theatres, more effectually than the most vulgar

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street tunes could do ; and much more innocently than the tricks and transactions of the most abandoned thieves and prostitutes. Lampe's music to this farcical drama was not only excellent fifty years ago, but is still modern and in good taste, Dr. Burney tells us.

In 1738, *Margery, or the Dragoness* ; a sequel to the *Dragon of Wantley*, written with equal humour, and as well set by Lampe, came out ; but had the fate of all sequels. When the novelty of a subject is faded away, and the characters developed, it is difficult to revive the curiosity of the public about persons and things of which opinions are already formed. The *Dragoness* appeared but a few nights, and was never revived.

Nancy, or the Parting Lovers, was produced after these, and likewise set by Lampe ; but the occasional songs and cantatas, which he wrote and set to music himself, are innumerable. His burlesque birth-day ode turned the odes of Cibber into ridicule, as effectually as Pope's *Dunciad* could do. And his ballad of *Sally in our Alley* had, as we have stated, the honour of being praised by Addison for the poetry, and Geminiani for the tune ; but though poor Carey was a successful musician, he was always indigent, and heavy on the hands of his friends. He seems to have been professionally active ; he taught music upon low terms, and had no particular vice or extravagance laid to his charge ; but whether from embarrassed circumstances, domestic unhappiness, or malignity of rival but less successful writers, or from whatever cause, in a fit of insanity or despondency, Oct. 4th, 1743, at his house in Warner Street, Coldbath-Fields, he terminated with a cord a life which he had innocently, and not uselessly, spent.

The precise date of this fatal catastrophe totally invalidates the claims that were made some fifteen or twenty years ago by his son for the honour of having written and set the national song, " God save great George our King," at the time of the rebellion in 1745, which we have cogent reasons, says Dr. Burney, to believe was written for King James II., while the Prince of Orange was hovering over the coast*. And when the latter became king, who durst own or sing it ? " We are certain," Dr. B. continues, " that in 1745, when Dr. Arne harmonized it for Drury-lane Theatre, and C. B. (Charles Burney, the Dr. himself) for Covent Garden, the original author of the melody was unknown."

M. AUBER AND LA MUETTE DE PORTICI.

[Extract of a Letter from Paris.]

May 12, 1829.

* * * * * I see by the papers, that under the title of *Masaniello*, you have successfully naturalized M. Auber's very popular opera, *La Muette de Portici*. As so much interest is excited by this production, you may not be displeased to learn some particulars respecting it, and some of the critical opinions that pass current here relative to it. And first of the character of *La Muette*. It will doubtless appear whimsical that I should cite as one

* The " cogent reason" alluded to by Dr. B. is, that the late king, George III., shewed him a book, printed in the reign of James II., containing the very same words, except that instead of " George," James's name appeared.

of the best parts of an *Opera*, a *dumb* girl ; and yet I am serious : the melo-dramatic music, which gives language to that which *Fenella* can express by gestures only, is in the highest degree honourable to the talents of M. Auber. It is impossible that the delicate shades of feeling which agitate the bosom of this young and interesting female could be rendered with more fidelity and truth, than in this expressive music. This is not the kind of merit the public are most likely to appreciate, but they unconsciously feel the whole force of its impression ; and while the undivided attention seems riveted upon the impassioned pantomime of the actress, it is in reality the music which holds that attention captive. The part of *Masaniello* seems admirable from beginning to end. The delightful *barcarolla* which marks his entrance, the concluding piece of the second act, his air in the fourth, his *cavatina*, and the striking phrases by which he interrupts the chorus of the fisherman in revolt ; but, above all, the scene of his delirium, possess an interest, and are given with a power of colouring, which concentrate the feelings of the spectator upon this highly dramatic personage. By-the-by, it would be doing an injustice to Nourrit, to omit to state, that he perfectly embodies the conception of the musician and the poet, and sings and performs to a wonder. The choruses are also excellent : the composer has done ample justice to the variety of situation afforded him by the poet. That of the fishermen in the second act, of the market scene, of the revolt, of the prayer, and the Bacchanalian movement in the fourth, are all portrayed with a varied, yet suitable colouring. Of the accompaniments in general, I should say that they are too much à la Rossini ; that the composer is too fond of throwing in his masses of harmony, which are frequently detrimental to the song, and not always in accordance with the predominant feeling and character of the situation. But M. Auber has to write for a public but too much spoiled in this respect ; not, however, that such a consideration ought to serve as an apology ; on the contrary, it is the duty of every true lover of the art to combat an evil of which it is not easy to calculate the extent.

But I must be just as well as generous ; and having dilated upon the beauties of the piece, I shall speak of what are considered as its defects. It has been generally remarked that, with the exception of the *barcarolla* in the second act, and the delightful *cavatina* in the fourth, the airs and duets are too long, and that in the codas to the different concerted pieces too many concessions are made to the singers. This defect, which perhaps might not be felt at the piano, is particularly perceptible in the air in the fourth act, *Arbitre d'une vie*, &c. ; the violent position in which *Masaniello's* sister is placed, cannot naturally be supposed to admit of so long a suspense. By this protraction, the *dumb* play loses its effect ; the spectator feels too acutely to take any interest in a forced situation, and would find any air, however excellent, an annoyance at such a moment. The duet with which the third act opens is better placed, and the *motivo* is good ; but this also has the defect of being too long, and the air in consequence becomes vague and ineffective. Much of this, however, is, of course, matter of opinion.

I have just read the following note addressed by M. Troupenas, the publisher, to M. Fétis, the Editor of the *Révue Musicale*.

" Several German Journals, in giving an account of the striking success which has attended the production of the *Muette de Portici* at Berlin, pretended, I know not upon

what grounds, that the barcarolla, and several other melodies of this opera, are national Neapolitan airs, introduced by the composer as his own. As Editor of the *Muette de Portici*, I feel called upon to correct the inaccuracy of this assertion, and to declare that all the motivos of these airs are of M. Auber's own composition. In support of my assertion I could adduce the evidence of Rossini, who is ready to attest, if necessary, that the airs of *La Muette* are not known by him as Italian national melodies. As for the rest, Sir, the error of the German writers is but an additional and gratuitous eulogium on M. Auber's production; it goes to prove that he has depicted with truth of colouring the nation in which the action of his piece lies, since even professional men have been led to mistake the imitation for reality. This is a merit which Rossini has been frequently heard to recognise as forming a distinguishing feature in the *Muette de Portici*, and which no one is so justly able to appreciate as the author of the *Donna del Lago*.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c.

"E. TROUPENAS."

The rehearsals of Boieldieu's new opera, *Les deux Nuits*, are in full activity, and its appearance is expected with impatience. It has been delayed by Ponchard's indisposition; but in order to prevent any further disappointment, the part is to be given to a young singer of merit, M. Moreau-Cinti. * * * * *

REV. MR. LISTON'S EUHARMONIC ORGAN*.

[Concluded from p. 103.]

Mr. G. H. now brings forward his own theory; and at the first glance of the table of the sounds, which he reckons necessary to make the diatonic scale perfect, I cannot help expressing some surprise that he should have objected to my grave second, as disturbing the established order of the scale, when his own scheme *disturbs* no less than four of the established members, certainly not the least important—the major third perfect fourth, major seventh, and even the tonic itself. But this is merely an *argumentum ad hominem*, and is of no value in settling the question whether his system be good or bad. This must be determined by the *effects*.

That on which the whole hinges is the introduction of a new sound derived from prime seven. The minor seventh belonging to the dominant chord, he contends, is of the ratio expressed by the improper fraction $\frac{7}{4}$, and, consequently, the semitone by which it resolves on major third to the tonic by $\frac{2}{5}$. This he calls a *diatonic semitone*, a name to which it certainly is not entitled by the received

* The reader is requested to correct the following typographical errors in the first part of this letter. No. XVII. New Series.

Page	Col.	Line	
101	1	10	from the bottom, <i>for</i> on the scale, <i>read</i> in the scale.
	<i>ib.</i>	2	<i>for</i> D'F and D'A, <i>read</i> DF and DA.
	<i>ib.</i>	<i>ib.</i>	10 from bottom, <i>for</i> tone fourth, <i>read</i> true fourth.
102	1	14	<i>for</i> materially similar, <i>read</i> exactly similar.
	<i>ib.</i>	<i>ib.</i>	14 from bottom, <i>for</i> stop when D is grave, <i>read</i> stop in which, &c.
	<i>ib.</i>	2	<i>for</i> I subjoin, <i>read</i> 'I subjoin.
	<i>ib.</i>	<i>ib.</i>	In the first musical example the last note in the bass is c not b.
103	1	8	from bottom, <i>for</i> tone lesser fifth, <i>read</i> true lesser fifth.
	<i>ib.</i>	2	<i>for</i> reason; before, <i>read</i> reason, before.

nomenclature. But there is no use in disputing about words.

This is not the first time that ratios of intervals derived from other primes than those from which the diatonic scale (in the ordinary acceptance) is derived, has engaged my attention; and I will begin my observations by a quotation from my *Essay on Perfect Intonation*. Note E. "If a musical string be divided by a light touch of the finger, so as *not entirely to stop it*, in any proportion of the following arithmetical progression, $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{5}, \frac{1}{6}, \frac{1}{7}, \frac{1}{8}, \frac{1}{9}, \frac{1}{10}, \frac{1}{11}, \frac{1}{12}, \frac{1}{13}, \frac{1}{14}, \frac{1}{15}, \frac{1}{16}$, &c., when acted on by the bow, both parts vibrate and the string sounds. But if it be so divided by a light touch in any other proportion but those in the above series, it refuses to sound, the vibrations of one end not corresponding with those of the other. Now all these ratios are composed of the primes 1, 2, 3, 5, except three, $\frac{1}{7}, \frac{1}{11}, \frac{1}{13}$. It is contended therefore that these are pointed out by nature as primes of musical ratios, as well as the others, and that in the scale of nature the ratio $\frac{1}{7}$ brought within the octave, that is $\frac{2}{7}$, is the minor seventh. On this subject we have the following observations by Dr. Smith, (*Har. Sec. iv. 10.*) 'If it be asked why no more primes than 1, 2, 3, 5, are admitted into musical ratios, one reason is, that consonances whose vibrations are in ratios whose terms involve 7, 11, 13, &c., *ceteris paribus*, would be less simple and harmonious than those whose ratios involve the lesser primes only. Another reason is this: as perfect fifths and other intervals resulting from the number 3, make the schism of a comma with perfect thirds, and other intervals resulting from the number 5, so such intervals as result from 7, 11, 13, &c. would make other schisms with both those kinds of intervals.' He should rather have said, that as from the primes 1, 2, 3, 5, are obtained perfect fifths, perfect thirds major and minor; in short, every interval that may be formed by the elements, tone major, tone minor, and semitone; so from the primes 7, 11, 13, we should have other intervals totally different from perfect fifths and thirds, inconsistent with them, and composed of elements of quite other proportions." These propositions I am now to illustrate by an examination of Mr. G. H.'s dominant chord, and others which result from this new ratio.

The easiest and best way, and familiar to musicians, of comparing intervals, is by counting the degrees of the diatonic scale which they contain. But this method will not avail us here, because a new element is introduced which that scale does not contain. When engaged in writing my *Essay*, I calculated a set of numeral measures, or logarithms of the ratios, the addition and subtraction of which measures answer to the multiplication and division of the ratios. The common logarithms would answer the same purpose. But the common logarithm answering to the ratio of the octave, 2:1, being .3010300, I preferred calling the measure of the octave 1.000, &c.; so that these measures shew the proportions of the intervals to each other in decimals of the octave. As this table may be useful to some of your readers, I give it entire in the next page.

To illustrate the use of these measures we may give an example or two. The perfect fifth consists of major third and minor third. Add the measures of these intervals, and the sum is the measure of the fifth—or add the measure of two major tones, one minor tone and semitone, the sum is the measure of the fifth; subtract the measure of greater tone from that of the fifth, the remainder is the measure of the fourth. Add the measure of the fourth to that of the fifth, the sum is the measure of the octave, &c. &c.

TABLE OF PERFECT MUSICAL INTERVALS, AS GIVEN BY THE EUHARMONIC ORGAN.

T, denotes Tone Major; t, Tone Minor; S, Diatonic Semitone.

	Names of Intervals.	Degrees of Diatonic Scale.	Ratios.	Measures.
C to C	Octave	3 T, 2 t, 2 S.	2 : 1	1.0000000
C — B	Major seventh	3 T, 2 t, 1 S.	15 : 8	0.9068980
C — B ^b	Acute minor seventh	3 T, 1 t, 2 S.	9 : 5	0.8479969
C — B ^b	Minor seventh	2 T, 2 t, 2 S.	16 : 9	0.8300749
C — A [#]	Redundant sixth	3 T, 2 t.	225 : 128	0.8137816
B — A ^b	Diminished seventh	2 T, 1 t, 3 S.	128 : 75	0.7711810
C — A'	Acute major sixth	3 T, 1 t, 1 S.	27 : 16	0.7548877
C — A	Major sixth	2 T, 2 t, 1 S.	5 : 3	0.7359657
C — A ^b	Minor sixth	2 T, 1 t, 2 S.	8 : 5	0.6780718
C — G [#]	Redundant fifth	2 T, 2 t.	25 : 16	0.6438365
C — G	Perfect, or major fifth	2 T, 1 t, 1 S.	3 : 2	0.5849626
C — G ^b	Lesser fifth	1 T, 1 t, 2 S.	64 : 45	0.5081467
C — F [#]	Major fourth	2 T, 1 t.	45 : 32	0.4918533
C — F	Minor, or perfect fourth	1 T, 1 t, 1 S.	4 : 3	0.4150374
C — E	Major third	1 T, 1 t.	5 : 4	0.3219282
C — E ^b	Minor third	1 T, 1 S.	6 : 5	0.2630343
C — E ^b	Grave minor third	1 t, 1 S.	32 : 27	0.2451123
C — D [#]	Redundant seventh	1 T, 1 t, less 1 S.	75 : 64	0.2288190
A [#] — C	Diminished third	2 S	256 : 225	0.1862184
C — D	Major second	T	9 : 8	0.1699251
D — E	Minor second	t	10 : 9	0.1520031
C — C [#]	Chromatic semitone	T, less S	135 : 128	0.0768159
D — D [#]	Grave chromatic semitone	t, less S	25 : 24	0.0588939
B [#] — C	Diesis	128 : 125	0.0342153
C [#] — D ^b	Grave Diesis	2048 : 2025	0.0162933
C — C'	Comma	81 : 80	0.0179220

These measures express the relative acuteness or gravity of any two intervals; and by means of corresponding measures of the new ratios brought into the scale from the prime 7, we shall be able to compare their pitch with the perfect acknowledged intervals of the diatonic scale. I shall therefore here give a table of the intervals in his chord of dominant seventh.

G to F grave, minor seventh	7 : 4	0.8073547
B acute to F grave, lesser fifth	441 : 320	0.4627080 $2\frac{6}{11}$ comma too flat.
G to B acute, major third	80 : 63	0.3446484 $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma too sharp.
B acute to D, minor third	189 : 160	0.2403142 $1\frac{3}{11}$ com. too flat.
D to F grave, minor third	7 : 6	0.2223921 $2\frac{3}{11}$ com. too flat.
E to F grave, semitone	21 : 20	0.0703893

With this table before us then, let us take Mr. G. H.'s

* From the measure of acute third3446484
Subtract that of perfect major third3219282
	Difference in excess	.0227202
Again,		
To the measure of comma0179220
Add $\frac{3}{11}$ comma	= .0048876
	Sum	.0228096

So that the difference is $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma, very nearly. The minor third B D is diminished by the same quantity. The minor third D F is less than my grave minor third by the same quantity, consequently about $2\frac{3}{11}$ comma flatter than consonant minor third. The lesser fifth is diminished by twice the same quantity, or about $2\frac{6}{11}$ comma.

example, and filling up the chords, consider the harmony which it is likely to produce.



In falling from F to E by the new semitone, he says, that the E must be made a very little sharper than a true major third—a very little? Nay, a very great deal—more than a comma and a quarter. He never heard a major third comma too sharp, I must in charity believe, otherwise he never could have supposed it a small matter, or contemplated for a moment one considerably sharper. Then again the interval of sixth from G is $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma sharper than the inversion of consonant minor third, which it ought to be. The whole combination must make inconceivable jargon. Such is his tonic harmony when he first arrives at it. I say nothing of his acute E moving to his grave F by another kind of semitone, or rather quarter tone. Let us consider the intervals in his dominant chord. We shall suppose his seventh good in itself; but as B must go to c by his new semitone, we have again his major third intolerably acute as before, and if D be in the chord as signified by the dot, the extremely flat minor third from B to D is a chord of perfect fifth. Then consider the lesser fifth from his acute B to grave F, nearly double comma less than greater fourth—a new species of interval between the perfect and dissonant fourths; and if D be in the chord, this lesser fifth, made up of two minor thirds, (both a great deal smaller than the grave minor third with which he reproaches me,) the one $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma, and the other $2\frac{3}{11}$ comma flatter than consonant minor third. Are these *theoretical perfections* in his own case? At last we arrive at his perfect tonic chord; and he has done right to mark a pause over it, for I am sure the ears of the listeners will need both consolation and rest.

Nor let Mr. G. H. say that there is nothing but my assertion that the effect of such intervals must be bad. The effect of major third comma too sharp, with the consequent diminution of the minor third in the common chord, is well known, and here it is if possible made still worse by additional sharpness in the one and diminution in the other; assisted too by a minor third still more altered, between the D and grave F. Truly, if such intervals may be tolerated, men of science have been long very idly employed in devising how to distribute the error of comma over the scale, in their schemes of temperament.

I do not expect Mr. G. H. to yield to this reasoning, or assertion, as he may reckon it. But here is a proper subject of experiment by which the dispute may be settled between us. If he accept the offer I have made above, we shall easily devise the means of obtaining his new intervals, and proving them good or bad, and his semitone admissible or inadmissible.

I ask, besides, how will this system assort with a suspension of the seventh as fourth to the tonic, retarding the third? Is the grave fourth to be used in chord? Is every chord of fourth and sixth or fourth and fifth to have this interval false by more than comma and a quarter? If so, I think there is an end to the dispute whether the fourth

be a consonant or dissonant interval—it will henceforth be dissonant enough in all conscience. But of this we shall see more immediately, in considering his chord of redundant sixth.

I have, in my former letter, noticed the good effects of the chord of redundant sixth as given on my organ. It is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and rich combinations imaginable, and its resolution through the fourth and sixth on a dominant chord, is perhaps the most delightful progression in the whole range of harmony. How does it appear in the new system? As the extreme parts are to resolve by the new semitone on octave, the redundant sixth itself is altered from that which is so excellent by $2\frac{6}{11}$ comma, with what effect I presume not to say. But let us take an example, and see what of necessity takes place in its progression.

