

## MEMOIR OF LEONARDO LEO.

LEONARDO LEO was born at Naples in the year 1694. He received his musical education at the Conservatory of *Santo Onofrio*, which at that period was in the zenith of its fame. Alessandro Scarlatti was the chief professor, and Durante, Vinci, Porpora, with a host of other celebrated men, were the fellow disciples of Leo. Under the instruction of this truly great master, his progress was extremely rapid. After becoming versed in the art of song, and of vocal composition, and being furnished with all the resources of counterpoint, he applied to instrumental music, in which he also made great proficiency.

At the age of one-and-twenty he composed his first opera, *La Sofonisba*, which was produced at the theatre of his native city, and it met with success. Encouraged by the applause with which his first effort was rewarded, the youthful musician was excited to fresh exertions in the same department of his art. Accordingly, in 1720, he produced his *Caio Gracco*, several of the airs of which were long popular.

The author of *Notitia de' Teatri di Venezia* complains this year of the enormous salaries of the first singers, and says, that more was then given to a single voice, than need to be expended on the whole exhibition. Formerly, says he, the sum of a hundred crowns was thought a great price for a fine voice; and the first time it amounted to one hundred and twenty, the exorbitance became proverbial. But what proportion, continues he, does this bear with the present salaries, which generally exceed a hundred sequins [the sequin values 9s. 6d.]; and which has such an effect upon the rest of the troop, that the demands of every one go on increasing, in the ratio of the first singer's vanity and overrated importance. The consequences, indeed, are fatal, when the performers combine, as often happens, in a resolution to extort from the managers a contract for certain sums, of which the *uncertainty* of success in public exhibitions renders the payment so precarious.

In 1722 appeared his *Tamerlano*, and in 1723 *Il Timocrate*, in which the principal characters were sustained by Nicolini and the celebrated Tesi.

Dr. Burney says, "The first opera of Leo's composition, that I have been able to find, is *Sofonisba*, which was performed at Naples, in 1718, and the last, *Siface*, in Bologna, in 1737. Between these he produced three operas for Venice, and four for Rome\*." This is incorrect; for subsequent to the year 1737, we find the following operas: *La Zingarella*, 1738; the comic opera, *Il Feste Teatrale*, and the serious opera, *Ciro riconosciuto*, 1739; *Achille in Siria*, 1740; and *Vologeso*, in 1744. "Leo," says Dr. Burney, "also set the *Olimpiade* of Metastasio, in which the duo, *Nei giorni tuoi felici*, and the air, *Non sò donde viene*, are admirable; as also is *Per quel paterno amplesso*, in *Artaserse*, the only air of that opera, by this composer, that I have seen."

Flexibility of talent was a distinguishing characteristic of this master; he adapted his style with equal success to the serious and the comic opera. He was alike excellent

in each, and his first opera of the latter kind, entitled *Cioè*, was received by the Neapolitans with such enthusiasm, that it was represented on all the other theatres of Italy. The subject of this piece is a man who has the habit of adding *cioè* (that is to say) to every thing he utters, and who, in endeavouring to be explicit, mystifies all who come near him. The opera abounds with some well-contrived and highly-ludicrous situations, and we have heard an Italian composer of eminence give it as his opinion, that this composition, if revived and retouched in the accompaniments, would not fail to become a favourite.

The rival of Vinci and Porpora in dramatic composition, Leo was also desirous of emulating Durante in sacred music; and as in the former department of his art he had been by turns pathetic and gay, scientific and natural, so in the latter he attained to eminence, and produced numerous compositions of a character imposing, dignified, and sublime. Among these works, his *Miserere* is particularly celebrated for its profound knowledge of counterpoint, for grandeur and purity of style, and natural and ingenious employment of modulation and imitation. Several critics of eminence have not hesitated to prefer it to the works of the same kind by Allegri and Jomelli. Dr. Burney, in speaking of this composition, says, "Leo's celebrated *Miserere*, in eight real parts, though imperfectly performed in London, at the Pantheon, for Ansani's\* benefit, in 1781, convinced real judges that it was of the highest class of choral composition. More than forty voices were called into action, and if there had been more frequent rehearsals, I can conceive, from such movements as were correctly executed, that the effect of the whole would have been wonderful, and have greatly surpassed all the expectation which the high reputation of the composer, and the uncommon magnitude of the enterprise, had excited †."

Leo also set Metastasio's two oratorios, *La Morte di Abele*, and *Santa Elena al Calvario*. Of the latter Dr. Burney says, that he had seen some very fine airs.

Specimens of this great master's sacred compositions may be found in Latrobe's "Selections of Sacred Music;" but the finest parts of the *Dixit Dominus*, and many other compositions by the same, are published in Mr. Novello's admirable FITZWILLIAM MUSIC.

To Leo is attributed the invention of that species of air, called by the Italians *aria d'ostinazione*, or obligato air. His compositions in this style are highly classical, particularly that beginning *Ombra diletta e cara*, which is still known throughout Italy.

Leo was the founder of a school in Naples, that very widely spread the fame of his country, and became a nursery for those celebrated singers, who afterwards filled

\* Giovanni Ansani, or Anzani, was an Italian singer and composer of some eminence. He was of the *irritabile genus*, and his wife, the Signora Maccherini, belonged to the same class, but far outvied her spouse in violence of temper. It is said, that when employed in the same theatre, if one happened to be applauded more than the other, which was sure to be the case, as the lady was but an indifferent singer, they have been known to hire persons to hiss the successful rival.

† This *Miserere* is printed in the third volume of the *Harmonicon*, page 196.

\* *History of Music*, vol. iv. p. 544.

the Italian theatres of the different European courts. The *Solfeggi* which he composed for his scholars are yet studied by those who wish to become scientifically acquainted with the art. The ornamental passages in this work are of an unfading kind. Many of them are so unimpaired by age, that Rossini has frequently availed himself of them; and not a few of these flowers of song will be found scattered through the operas of the grand maestro, with no unsparing hand.

Among the most distinguished disciples of this master, are, Nicolo Sala, author of the celebrated *Regoli del Contrapunto Prattico*; Pascale Caffaro, Jomelli, Piccini, Salvatore Bertini, and Adreas Fioroni.

The masses and motets of Leo, which are numerous, and which, to all the learning of the seventeenth century, unite a degree of expressive melody before unknown, are carefully treasured in the libraries of the curious: several of them are still performed in the churches of Naples, and latterly they have been heard at our provincial meetings and London oratorios.

In respect to the art in which Leo was so distinguished an ornament, it may be justly said, that what Alessandro Scarlatti began, he continued; and that what Porpora and Sarro had only indicated, he carried into effect and completed. His efforts tended in a great degree to release melody from those restraints by which its beauties were hidden, and its elements perverted. It came purified from his hand, and fresh in native grace and truth of expression. His style is elevated without pretension, expressive without extravagance, and grand without inflation.

This great musician and reformer of the art died at Naples, in 1745, at the age of fifty-one. His death was unhappily precipitated by an accident, to the effects of which but little attention was at first paid. A tumour gradually formed on his right cheek, which in time growing to considerable magnitude, he was advised to have recourse to a surgical operation; but whether from the unskillfulness of the operator, or from a bad habit of body, a mortification ensued, which cost him his life.

The following is a list of his principal works. In Sacred Music:—*Santa Elena*, oratorio; *La Morte di Abele*, oratorio; *Miserere* (alla capella) for eight voices; another *Miserere* à 4 voci soli, col basso; a *Dixit Dominus*, for four voices; a *Te Deum* for the same; two *Magnificats*, one for four, the other for five voices; *Cantata per il glorioso San Vincenzo Ferreri, a 5 voci, con Strom.*; *Cantata per il Miracolo del glorioso San Gennaro, a 5 voci, a grande orch.* Among his numerous masses, that for five voices in B, is particularly distinguished; of his various motets, the two spoken of as entitled to the greatest praise are, *Heu nos miseros (alla capella) à 5 voci*, and *Jam surrexit dies gloriosa*, also for five voices.