Suppose the original key to be F minor, and a return from the relative major by this progression. The first chord being a tonic ought to be perfect. But \flat must be only sharper than c by the new semitone, \flat is to resolve ultimately on \flat , and indeed must be perfect as fifth to \flat ; it must therefore descend by his great comma, from the first to the second. To this I shall not object. But what is \flat to be? perfect or acute major third? We shall examine both ways. First, let it be perfect—the grave octave, and the grave octave of the relative major, and \flat the grave fourth of the key:—so far consistent. Now we come to the chord of redundant sixth, and the major third and fifth in the chord are good, but what kind of an interval have we between \flat and \flat ? a redundant second? It is $\frac{7}{11}$ comma sharper than consonant minor third; so that if minor thirds were made too small on the dominant chord, they have now their revenge. Still I have no right to say that the whole combination will not be good: this must be matter for experiment. But now we come to the resolution, and here we have chord of fourth and sixth consisting of fourth too small by $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma, sixth too small by the same quantity, fifth between \flat grave and c as much too large, and major third of the same description from \flat to the same c ; a combination which in point of execrable effect *must* be altogether unique. The succeeding dominant chord is perfect—but how does it go to the tonic? \flat must go to grave \flat , and if the bass take grave octave, and allowing c in the upper part to descend by $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma, we come at last to a close so much below the original key. If then we would come to the original key, we must have his acute major third with perfect fifth in the chord of redundant sixth, and chord of fourth and sixth on c still very bad, the acute third with fifth again in the dominant, and lastly, the key of its proper pitch; but with chord consisting of minor third $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma too small, and consequently with acute third again from that third to the fifth: so that if he would come to a consonant chord on the key-note, he must begin with making not only his major third, but also his fifth acute in the chord of redundant sixth, and thence passing through a

consonant fourth and sixth, resolve on a dominant chord with both third and fifth acute: after which the consonant tonic will certainly be welcome.

I might point out a similar series of absurdities (as seems to me) in the chord of diminished seventh which results from the resolution by his new semitone. But this I think sufficient. If Mr. G. H. join issue with me in the experimental arbitration which I have proposed, we shall come to a conclusion in which both parties must acquiesce.

It appears to me that Mr. G. H. does not do his new seventh justice, by insisting on the exclusive use of the new semitone. Let the dominant chord consist of perfect major third, perfect fifth and this new seventh, and I do not know that the effect of the whole combination will be bad. The chord of major third, perfect fifth, and redundant sixth is most excellent, as I have already stated; and though its proper resolution be that which we have been considering, yet it bears very well to be treated as a dominant chord. Now the new seventh is only $\frac{4}{11}$ comma flatter than my redundant sixth. The effect of the chord may be good, and the resolution of the seventh by the new semitone may prove, for any thing I know, better than that by the diatonic semitone. But then he must allow the major third of the dominant to ascend to the resolution by *diatonic* semitone. Now here is an experiment which carries great interest with it to me. We shall tune a chord of redundant sixth, and by shading a little the mouth or open end of a pipe, may gradually flatten it. If by doing so we find that we come to an interval which coalesces with the whole combination; and then that the resolution of such dominant seventh is the best, or better than that of the diatonic seventh, I shall freely allow that, in this respect, my organ comes short of what may be performed on violins or by the voice. But I shall not even then allow that it is "more imperfect in its scale than an ordinary well-tuned organ." But if, on the other hand, we find that by flattening the redundant sixth by little and little, the whole chord becomes worse and worse; and its resolution less satisfactory, then I shall be convinced of what I am, at present, inclined to suspect, that the effects ascribed to the seventh or fourteenth of a pipe or string, are really produced by a redundant sixth. For of this last it may be truly said, that it is so agreeable to the ear, as to seem entitled to the appellation of a consonance, and accompanied with major third, and perfect fifth, is most harmonious.

After I had written the above, it occurred to me that I might try to make the experiment of the effects of my adversary's chords on the piano-forte; and after some consideration I devised the means of attaining a very near approximation to the new intervals. Of these means, and of the results which I obtained, I am now to give an account.

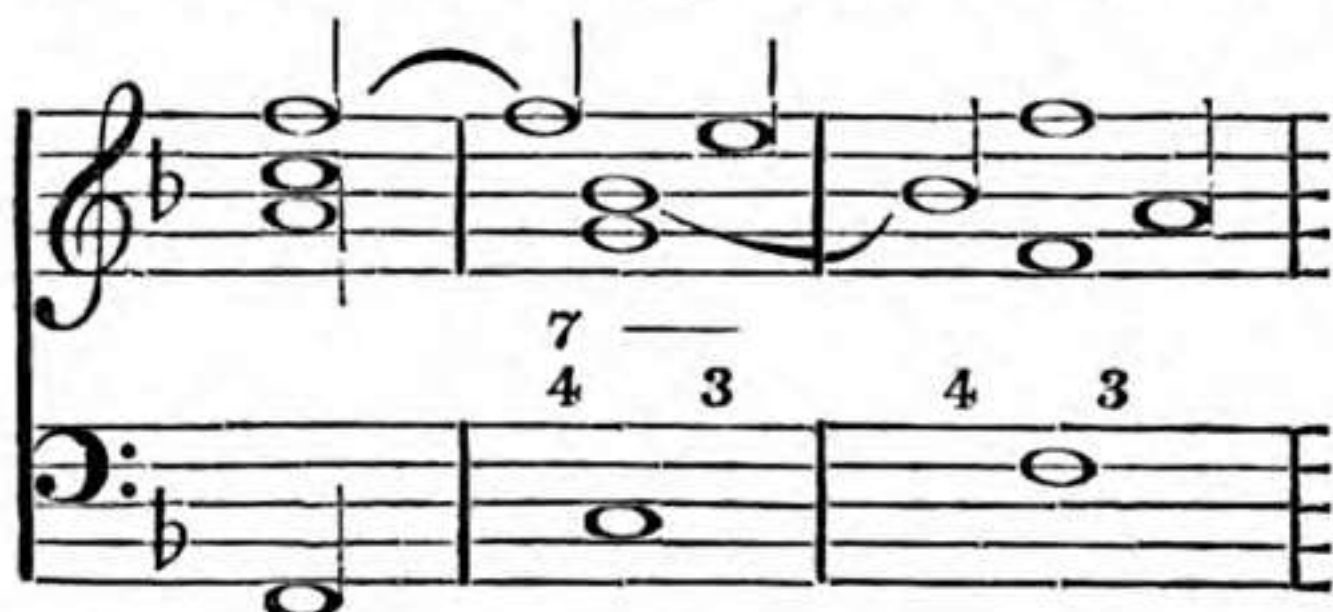
I first tuned with great care the chords of $c e g$, $g b d$, $f a c$ quite perfect, taking such octaves as I thought I might require. Then to d I took $f\sharp$ perfect major third; and to the last $a\sharp$ perfect major third. Thus I had the chord well known to me, $c e g a\sharp$, and the fineness of the chord satisfied me that the tunings had been exact. Thence to come at the new minor seventh, I took the following method. Below $a\sharp$ I tuned $d\sharp$ fifth, taking much pains to make it quite exact. Then, having stopped one unison in each of the notes $d\sharp$, $a\sharp$, I flattened the latter a very little, so as to have such a fifth as I make in tuning the piano-forte to equal temperament throughout—that is (if correctly taken) $a\sharp$ was flattened $\frac{1}{11}$ comma. Then, having

flattened $D\sharp$ so as to make the fifth quite perfect, I again flattened $A\sharp$ as before; and having taken four such steps (if correctly taken) these two strings were flattened $\frac{4}{11}$ comma. To prove my work, I now stopped these newly-tuned strings, and by the same process flattened the other two, the unisons of the former $\frac{4}{11}$ comma, and finding on trial that both the unisons, flattened by separate processes, were very nearly perfect, I concluded that I had at least estimated the diminutions in the same manner in each process. Still I could not be sure that the flattenings were neither more nor less than they ought to be. I therefore took the following method of proving whether they were right or no. From A , perfect in the chord of F , I tuned downwards D' perfect fifth, making the minor chord $D'FA$ quite perfect: then to D' made $F\sharp'$, and to the last $A\sharp'$ both perfect major thirds, (stopping one of the unisons of $A\sharp'$) and stopping one of the unisons of $D\sharp'$, made the other perfect fifth to $A\sharp'$; so that I got $A\sharp'$ comma flatter than the true redundant sixth. I then reversed my former process by raising $D\sharp'$ a very little, so as to make the fifth such as it is in tuning the pianoforte to equal temperament; and to this made $A\sharp'$ grave again perfect fifth. Having taken seven such steps, I had the satisfaction of finding the unisons of both $D\sharp'$ and $A\sharp'$ only very slightly imperfect. I concluded, therefore, that the $A\sharp'$ was now $\frac{4}{11}$ comma flatter than perfect redundant sixth, and that I had obtained the new minor seventh with sufficient exactness.

Though I have not mentioned it, in describing my processes, it is to be observed, that in flattening $A\sharp'$, both times, I made trial of the effects at each stop, both in the full chord and of each interval separately. The result was, that at each successive stop I found the whole chord, and every interval, become worse and worse; and at the end of the process there did not remain the least resemblance to a musical chord, or to a musical interval with any part of the common chord and $A\sharp'$ (or Bb).

From this trial I have no doubt of the inconsistency of the seventh in question with our system of harmony; and I am quite convinced that the effects ascribed to it belong to the redundant sixth, which has been mistaken for it.

As the chord of dominant seventh is in some positions rather harsh, while that of the redundant sixth is extremely smooth and agreeable, and admits, almost equally well with its proper resolution, of being treated as a dominant chord, I make no question but violin performers sometimes fall upon it; and as the resolution is clearly by a smaller semitone than the diatonic, this circumstance, in all probability, may have given rise or countenance to the opinion which my adversary has advocated, and pushed to an extravagant length. But there are many cases when this substitution could not take place, as in the retardation of the third of the dominant by a fourth, or the suspension of the seventh as fourth retarding the third on the tonic:



thus, in the example $A\sharp$ could not be substituted for Bb , because it would be false as fifth below F in the second chord, and as fourth to the bass in the last or tonic chord.

Having thus obtained the new seventh, I proceeded to tune his acute third, that I might make trial of his dominant chord, as he prescribes it. To D as true in the chord of G I tuned A' , in one of the unisons perfect fifth, and thence tuned in one of the unisons E' (that is, comma too sharp as third to c), and to this last in one of the unisons B' , perfect fifth; then raising E' a very little, as before described, made B' again perfect fifth, and by three such stops made Mr. G. H.'s acute third and acute seventh, that is $1\frac{3}{11}$ comma sharper than perfect thirds to c and G . Then trying the common chord, and the chord of dominant seventh, I need hardly say that I found both most horrible; not the vestige of musical relation in either.

To obtain his redundant sixth I proceeded thus. Having made Bb perfect with F , I thence took downwards perfect fifth Eb' , (that is, comma flatter than consonant minor third to c) thence Ab' , and thence downwards Db' ; then by the process described made these two $\frac{3}{11}$ comma flatter. Thus, Db' with B' (in Mr. G. H.'s sense) was interval of redundant sixth. Then I tried the effects of the chord with F' third to Db' , and found the chord with the succeeding fourth and sixth inconceivably bad. Then I flattened F' till it was perfect as major third to Db' , which made the common chord very fine; but when the B' was added, the combination became very bad, and the succeeding fourth and sixth, if possible, worse than before. The interval from Ab' to B' I found as I expected, without the least character of a musical interval.

Lastly, I tried his chord of diminished seventh $B' D F' Ab'$, and found it like all the rest, absolute, inconceivable jargon.

Then I tried the melody of his scale ascending and descending (making A perfect third minor below c , and F' in descending, and E' in ascending) and found it as bad in melody as the chords are in harmony; every feature distorted and out of place.

When a man publishes experiments, he pledges his veracity and his skill in the investigation, and exposes himself to the loss of reputation in one or other or in both respects, if other inquirers, on the repetition, find the results not borne out. With the fear of such consequences before my eyes, I give these to the public.

I do not expect, or wish, that Mr. G. H. should acquiesce in the experiments made by me. He may naturally think that I might deceive myself in the tunings, and be desirous of finding the results such as I have stated them. But this is the very reason why both parties in the dispute should wish to have them repeated, and judged of by impartial persons.

Such is the system which we are called on to believe is "in exact conformity to practice." For my part, I do not believe that there is an orchestra in Europe that could perform music according to this scheme; not from any physical difficulty, but because the chords could not be borne for an instant. And this is the theory by which my organ is proved to "aggravate, instead of removing the defects of the scale."—"Mr. Liston's organ," he says, "is more imperfect in its scale than an ordinary well-tuned organ." Certainly my adversary has not well considered what he was setting down when he wrote this sentence; for an organ being tuned so as to make the major thirds perfect, flattening the fifths $\frac{1}{11}$ comma, the semitones are made $\frac{1}{11}$ comma sharper than the diatonic semitone. Such is the usual temperament of the organ, and such it is recommended to be made by Mr. Flight of St. Martin's-lane, than whom a more skilful or more

experienced organ-tuner nowhere exists. On the piano-forte, indeed, the fifths are made more nearly perfect, and the major thirds a great deal sharper than perfect, and by such temperament the semitones are smaller; but it is well known that this temperament cannot be borne on the organ, because the sounds being held out, the effect of the major thirds becomes extremely disagreeable—though heavenly music in comparison of those resulting from his new scheme.

“The fact is undeniable, that the intervals if accurately taken, according to the ratios as given by the common theory, would not be tolerated in practice.” Such is my adversary’s assertion; to which I oppose the fact, ascertained by the best of all proof, attested by judges of unquestionable competency, the tried effect of the intervals made perfect according to these ratios on my organ. From which I hold myself warranted to say that the nearer that an approach is made to intervals according to such ratios, the better is the harmony; and the best of all harmony is that in which they are perfectly attained.

Having written so long a letter respecting the system of one of my assailants, I shall dismiss that of Mr. Hewitt with a shorter notice. He says that two intervals, the major third and the perfect fifth, are certainly improved in my organ; “while on the contrary, the minor third, and every chromatic note, is, without exception, rendered far worse than upon any other fixed keyed instrument.”

If the major third be made perfect, the remaining third in the interval of fifth is minor third. And if major third be tuned below the fifth, the remainder to the fundamental is minor third, and all the world knows that the chord is a perfect minor chord. But (if I understand Mr. Hewitt) this is wrong; the minor third should be derived from the prime 19—that is $c : e^b$ ought to be as 19 : 16—which produced a third $\frac{6}{7}$ comma flatter; and he says, therefore, mine is far worse:—be it so in Mr. Hewitt’s theory. I am sure in effect it is far better. Is it not rather hard that Mr. G. H. assails me for admitting a minor third flatter than the perfect one into any combination, while Mr. Hewitt is equally severe on me for not admitting one very like it into the chord of perfect fifth?

Again, after allowing that a^b major third below c is sharper than g^\sharp major third to e , he asks, “But what does this prove? Why what I have no doubt your correspondent G. H. and every one else will admit; that if the key of e and b^a be introduced immediately after c , the note g^\sharp , the major third to the key-note e , should be lower than the key-note b^a ; but this has no more to do with the ratio of those notes when they belong to the key of c , than it has to do with the distance from hence to the moon.”

Davus sum, non Œdipus. I cannot unriddle this. I apprehend that a^b belongs immediately to the key of c minor, and I suppose that one chief use of g^\sharp to the key of c , is to be leading note to the relative minor; and for those objects a^b ought to be major third below octave c , or minor sixth to the fundamental. And g^\sharp major third to e . These will make perfect chords, and I am not disposed to have false chords, whether they agree with imaginary theories respecting the primes of musical ratios or no. I cannot make out, from the schemes of his system, which Mr. Hewitt has given, whether in modulating from c to its relative minor, he derives the g^\sharp from the prime 17 or 13, or whether the dominant to a is to be its perfect fifth or the major third to c (for his a is to be $\frac{6}{7}$ comma sharper than the perfect major sixth to c). But in all the cases the major third $e g^\sharp$ will be very bad. His domi-

nant seventh is that which we have already examined in the scheme of Mr. G. H. *

Thus I think it appears very clearly that, however curious may be the fact that a string divided in the proportions of the arithmetical series, when lightly pressed will give a sound, but divided in any other proportion, will refuse to sound, it furnishes no good foundation on which to build the ratios of musical intervals; and that intervals derived from the higher primes 7, 11, 13, &c., are totally inconsistent with the intervals of perfect thirds and fifths. Of the intervals, major tone, minor tone, and diatonic semitone, resulting from perfect thirds and fifths, many excellent chords are made up, and some very bad may be formed by means of them. The good are to be adopted and the bad rejected. In the use of good chords, many good progressions are found out, and some progressions (as consecutive fifths and octaves) have a bad effect. The good are to be used and the bad rejected. This is the only true foundation of musical science.

I remain, Sir, very respectfully,
your most obedient servant,
HENRY LISTON.

* From the measure of perfect minor third	= .2630343
Subtract measure of the ratio of his minor third 19 : 16	= .2479272
	.0151071
	Difference in diminution
Very nearly $\frac{6}{7}$ comma	= .0153618
	.0874627
Chromatic semitone $g : g^\sharp = 17 : 16$ measure	= .0874627
Add measure of perfect minor third	= .2630343
	.3504970
Makes an acute major third to e	= .3504970
Subtract perfect major third	= .3219282
	.0285688
	Difference in excess
Which is rather more than $1\frac{6}{11}$ comma	= .0276978
But if e be made perfect fourth below a his sixth,	
From excess above major third0285688
Subtract the difference between his sixth and perfect do.	= .0151071
	.0134617
	Leaves excess
Which is about $\frac{8}{11}$ comma	= .0130344
So that his major third is still considerably larger than major third, in the temperament of the piano-forte.	
If $e : g^\sharp :: 13 : 10$ the measure of the acute third	= .3785117
Subtract perfect major third	= .3219282
	.0565835
	Difference in excess
More than three commas	= .0537660
Or if e be perfect fourth below a	
From the above excess0565835
Subtract the difference as above	= .0151071
	.0414764
	Leaves excess
Which is more than $2\frac{3}{11}$ comma	= .0407319
That these are not “perfect identity,” with the intervals used in practice, is not “millions of millions to one,” but certainly to nothing.	
With regard to the prime 11.	
From his major sixth f^d (his minor third inverted) 32 : 19 = .7520726	
Subtract chromatic semitone $d^b d$ 12 : 11 = .1255306	
	.6265420
Leaves as his minor sixth $f^d b$	= .6265420
Which is less than the perfect minor sixth by0515298
That is by more than $2\frac{9}{11}$ comma	= .0505077

So that his chord of sixth (in his pathetic mode) $f^a b^d b$ consist of minor third $\frac{6}{7}$ comma too flat, and of minor sixth $2\frac{9}{11}$ comma too flat, including a fourth $a^b d^b$ more than 2 comma too flat, a combination of false intervals which cannot have the least resemblance to music. The sharpening of a saw or the turning of a brazen candlestick are disagreeable sounds, but they do not pretend to be music; and a street organ out of tune is more teasing and distressing. But no street organ, raging out of tune, was ever heard to produce such chords as result from the system of my two assailants.

C. M. VON WEBER'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS,

TONKUNSTLER'S LEBEN, EIN ARABESKE.

(THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.)

(Continued.)

I HAD written the last bars of my piece, and was dwelling with all an author's rapture upon the happy flourishes, which, with no sparing hand, I had scattered over the concluding movement, when my friend hastened into my apartment in his domino and mask, and took me familiarly by the arm. "A truce to your everlasting study," cried he; "come let us away: it is expected to be one of the gayest masquerades of the season. All the beauties of the town will be there; then such punch, such champagne, such music—I was going to say; but there I must hold, that look of yours tells me so. Well, we must take it as it is. On such occasions, as coarseness is made to pass for wit, so is noise for music, I suppose. But let us take things as we find them; when at Rome—you know the proverb. Come, no delay; the coach is at the door, all is ready, *so allons!*"

Before I had even time to make up my mind, I found myself in the vehicle, and enveloped, by the hands of my laughing friend, in a domino and mask. The coach drove off, and in a few minutes more I was in the vortex of a crowd of party-coloured beings, who claimed a privilege to-day of appearing something else than they really were. I stood for some moments gazing upon the scene in a kind of reverie; from this I was, however, soon aroused by the unceremonious elbows of some dancers, who whirled past me, but not without leaving a very sensible impression upon my ribs. It was not long before I began to inhale the atmosphere of thoughtless merriment, by which I was surrounded, and gradually mingled in the giddy whirlpool of the noisy throng.

Beneath the mask one feels oneself quite a different being; an evident proof how much, in our intercourse with men, we are the creatures of form. Every one thinks and speaks with a freedom to which he was a stranger before his face was concealed by a piece of waxed paper. The bashful lover now ventures for the first time to avow his flame, and the timid maiden is no longer apprehensive of betraying her blushes. Even the friend addresses the friend with a freedom before unknown; and the humble dependant dares risk his wit upon his Mæcenas.

My gay companion did not fail to ogle and quiz every peasant girl, every nun, and Turkish fair one, that passed him. At last, such was the freedom of his manner, that I was induced to quit his arm, and drop behind. At this moment, a rush took place towards this quarter of the room, and I was separated from my friend. I found myself *vis-a-vis* to two figures, habited as vampyres; "Well, how goes on the piano-forte?" was their salute, in passing. A flower-girl pulled me by the sleeve, and presenting me with a nosegay, whispered in my ear, "This is for the musical treat you afforded me the other evening." A figure of his Satanic Majesty passed me, and said: "There, set that to music!" holding up a piece of paper, on which was inscribed *To Emily*. I seized the paper, exclaiming, "I respect her name even in the mouth of the Devil himself. Wait till the next masquerade, and your request shall be complied with." "Such music must be a real nuisance to an ear like yours," said a third emphatically, as he passed me. "Not at all," I rejoined, "but there is one thing

which is really so—that people should persist in *boring* an artist with the only thing which he never wishes to *hear*, but to *feel*." Provoked at being thus recognised by every mask I met, I made my way out of the crowd, and retired to the back of one of the boxes.

From this situation I was, however, soon attracted by a singular procession of masks of the most grotesque kind, which entered at the folding doors at the bottom of the room. General curiosity was awakened. The music of the dance ceased, and the figure of a harlequin, stepping forward, begged permission of the company to give A Grand Declamatory-Dramatic-Melopoetic-Allegoric-Representation, in verse. A tall, stately, phlegmatic personage next came forward, with a bandage on his brow, on which stood inscribed in staring letters, the word 'Impartiality'; a label from his mouth had the words 'Zeal for the Art.' On his breast he bore a bulky musical catalogue, and out of his pocket hung a roll of paper, which, at a glance, I recognised to be a certain Gazette. The figure assumed a pompous attitude, and delivered the following

PROLOGUE.

Ye friends and lovers of the art, from you
We feel assured to gain the credit due,
When we protest, that 'tis not to obtain
Mere praise alone, still less from love of gain;
(Praise is an empty bubble at the best,
And filthy lucre, gods, how we detest!)
From no unworthy motives such as these,
We now, as ever, feel the wish to please:
No; the pure love of art alone has sway'd
Our conduct in each effort we have made.
Our task is oft a thankless one at best,
And yet our zeal has never been depress'd,
Still anxious by each honest means to gain
That end the wise oft strive for, but in vain.
To nobler products by the pen supplied,
Our ready patronage was ne'er denied,
And thousands that should ne'er have seen the light,
We publish almost in our own despite.
To meddle with a ponderous score is *now*
A work of no small risk you will allow;
Yet every year beholds the trial made,
With what success in general—ask the trade.
Yet something must be risked, if but to give
The poor composer wherewithal to live.
Look at our groaning shelves, for they can best
Our ceaseless labours in the cause attest.
The piece we here present is of a kind
To please the taste of each enlightened mind;
'Twould ill become us any praise to lend it,
Its own intrinsic worth will best commend it;
As for the price, you can't but be content,
Paper, the best—engraving, excellent.

Enter Harlequin with a Spring.

Come, turn, and turn about, is but fair play.—
Most honoured Sirs, I've too a word to say,
With your permission; and my theme shall be
This same grand opera, we're about to see.
What do we find, if we the thing dissect,
But an eternal straining at effect?
The singer, not content her part to do,
Will of the orchestra form a portion too;
On throat, not soul, she places her reliance,
And sets both flute and oboe at defiance.
The dying hero trills his life away;
As to the sense and spirit of the play,
The fool has all the wisest things to say.
The fierce orchestra raves and tears like mad,
No moment's pause, no respite to be had;
Then there's thrown in a make-weight concertino,
With solos by the primo violino.
Nay, growing jealous of the poor ballet,
The very dancers are called into play,
And many a cadence, fancifully set,
Spins to a wonder in a *pirouette*.

And should the good director think that still
The petted public have not had their fill
Of strong effects; what then? he has at hand
A thousand more he can at once command;
A stud of horses, or a dancing bear,
Or a young elephant train'd up with care;
These and a thousand other beasts may follow,
As many as the public taste can swallow;
For 'tis the golden maxim of the day,
"AMUSE the many, never mind what way."
Silence is all we dread: we ask no more
Than that the public talk the subject o'er;
That while their coffee lady-critics sip,
This singer's praise should hang upon their lip,
That dancer's skill; and that in rapturous strain
They strive our opera's mazy plot t' explain.
A little mystery pleases: 'tis not good
That things too readily be understood;
If people wish such puzzles to explain
Let them return and see the piece again.

He made his exit with a low bow, and immediately the GRAND ITALIAN OPERA made her appearance. She was a tall lanky figure, with features devoid of all character, and which, whether as Celadon, Paladin, or Harridan, was always one and the same. Indeed, the only characteristic trait of her features, was softness and effeminacy. She drew after her a thin train, the colour of which was, in fact, no colour at all, and which, as she moved along, glittered with a profusion of spangles. The whole of her dress was overloaded with paste ornaments and imitation stones, which served to attract the vulgar gaze. On her appearance, a noise is made in the orchestra, merely for the purpose of procuring silence: this in Italy is termed an overture. But hark! she begins to sing.

GRAND SCENA.

(Recit.) Oh Dio! addio!
(Arioso.) Oh! non pianger, mio bene;
Ti lascio Idol mio!
.. .. oimé!
(Allegro.) Già la tromba suona
(Colla parte.) Per te morir io voglio
(Più stretto.) O felicità!

(On the *tà* a trill of a dozen bars; the public applaud most furiously.)

DUETTO.

————— Caro !
————— Cara !
(A Due.) Sorte amara!

(On the *amara*, for the sake of the *a*, a series of arpeggio passages of the sweetest kind.)

(Allegro.) — Oh barbaro tormento! ..

(Nobody notices this passage, till one of the cognoscenti cries out *bravo! brava!* when instantly the whole audience chime in fortissimo.)

HARLEQUIN again came forward quite enraptured, and addressed the public:—

Yes, Melody will ever bear the bell!
By that alone true genius we tell.
By her own native beauty is she sure
Thro' every change of fashion to endure;
Hence every tailor, every stable-boy,
Her worth can value, and her charms enjoy;
Hence airs, duets, terzets, of every kind,
So seize the ear, and fascinate the mind,
That at each corner, and in every street,
Old favourites are sure our ears to greet.
And oh! how vast her magic, when we find
In the grand opera these charms combined,
Ah when the heroes sing, and singing die,
Who does not long to share their destiny!
As to our German opera—if, forsooth,
I am permitted to speak out the truth,

JUNE, 1829.

Our cold composers too much learning boast,
And while they calculate, all beauty's lost.
Their dreaded idol is the singer's throat,
To that they offer incense; every note,
Each nicely weighed and calculated tone,
Is sacrificed to that, and that alone.
Nor is this all—but you'll excuse my naming
A hundred other faults there's cause for blaming.

The Opera before you seeks to please
On broader, nobler principles than these.
For instance—as the piece was first design'd,
The best air to the Hero was assign'd;
But the proud *Prima Donna* waxing jealous
At such a preference given to the fellows,
In furious mood arose, and flatly swore,
That if she sang not that, she'd sing no more.
And what does the composer?—bows assent,
Adapts the air, and Madame is content.
Nay, should the very air the *Basso* tries
Please the fair dame, she pounces on the prize;
Yet, after all, what more does she require
Than that the piece be raised just five notes higher?
Does the composer make a needless brawl,
And by his obstinacy ruin all?
He's no such fool—he readily adapts
The air, and the enraptured audience claps.
And why not clap? Such trifling transpositions,
Why should they wake their critical suspicions?

Yes, my good Sirs, the main, the only thing
An audience asks is—does the music sing?
If it sing well, what matter where it go,
Whether in G in alt, or D below;
Or who the singer, Titus' self, or Nero,
Nay, whether man or brute, a bear, or hero,
If it but sing, and singing please the ear?
This is the truth, Sirs, nought on earth more clear.
Say what you will of science or of art,
The ear, the ear's the passage to the heart.
Thence I proclaim it, as I say farewell,
The Italian Opera still shall bear the bell!
This is my creed from which I ne'er shall sever,
Viva! the Italian Opera for ever!
It is with me the prophets and the law,
I care not for aught else a single straw.

He makes his exit, and the GRAND FRENCH OPERA appears in the person of a Parisian dame of high birth. She wears the buskin, and treads with easy dignity, though somewhat incommoded by her Grecian drapery.

She is constantly surrounded by the *Corps de Ballet*, while a number of mythological beings are seen in the back ground. The action lies between twelve and one at noon.

ACT I*.

La Princesse. Cher Prince, ou nous unit.
La Prince. J'en suis ravi, Princesse.
Peuple, chantez, dansez, montrez votre allégresse.

Chœur.

Chantons, dansons, montons notre allégresse.

[End of the First Act.]

ACT II.

La Princesse. Amour!
[A warlike tumult is heard. She swoons. The Prince appears surrounded by his foes and fighting with desperation. He is mortally wounded.]

La Princ. Cher Prince!
La Pr. Helas!
La Princ. Quoi?
La Pr. J'expire!
La Princ. O malheur!
Peuple, chantez, dansez, montrez votre douleur.

Chœur.

Chantons, dansons, montrons notre douleur.

[A March closes the Second Act.]

* This parody on the Grand Opera appeared in 1670, in one of the Paris journals.

ACT III.

(Pallas appears in the Clouds.)

Pal. Pallas te rend le jour.
La Princ. Ah, quel moment !
La Pr. Ou suis-je ?
 Peuple, chantez, dansez, célébrez ce prodige !

Chœur.

Dansons, chantons, célébrons ce prodige.

HARLEQUIN again appears, and assuming an imposing attitude, declaims the following in a pompous tone :—

Come, fierce declamation ; come, rant, and fume, and passion,
 Nothing else will serve us now, you alone are all the fashion ;
 All feeling appears tame, and all passion seems at fault,
 If the singer does not rave and scream all his part in alt.
 Come, boldly mount aloft, and fear not, my noble bass,
 The tenor will not be outdone, he'll find his proper place.
 Come boldly mount aloft, good dame Nature must give way ;
 Effect is all we want, and we'll have it, come what may.
 Let the dancer be your model, see how brisk he bounds on high,
 How he springs aloft in air, uay, does every thing but fly ;
 If you follow not his footsteps, and that too in quick progression,
 He will beat you in the race, will outdo you in expression ;
 For fine feeling now-a-days in a *pirouette* is found,
 And in an *entrechat* much deep pathos may abound.
 To dance and sing, and sing and dance, is now, Sir, all the rage,
 There's nothing else has power fix'd attention to engage.
 My friend, if your orchestra would hit off the ruling taste,
 With a *quantum suf.* of trumpets and trombones be it grac'd ;
 If in every other bar you but change your modulation,
 You will hit the true expedient of starting into fashion.
 Who asks for sense or reason, if a show of learning's found,
 And difficulties strange and new at every step abound.
 Of oboes, clarionets, and flutes, employ as full a store
 As would have formerly supplied three operas or more ;
 Your basses turn to violins, your violins like mad
 Must rant and tear ; nay never spare ; effect, Sir, must be had.
 Let the great drum in thunder come, to fill each languid pause—
 Noise is your reign, your true domain,—then re-assert your cause.

[Harlequin makes his exit in Character.]

A pause ensues: the public gradually become restless. The pause continues; signs of disapprobation begin to manifest themselves, and at length break forth in good earnest. The German Opera seems disinclined to make her appearance. The tumult increases, the manager is in the greatest embarrassment; at length Harlequin re-appears in a state of exhaustion, and thus begins. "Ladies and gentlemen, pardon me if I have not time to compress into a few words what I am called upon to say on the spur of the moment. I am unable to comprehend the cause of your displeasure; why attempt to prejudge our efforts for your entertainment? Where is your usual patience, which the merest promise has so often sufficed to satisfy? You imagine, I suppose, that your privileges are infringed. Well, as you have been made to wait, it is but just on your part to require a reason for your waiting.

"To be candid then, the German Opera goes on but very so so; she has been so crippled of late, that it is impossible to bring her fairly upon her legs again. Many have been doing their endeavours to bolster her up, but all to no purpose. She has become so swollen and deformed, that no dress will fit her. Many have been the attempts to remedy this defect, sometimes by means of French, at others of Italian dresses; but all to no purpose; nothing could be more clumsy than these endeavours. At last, a few romantic tailors have hit upon the expedient of choosing genuine homespun materials, and of fashioning them according to the taste and fancy of other nations, without however adopting their extravagances.

"But, hark! even now the thunder is rolling above our heads; they are about to commence."

(He retires quite exhausted, and mutters to himself in going)

"To a poetical Harlequin like myself, what a nuisance is this confounded prose!"

A solemn silence and general expectation now prevail.

AGNES BERNAUERIN:

A romantic national Melodrama. Dramatis Personæ—as many as necessary. Scene, the Heart of Germany.

FIRST SCENE.—Scenic transformations.

SECOND SCENE.

Agnes. Alas! my soul is enfeebled and my spirits spent.

Brunhilde. O mistress, attempt not to fathom the unfathomable depths of human sufferings. If you noble ladies take it in your heads to fall in love with misery and distress, will you excuse us for our dulness in not being so susceptible.

Agnes. Come to the castle garden; the gloom of its bower will better accord with the gloomy anticipation of my destiny, for it is necessary that I should anticipate it. *[Exit.]*

Scene changes. Duke and Followers.

Duke. Sir Knight, follow me to the castle-hall; there, amidst the festive pomp, shall she give you her hand. Should she refuse, amidst the gloom of the donjon-keep shall vipers and serpents, according to custom—you understand me— *[Exeunt.]*

*Scene changes. Albrecht appears.**Albrecht.* Caspar, follow me.*Scene changes. A Spirit appears in a warning Attitude.**Albrecht.* Who art thou, mysterious being?

Spirit. I have power to do all things. Hasten, noble youth; fear not; depend upon it I shall save you. Away—

Albrecht. To save her or to die!*(Two Minstrels appear.)*

Minstrels. Wait, noble lord; we come to sing you the history of all this.

TRANSFORMATIONS. Finale.

[Rocky forest scenery. To the left, in the back ground, a Castle; opposite a Vineyard, more in front a Hermit's Cell. To the left, in the fore-ground, a Cavern, somewhat further a Bower; in the centre two hollow trees, further on a Subterranean Passage.]

Hermit enters singing a prayer. Agnes sings an air in the castle, united with which is a chorus of vintagers from the opposite side. Albrecht is seen slumbering in the bower, and sings in his dream in interrupted tones. Caspar, through fear, sings a polonaise from the hollow trees. Robbers in the cavern sing a wild chorus. Protecting Genii hover in the air over Albrecht. Various noises are heard from behind the scenes. Warlike tumult. A distant march from the opposite side—of course all together. Two thunderbolts fall at opposite sides, and are heard to crash something or other.

All. Ha! *(The curtain falls.)*

ACT II.

A FUNERAL MARCH. *(Agnes is conducted over the bridge of Straubing; in the middle of the bridge her clothes are caught by a nail, and she is left hanging over the stream.)*

*Albrecht enters with Travellers.**[Here an occasional air is introduced.]*

(Recit.) Hasten, my friends, lose not a single moment;
 If we delay she may be lost for ever!

Swear!

Chorus. We swear.*Albrecht.* O oath!

(Allegro.) Though rocks should oppose me,
 Though seas should enclose me,
 I never would waver,
 But hasten to save her.
 See Fate threats to sever
 Her life-thread, but never
 That prize shall he get:
 Ah grave! thou art waiting
 To take this sweet bait in;
 But she'll cheat thee yet.

(*Arioso.*) O sweet little flower,
Though Fate o'er thee lower,
Yet soon shall my power
Restore thee,
And o'er thee
Raise up thy fallen bower.

Chorus. See the hero wildly raving!
See the maid his succour craving!

Albrecht. In solemn mood, how I delight
To trace the passions' mystic flight;
As o'er my soul they dance in turn,
While now I freeze, and now I burn.

(*Più stretto.*) But I will not waver,
I'll hasten to save her.

Chorus. Hasten!

Albrecht. I never will waver.

Chorus. No!

Albrecht. I hasten to save her,
To save her I hasten,
I hasten to save her!

(*On the word Save, a cadence of a quarter of an hour.*)

Chorus. On to death or victory!

(*They all swim through the water; the Chancellor dashes out his brains against a stake on the water's side: Albrecht rushes in with his Mistress in his arms; enter the Duke in a rage.*)

Albrecht (exclaims) Father!

(*The Duke is instantly touched, and blesses the kneeling pair.*)

FINAL CHORUS.

This bridge, an arch of glory,
Shall flourish, famed in story.
Now is an end of grief and pain,
And every thing's set right again.

End of the Drama.

The German opera was followed by a flourishing prologue from the Harlequin, who made his exit in a skip. Loud cries of bravo! followed, and he was tumultuously re-demanded to receive the congratulations of the public. He enters; speaks of want of ability, indulgence, future endeavours, and the hope of a speedy meeting.

A brisk and enlivening waltz now struck up; the masks disperse in the crowd, and the spectators gather in little groups, and give vent to their critical feelings.

"What a ridiculous farce!" exclaimed a blue domino near me. "What wretched trash!" cried a second. "I would challenge the old One himself to explain what it all means," observed a third.

A SPANIARD. "Your pardon, Sir; if you turn it over in your mind, I think you will discover that there is something in all this. At least, if I may speak for myself, I must say I am delighted with it."

THE BLUE DOMINO. "Sir, with all due submission, I cannot help thinking it a mere farrago; and then as for the verses—"

HARLEQUIN. "Fairly and softly, good sir knight of the blue! or I shall assuredly shiver a lance with you."

The Domino did not wait to reply, but vanished in a trice.

HARLEQUIN. "Ha, ha! Mr. Critic, I know you: we shall meet again."

A neat peasant girl advances to a Turkish lady: "Well, what a pity you were not here to see it. The lady had not much to say for herself, but then she was charmingly dressed, and as for the lover—heavens! what pitiful faces he made; it was enough to make one burst with laughter; and yet the conclusion was horribly beautiful—horribly so indeed!"

A GIPSY GIRL. "Oh it was quite divine!"

"Here are specimens of criticism for you!" exclaimed the poet, who had just tossed off a huge jorum of punch; "what is trash with one, is beauty with another; and the lady's tawdry finery has more weight with a third, than the most finished of my verses."

"My good friend," said Felix, "don't be out of humour; rather take a lesson from all this. You have here a picture in miniature of the public of all times and places. It is thus that every simpleton thinks himself entitled for some dozen sous to pass judgment upon things of which he knows nothing, and on which he has never bestowed a thought in his life. Thus, in an instant, are the labours of long years trampled in the dust, and thus does the caprice of the moment find that divine now, which a few hours hence it may pronounce to be dull and insipid. With critics of this stamp, the accidental blunder of a scene-shifter is sufficient for the condemnation of a whole piece; nor, in many instances, are the decisions of the cognoscenti of the pit and boxes at all more reasonable, though differing in mode and degree.