In Music for the Theatre:—*Sofonisba*, 1718; *Caio Gracco*, 1720; *Tamerlano*, 1722; *Timocrate*, 1723; *Catone in Utica*, 1726; *Argone*, 1728; *Il Cioè*, 1729; *Arianna e Tesco*, 1730; *Olimpiade*, 1731; *Demofonte*, 1732; *Andromacha*, 1733; *Le Nozze di Psiche con Amore*, 1734; *La Clemenza di Tito*, 1735; *Siface*, 1737; *La Zingarella*, 1738; *Ciro riconosciuto* and *Il Festo Teatrale*, 1739; *Achille in Siria*, 1740; and *Vologeso*, 1744.

His other vocal works mentioned are—*Serenata per Is-pagna, 2 parte*, and *Campanimenti Pastoralis, 2 parte*.

The only instrumental compositions of this master known to be extant, are a set of *Trios*, for two violins and a bass, which are pronounced by Dr. Burney to be “superior in correctness of counterpoint, and elegance of design, to any similar productions of the same period.”

## ON THE CHARACTERS OF KEYS.

To the EDITOR of the HARMONICON.

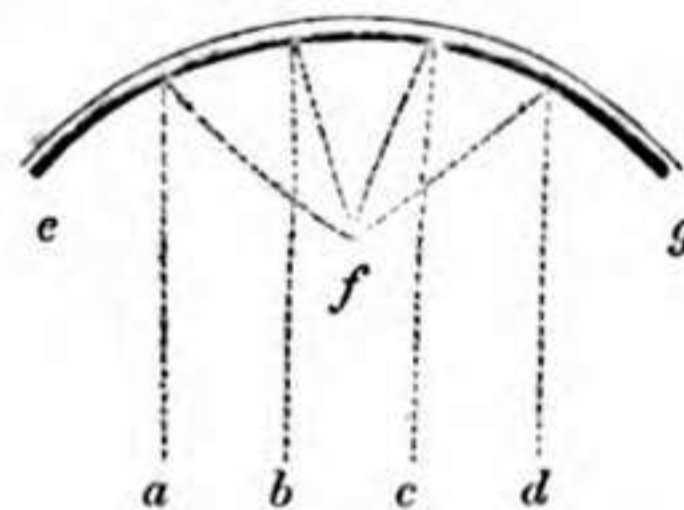
SIR,

Warwick, Jan. 6, 1829.

Your first number of the new year, page 6, contains a sensible article, by T. S. R., on the *Characters of Keys*, exemplifying at the same time a clear, simple, and correct system of tuning; near the close of which, he says,—“Should the characters of certain keys appear to be attributable to any other cause than that I have here suggested, I shall hope to be set right by any of your correspondents who may be better informed on the subject\*.”

Now, Sir, although I do not pretend to more information on the subject than your correspondent possesses, yet I shall venture to commit to paper the few ideas that have suggested themselves. In the first place, then, I do not think that the peculiarity of keys,—I will not say certain keys, because, if the rule be applicable to one it must to all, for all are differently imperfect,—I say, then, that the peculiarity of keys does not depend wholly on the temperament in tuning or method of performing, but also on the *pitch* of the key or the grave and acute qualities of sound. To these, probably, we may add a third auxiliary, namely, the kind and quality of the instrument, and its centres, or *foci*, in which sound concentrates after reflection; for it is known by the laws of acoustics, that “every apartment or confined space has a certain musical note or notes proper to it.” How far this may affect the characters of particular keys, I leave for others to determine; but that it does affect them I cannot doubt.

To those of your readers who are not versed in acoustics, the annexed figure, taken from Dr. Arnott's *Elements of Physics*, will illustrate my meaning more clearly.



“Sound is reflected from smooth surfaces, and hence arise many curious and pleasing effects, called echoes,” &c.

“A regular concave surface, as *eg*, may concentrate sound, and bring all which falls upon it, as from *abcd*, to the same centre or *focus*, at *f*, so as to produce there a very powerful effect.”

“The concentration of sound by concave surfaces produces many curious effects both in nature and in art.”—*See his Work, p. 494* †.