DIHL. Your observation is, in many respects, just, as I have had opportunities of witnessing. And yet the Sunday rabble have their influence, Sir, and must be written for; and hence the popularity of such pieces as the *Donauweibchen*, and others of the same stamp.

FELIX. Even so, Sir; and then your genteel rabble hearing of the *furor* which the piece has made, are desirous to see it. They go: decry it with all their might, and return to see it again and again. Thus it is that taste is ruined. Nothing is more true than the observation, that every man may form his own public. Do but give that public such productions as are truly excellent, and they will soon appreciate and become familiar with such excellence.

DIHL. You know, brother, that I love music to my very heart and soul, and am as much disposed to pardon the faults of composers as any man; but really, between ourselves, these new-fangled operas of our day have done an infinite deal of harm.

FELIX. There, Sir, you touch me in a most vital part. How often must I be obliged to prove to you, that true as this observation may be in part, yet on the whole—

"Stop thief! stop thief!" roared a hundred voices together at this moment. In an instant I was separated from my friend by the rush of the crowd, and as I was endeavouring to find him, a person closely masked took me by the arm, and whispered in my ear, "So, your highness, I have found you!" Seeing me draw back, and survey him from top to toe, this mysterious personage approached me more closely. "What, does not your highness recognise me—Dario?"—"Sir, you mistake."—"O, no; your highness is earlier than I expected, but just in time; lose not a moment—Emily."—"Ha!" I exclaimed, "Emily!" and a thousand thoughts rushed at once through my soul, and filled me with indescribable confusion. I listened with the most breathless attention. "You know," continued he, "that Emily is passionately fond of dancing; I have one or two of my friends who constantly surround her, and others have engaged the old lady her aunt in deep conversation. Lose not a moment, your highness." "O worthy friend!" muttered I, and gave him so hearty a squeeze by the hand, that he was ready to roar out with pain. "Ah! I was sure your highness would be ready to die with joy." So saying he dashed into the crowd.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Review of Music.

1. THE EDINBURGH MUSICAL ALBUM, edited by GEORGE LINLEY, Esq., with an engraving of Miss E. PATON. (Edinburgh, Lothian; London, Ackermann; Dublin, Leckie. 1829.)
2. SONGS OF THE MINSTRELS, the poetry by HARRY STOE VAN DYK, the music composed by JOHN BARNETT. (Mayhew & Co., Old Bond Street.)

ON opening the *Edinburgh Musical Album*, our attention was immediately arrested by a well drawn and beautifully engraved portrait. We were next struck by the very superior manner in which the work is brought out. Rarely do we meet with musical plates equal to these, or printed off with so much care and cleanliness, and on such excellent paper. So far the publishers of the northern metropolis may fearlessly challenge a comparison with those of the British capital, or of any other.

After this cursory view, we turned to the "advertisement," or preface, which at once excited our surprise and filled us with expectation: surprise, to be told that all the various arrangements of Scottish airs have generally proved failures, and an expectation of now finding them clothed in accompaniments far more appropriate and effective than those of Haydn, Pleyel, Kozeluch, Beethoven, Weber, and Hummel.

"Few of them," says the editor, "have been arranged by those whose knowledge of what was exclusively our own in character and feeling enabled them to ascertain the particular limits within which the general laws of harmony were to be applied—who, in strains which should every where be esteemed beautiful, could preserve those distinctive national features which should give to them a deep and heartfelt local interest."

On this subject, and in reply, we refer the reader to the first volume of our second series, page 11, where the point is argued with impartiality and candour, at least, and in a manner that has carried conviction to the minds of many who before doubted. The writer continues:

"A considerable proportion of them have been modelled by foreigners, who, although great and unrivalled in the art of song, were necessarily unacquainted with the peculiar idiom and phraseology, if we may so call it, of our music. It is not surprising, therefore, that something of the true spirit of our indigenous Airs has been lost; and that their native wild and beautiful simplicity, which, from difference of national associations, did not sound like perfection in the ear of a foreigner, has been sacrificed to the more difficult and complex imaginations of a foreign school."

Among the many merits of the Scottish airs may be reckoned, that, with a few exceptions, they appeal most forcibly to the feelings of all who have any ear for music, and are adapted to every taste. We have tried several of them, varying in character, on persons of different nations—on Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen—and their effect has been almost uniformly the same. This is sufficient to show that their true character is understood by others besides Scotsmen, and that natives of distant climes can enter fully into their spirit. Otherwise, indeed, their claim to regard would be exceedingly diminished; for the excellence of melodies which can only be justly appreciated by one nation, and that a small one, may very fairly be called in question; because good music, as Metastasio has said of it, speaks the language of every civilized people and every civilized

age: it is "Una lingua universale toccante immediatamente i nostri organi e la nostra immaginazione, e anche per sua natura la lingua del sentimento e delle passioni." To suppose, therefore, that such men as those above-mentioned did not discern the real beauties of the Scottish airs, is to doubt whether these possess any beauties at all; a suspicion not very likely to become general, north of the Tweed*.

Mr. G. Linley states the following reasons for having undertaken the present work:—

"It is one part of our object to endeavour to give back to some of these songs that plaintive beauty which seems to have been cumbered with unsuitable ornament—to take from them the *air* of exotics which a foreign musical expression has given them, and to retranslate them from a language in which, however beautiful they may appear to those who have none of the peculiar feelings and associations of our country, are deficient in the rhythm of the heart to those who have. The support we have received in this department is such as encourages us to hope that our endeavour may not be in vain."

"It has been another object with us, in the arrangement of our work, to operate a resurrection of several fine and almost unknown Airs, which, like beautiful Hindoo widows, have heedlessly been allowed to share in the merited fate of the coarse and unwinning poetry to which, in early life, they have unfortunately been married."

After declarations so full of promise, will not every body expect a number of genuine Scottish melodies, and of such only, in a publication whose main object would appear to be to rescue them from profane hands, and purify them from the contaminating touch of German harmonists? But what, after all, is the real state of the case? The reader will not be a little astonished at learning, that out of twenty-four pieces contained in the volume, only six Scotch airs are to be found! As some atonement, however, for so extraordinary and unlooked for an abandonment of his national melodies, the editor gives us twelve "original" airs (his own we presume), together with one of Welsh and one of Portuguese origin; an Overture, a Polacca, and two Waltzes! Thus the champion, the restorer, of unsophisticated Caledonian music, sinks into a mere modern composer; and the announced "resurrection" ends in the reprint of half a dozen songs which have never hitherto indicated the least approximation towards the grave; though it must be confessed that they now appear in a very languid, unhealthy state; witness the most generally known air in the volume, "Mary's Dream," which affords internal and indisputable evidence, that if Haydn, &c. were, from ignorance of the true character of Scottish song, as incompetent to the task they undertook as the "advertisement" insinuates, the editor of the present work is not less so from a want of that knowledge of harmony which is so indispensable, and without which it is as impossible to add a good accompaniment as it is to convince the world that a bad one is to be preferred to what the greatest masters have produced.

* Mr. Shield, in his work on Thorough Bass, p. 31, tells us that Haydn "used to say that he had blotted many a quire of paper, to no purpose, in attempting to compose a second strain to that fine little air, *The Broom of Cowden Knows*. This leads me," he continues, "to mention an anecdote communicated to me by a most respectable traveller. He says that so highly did Haydn think of our Scotch, Irish, and Welsh melodies, that he had a number of them, with his own symphonies and accompaniments, framed, and hung on the walls of his apartments."

This very air, "Mary's Dream," is one of the most beautiful of those classed among Scottish songs; and its accompaniment is, with an exception or two, quite appropriate. Yet the editor has thought fit to alter it very materially, and not a single change is made without exceedingly deteriorating the original. Of his notions of harmony, also, this furnishes some curious specimens; but others, much more extraordinary, are to be met with in the volume. In the symphony is the following:—



We next find the chord of $\frac{3}{4}$ on the sub-dominant resolved, if the term can be so applied, by a $\frac{4}{4}$ on the dominant:—



Further on is a $\frac{3}{4}$ not resolved at all:—



It seems to be a rule with the editor of the present work, that cadences may end with the chord of $\frac{6}{4}$. He has given so many proofs of this, that it is hardly possible to open the volume without stumbling on one of them. That at page 4, bar 4, is, perhaps, as unaccountable an instance as any. For consecutive fifths he appears to entertain no dislike;—see page 6, bars 4 and 5, 7 and 8; page 19, bars 8 and 9, &c. At page 15 is the chord of the 7th on D resolved by a 7th on A; and in the following page are other resolutions which lead us to suspect that the author of them is as defective in ear for combined sounds, as deficient in knowledge of the laws by which they are governed. But it would weary the reader were we to point out half the errors we have met with, in an examination by no means close, and entered into with an earnest wish to view the whole in as favourable a light as possible, considering it as the publication of an amateur, and, therefore, one for which certain allowances ought to be made. Nevertheless, the editor having, by his allusion to those who have preceded him in the same field, invited a comparison between their labours and his, we were impelled by our respect for the

memory of departed genius, to show that they are not put to the blush by the present work. As critics, too, we were imperatively called on to notice a volume which appears in no unpretending form. In conclusion, therefore, we are bound to say, that the editor has been hasty in presenting himself before the public, and does not appear to have sought that advice which so many about him were capable of affording. He certainly has a taste for melody, a due sense of the effect of musical rhythm, and an undeviating respect for prosody,—qualities which, if but accompanied by a more extensive knowledge of what is termed the science of music, would enable him to make a very respectable figure in an art for which we have every reason to suppose he has a strong predilection.

The Songs of the Minstrels are a collection of twelve airs, in the Bohemian, English, Swiss, Venetian, Scotch, French, Irish, Sicilian, Welsh, Spanish, Savoyard, and German styles. Hence, it is almost needless to say they are imitations of well-known national melodies of those various countries. This unavoidable consequence leads to the question, why Mr. Barnett, who has talent for invention, did not rather trust to his own means of original creation, than expend his strength in making musical paraphrases; more particularly as the public are, and have been, for some time past, fairly surfeited by real as well as factitious national airs, coming from, or pretending to come from, all quarters of the globe?—But he will, perhaps, deny our postulate, and affirm that there is yet an abundance of appetite left for anything of foreign growth, or foreign in manner: that the taste for what is English,—hauteur and high rents, horse-racing, and Almack-assemblies excepted—is still confined to the *canaille*, and that he who would succeed with the fashionable world, especially as a composer, must either have, or affect to have, a well-bred contempt for all that has not something exotic in its form or substance.

Leaving, then, this point to the judgment of the reader, we look a little further into Mr. Barnett's volume, the contents of which, being professed imitations, will not detain us long.

The first, "Lord Albert," will please by clearness of rhythm—its chief recommendation. The composer, probably, now regrets that he did not write it in four-crotchet time, into which it naturally divides. The air would thus have occupied twelve bars; but by means of symphonies, engraving each verse at full length with the notes, harmonizing it for three voices, &c.—it actually is expanded into twelve folio pages.

The second, the only one that might have put in any claim to originality, is not remarkable for this virtue: the cadences, and indeed the whole structure, are cast in rather a common mould. The third is a pretty imitation of the Swiss, or more properly the Tyrol, style. The fourth is, in our judgment, the most agreeable of the whole set; arranged, too, as a duet it is not less pleasing. The fifth, Scottish, is a very successful imitation. The sixth does not strike us as possessing features peculiarly Gallic. The seventh is little more than a parody on a popular Irish air. The eighth has too many words to resemble a Sicilian air, which is languishing, and averse from giving more than one syllable to three or more smoothly-gliding notes. Besides, the native of Sicily abhors the idea of uniting drollery to music. Mr. B. would have done better in assigning this to a Neapolitan minstrel. The ninth, by ascribing a national music to the Welsh, gives them that which the best informed among them have too much candour to insist on.

This melody, however, will not prove very flattering to any Cambrian, desirous though he may be of establishing his country's claim to original song. The tenth is quite Spanish; the sameness of swinging manner and guitar-like accompaniment of such airs render imitation very easy. This also is converted into a duet that will be listened to with considerable satisfaction. But the author has here, as in his other harmonized pieces, omitted to point out when the second voice is to sing as written, and when an octave lower. The eleventh has more variety in it than most of the others. In the twelfth we do not trace any characteristics of German song; the air, however, has a feature of its own, and is of a kind that generally pleases.

The verses to these, we are informed by Mr. Barnett in a short preface, were intended by Mr. Van Dyk "more as accessories to the professed nature of the work, than as an additional claim to a well-earned reputation." We understand what is meant by this, though rather obscurely expressed, and cannot say that the "poetry" of these Minstrels will much augment the fame of the writer; who, nevertheless, during his short life, did quite enough to make us lament that he was not spared to do more.

PIANO-FORTE.

1. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAVOURITE STRAINS OF THE SCOTTISH BARDS, by J. MOSCHELES. Op. 80. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)
2. VARIATIONS, quasi FANTASIE, sur le Trio favori de MAZINIELLO, "Notre Dame du Mont Carmel" de Carafa, composées par HENRI HERZ. Op. 43. (Goulding and D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square.)
3. AIR TYROLIEN, précédé d'une Introduction, composée par HENRI HERZ. (Same publishers.)

THE first of these, a Fantasia, is, it may be presumed, M. Moscheles's recollections of his extemporaneous effusion when on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, who on that occasion produced two or three of his favourite Caledonian airs, and asked the pianist to play them, a request he immediately complied with by working them up, in an extraordinarily prompt manner and with consummate skill, into a piece which he has designated as above. It is now published with accompaniments either for a full band or in quartet, and was performed by the author, with the assistance of an orchestra, at his late benefit-concert. It follows, therefore, that only superior players can undertake it with any chance of doing the composition justice; though by a little contrivance some of the most difficult passages may be evaded. This fantasia is in G, common time, and opens with a bold, brilliant movement, introducing the *Pibroch of Donald Dhu*, an air full of energy, which passes into another of a gentler character, *Kinloch of Kinloch*, or *The Chevalier's Lament*, in E \flat , six-eight time. In the harmony to this, and in the general management of it, much elegance is displayed, and, with the exception of a run of semitones in thirds, the effect is very fascinating. The last movement is *The Highland Laddie*, wrought into an animated rondo, in which the subject is kept up through nine pages with ability and unabating spirit.

In No. 2 are many original passages and effects. The *introduzione* is graceful, employing the left hand usefully, without calling it into any great activity. The *tema*, in F, *tempo di marcia*, is a trio which, wherever it has been performed, has been followed by the most decided applause,

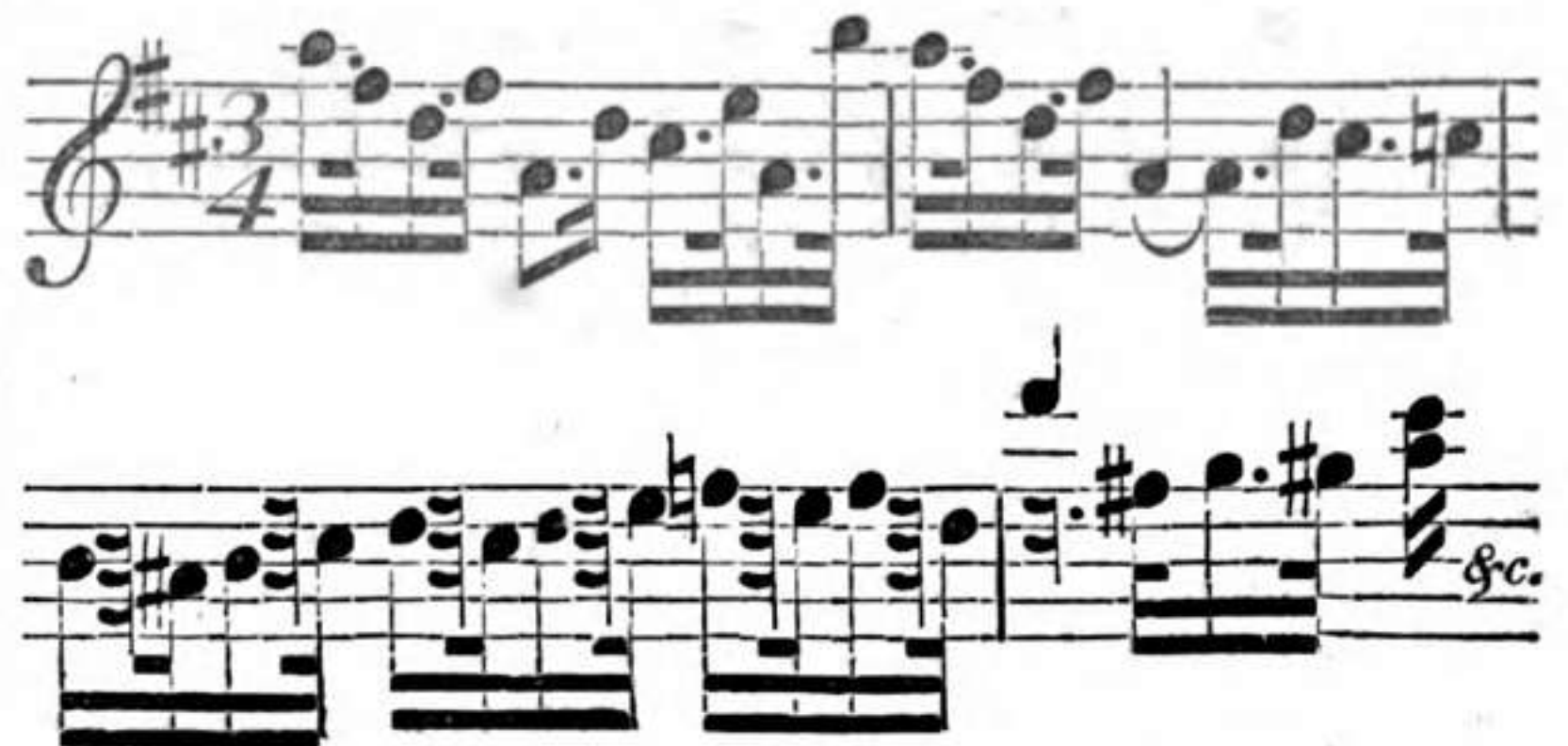
and proved indeed the main support of Carafa's opera. The five variations on this are ingenious, and an *intermezzo, alla fuga*, is unexpected, and new because in a style almost unknown to the present age. Throughout the whole twenty pages of which the piece consists, there is hardly one that does not require an expert player, though there is not so much to shew his taste and feeling as we could wish. Such however is the fashion of the day.

No. 3 is in fact the well known *Theme Allemand*, with eight new variations on it, written in a rather more familiar manner than the preceding, but still demanding considerable powers of execution. The third variation shews of what M. Herz is capable in the solid style when it suits his humour; or, perhaps we ought to say, when he deems it prudent to depart from that flighty, unexpressive manner which now gains most applause, and makes the least impression. This, however, and No. 2, may be recommended to such as wish to form some acquaintance with the new piano-forte passages, and are inclined to bestow their time and labour in acquiring a mastery over them.

1. RONDO A LA POLACCA, composé par J. P. PIXIS. Op. 107. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, Cheapside.)
2. CAPRICE BRILLANT, sur une Tarantelle favorite Napolitaine, composé par le même. (Clementi and Co.)

WE have been more gratified in the examination of the above than by most of the compositions of M. Pixis that have come under our notice: there is melody in both, a continued and well-sustained subject, relieved and diversified by good modulation, and devoid of those extravagant, harlequin passages at which people without ears, and those with very long ones, are wont to cry out "bravo, bravissimo!"—while another class of auditors either silently steal away from the instrument, or, *multa gemens*, submit to the infliction, and consider it as a visitation which must patiently be borne.

The first is a sprightly rondo, beginning thus—



and introduced by a good *andante* in D minor.

The second is a Tarantella dance, in A minor, delightfully varied, amplified, and carried through different keys, fixing at length in the major mode, in which it terminates very brilliantly. There is much masterly contrivance in this, not of the pedantic kind, but such as is conducive to effect, and, bating one passage of half notes, the whole is deserving the notice of all lovers of good piano-forte music who have acquired a certain degree of practical skill.

1. AIR, "Smile again, my bonnie lassie," with VARIATIONS, composed by ELIZA SAFFERY. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

2. AIR, "My lodging is on the cold ground," with an INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS, composed by Mrs. HENRY SHELTON, late Miss Saffery. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
3. ROMANZA, "Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!" the melody by C. S. WHITMORE, Esq., with an INTRODUCTION and VARIATIONS by G. KJALLMARK. (Same Publishers.)
4. TRIUMPHAL MARCH, in the Turkish style, composed by FRED. W. HORNCastle. (Birchall and Co., New Bond-street.)

THE two first of the above, being the production of a lady, take the precedency; and we have classed the four pieces together as being suited to the same description of performers, and of that kind which is generally found to be in great request in boarding-schools.

The two first are showy, lie well for the hand, and manifest a talent which, when further cultivated, is likely to exhibit itself advantageously in higher efforts. Richness of harmony is seldom met with in young composers, it therefore excited in us no surprise to find so little of it in these variations; but we cannot regard runs of semitones in any other light than as indications of an imperfect taste, proceed from what quarter they may, and earnestly recommend the authoress of the above to banish them at once, not only from her future publications, but from her thoughts; the toleration of them cannot last long, and those things in which they most abound will be the first to receive the sentence of utter oblivion.

The fatiguing sameness of key in the third of these, and the absence of anything in the shape of a new idea, have rendered the playing it through a very tedious task indeed.

No. 4 forms a striking contrast to the foregoing, for it shows vigour of mind, and, as a consequence, originality of effect. This may be called a trifle, certainly, but it is an agreeable one, and though easy, is not below the notice of the most able performers. The upper B in the first bar of page 4, should be natural, we conclude; but we would fain ask Mr. Horncastle why he writes an F# in the third bar of page 3, and a Gb in the following bar? The passage occurs twice, or we should have imputed it to be an error of the engraver. Can there be any doubt of its being Gb—that is, a flat 9th?

A HUNDRED IMPROMPTUS, OR SHORT PRELUDES, composed by CHARLES NEATE. Op. 20. (Chappell.)

THIS is a useful publication. Each page contains six preludes, which are therefore so short that the weakest memory may retain any one of them without the slightest exertion; and more than one at a time is seldom called for. Admitting, however, the utility of these very brief and unpretending preludes, we doubt the soundness of that judgment which attempted to dignify the collection by calling it a work—an opera.

SELECT AIRS from AUBER's opera *La Muette de Portici*, as performed at the King's Theatre under the title of MASANIELLO, arranged, with Flute Accompaniment, by J. F. BURROWES. Book I. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

THE present number, which is to be followed by others, contains the *Chœur du Marché*, the air "Saint bien heureuse," and the *Tarantella* dance, arranged in an easy manner, to all of which the flute accompaniment is a useful but not a necessary adjunct.

DUET, PIANO-FORTE.

JOMELLI'S CHACONNE, with a NEW INTRODUCTION, arranged by J. B. CRAMER. (Cramer and Co.)

EVERYBODY knows the lovely and therefore the justly-celebrated serious dance, or chaconne, of Jomelli; and it is equally well known that the English public first became acquainted with it in consequence of its having been introduced into *The Castle Spectre*, by Mr. Kelly, who, however, forgot to assign it to its real owner, and he, for a time, had the credit of the composition; a circumstance which occasioned that witticism of Mr. Sheridan, about the importing of music and composing of wine, which all the world have heard a hundred times. But familiar as this lovely composition is, it has never appeared to so much advantage as in its present form; and it is so arranged that any two ordinary players, if they possess but feeling, may, without hesitation, undertake it at first sight. The introductory movement ushers in the chaconne most gracefully.

VOCAL.

The Complete Service at TENEBRE, comprising the Lamentations for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in HOLY WEEK, the Psalm, "Benedictus," and the "Miserere;" the whole arranged and harmonized by VINCENT NOVELLO. (The Editor, 66, Great Queen-street, and all the principal music-dealers.)

THIS work is intended solely for the use of the Catholic church, and is not, like most of Mr. Novello's publications, applicable to musical purposes generally. It is one continuous chant, somewhat relieved, it is true, by the editor's own varied and excellent accompaniments, but still producing an almost unbroken sameness of effect; at least to us, who have had no opportunity of hearing the service performed so lately as to recollect whether it is susceptible of variety or not. But this very sameness may be one of its most important features, and we mention it, not in terms of complaint, but merely as part of that information which it is our business to convey to our readers on the subject of every new publication worth notice. That a service of this kind, so skilfully put together, will be of vast use to Catholic congregations, there can be no doubt; and these, it is to be supposed, are sufficiently numerous and liberally disposed to remunerate the editor for his talent and trouble.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

1. DUET, "Yes, he's free," sung by Miss Paton and Mr. Phillips, the music by ROSSINI; arranged, &c. by ROPHINO LACY. (Chappell.)
2. SONG, "When my soul oppressed with anguish," sung by Mr. Phillips: composed, arranged, and published by the same.

THE first of these is from *La Semiramide*, a duet of great power in its original place, and not much less so, in our opinion, as transplanted. The grand error committed by adapters of Italian music to English poetry is, that they employ too many words. It is by no means necessary, indeed it is a fault, to crowd such numbers of syllables into a bar as we often find; and this piece is an instance of it: the Italian language is smooth, euphonous, and will bear it; but our rugged sounds should be sparingly used,

particularly in connexion with the airs of that country. We do not recognise the song.

1. GRAND SCENA, *The fall of Zion*, composed by PAISIELLO, adapted to English words and sung by EDWARD TAYLOR. (Birchall and Co.)
2. SONG, "Oh, green was the corn," written by the late REGINALD HEBER, D.D. *Bishop of Calcutta*, set to music by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, A.M. Op. 15. (Paine and Hopkins.)
3. SONG, "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," the poetry from YOUNG's Night Thoughts, the music composed by WM. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
4. "Yes, thou may'st sigh," the poetry from *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, second series; composed and published by the same.

WE have generally heard the Scena of Paisiello, No. 1, described as a "fine" composition, and have wondered wherein the fineness consists. It is one of those songs that move on in a certain independent, sturdy manner, being at once air and base, and giving the singer an opportunity of rivalling the dragon of Wantley in a roar. In fact, this sort of music was not the graceful Neapolitan's forte; in melody and tranquillity he delighted, and, therefore, delighted others. He had not grandeur enough for sacred song, and when he attempted it, he was a mere imitator, and, like all the tribe, imitated the worst features of his original. But in withholding our assent to the judgment of daily newspaper critics in the merits of this composition, let us do Mr. Taylor the justice to acknowledge that he has adapted the English words with great propriety, and that so far as he has been concerned nothing but praise is due.

No. 2 is a very pleasing melody, and the poetry is set with the judgment that was to be expected, both as relates to the manner of expressing it and the accentuation of the words.

No. 3 may be divided into two parts: the first, ending with the eighteenth bar of the second page, is in the solid, good English style,—a placid elegant melody, set to the words with great judgment, and accompanied by a few notes of pure and charming harmony. The second part fails in, what we conceive to be, an attempt to illustrate the poetry: the demisemiquavers, however softly played, are too bustling, not to say rattling, for the prevailing sentiment of the poet, and the words are too often repeated. For such reiterations there are, we well know, abundant precedents, but we ought not to imitate that which the superior good sense of the present age disapproves; and, past all dispute, such repetitions are now viewed, by those who criticise on sound principles, as failings, even in the greatest masters.

There is a vast deal that is beautiful and worthy of admiration in No. 4; but the song itself has always suggested to us a minor key. Such seems to have been the feeling of the composer when he began to set notes to it, and such also, we are persuaded, was the intention of Sir Walter Scott when he described it as "a melancholy dirge, the words of which were united to a tune as doleful as themselves." Music is always in extremes! The minor mode was once used to excess in England, and till very lately prevailed in France: now it seems almost exploded in vocal music, though often, as in the present instance, imperatively called for by the poet. The wheel, however, will come round again. At the end of the first stanza is a

repetition to which we strongly object. The line is, "And thou must die." The composer thus sets it:—

thou and thou must die.

Surely this is passing sentence of death on two instead of one! In the eighth bar the B is doubtless an engraver's error. Nevertheless, quite enough will be found in the present composition to atone for much greater failings, had they even existed.

NEW EDITIONS.

1. CORELLI'S TWELVE SOLOS for the Violin, with an accompaniment for the Violoncello, and a Thorough Bass.
2. SIX CANZONETS by HAYDN: first set.
3. OVERTURE to La Clemenza di Tito, for the Piano-forte.
4. Ditto to Figaro, arranged as a DUET by BURROWES.
5. GELINEK'S Air in D, with Variations.
(Published by Clementi and Co.)
6. DUSSEK'S GRAND CONCERTO in Bb, dedicated to Miss Collins.
7. BEETHOVEN'S OVERTURE to The Men of Prometheus, adapted by the author.
8. "Quant'è più bella," PAISIELLO'S air, with Variations by BEETHOVEN.
9. AIRS by ROSSINI, arranged as Piano-forte pieces by CAMILLE PLEYEL.
(Published by Chappell.)
10. OVERTURE to Figaro, for the Piano-forte.
11. Ditto to Tancredi, Ditto.
12. Ditto to Artaxerxes, Ditto.
13. DUSSEK'S celebrated Duet (in Eb) for the Harp and Piano-forte, to which is added an accompaniment for two French Horns.
14. La Matinée, a favourite RONDO, for the Piano-forte, by DUSSEK.
(Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)
15. MOZART'S SONATA in A, Op. 19, with accompaniments for Violin and Violoncello.
16. THEME ALLEMAND, with Variations, by KALKBRENNER.
17. The Pupil's daily EXERCISE for the Piano-forte, consisting of Cadences and Scales in various keys, properly fingered.
(Published by Goulding and D'Almaine.)
18. OVERTURE to La Clemenza di Tito, arranged as a DUET by BURROWES.
19. OVERTURE to ZAUBERFLOTE, for the Piano-forte.
20. DUSSEK'S FAVOURITE SONATA (in Eb) Op. XXXVII., originally composed for the Harp, and now arranged for the Piano-forte, with accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello, by J. B. CRAMER.
21. HANDEL'S Harmonious Blacksmith, with Variations.
22. GRAND VARIATIONS on the popular French Air, Au clair de la Lune, composed by F. HEROLD.
23. SIX SONATAS (the easy set) for the Piano-forte, composed by STIEBELT.
(Published by Willis and Co.)

It is not our practice to notice new editions merely as such; but the above works are, on various accounts, a fit

and proper exception to our rule. First printed because, by a completely new method; secondly, on account of their superior neatness and cleanliness; and, thirdly, on account of their cheapness.

If our readers will turn to p. 60, first volume of our new series, they will find a description of Cowper's new mode of printing music from types, or characters, of copper, driven into blocks of a peculiar construction; the notes and staves being struck off at two separate impressions. The inventor of this highly ingenious and perfectly new process, secured himself by a patent; and five of the principal music-dealers in London having examined minutely into the method, and received numerous proofs of its superiority, resolved, as a body, to print their standard works, such as are constantly in request and nearly certain of being long in demand, by his method, which, like all type-printing in music, is exceedingly expensive in the case of a small edition, but, on the other hand, proportionately economical when a large one, or many, are required; for there is hardly any limit to the number of impressions which may be taken from the same block. Hence the expense of music to purchasers may be much reduced. We consequently find, that all the above works are from twenty to thirty per cent. cheaper than the ordinary editions, and, it may safely be asserted, fifty per cent. better; for the character is infinitely clearer, and the injuries which a plate, after a little use, generally exhibits, cannot occur to a block. Besides which, the ink is far superior, as indeed it is quite a different thing from that commonly employed for pewter plates, which is the refuse of copper-plate printing-houses; it does not come off and soil the fingers, being permanently fixed on the paper.

Another, and a most important advantage attending this new system is, when words are to be printed under the notes, as in all vocal music. Let any impartial person examine Haydn's canzonets in their present form, and he will immediately acknowledge the superiority of type letters to those so irregularly stamped on plates. In respect to correctness, too, much is gained; for a block from which five or ten thousand copies are to be printed, will be more carefully corrected than a plate that is worn out after fifteen hundred impressions, upon an average, are taken off. In the case of new editions, likewise, how far preferable! how rarely do these correspond exactly with the original ones, published under the composer's eye! Printed by this process, the composer's edition will never be exhausted; unless, indeed, it runs to somewhere about a hundred thousand copies.

Aware, as we are, of the force by which prejudice sometimes operates against a new system, we have felt it an act of justice to the ingenious patentee, and to the spirited body of publishers who have vested a large capital in this undertaking, to call the attention of the public to an invention which has so long been an acknowledged desideratum, and must ultimately, indeed immediately, become so extensively useful. We trust that teachers will not require to be urged to encourage a method which cannot but finally prove conducive to their interests; for the cheaper music is, the more learners there will be; and the more learners, it is superfluous to add, the more masters will be required: to say nothing of that increased compensation to composers which must unavoidably follow.

Locke's *Macbeth* in score, with a piano-forte part, and *The Beggar's Opera*, are both now published in a similar manner to the foregoing, and will be noticed in our next.

JUNE, 1829.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

(Continued from page 116.)

May 2d. In a weekly paper of this day—a paper supported by first-rate talent, and conducted with great ability—I find with regret an article attacking one of the most respectable men in the musical profession; a man who has always done honour to his art by his talents, as well as by the excellence of his personal character, and promoted it in his public capacity; I mean the conductor of the Ancient Concert, a sound musician, and a well-informed, accomplished gentleman. There is something exceedingly ungenerous in thus gratuitously wounding the feelings of an individual who has for upwards of seventy years (if I am not much mistaken) preserved an unblemished reputation, half of which time he has been before the public, and never till now encountered a public enemy. If the reproaches cast on him on account of his last concert, be, in point of fact, a covert attack on the management of the ancient concerts, it is neither candid nor just. If he is responsible for what is censurable in those performances, let him be openly accused, it will be then discovered, I surmise, that the good he has done by prevention, is at least equal to the evil he could not avert by advice: and I will add, that those very performances have been too severely criticised. That they might have been, and may be, much better, there can be little doubt; but what is there of this kind that is not open to censure, and susceptible of improvement?—Let it be recollected that at those concerts, where about seven hundred persons, mostly of the higher classes, assemble, the chances are, that at least half the number are little better than spoilt children in most things, particularly in relation to their taste for musical compositions, of which if they do not have exactly what suits their prejudices and whims, they cry out and will not be appeased. Let us, however, look at fashionable concerts in general, and we shall find, by comparison, that the Ancient Concert is purity itself. And in reality, it has hitherto opposed a barrier to the irruption of that modish vandalism which has acquired so much force as at length to threaten the existence of an establishment which rescued from impending oblivion the finest productions of the art, has upheld music, and formed, as well as supported, many of its best professors, for more than half a century. This, if skilfully directed, will, conjointly with the Philharmonic, still be able to preserve the art from the dangers that surround it; but more activity and research must be infused into the one, and narrow views, together with personal motives, must be weeded out of the other.

To return, however, to the bill of fare in question. I grant its demerits: I grant that there is in it a repetition of things which have been heard to weariness; but I am aware also, and so most likely was the writer of the article of which I complain, that he who drew it up was at that very time suffering from a severe and dangerous illness—an illness of considerable duration, and from which he is not yet recovered. Was that a moment—when the body certainly, and the mind most probably, were enfeebled by long suffering—to commence hostilities against a man?—Or is it proper at any time to apply such vituperative language to a distinguished professor, and an amiable, irreproachable member of society, who has already counted out the number of those years to which humanity is generally limited?

4th. It is not unworthy of remark, that Weber, with a view to preserve truth of expression in his melodies, be-

stowed the utmost attention on the national features of his various dramatic compositions. Thus, we perceive a marked Bohemian character in his style throughout the whole of the *Freischütz*; while, in his *Euryanthe*, we are continually reminded of the genuine Provençal ballads. In his *Oberon* is the same observance of national peculiarity. While preparing this opera, he carefully perused the best travels in the East, but found little information respecting oriental music, till the valuable work of Niebuhr furnished him with the air on which is founded the very characteristic chorus of slaves in the delightful finale to the first act.

Niebuhr describes, among other Arabian instruments, one called the *Semmendsje*. It has sometimes three strings, sometimes only two, made of catgut or horsehair, tuned in thirds. It is performed on like our double-bass. The body is generally of cocoa-tree, with a small aperture in the lower side, and an extended membrane forms the upper surface. The foot is of iron, passing through the body into the neck. The bow consists of a small stick, cut roughly from a tree, with horsehair fastened so loosely to it, that the performer is obliged to keep it constantly stretched with his fingers.

Such is the instrument commonly used by the itinerant musicians, who stroll about with the dancing-girls from Egypt, singing the following melody to their *Semmendsje*, which is continually repeated.



Thus far Niebuhr: and what an admirable use Weber has made of the passage in the chorus alluded to!

5th. M. Laporte, it is said, made a kind of *fast and loose* engagement with Madlle. Sontag for the present season; so that if Mad. Malibran had produced the expected effect, the former would not, probably, have been thought necessary to the King's Theatre. The Spanish Señora, however, not filling the house in the manner hoped for, the German Fraulein was advertised for the 28th of April, not only without the manager "having concluded the conditions of her engagement, but against her own request." In the mean time she undertook to sing at several concerts, which M. Laporte wished to prevent; but she refused to violate her engagements, and at length obtained her own terms:

7th. The first concert at the King's Theatre was given last evening. As part of the performance, a Mons. Rousselot, who has taken Lindley's seat in the opera-orchestra, played a concerto, one which, both in point of composition and performance, cannot easily be forgotten. I will not disparage Astley's by saying that it was only fit for the audience at the Amphitheatre. Nevertheless, the following is the *critique* on this precious performance, inserted by *The Times*, without the usual hint, conveyed in the word *Advertisement*.

"Monsieur Rousselot executed a *pot-pourri* on the violoncello, with orchestral accompaniments. The extreme difficulty of this composition called for a full display of his powers on the instrument, and he exhibited a command over it, which rarely falls to the lot of violoncello players. To the facility and never-failing precision with

which he went over the most intricate and rapid passages, he added a remarkable delicacy of expression, and a rare elegance of style."

Such stuff as this is to be expected from some daily papers, but for *The Times* to permit a reporter to insert anything so unworthy of its columns, so monstrously ridiculous, is indeed surprising!

9th. But the same Journal tells us to-day, that at the concert of Moscheles, "Madame Malibran sang 'Tu ch'accendi' with an expression and a simplicity which formed a pleasing contrast with the ornamental shape in which the cavatina [cavatina!] has for some years been given." The writer absolutely never could have heard this *scena* before; or else, which is more likely, he knows nothing about what he writes. I have often heard it sung, but certainly never yet heard the last, *the* movement, so embroidered.

10th. Long as the article is, I cannot forbear transferring a criticism which appears in an Irish paper on the singing of Madame Catalani. The writer is surely one of *the sleepers awakened*; he must have been in a trance for about eighteen years, or so, and has now for the first time heard the celebrated vocalist. If he is in such ecstasy at the present hour, what emotions would not the lady have excited in him at the beginning of the present century!