It is evident that the flute, hautboy, and bassoon are tuned on the same principle as the piano-forte, consequently partake of a similar expression of melancholy in particular keys; and although the violinist be capable of playing perfectly in every key, still he does not, though he approaches nearer to perfection than performers upon the before-mentioned instruments. So far this agrees with T. S. R.; but what shall we say of the horn, trumpet, and

\* In a note to the lives of Haydn and Mozart, it seems to me that the author has given an over-florid complexion to the nature of keys: he, however, thinks “it is sufficient to have hinted at these effects: to account for them (he says) is difficult.”

† The whole of this admirable Treatise on Acoustics is worthy of attention: its simplicity, its ingenuity, its originality, its truth, all commend it to the admiring observer of great Nature's works.

clarinet? the former two of these by means of their crooks, and the latter by change of instruments, with music properly adapted, are nearly as perfect in one key as in another; yet there is a difference of expression in the same, and each has its beauties, effects, and peculiar qualities. The Æolian and other harps are of this class, the effects of which are widely different according to the length, thickness, and tension of the strings, yet the chords are perfection itself at any given pitch. After these comes the human voice.

Undoubtedly, the most beautiful and perfect of all instruments is Nature's own, or that which Nature has made; for the more we examine her works the more perfect they appear, and the less so those of her sister, but feeble imitator,—Art. Now, this is the great question,—*Is the human voice alike perfect in all keys?* I shall not hesitate to pronounce in the affirmative: four persons singing together, without accompaniment of any sort, will produce as perfect harmony in the key of C with sharps, as in any of the dozen. This proves that the pathetic, or martial, &c. character of the key does not at all depend on the temperament, or intonation, when applied to the voice. What, then, can produce the phenomenon? It must be the pitch, or grave and acute qualities of the key; and yet I conceive that pieces performed a semi-tone higher or lower than the real key, when persons are singing without an accompaniment, the most delicate and scientific ear could not detect; but whole tones, or more upward or downward, become very perceptible. If a glee, for instance, in E flat, were sung without accompaniment, the effect would be but little different from the same sung in E four sharps or D two sharps\*; for how frequently do even our best performers, when singing in glees, fall imperceptibly more than a semi-tone lower before they finish than when they began? Still the change of key produced by such sinking, is a great offence to the sensible ear. When an author composes a piece of music, he first determines the key, and afterwards confines his ideas to the proper compass and expression of the voices, guided principally by his instrument and the character of the key; therefore the key-note, or tonic, should be held inviolate.

Having shown that the voice, when employed in separate keys, is a very different affair from an instrument, it is this consideration that makes me object to songs, glees, or any other vocal pieces being performed without instruments †. Nearly all music is composed to some kind of instrument; consequently, to be given in perfection, the piece must have the expression of the key in which it was composed imparted to it, and this can only be done by means of accompaniment.

We may conclude, then, that, principally from the imperfections in instruments, and from the pitch of the key or the grave and acute qualities of sound, come the character of keys; but, should my theory be false, I am still open to conviction, and wish to see so interesting a subject continued.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will find space for these scattered thoughts in your amusing and useful pages.

I remain, Sir, &c.

J. S.

\* There might be no difference perceptible by our correspondent, but to us it would be very striking indeed.—(Editor.)

† So far as relates to glees, which are intended to be unaccompanied, we feel called upon to dissent from the opinion of J. S.—(Editor.)

## ON THE TREATMENT OF THE VIOLIN,

IN A LETTER FROM  
THE CELEBRATED TARTINI.

THE letter here presented to our readers, was published by Dr. Burney, in 1779, under the following title: "A Letter from the late Signor Tartini to Signora Maddalena Lombardini (afterwards Signora Sirmen). Published as an important lesson to performers on the violin. Translated by Dr. Burney." This little tract having become scarce, and its practical value to the artist coming recommended to us by so high a name, we have been induced to reprint it in our journal.

A LETTER, &c.

Padua, March 5, 1760.

MY VERY MUCH ESTEEMED SIGNORA MADDALENA,

FINDING myself at length disengaged from the weighty business which has so long prevented me from performing my promise to you, a promise which was made with too much sincerity for my want of punctuality not to afflict me, I shall begin the instructions you wish from me, by letter; and if I should not explain myself with sufficient clearness, I entreat you to tell me your doubts and difficulties, in writing, which I shall not fail to remove in a future letter.