"MADAME CATALANI AT CORK.—Our occupation's gone! We, who 'are nothing if not critical,' must abandon strictures, and take up with panegyric. Indeed it would be superfluous to measure her by criticism who is herself the standard—to whom no terms can apply but those of the most unbounded admiration. We are not of those who pretend to define the exact boundaries, the depths and breadths, the lights and shadows of song; or even if we were of that race of 'little men,' who pass by the beautiful symmetry of a whole figure to fix upon some almost imperceptible defect in the shoe-tie, our knowledge of the art of sinking in criticism would avail us little here. Catalani is herself the empress of the world of song; within it she can do no wrong; and if she sometimes depart from the exact boundaries which lesser souls have marked out as the utmost limit of musical expression, it is to rise to a heaven of sound, unimagined before by the most sanguine enthusiast. You see it in her every look and gesture. She seems a Pythoness expanding with inspiration; and her very impatience of the accompaniment shows the fulness and force of her conceptions, anxious for melodious birth; as if every other sound interfered with the thick-coming beauties of her glowing and high-wrought enthusiasm—but we cannot describe her; she must be heard and seen. We regret that our not having witnessed this lady's performance before prevents our comparing her with her only parallel—her former self; but we have it from those upon whose opinions we can rely, that time has not robbed her of one tittle of the powers which have stamped her with such high and unapproachable excellence. The most extraordinary thing, to us, in this lady's singing, was her power of—what shall we say?—labial modulation. She breaks up the notes with a bird-like facility, which was particularly obvious in the passage of 'Sweet Home,' to the words 'splendour dazzles in vain.' 'Twas enchanting—a maze of intertwined and tangled sound, wild, sweet, and full as the choral burst of an aviary. Her arias were

the very essence of soul and science, and she seemed herself wrapt up in insensibility to everything but her own exquisite utterance—and her variations of Rode's splendid Aria was brilliant and surprising beyond anything we could fancy even from the report of her powers. Perhaps the greatest tribute that could be paid to her excellence, was the high enthusiasm to which the audience was wrought by 'Rule Britannia.' Scarcely six notes were uttered when the whole house rose, with one impulse, and continued so to the end of the encore. We never witnessed anything more striking in its effects than this song. The lady herself seemed kindled with the fire that animated her audience, and looked the presiding and inspiring genius of a nation. She has been our dream and waking thought since we heard her, and even now her voice is in our ear and in our soul."—*Cork Southern Reporter*.

"In about twenty years," says the *Spectator*, "Pasta will begin to be spoken of as a promising young person in Ireland."

14th. The Festival of the *Sons of the Clergy*. Instead of Handel's splendid *Dettingen Te Deum*, Purcell's in D was performed, and this not exactly in its original state. I cannot help regretting the change. Such a work as that of Handel may surely be listened to with pleasure once a year, and as a model ought to be produced at least thus often. It was heard nowhere else in London, that I am aware of, and now this annual opportunity,—which young musicians could only profit by once or twice in the course of their studies—is, it seems, to be lost! I entertain the highest possible respect for Purcell, but his genius displayed itself in dramatic music. In compositions for the church he felt bound in fetters, and is rarely himself. Had he produced nothing but the latter he would now be as little known as his master Blow, whose name is all that is ever heard of him in the present day. The whole amount of the collection, including the rehearsal and dinner, was 736*l*.

16th. The *Herald* of this day tells us, speaking of the concert at the Opera House, that "the principal attraction of the evening was a duetto by Rossini, which was executed by Madlle. Sontag and Madame Garcia in the most delightful unison." This is the first time we ever heard of the charms of a duet in unison. We believe that the reporter in the *Herald* is a native of the emerald isle,—as, indeed, most of the reporters are. The same writer says, there are "two or three" tiers of boxes erected in the concert room of the King's Theatre. What an eye for observation he must have! I really suspect that the acute critic was not present at the performance; or else that two of his senses were doing duty elsewhere.

— There is a wit, a vivacity, and, by-the-by, a prodigious deal of truth, in an article, entitled "The Musical Scramble," in this day's *Spectator*, that will not be said "nay:" I must give it a place in my diary.

"May is usually a busy month in our world of music. We are generally visited with a swift succession of concerts; but this year quite outruns all our former experience. To attend all, or half of them, is impossible: ears, eyes, pockets, feet, horses, would all fail in the attempt. It is no love of music that induces all this. There is no novelty in any of these concerts. We are sure to be annoyed with a succession of the same songs, the same duets, the same trios. To take pains in preparation—to rehearse—is perfectly ridiculous, quite out of the question.

The first thing is to sell your tickets—the last to make your bill. Secure Sontag and Malibran; add, if you can, Pisaroni and Camporese; then put up such pieces as will give them and yourself no trouble, and you will probably fill your room. But who shall attempt to describe the plots, the contrivings, the workings and counter-workings of the different parties? There are four series of concerts now in progress—the worn-out and forgotten Ancient Concert; the Philharmonic; Bochsa's concerts at the Opera-house; and Velluti's at the Argyll Rooms. These, in addition to the Opera, are the standing dishes—then as to benefits, 'who shall their numbers tell?' We could very easily occupy twelve hours out of every twenty-four for the next month, in listening to public concerts.

"In the midst of this din and scramble, is any thing done for the advancement of the art?—Nothing. Music has fallen into the hands of Jews and jobbers, of quacks and pretenders; and we are quite serious in affirming that there is more done for the support of good music in Change Alley than in the purlieu of the Haymarket and Regent Street. And these men are wise in their generation: they think it probable that the time *may* come when something more than a brazen face and a smooth tongue will be necessary to give a passport into society—when cheats and pickpockets will again be treated as cheats and pickpockets were wont to be. And unless the world be turned upside down, it will be so. This folly and madness cannot last: it is too gross, too palpable. In the mean time, let us counsel our English composers and singers to do their duty to themselves and to the public. Let them be assured that *all* the musical public do not look with complacency upon this scramble. There is a party, every year increasing in strength, who will patronize music for the sake of music, and not solely for the sake of fashion. Let our distinguished professors foster and guide this feeling in its right direction. Let those lead who ought to lead; and let not the name of English concerts be degraded by association with the names of mere pretenders and music-jobbers."

19th. A new musical instrument called the *Kaliff-thongon*, an improvement upon one of the same kind made by Mr. Hawkins, is now exhibiting by a M. Fiebig. The effect it produces is that of a violin quartet, and it is played in the same manner as the piano-forte. A bow is attached to each string, and is drawn to and fro by means of a pedal which the performer keeps in motion; the keys bringing those strings that are required in contact with the bows. The instrument possesses considerable power, while its tone may be diminished to a pianissimo. The disadvantages it betrays are, that the upper notes are harsh, and indeed, from the construction of the instrument, it seems hopeless to be able to draw them forth with the delicacy of which the hand only is capable. Moreover, the touch is so heavy that continued practice on it would ruin the finger of any piano-forte player. It is, however, an ingenious piece of mechanism, and we recommend the curious to examine it. They will hear the proprietor play a piece of his own composition, which shows him to possess any thing rather than commonplace talent.

24th. No slight sensation was produced at the Philharmonic concert this evening, by the performance of a new MS. symphony in c minor, composed by M. Felix Mendelssohn, the amateur to whom I alluded on the 26th of last month, and who conducted it in person. It is a most original, ingenious, and pleasing work.

The Ancient Concerts.

SEVENTH CONCERT.

Under the Direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York,
Wednesday, April 29th, 1829.

ACT I.

Funeral Anthem	HANDEL.
Trio. Fallen is thy throne	MILICO.
Song. Why do the nations }	HANDEL.
Chorus. Let us break } (Messiah)	
Psalm xxxiv. Through all the changing scenes.	
Concerto 1st (Op. 3.)	GEMINIANI.
Song. If guiltless blood	HANDEL.
Motet. Glory, praise, and adoration	MOZART.
Song. Ho perduto	PAISIELLO.
Coronation Anthem. Zadok the Priest	HANDEL.

ACT II.

Symphony in D	MOZART.
Song. Il mio tesoro	MOZART.
Glee. With sighs, sweet rose	CALLCOTT.
Chorus. May no rash intruder (Solomon)	HANDEL.
Song. Quel bricconcel	PICINI.
Trio and Chorus. Sound the loud timbrel	AVISON.
Song. Pria che spunti	CIMAROSA.
Duetto. Dunque mio ben	ZINGARELLI.
Air and Chorus. Rule Britannia	DR. ARNE.

Not even the introduction of two vocal luminaries in the present concert, viz., Madame Malibran and Signor Donzelli, could atone for the vapid and meagre selection altogether of this evening. The concert was opened, however, with a feeling consideration, on the part of the most Reverend Director, for the recent calamity sustained by the venerable Earl of Derby, in the death of his excellent and most amiable Countess! The Funeral Anthem was never finer performed, nor the affecting words, "She delivered the poor that cried, &c." more justly applied: it was easy to perceive, that the performers themselves were anxious to express a due sense of the affecting tribute they were called upon to pay to the virtues of the lamented deceased.

Pass we over Mr. Millico—but not so Mr. Phillips, who sang his song with more than his usual energy. He is still too boisterous in his high notes, and we begin to think there is some defect in his voice, which prevents the softening off that we wish: we shall be sorry if this be the case. The chorus which followed was sadly hurried over—May one ask the excellent Leader why? Handel marks the time *Larghetto*, but to-night it was quick, presto, begone!—perhaps to give stronger effect to the psalm which followed, and which, after all, would have been far better in the hands of the charity children. The first concerto of the third opera of Geminiani is the most difficult of all our friend F. Cramer's exertions; but we rejoice to discover no falling off either in energy or accuracy. Miss Wilkinson was judicious in her performance, but they will give her songs that require something more than mere cold, correct execution. Then the endless repetitions of the song in question, "never ending, still beginning!" If Mozart had composed the admirably spirited and ingenious movement that followed, as a finale to such an opera as *The Clemenza*, what a magnificent burst it would have been! But it is wholly incompatible with the subject of religion, and in the present instance in particular. The address to the Saviour and Creator being constant, demanded the constant observance of a solemn style: the sentiment, to be sure, is joyous; but let us not forget Milton's sublimely expressive phrase—"In saintly shout and solemn jubilee!"

Come we now to Madame Malibran. To great flexibility of voice, she adds a delicacy of expression we have

seldom heard equalled, and her lower tones are as soft and melodious as the upper notes of her voice: nor is there any apparent effort or strain in producing that articulation by which every one of them is distinctly heard. When to these perfections we add great feeling, we think we have said enough; perhaps she does not *speaks* her words so plainly as could be wished, but then it must be observed that she is deprived of what she is most accustomed to, the advantages of action. Her first song was a treat, for the music is beautiful; but "Quel bricconcel" we have not the slightest desire to hear again. Query?—Is this mawkish affair the composition of Piccini, as marked in the book, or may it not rather be that of Pacini? Two very different masters, if master the latter may be called.

We shall not have occasion to dwell quite so long on the merits of Signor Donzelli, because we could not discover many distinguishing traits of excellence. That he is a powerful and animated singer, no one who has heard him will deny; but his tones are occasionally harsh, if not coarse, and his favourite ascents and flourishes *in alt* are at no times pleasing, and are frequently rendered quite ludicrous by the sudden jump from a fine full tenor note to a scarcely audible *squeak*—it was the case this very evening in his second song: "Il mio tesoro" was in better style. Signor Donzelli is an admirable actor, and we cannot help fancying, though we speak with deference, that he would have lost none of his deserved popularity had he stuck to the stage altogether.

Zingarelli's duet we thought but a vapid piece of business. What can be expected from a succession of thirds almost all the way through? We should have been better pleased with good old Dr. Harington's "How sweet in the Woodlands." But, come, some amends was made by "Rule Britannia", turned into a sort of glee in the first place—then a grand chorus, plentifully *bedrummed* and *betrum-petted*—then a solo—then, glee again—oh! patience, patience!

EIGHTH CONCERT.

Under the Direction of His Grace the Archbishop of York,
Wednesday, May 6th, 1829.

ACT I.

1st, 2nd, and 4th Movements (Dett. Te Deum)	HANDEL.
Ode. Blest pair of Sirens	J. S. SMITH.
Recit. acc. I feel the Deity	} (Judas Macc.) HANDEL.
Song. Arm, arm, ye brave	
Chorus. We come	
Recit. So will'd my father	
Trio and Cho. Disdainful	} (Messiah) HANDEL.
Pastoral Symphony	
Recit. There were shepherds	} (St. Matthew's Tune) CROFT.
Chorus. Glory to God	
Psalm xviii	} (Romeo e Giulietta) GUGLIELMI.
Recit. acc. Tranquillo	
Aria. Ombra adorata	} HAYES.
Round. Wind, gentle evergreen	
Introduction and Cho. Ye sons (Joshua)	HANDEL.

ACT II.

Concertante	WINTER.
Recit. acc. Dov' è lo sposo	} (Gl' Orazi, &c.) CIMAROSA.
Duetto. Svenami ormai	
Glee. Rich and rare (Irish Melody)	} SACCHINI.
Recit. acc. Ah! perchè	
Aria. Il caro ben	} (Perseo) HANDEL.
Recit. acc. O worse than death	
Song. Angels ever bright	} (Theodora) MOZART.
Song. Del più sublime (La Clemenza di Tito)	
Glee. Hark! the lark	DR. COOKE.
Recit. Divine Andate	} (Bondüca) PURCELL.
Duet. To arms	
Chorus. Britons, strike home	

WE really begin to feel it exceedingly difficult to spin out any thing in the shape of critique on these concerts. Over and over again have we lauded, as it so richly deserves, both the composition and performance of "Blest pair of Sirens;" and over and again that which follows it. Mr. Phillips, we are happy to observe, was not quite so vociferous in his upper notes; and we can assure this admirable singer, that with a little persevering practice he will conquer this defect (for a defect it decidedly is) altogether. We are sorry that we cannot compliment Miss Stephens upon her performance; there was a want of due animation throughout, nor will any voice, however rich and sweet it may be, compensate for the absence of feeling and sentiment, and, what we lament to say appeared to us, a carelessness of execution. But the "Ombra adorata!" of Madame Malibran made amends; and her voice, and delicate expression, we were at a loss which to admire most. Her duet with Signor Donzelli in the second act was also a fine performance, but a great deal too long; if half the recitative had been omitted, it would have been infinitely more effective.

Donzelli was highly animated throughout; and he did not deal quite so much in the *false* as we have heard him. We could really wish this certainly very fine singer to recollect, in future, that a concert-room does not demand that exertion of voice which is required upon the stage, and that he would be doing himself greater justice, and be affording his audience far greater pleasure, if he moderated his at the former place. As to the concertante, it was as tiresome, to our ears at least, as it must have been difficult and unwelcome to the poor performers, who ought, in justice, to receive extra payment for having been called upon to play so many intricate solos one after another;—and what business had it at the Ancient Concerts at all?

We could not find any thing either "rich" or "rare" in the Irish melody, but it seemed to please mightily.

We wish some ingenious harmonizer would harmonize "I'd be a butterfly," this would be a delicious treat, and come in very opportunely with our, at length, opening spring.

Another fine, spirited song from the *Perseo* of Sacchini, showed off the powers of Madame Malibran as a singer. Notwithstanding the extraordinary compass of voice required in this song, there was no perceptible break in any of her divisions, nor a single note but was perfectly in tune.

Signor Donzelli sang Mozart's charming song admirably. We have not heard him at these concerts with so much pleasure.

We shall conclude our remarks of this evening's selection with three observations which those who remember what the Ancient Concerts were in George the Third's time, and appreciated them, will peruse with a mournful shake of the head. In the first act, the evidently favourite pieces performed were the 18th Psalm, and "Wind gentle Evergreen!" In the second act, there was only one chorus, and that was "Britons, strike Home;" and lastly, there was not a single overture or concerto in either act!

NINTH CONCERT.

Under the Direction of the Earl of Cawdor, Wednesday, May 13th, 1829.

ACT. I.

Music in Macbeth		LOCKE.
Madrigal. Stay, Corydon		WILBYE.
Song. Oft on a plat	(<i>Il Pensieroso</i>)	HANDEL.
Recit. acc. Jehovah! crown'd	}	(Esther)
Chorus. He comes, he comes		

Concerto 1st	(Opera 8)	MARTINI.	
Song. Se pur cara	(Alceste)	GLUCK.	
Song. I know that my Redeemer	}	(Messiah)	
Chorus. Worthy is the Lamb			HANDEL.
ACT II.			
Overture	(Idomeneo)	MOZART.	
Recit. Grazie vi rendo	}	(Semiramide)	
Air. A compir			GUGLIELMI.
Trio. Frena quel labbro	(Deborah e Sisera)	CIMAROSA.	
Chorus. Immortal Lord	(Deborah)	HANDEL.	
Song. Non so d'onde		BACH.	
Water Music		HANDEL.	
Glee. If o'er the cruel tyrant		DR. ARNE.	
Recit. When he is in his wrath	}	(Athalia)	
Song. When storms the proud			HANDEL.
Chorus. Oh! Judah			

THE nearer we approach to the close of our labours (and labours they verily are), the fainter appears the probability of any change having been contemplated in the management of these concerts—ancient they are called, but *opera* would be a properer designation. We presume that there are funds sufficient to make up for the loss of subscriptions; but the system cannot long continue, and it is not probable that the directors themselves can look with indifference upon the empty benches in those rooms which a few years ago were full to overflowing, long before the commencement of the performances.

Now for the Earl of Cawdor's Selection.—After Locke's music in *Macbeth*, we were gratified by a beautiful madrigal of Wilbye's, which, save and excepting one little *break down*, (from what quarter we shall not hazard a conjecture), was exceedingly well executed. Another night we shall hope for "Sweet honey-sucking bee," by the same master, and the Queen of Madrigals in our opinion. Vaughan gave "Oft on a plot," with great chastity and expression; but it is a most difficult song to sustain effectually, and there must be a dragging of it, let orchestra and singer do what they may to prevent it. "Se pur cara" is not exactly the song for Madame Malibran: the air is too beautifully simple to bear flourishes, and we did not approve of her alteration of the text. Gluck's low notes are exceedingly expressive, and sufficiently so; Madame Malibran by substituting *lower*, took away from the beauty of the original melody, without in the least adding to the effect of her execution. Miss Stephens never did, in our opinion, enter into the feeling and spirit of "I know, &c.;" instead of the hope and confidence that should be expressed, she doles it out with all the subdued gravity of a dirge: and yet she evidently pleases in it, and pleased this evening—but what will not liquid notes, "with winding sweetness long drawn out," effect?

In the Second Act Mozart's spirited overture was followed by our ancient acquaintance "A Compir," admirably sung by Madame Malibran, and as admirably accompanied by F. Cramer. We really never heard him execute the difficult passages of the second movement with greater delicacy and precision. Cimarosa's trio came in too soon after the song to produce its full effect. Madame Malibran and Signor Donzelli were very spirited, but Miss Wilkinson was not in her element; and we cannot help wishing, that this amiable young lady and interesting singer were not quite so fond of the Italian style: she does not, and never will, excel in it. There are some fine bursts in this trio, but we have heard music of Cimarosa that we like better.

Signor Donzelli sang Bach's beautiful song very feelingly, but it was too high for his natural voice, and the breaks into his feigned notes are any thing but pleasing.

It is pretty evident that this really fine and animated singer is partial to the falsetto—but we think he is wrong, and will eventually injure his voice by indulging in it. Phillips will persist in forcing his upper notes; had he subdued them in the fine song of "When storms," Bartleman himself had never sang it better.

We shall not be accused, we hope, of disrespect to the great name of Handel, that we pass over his choruses and concertos as we do. Would that we could get something new in that way to remark upon; but it would be loss of time and labour to dwell on idle repetitions of praise of what every *Ancient* knows by heart.

The Philharmonic Concerts.

FIFTH CONCERT, Monday, April 27, 1829.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, letter R	HAYDN.
Recit. and Air, "Now heaven in fullest," Signor ZUCHELLI (<i>Creation</i>)	HAYDN.
Concerto Piano-forte, M. SCHLESINGER	HUMMEL.
Duetto, Madame CAMPORESE and Signor CURIONI, "Ricciardo! che veggo?" (<i>Ricciardo e Zoraide</i>)	ROSSINI.
Overture, <i>Zauberflöte</i>	MOZART.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in D	BEETHOVEN.
Aria, Madame CAMPORESE, "Bel faggio" (<i>Semiramide</i>)	ROSSINI.
Concertante, Violin and Violoncello obligati, Messrs. WEICHEL and LINDLEY	LINDLEY.
Terzetto, "Cruda sorte!" Madame CAMPORESE, Signor CURIONI, and Signor ZUCHELLI (<i>Ricciardo e Zoraide</i>)	ROSSINI.
Overture, <i>Fidelio</i>	BEETHOVEN.

Leader, Mr. LODER.—Conductor, Dr. CROTCH.

THE instrumental part of this concert was rich in some of the best things of the three great German geniuses, and these were performed in a spirit worthy of the compositions, a failure or two of the oboe excepted, which rather operated as a drawback in a place where any inaccuracy is so soon perceived and so sensibly felt. The symphony of Haydn, known only by the letter which distinguishes it,—(what a pity that all his symphonies are not properly classed and designated!)—is in C, No. 13, of Cianchettini's edition in score, and a very delightful composition of the less elaborate and less gorgeous kind. The last movement was encored, and it appeared to us that the band did not at all regret the extra labour which was thus imposed on them. To this, parts for trumpets and drums, added by Mr. T. Cooke, were now for the first time performed, and certainly did not injure the effect; but we cannot help observing, that, as the author himself omitted them, and as it is, therefore, a fair presumption that he did not see the propriety of such an augmentation, it was a bold measure so to extend his score. The case is not a parallel one to that of Handel's oratorios. Haydn had the instruments at command, and rejected their use. Handel possessed not those which Mozart added for him, he therefore had no choice.

The symphony in D of Beethoven is one of his earlier, therefore clearer, less perplexed, works; every bar seems to flow naturally, though none of his compositions is more artfully constructed. The overture to the *Zauberflöte* was, almost as a matter of course, called for a second time; and the *Fidelio* was equally well executed, though, like all last pieces in a concert, only heard by about half the company.

Mr. Schlesinger wants a little of that confidence which the enjoyment of a great name inspires. He played an

admirable concerto by Hummel extremely well, and though he failed in one passage, his diffidence alone was the cause. However, very few, indeed, were aware of the circumstance, and he obtained much applause. The concertante by Weichsel and Lindley shewed that both these fine performers preserve their brilliancy of execution unimpaired. They did wonders, and the light waltz-movement by which the piece terminated, pleased very generally.

The air from the *Creation* is not only too long for a concert, but is positively heavy as a composition, heterodox as the opinion may be considered by some; and Zuchelli did not shine in it certainly. Madame Camporese is just what she was; the five years that have elapsed since she left London, seem to have wrought in her no change of any kind: her voice is as powerful as ever, and her style unaltered. She was received in a manner more than commonly flattering. The terzetto, "Cruda sorte," which, fine as it undoubtedly is, has by eternal repetition become positively tiresome, was now rendered still less endurable by giving the female part of *Zomira*, a soprano, to — who will the reader guess?—to Signor Zuchelli! who of course sang it an octave lower than written, and consequently was continually below what should have been the under part. The effect may be imagined, not described; and nothing but a regard to the feelings of the singer saved it from the strongest marks of disapprobation that an audience can manifest. There is something very wrong in the management of the vocal department here: it exhibits extraordinary proofs of debility.

SIXTH CONCERT, Monday, May 11, 1829.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in B flat	BEETHOVEN.
Aria, "Fra tantè angoscie," Signor BORDOGNI	CARAFFA.
Concerto Piano-forte, Mr. CRAMER	CRAMER.
Aria, Madame STOCKHAUSEN, (<i>La Clemenza di Tito</i>)	MOZART.
Overture	A. ROMBERG.

ACT II.

Sinfonia in C	MOZART.
Recitative, Mr. PHILLIPS, "For behold." Song, "The People that walked," (<i>The Messiah</i>) with Mozart's accompaniments	HANDEL.
Concerto, Violin, Mr. HAUMAN	RODE & MAYSEDER.
Terzetto, Madame STOCKHAUSEN, Signor BORDOGNI, and Mr. PHILLIPS	
Overture in C	BEETHOVEN.

Leader, Mr. MORI.—Conductor, Mr. POTTER.

WE have exhausted the language of praise in speaking of the best symphonies of Beethoven, and all of Mozart. Both of those chosen for this present concert were performed in a manner equal to their merits, and it is impossible to pronounce a higher panegyric. The overture of Andreas Romberg is his *chef d'œuvre*; it is full of imagination and effect. The little bit of fugue he introduces at nearly the end, throws a classical air over the composition, and raises associations highly agreeable. Beethoven's in C, is cast in quite a dramatic mould, in which the supernatural predominates. It is a very extraordinary work, and having rarely, if ever, been performed here, had the charm of novelty added to its other great merits. Of Cramer's concerto, we have spoken in our account of his concert; it was now received with an applause bordering on enthusiasm, the andante being encored at the wish of every body in the room. M. Hauman, a German, appeared for the first time in England. He is a superior player, having great command over his instrument, though his tone is not remarkable for power or brilliancy. With the capability of doing much, he falls too often into the

error of wishing to surprise, and in certain extra shifts, produces a squeak, almost, if not quite, as shrill as ever came from the *chanterelle* of poor Kieseewetter's violin. Such, however, is the taste, or tastelessness, of the present day, and it is in vain to reason on the subject with an individual artist, whose success depends on his pleasing the many-headed monster; more especially where real judges will tacitly sanction a bad style, if not actually promote it, by well-meant but inconsiderate applause.

The recitative and air from the *Messiah* did not produce less effect from being rather unexpected at a Philharmonic concert. Phillips sang it with exactly the spirit and power it demands, for it does not require so much energy and strength as a very respectable critic seems to imagine; it wants a round, firm voice,—and an intonation of the utmost purity is indispensable in the singer who does it justice. But the additional accompaniments were the great charm on this occasion. How unaccountable it is, that there should still be persons who disapprove them, and consider them as impertinent obtrusions! Concerning the other vocal pieces we will be silent.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE pupils of this institution performed a second morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday, May the 5th. The subjoined is the programme; in examining which it will be seen, that not a single specimen of the old classical schools was introduced. That such must be the case at benefit concerts is certain, and for obvious reasons; but if in an academy the great ancient masters are not studied—and we must presume that they are neglected if never produced at the periodical exhibitions,—then the hopes of the advantages to accrue from an establishment of this kind will prove to be ill-founded.

Would that we had an academy of music governed by the same good sense that reigns in the British Institution!—In how short a time it might operate a change in the state of the art, which is decidedly on the decline, and will, we fear, become worse before a re-action is produced!

PART I.

Symphony (No. 11.)	HAYDN.
Song, "No joy without its neighbour sorrow," Master Phillips, (<i>Der Freischütz</i>)	WEBER.
Duetto, "Come frenar," Miss Bellchambers and Mr. A Sapiro, (<i>La Gazza Ladra</i>)	ROSSINI.
Concerto, Piano-forte, W. Dorrell (Pupil of Mr. C. Potter)	HUMMEL.
Song, "Rolling in foaming billows," Mr. A. Sapiro	HAYDN.
Sestetto, "Solo, sola," (<i>Il Don Giovanni</i>)	MOZART.

PART II.

Overture (<i>Egmont</i>)	BEETHOVEN.
Aria, "Il braccio mio conquise," Miss Bellchambers	NICOLINI.
Duetto, "Anna tu piangi," Miss Childe and Mr. E. Seguin	ROSSINI.
Concerto, Violoncello, C. Lucas, (Pupil of Mr. R. Lindley)	C. LUCAS.
Trio, "La mia Dorabella," Messrs. Brizzi, A. Sapiro, and E. Seguin (<i>Così fan Tutte</i>)	MOZART.
Cavatina, "Ah versar a mi regge," Miss Childe	PACINI.
Quartetto, con Coro, "Cielo il mio labbro"	ROSSINI.
Leader, C. A. SEYMOUR.	

CONCERTS IN THE GREAT ROOM OF THE KING'S THEATRE.

THIS room, the finest in London for music, has been altered, repaired, and fitted up. The orchestra is now stationed where the royal boxes were placed, and two semi-circular rows of small boxes have been built at the opposite end. One half of the floor has been raised into an amphitheatre, which with the other half is filled with cross

benches, but there are no side ones, for want whereof the appearance of the room suffers materially. The predominant colouring is a light blue, the ornamental part being executed in a cheap theatrical manner, and very French. The whole is illuminated by one lustre, suspended from the centre of a ceiling, which is decorated in good taste, and diffusing an agreeable light. The orchestra is much too perpendicular, and wants depth in the lower part. The proscenium also, which is a flimsy affair, gives it more the appearance of a portable stage, than is usual or becoming in a concert-room. The entrance—for there is but one—is extremely narrow, and in case of an alarm of fire might be the cause of infinite mischief. This sacrifice has been made for the purpose of getting a refreshment room, quite dark, out of the space under the raised floor, or amphitheatre, and we are decidedly of opinion, that both have much deteriorated this once well-proportioned fine saloon.

It was announced that these "Grand Concerts," would be given by all the strength of the King's theatre, on the 6th, 15th, and 29th of May. Accordingly, the first took place on Wednesday the 6th, as advertised, and consisted chiefly of airs, &c., from operas, by Rossini, Pacini, Mercadante, &c., together with the overture to *Tito*; a concerto on the violoncello, by M. Rousselot, (the successor of Lindley!) which was not ordinarily, but ridiculously bad; an air with variations for the trombone, by M. Schmidt, a silly, tiresome affair; and a fantasia on the clarionet, by Mr. Williams. All the principal singers performed, but very few people came to hear them; that is, very few who paid.

The second concert was a better selection, consisting, among other things, of several compositions of Cimarosa; the *Freischütz* overture, and a concerto on the violin, by M. Hauman, the same that he played at the Philharmonic concert:—but the money taken was much the same as before. In fact, the attempt has proved a most complete failure—the usual fate of M. Bochsa's attempts, who had the effrontery to place himself at the piano-forte, as the conductor of the performances.

CONCERTS AT THE ARGYLL ROOMS.

THREE morning concerts have been given here in the name of Signor Velluti, but which are, we believe, a speculation of Mr. Welsh, perhaps conjointly with the former. Madlle. Sontag, together with Madlle. Blasis, Curioni, Pellegrini, &c., form the vocal party. The best instrumental performers are in the orchestra, namely, the seceders from the King's Theatre. The leader is Mr. F. Cramer, and the conductor, Sir G. Smart. The first concert was very thinly attended, the second rather better, and the third was tolerably full. But the music selected is, for the greater part, of that insipid, mawkish kind, which the singers, aided by a few tasteless people of influence, are at present forcing, not down the throats, but into the ears of such of the public as are passive, and allow themselves to be drugged by the wretched stuff of Nicolini, Bonfichi, Mosca, Pacini, &c. &c.

GUILDHALL CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SILK-WEAVERS.

WE must just notice, in general terms, this performance, which took place on Saturday, the 2nd of May, at noon, and was eminently successful, whether considered

musically, or with reference to the receipts, which produced a net profit of about 1500*l.* Every thing connected with the management of this was highly creditable to those concerned in it; and the performers of every class are not less entitled to a share of the praise. But Madlle. Sontag, by generously coming forward gratuitously to assist—and this was her first appearance in London during the present season, which rendered her aid more valuable—made an impression that will not easily be forgotten.

Benefit Concerts.

MR. GREATOREX'S,

Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, April 28th.

A most respectable company, consisting chiefly of the subscribers to the Ancient Concert. The selection had not much of novelty, though it contained some good music. Mad. Camporese sang Pacini's "Cara adorata," and part of the worn-out "Cruda sorte!" Madame Stockhausen, Madlle. Blasis, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Phillips, Bellamy, Sale, and De Begnis, all assisted: and Miss Carnaby, daughter of Dr. C., was heard for the first time in public. Her voice is a soprano of a good quality, but her alarm, which was great, prevented her displaying those powers and that musical knowledge which we understand she possesses. Mozart's overture to the *Zauberflöte*, followed by the favourite movement from Handel's lessons; a concerto on the horn, by Puzzi; and a concertante (MS.) of Winter, performed by Weichsel, &c., the execution of which was better than the composition, formed the instrumental part of this concert. Mr. F. Cramer led, and Mr. Greatorex conducted.

MR. J. B. CRAMER'S,

Willis's Rooms, Friday Morning, May 1st.

The room was, as is always the case, full, and of fashionable company, for to hear Cramer is not only present delight, but an admirable lesson for the future. He played three times: first, his concertino in E flat; next, two movements from his fine concerto in D minor (dedicated to Miss Scott) with, as a finale, his rondo à l'*Espagnolle*, from his opera 70; and lastly, Mozart's quartet in E flat, in which he was joined by F. Cramer, Moralt, and Lindley. Of his performance we only need say, that it was equal to anything he had done before. Our opinion on this subject has been so often recorded in the pages of the *Harmonicon*, that we need not now repeat it. We will only add, that Cramer is a great musical bulwark; he prevents the inundation of bad taste by which we are threatened from overwhelming us. Before he is gathered to his fathers, and ere he becomes the property of the historian of fine art, let us hope that one will be found ready to supply his place—that some person will arise worthy of the mantle which must sooner or later fall from him who now is a living example, and will be, let us hope, an everlasting model. Mr. F. Cramer led, and Mr. Cramer conducted.

MISS WILKINSON'S,

Hanover Square Rooms, Monday, May 4th.

This was remarkably well attended, in every sense of the phrase. Miss Wilkinson sang an air by Nicolini; a duet, "M'abbraccia Argirio," with Signor Donzelli; another, "Dunque mio ben," by Zingarelli, with Mad. Malibran; and Thomas Linley's song, "O, bid thy faithful Ariel

fly;" the latter accompanied by herself; and we will add, the audience were most gratified by her English air. Mad. Camporese sang "Di piacer;" Mad. Malibran an aria of Mercadante, and "Una voce;" Mrs. W. Knyvett, the lovely ballad, "Bid me not forget thy smile;" Miss Stephens the not less beautiful ballad, "On the banks of Allan Water;" Signor Donzelli, an aria of Rossini; and Mad. Stockhausen a duet with Signor De Begnis, and a Swiss air. Mori and Puzzi played concertos on their respective instruments,

MR. VAUGHAN'S,

At the Concert Room, King's Theatre, Friday, May 5th.

In order to get some of the opera-singers, Mr. Vaughan was obliged to change his *locale*, and by this means obtained Madlle. Sontag, Mad. Malibran, and Signor Donzelli, all of whom sang the hacknied things, and were enormously paid for so doing. Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Wilkinson, with Messrs. W. Knyvett, Phillips, Bellamy, Sale, &c., lent their aid, and had their names printed in humble letters, being obliged to bow submissively to the singers of Pacini's and Mercadante's music. Mr. Cramer and Mr. Wright performed a duet on the piano-forte and harp; and Mori a concerto on the violin. Mr. F. Cramer led, and Mr. Greatorex conducted.

MISS CHAMBERS',

Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Morning, May 7th.

This young and beautiful lady is the daughter of the late banker, whose deranged affairs render it prudent that she should convert an accomplishment into a profession, to avoid the evils of dependence. The admission was a guinea, and an elegant display of persons of rank showed the respect in which Miss Chambers is held, and the sympathy felt for her unsought, unexpected situation. She herself sang many things, in the most modern Italian style, but was evidently affected, and her voice was much subdued, which circumstance, added to our distance from the orchestra, prevented our hearing, except in quite an imperfect manner. She was assisted by Mesdames Camporese and Stockhausen, Messrs. Velluti, Pellegrini, Torri, and Donzelli. M. Spagnoletti led, and M. Pio Cianchettini conducted.

MR. MOSCHELES',

Concert Room, King's Theatre, Friday Morning, May 8th.

On this occasion Mr. Moscheles produced a new grand symphony, being the first time of its performance, a very clever work, but one that requires to be heard a second time in order to enter critically into its merits. He performed his fantasia, *Sir Walter Scott's favourite Strains of the Scottish Bards**, with immense applause; a concertante-duet with Mr. Lindley, in which are introduced some popular airs; and an extempore piece. The latter afforded an opportunity of witnessing, not only his remarkable talent for musical improvisation, but his great knowledge of harmony and wonderful execution. Miss M. Cramer sang with Signor Donzelli, Mozart's "Crudel, perche finora?" very sweetly, and likewise the Irish melody, "'Tis the last rose of summer," in a most interesting manner. Madame Malibran gave—not "Di tanti palpiti," properly so called, but what can only be considered as variations on it; and thus substituted her own tinsel for the sterling air, with a self-complacency that we never before saw equalled: she, however, sang Ros-

* See *Review of Music*, page 136.

sini's duet, "Ebben, a te ferisci," with Madlle. Sontag, with charming effect; though the last part of this was so altered by *concelli*, that it was difficult to trace the author's notes. The room was crowded in all parts. Mr. F. Cramer led a very good full band (not the Opera band), and Sir G. Smart conducted.

MRS. ANDERSON'S,

Argyll Rooms, Wednesday Morning, May 13th.

A fashionable crowd has always assembled at the concerts of this lady, and did not desert her on the present occasion, though people were beginning to get satiated with so many things of the kind. Mrs. Anderson played the sextour by Onslow which she performed at the second Philharmonic Concert, accompanied by the same persons; and also *variations de bravoure*, by Herz, on the romance in Mehul's *Joseph*. The brilliancy and neatness of her execution, and her extreme accuracy, were fully displayed in these compositions; the first of which has already been mentioned in terms of praise in our pages; the last is only written to shew the agility of the player. Nicholson, in a flute fantasia, was very delightful; and Mori's concerto pleased much. Mrs. Anderson was at the expense of engaging Madlle. Sontag, and Madame Malibran, who sang again "Ebben, a te ferisci" and certainly with great effect. Mr. Weichsel led the first act, M. Spagnoletti the second, and Sir G. Smart conducted.

MR. F. CRAMER'S,

Hanover Square Rooms, Friday, May 15th.

The strength of this concert was in the instrumental portion. Beethoven's symphony in C; Haydn's No. 9; the overture to *Euryanthe*; and a concerto of Mozart by Mr. Cramer, were all admirable. Madame Camporese's "Che farò senza Eurydice," though not so impressive as Pasta's, is nevertheless a superior performance. Miss Marian Cramer, in the sweet arietta of Sarti, "Lungi dal caro bene," exceedingly delighted the few that remained, but, unfortunately, it was the last vocal piece. Madlle. Sontag sang Caraffa's aria, "Cruda sorte! amor tiranno!" and Madlle. Blasis an aria by Pacini. Miss Stephens in "Sweet bird!" restored comfort to our ears, for though as familiar to us as an *ave* to a nun, yet there is something in this air, and in Miss Stephens's performance of it too, that always pleases. Mr. F. Cramer led, and Mr. Cramer conducted.

MR. MORI'S,

Concert Rooms, King's Theatre, Monday, May 18th.

Every corner of the room was filled, and the performance lasted upwards of four hours. In fact, almost every singer in London was present, and each had something to do. In addition to these, Mr. Moscheles on the piano-forte, Puzzi on the horn, and Labarre on the harp, played concertos. Mori performed admirably a concerto made up from Krützer and Mayseder, and likewise the principal part in Beethoven's septet. The number of pieces amounted to twenty-one; and most, if not all, the vocal compositions had been sung over and over again during the present season. Who can wonder, therefore, that the public are at length beginning to be content with hearing one benefit concert in a season, or two at the utmost?