Your principal practice and study should, at present, be confined to the use and power of the bow, in order to make yourself entirely mistress in the execution and expression of whatever can be played or sung, within the compass and ability of your instrument. Your first study, therefore, should be the true manner of holding, balancing, and pressing the bow lightly, but steadily, upon the strings; in such a manner as that it shall seem to breathe the first tone it gives, which must proceed from the friction of the string, and not from percussion, as by a blow given with a hammer upon it. This depends on laying the bow lightly upon the strings, at the first contact, and on gently pressing it afterwards, which, if done gradually, can scarce have too much force given to it, because, if the tone is begun with delicacy, there is little danger of rendering it afterwards either coarse or harsh.

Of this first contact, and delicate manner of beginning a tone, you should make yourself a perfect mistress in every situation and part of the bow, as well in the middle as at the extremities; and in moving it up, as well as in drawing it down. To unite all these laborious particulars into one lesson, my advice is, that you first exercise yourself in a swell upon an open string, for example, upon the second or *a-la-mire*: that you begin *pianissimo*, and increase the tone by slow degrees to its *fortissimo*; and this study should be equally made, with the motion of the bow up and down, in which exercise you should spend at least an hour every day, though at different times, a little in the morning, and a little in the evening; having constantly in mind, that this practice is, of all others, the most difficult, and the most essential to playing well on the violin. When you are a perfect mistress of this part of a good performer, a swell will be very easy to you; beginning with the most minute softness, increasing the tone to its loudest degree, and diminishing it to the same point of softness with which you began, and all this in the same stroke of the bow. Every degree of pressure upon the string, which the expression of a note or passage shall require, will by this means be easy and certain; and you will be able to execute with your bow whatever you please.

After this, in order to acquire that light pulsation and play of the wrist, from whence velocity in bowing arises, it will be best for you to practise, every day, one of the *allegros*, of which there are three in Corelli's solos, which entirely move in semiquavers. The first is in D, in playing which you should accelerate the motion a little each time, till you arrive at the greatest degree of swiftness possible: but two precautions are necessary in this exercise; the first is, that you play the notes *staccato*, that is, separate and detached, with a little space between every two: for though they are written thus,



they should be played as if there was a rest after every note, in this manner,



The second precaution is, that you first play with the point of the bow; and when that becomes easy to you, that you use that part of it which is between the point and the middle; and when you are likewise mistress of this part of the bow, that you practise in the same manner with the middle of the bow; and above all, you must remember in these studies to begin the *allegros* or flights sometimes with an up-bow, and sometimes with a down-bow, carefully avoiding the habit of constantly practising one way. In order to acquire a greater facility of executing swift passages in a light and neat manner, it will be of great use if you accustom yourself to skip over a string between two quick notes in divisions, like these,—