(To be continued.)

JUNE, 1829.

Foreign Musical Report.

VIENNA.

Leopoldstüdt Theater.—A new piece in two acts has been produced here, entitled, *Die Entdeckung der Chinarinde* (The Discovery of the Cinchona, or Peruvian Bark). The story, which is founded on an historical fact, is wrought up with considerable interest; but the music, composed by Kapellmeister Drechsler, does not correspond in general to the force of the situations, which are highly dramatic. In the hands of a more gifted musician it might have been made a piece of lasting interest; it has proved beyond the calibre of M. Dreschler.

Josephstadt Theater.—*Der Zauber-Traum, oder, Prinz Ramiro und Acschenbrödel* (The Magic Dream, or, Prince Ramiro and Cinderella), a grand pantomime ballet, has been produced here by Occioni. We particularly mention it on account of the admirable and well-adapted music from several masters, in the selection of which much judgment, as well as skill, has been displayed, it having been taken from the works of different composers, master-pieces of their kind, but doomed to the shelf by the caprice of modern taste.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, the talented and well-known composer, lately died in this city, in the thirty-second year of his age. As a proof of his industry, and of the hope he had formed of acquiring renown in the different departments of his art, we may mention that among his papers were found twelve grand operas, five operettas, eight masses, ten symphonies, besides several sonatos, trios, quatuors, and above two hundred songs. On occasion of his funeral, a new *Requiem* by Anselm Hüttenbrenner was produced, the music of which is full of very striking effects, and excellent in its way, but any thing else than a *Missa pro Defunctis*; the mournful import of the words and the liveliness of the sounds are at such open war with each other.

Kärnthnerthor Theater.—The triumph of Madame Pasta here is complete; it was not imagined that the power of musical sensibility could be carried so far, and this artist is proclaimed by the universal voice as the Queen of Song. A sufficient company having at length been found, the *Tancredi* was given entire, and received with unanimous applause. But the *Semiramide*, which followed, was considered as the crown of this singer's talents, and excited a degree of enthusiasm, which it would be difficult to describe. At the head of the admirers of Madame Pasta, is the emperor himself, who was pleased to order her to give a representation at the theatre of the court. The pieces selected expressly by his Majesty, were the first act of *Tancredi*, and the last of *Romeo e Giulietta*. At the close of the first piece, the emperor gave the signal of applause, which was taken up by the whole audience, one of the most brilliant ever witnessed here. Between the two pieces, his Majesty quitted the royal box, which is in the centre of the house, and took his place in the Prince Esterhazy's box, close to the stage. In the part of *Romeo*, Madame Pasta seemed to surpass herself: the deep pathos which she threw into this most touching of Zingarelli's compositions, was communicated to the whole audience. The following day she took her benefit in *Semiramide*, in which her success was complete. The receipts of the evening exceeded nine hundred gold ducats. On this occasion she was presented by the emperor with a superb diadem of brilliants, accompanied by a brevet, conveyed by the hands of his first chamberlain, appointing her first

singer of the court. This fortunate artist has just set out for Milan, carrying with her, as a net result of her musical visit to the Austrian capital, the sum of five thousand gold ducats.

BERLIN.

THE celebrated Paganini is among us, and has given three concerts, which have been crowded by all the distinguished persons of the place. Various are the opinions of the cognoscenti respecting his style of performance, and two of our principal journals are at issue upon this point. One declares, that if he had never heard him, he could not believe in the existence of such a prodigy: or rather that, though assured of the fact of having heard him, he can scarcely believe in its reality. "Most assuredly," says he, "Paganini is a prodigy, and all that the most celebrated violinists have executed heretofore, is mere children's play compared to the inconceivable difficulties which he has created, in order to be the first to surmount them." Our limits will not allow us to follow the enthusiasm of this writer, in his enumeration of the wonders of the god of his idolatry. For instance, he assures us that Paganini executed an air, quite *sostenuto*, on one string, while, at the same time, a tremolo accompaniment upon the next was perfectly perceptible, as well as a very lively *pizzicato* upon the fourth string. That he executed runs of octaves on the single string of *g*, with as much promptitude, precision, and firmness, as other violinists on two! Nay, he goes so far as to say that, in order to produce this effect, he employs one finger only. He is further declared to be able to render the four strings of the instrument available to such a degree, as to form concatenations of chords that can be heard together, and which produce as full and complete harmony as that of six fingers of a piano-forte player on the key-board; and that, above all, he excels in the effects which he draws from harmonic sounds, which he can multiply at will, by means known only to himself. Mr. Rellstab further informs us, that though he never *scrapes* the string, he always obtains a vigorous sound, and that in the greatest difficulties, and in moments of the most daring vivacity, every note produced by him has all the roundness and sonorousness of a bell. On the contrary, the Editor of *Zeitung von Spener*, confidently assures us, that Paganini is incapable of producing a grand tone, though all his tones are of the most delightful quality. He adds that his method of bowing is quite at variance with ordinary rules; indeed he might have said the same thing of whatever else he does. According to the same writer, Paganini executes the *adagio*, and impassioned cantilenas, with the most profound sensibility, and with great perfection of style; while Mr. Rellstab, at the same time that he allows him much sensibility, pretends that it is *outré*, and that the true characteristic superiority of this artist is found in his brilliant execution. He does not hesitate to declare his compositions to be so many rhapsodies, and yet allows that they possess a charm peculiarly their own. He concludes by saying that it is impossible to comprehend at one glance all the vast and unknown regions of melody discovered by Paganini, and of which he has taken possession by the law of original occupation. In a word, that he resembles nothing that was known before him, and that it is doubtful whether he will ever find a successor.

And yet, if we are to believe the accounts that have reached us from the south of Germany, a young violinist of Vienna has found the solution of this problem. It is said, that he has not only imitated Paganini's manner with such exactitude as to deceive the finest ear, but that he has

reproduced six favourite pieces, never yet published by the latter. This youth, after exhibiting his talents at Vienna, has proceeded on his travels, and has already given concerts at Munich and Nuremberg, which have been successful.

Paganini's concerts were crowdedly attended to the last, though the prices of admission were doubled. The cognoscenti were particularly anxious to hear him in Kreutzer's celebrated concerto, which he gave with a feeling and force, that made it his own. In an *adagio* of his own composition, he produced a purity of tone on the double string, accompanied by a tenderness and depth of expression, which was heard with that breathless attention, which is more flattering to the true artist, than the most stormy applause. Speaking of his variations to the *Di tanti palpiti*, one of our journals says: "They are conceived with so much taste, and were executed with such delicacy, that we could wish to send all our singers to the school of this artist. He succeeded in reconciling many amateurs to a melody which they had before considered as trivial. We are surprised that this artist does not play Beethoven's compositions, a composer of so kindred a spirit to his own. In a word, whoever has not heard Paganini, may consider that there exists a lacuna in the chain of his musical sensations." In his last concert he gave a series of variations, to the Austrian national air, on the fourth string, which astonished all present. It was remarked as a surprising proof of the power of Paganini's tone, that while the full orchestra were exerting their powers in a *tutti*, it was heard predominant over every other sound. The moiety of the receipts of this concert, was appropriated by the artist to the charitable establishments of the place. He has left us for Magdeburgh, where he has been invited to give two concerts. From thence he is to proceed to Hanover, having been honoured by an invitation from the Duke of Cambridge; after which he is to embark for your capital.

The great musical novelty here, has been the revival of Sebastian Bach's grand work, *The Passion*; it may be considered as a centenary commemoration of the great artist, for this great masterpiece was first performed in 1729. It was given by a band of nearly two hundred musicians, conducted by the young composer, Felix Mendelsohn, whose efforts to do justice to this great work of his countryman, are entitled to every praise. So great was the general desire to hear the performance, that a second and third repetition of it was called for. The execution was satisfactory throughout. An air, the pathos of which is striking in the extreme, was executed by Madame Milder-Hauptmann, in a manner that recalled the best days of Madame Mara.

MUNICH.

THE novelty has been Kapellmeister Lindpaintner's last opera, *Der Vampyr*, which did not, however, obtain any great success. On this point we must acknowledge that our opinion is in unison with that of the public. The piece appears altogether defective in individuality of character, and presents a singular amalgamation of the Italian and German styles, without any of that master-skill which could render such a union available, or reconcile it to the lovers of good taste. Some of the melodies are highly pleasing, and it is in these that the forte of this composer lies. If he were to make choice of some story of interest, within the range of his capabilities, and, instead of seeking *outré* effects, were to scatter over his opera the flowers of that melody which he appears to have at his command,

we doubt not but he would produce a work of lasting value, and really conducive to his fame.

LEIPSIC.

THE veteran Rochlitz is again before the public in a new work, entitled *Für ruhige Stunden* (Leisure Hours), in two volumes. It contains much that is interesting to the lovers of musical history, but is marked throughout by the garrulity of the sexagenarian, the *laudator temporis acti*.

Ferdinand Ries's maiden opera, *Die Räuberbraut*, which obtained such success last autumn, is engraving here, and will be published, with a pianoforte accompaniment, by the composer. Its appearance is looked for not without interest.

ITALY.

FOUR cities, Turin, Genoa, Verona, and Mantua, made choice of Pacini's opera, *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*, for the opening of the new theatrical year. This composition, which obtained considerable success at Milan two years ago, and which has since been well received upon other theatres, met with but a cold reception at Turin, in spite of the support it received from a good company, at the head of which is the Lorenzani. Four pieces only were applauded, the two duets, the opening air, and the rondo. At Genoa it obtained a favourable reception, though not applauded in the first instance, on account of the etiquette observed on the presence of the king and queen of Sardinia. The work was well performed, and the company good, consisting of the following principal singers; Rosa Mariani, *contralto*; Marianne Lewis, *soprano*; Gentili, *primo tenore*; and Mariani, *primo basso*. At Verona, the success of the *Arabi nelle Gallie* was complete, to which the talents of Piermarini and Cortesi, not a little contributed; but by a singularity which it is beyond our power to explain, the same opera fell flat at Mantua, though the singers were by no means devoid of merit. Not a single piece was applauded; in fact, the whole made a complete *fiasco*. How singular, then, is the fate attending dramatic compositions; and to what causes is this caprice on the part of the public to be attributed?

MILAN.

Teatro alla Scala.—The new opera of the young composer Bellini, *La Straniera*, still maintains its place in the public favour. Even on the fourth night of its performance, the public loudly called for the composer, nor could they be satisfied till the manager came forward to assure the audience that he had quitted the theatre. The cognoscenti praise the work for the freshness of its melodies, the vigour and beauty of the choruses, and the true dramatic spirit that pervades the whole. Ricordi has just published the principal pieces of this opera, with a pianoforte accompaniment.

Teatro Carcano.—On her return from Vienna, Madame Pasta is to give a series of representations here, and besides the well-known list of her operas, Caraffa's *Gabriella di Vergy* is to be performed. The company engaged to support her presents a sad contrast to that of Barbaja; Marietta Brambilla is to be the *primo musico*, Gio. Battista Montresor, the *primo tenore*, the young Duprez, *secondo tenore*, and Casselli, the *basso cantante*. But as Pasta is to be all the rage, the rest, we suppose, will go for nothing.

Pacini is arrived here to bring out his new opera. The second novelty of the season is to be from the pen of Persiana, the author of *Danae* and *Gastone di Foix*.

FLORENCE.

LORD BURGHERSH is, as usual, all activity in the world of music, at least in his own world of music. He lately produced, in presence of the sovereign family of Tuscany, of the grand duchess dowager, and the archduchess Maria Louisa, his opera, entitled *L' Eroe di Lancastre*. The overture, descriptive of a battle, made considerable impression, as well as some of the airs and concerted pieces.

VENICE.

Teatro la Fenice.—*Rosmonda*, the poetry by Romani, the music by Signor Coccia, has been produced here, and obtained moderate success. Some of the pieces were applauded, particularly a cavatina and a romance, sung by the Signora Grisi, a duet between the same singer and Verger, and a terzetto executed by Brambilla, Corradi, and Grisi.

Teatro San Benedetto.—A successful opera has been produced, entitled "*L' Allogio Militare*," the maiden production of M. Paris, a pupil of the celebrated Lesueur, and pensioner of the French government. Several of the pieces were warmly applauded, and praise was given to the composer for considerable facility predominant both in the song and in the orchestra. But, unfortunately, this young aspirant to musical fame is not untainted with the besetting sin of the time; the imitations of Rossini are far too frequent, and too marked not to give cause for regret. It is evident that M. Paris has resources of his own; but if, instead of having recourse to them, he relies for success on the creations of other minds, he can never hope to attain to excellence.

PARIS.

Académie Royale de Musique.—It is the report that *Guillaume Tell* is immediately to be put in rehearsal, and the news has set all the cognoscenti—and may we not add, all the variation-mongers—upon the *qui vive*. In the meantime *La Muette de Portici* continues its brilliant career, and attracts full houses.

The latest novelty has been a new Ballet from the old fairy tale of *La Belle au bois dormant*; the music by M. Herold. There seems some disappointment as to the ballet, but more as to the music: something better was expected from the author of *Marie*. The story is said to be unworthy of the music, and the music of the story. A wag in one of the journals remarks, *La Belle ne s'éveille qu'au quatrième acte, et alors elle trouve le public endormi*.

In Pacini's music list appears the following:—

The score and orchestral parts of *La Violette*, together with the overture, all the airs, duets, &c., with piano-forte accompaniments.

Fanfane des Omnibus, rondeau brillant pour le piano-forte, dédié aux Dames Blanches et aux Citadines, par un cocher des Triaycles.

A *Stabat Mater*, composed by Madame St. Michel, was lately performed in the *Eglise du St. Sacrement*, by a company of distinguished artists, who had met to do honour to the talents of this lady. It was admired for the touching expression of its melodies, and the boldness and truth displayed in the accompaniments, which bespoke the hand of one profoundly versed in the mysteries of the art.

It is currently reported, that the contract by which Signor Spontini holds the place of superintendent of the king's music at Berlin, being nearly expired, he intends to vacate that situation; and that M. Auber, the well known French composer, is to fill his place.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last, Madame MALIBRAN has appeared in *La Gazza Ladra*, as *Ninetta*, and her performance has produced a good deal of opposing criticism. This is not to be wondered at, for some of the weekly papers hear impartially, see clearly, and report conscientiously; while there never was a time when an entire ignorance of music, and the influential effect of managerial favours, were so apparent in the morning and evening journals, as at the present period*

Madame Malibran's merits as a singer are to be traced to a natural aptitude, and an early, rigorously-pursued education—her vocal defects, to the style of her instructor, who was a good musician with a bad taste. She is too young to have gained much from experience, and her genuine ardour and lively fancy are not yet under the slightest control of judgment. Hence her singing, though it manifests considerable genius and practical knowledge, is often exceedingly outré; and her acting, though it exhibits much feeling, and an active mind, is too frequently extravagant.

On the lyric stage the characters ought to be considered as of a poetical nature, like those of the pastoral. The Melibœus and Tityrus of Virgil, the Daphnis and Strephon of Pope, are shepherds, whose business is to watch flocks of sheep; they are not, however, the ragged, wretched, ignorant paupers of real life, but well-dressed, happy, accomplished persons, who utter elevated sentiments in the most refined language. So *Ninetta*, though only the maid of an inn, always expresses herself in terms belonging exclusively to educated people, and wholly out of use among persons of her nominal class; while the music she performs, and her manner of singing it, imply a course of study and habits of life, which inevitably destroy all belief in the possibility of her being employed in waiting upon trampers, or in scrubbing mudded floors after their dirty feet. But Mad. Malibran represents the mere *paysanne*—the *paysanne*, too, unchecked by that sense of propriety, that feminine *retenue*, which nature sometimes confers on her humblest children. Consequently, the strictures on her performance which have appeared, are just, though severe, and the eulogiums pronounced on it, have resulted from a mistaken notion of what that style of acting should be which is proper to the lyric stage.

In the singing of this part, Mad. M. sometimes afforded us infinite pleasure, but more frequently excited a regret that such means should be so misemployed. Her first air, "Di piacer," was completely metamorphosed by ornaments, most of them executed in a very imperfect manner, particularly those which fell to the middle and worst part of her voice.

La Gazza Ladra is ill got up; and in consequence of the part of *Pippo*—once performed so admirably by Mad. Vestris—being given to Madlle. Specchi, the duet "E ben per mia memoria," one of the finest and most effective compositions in this delightful opera, is omitted! The chorus, "Tremate, o Popoli!" that masterly production, was completely sacrificed the night we were present; and the band, as a whole, seemed quite strangers to more than half the pieces they had to accompany.

* We have collected many proofs of what we advance, which would not a little aid any one who might undertake to write a history of the newspaper press.

On the 5th of May, Mlle. Sontag made her rentrée, in the character of *Angelina*, in *La Cenerentola*. Much had been said about the injury her voice had sustained, the alterations for the worse in her person, and so forth; we were therefore agreeably surprised to find the one much improved in quality, having acquired more fulness, become more mellow, and the other equally mended in appearance, having lost what we thought its redundancy. It is equally evident that her taste is growing far more correct—that her early inclination for embellishments, for *rifiorimenti*, is fast on the wane, and that there is a fair prospect of her at length settling, both as regards voice and manner, into a great singer. We saw strong indications of this last season, in her performance of *Donna Anna*, and then began to hope that in proportion as she addicted herself to good music, she would become less enamoured of the bad, and consequently of the embroidery which a singer is sometimes tempted to work on such trash, to hide its native meanness.

On the opera itself we will not waste a word: it is not worth criticism. Madlle. Sontag has since appeared in *La Donna del Lago*, as *Elena*, and in *Il Barbiere*, as *Rosina*. In both she again manifested a change in her style, particularly in "Una voce poco fa," which she gave in a manner that was evidently meant as a contrast to her rival—an intention immediately understood by the audience, and exceedingly applauded.

For the benefit of Madame Pisaroni, *Semiramide* was performed on the 14th of last month, *Arsace* of course by Madame Pisaroni, and the part of the Assyrian Queen was allotted to Madlle. Sontag. The former shewed that energy which is so natural to her, both in her singing and acting; but her hard, masculine voice is to us so unpleasant, and her style is, upon the whole, so exactly what we cannot admire, that, with a full consciousness of her merits, which we have before confessed, we always witness her performance with pain, and quit it as a task finished.

With the recollection of Pasta as *Semiramide* fresh in our mind, it was impossible to suppose that Madlle. Sontag could hope to rival that admirable performer in the acting of the character. Her youthful appearance is in itself very unfavourable to success; yet she accomplished her arduous task in a manner far beyond our expectations, and had we seen no one else in the part, should have rested perfectly satisfied with its present representative. Here again her singing partook of that largeness of conception which she shewed in *Don Giovanni*: she proved that she can, without reluctance, discard the train of ornaments which are out of place in the tragic scene—that her style can be dignified, and that she can exhibit strength of feeling when occasion calls it forth. *Bordogni's Idreno* was any thing but laudable; he could not have had a character less suited to his powers. The choruses, alas!—the splendid choruses of this opera met with that cruel fate to which they are here so frequently condemned.

The *Birmingham Musical Festival*, under the especial patronage of his Majesty, will commence on Tuesday the 6th of October next. Several new compositions, by the most celebrated masters in Europe, will be performed for the first time in this country, and some of which have been composed expressly for this festival. Some performers of the greatest celebrity will come from the continent; and the orchestra will be filled with performers of the finest talent upon their various instruments that this country produces. *Madame Malibran's* name will be found in the list of the principal vocalists.