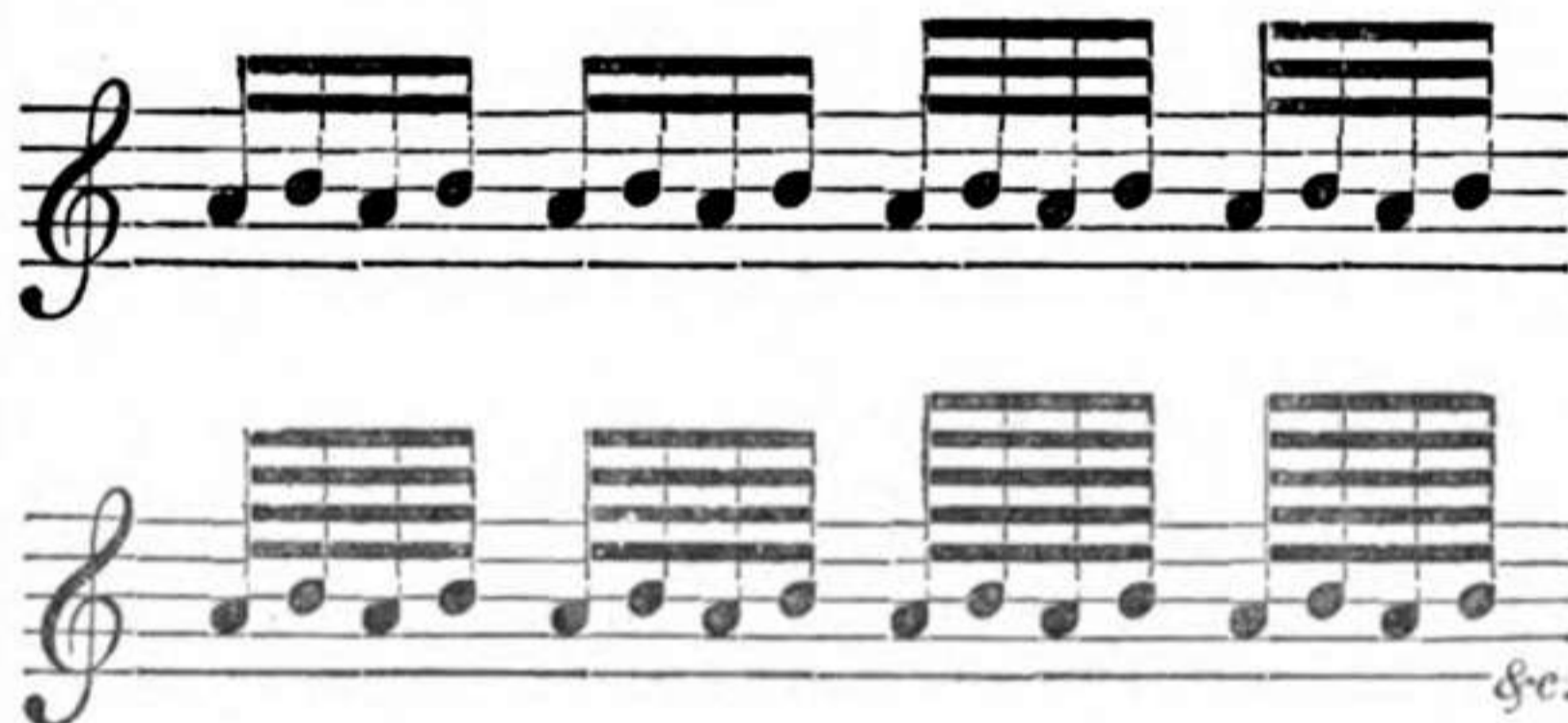


Of such divisions you may play extempore as many as you please, and in every key, which will be both useful and necessary.

With regard to the finger-board, or carriage of the left-hand, I have one thing strongly to recommend to you, which will suffice for all; and that is, the taking a violin part, either the first or second of a concerto, sonata, or song, any thing will serve the purpose, and playing it upon the half-shift, that is, with the first finger upon G on the first string, and constantly keeping upon this shift, playing the whole piece without moving the hand from this situation, unless A on the fourth string be wanted, or D upon the first; but, in that case, you should afterwards return again to the half-shift, without ever moving the hand down to the natural position. This practice should be continued till you can execute with facility upon the half-shift any violin part, not intended as a solo, at sight.

After this, advance the hand on the finger-board to the whole-shift, with the first finger upon A on the first string, and accustom yourself to this position till you can execute every thing upon the whole-shift with as much ease as when the hand is in its natural situation; and when certain of this, advance to the double-shift, with the first finger upon B, on the first string; and when sure of that likewise, pass to the fourth position of the hand, making C with the first finger upon the first string; and indeed this is a scale in which, when you are firm, you may be said to be mistress of the finger-board. This study is so necessary, that I most earnestly recommend it to your attention.

I now pass to the third essential part of a good performer on the violin, which is the making a good shake, and I would have you practise it slow, moderately fast, and quick; that is, with the two notes succeeding each other in these three degrees of *adagio*, *andante*, and *presto*; and in practice you have great occasion for these different kinds of shakes; for the same shake will not serve with equal propriety for a slow movement as for a quick one; but to acquire both at once with the same trouble, begin with an open string, either the first or second, it will be equally useful; sustain the note in a swell, and begin the shake very slow, increasing in quickness, by insensible degrees, till it becomes rapid, in the manner following:



but you must not rigorously move immediately from semiquavers to demisemiquavers, as in this example, or from these to the next in degree—that would be doubling the velocity of the shake all at once, which would be a skip, not a gradation; but you can imagine between a semiquaver and a demisemiquaver intermediate degrees of rapidity, quicker than the one, and slower than the other of these characters; you are therefore to increase in velocity, by the same degrees in practising the shake, as in loudness, when you make a swell. You must attentively and assiduously persevere in the practice of this embellishment, and begin at first with an open string, upon which, if you are once able to make a good shake with the first finger, you will with the greater facility acquire one with the second, the third, and the fourth or little finger, with which you must practise in a particular manner, as more feeble than the rest of its brethren. I shall, at present, propose no other studies to your application; what I have already said is more than sufficient, if your zeal is equal to my wishes, for your improvement. I hope you will sincerely inform me whether I have explained myself clearly thus far; that you will accept of my respects, which I likewise beg of you to present to the Prioress, to Signora Teresa, and to Signora Chiara, for all whom I have a sincere regard; and believe me to be, with great affection,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

GIUSEPPE TARTINI.

## ON MUSIC IN SPAIN.

THE following article is taken from a work of considerable interest, which is shortly to make its appearance, entitled *Mémoires d'un Apothicaire sur la guerre d'Espagne*, and which is to form a part of the *Collection des Mémoires contemporaines*. Political events, the anecdotes of the day, and interesting details on the theatres and music of the Spaniards, and the manners and customs of this nation, written in a spirited and original manner, enliven the more sombre details of war and its attendant horrors. The author of the work is a medical gentleman whose name is not unknown in the musical world; we may have occasion to quote from other parts of his work that bear on the subject of music.—(*Révue Musicale*.)

The Moors were fond of music, and cultivated it as a science. There are existing, in the library of the Escorial, various manuscript treatises of Alfarabi and Ali ben Alhashani, on the music of the Arabs; but they contain little that is interesting to the amateurs of the art. The Moors established a school of music at Cordova, and the pupils formed therein are said to have been the delight of Spain, and of the Arabian dominions in general.

The Spaniards possessed the same taste as the Moors, and imitated them by establishing schools in which the art was professed. They founded a chair of music in the university of Salamanca, where it still exists. St. Isidore of Seville is one of the patriarchs of the musical art. Bartolomeo Ramos, an Andalusian, after having been professor of music in Salamanca, was called to Bologna, in Italy, by Pope Nicholas V., to fill the same situation in that city that he had done in the former; the school of music thus founded at Bologna afterwards rose to uncommon celebrity. He published a treatise which was twice printed in 1484\*. Antonio Cabezon, of Madrid, and Angela Sigé, a learned lady of Toledo, wrote upon the same subject, in the beginning of the following century. To them succeeded Nassaré and Lorente. The treatise of Nassaré far exceeds in value all the works of his contemporaries, and served to form the chapel-masters of Spain. Rodriguez Hita laboured, not without success, to overcome a number of ancient prejudices; he composed in a new style, and wrote a treatise, which, for its exactitude, and the laconic form of its precepts, was held in high estimation. He dedicated his work to the celebrated Farinelli, who was at that time at Madrid, and enjoyed the confidence of Philip V., and under his protection it obtained the greatest success, and triumphed over the efforts of the partisans of old-fashioned dogmas, who, in the first instance, had banished it from their colleges as a work replete with heresy.

[The anecdotes given by the author of Farinelli, and the influence he obtained with the monarch by whom he was protected, are too generally known to render it necessary to repeat them here.]

\* The writer has here been betrayed into an error; it was in 1482 that Ramos de Pereja's book was printed. It is entitled *De Musica tractatus, sive musica practica. Bononiæ, dum eam ibi publicè legeret, impressa, xi Maii, 1482*. The second edition appeared in less than a month after, with this addition to the title: *Editio altera aliquantulum mutata Bononiæ, die Junii, 1482*. In this work Ramos attacked the doctrine of Guido Aretinus; Nicholas Burci of Parma warmly undertook the defence of the monk of Arezzo, in a pamphlet of a very violent kind. Ramos made no reply, but Spataro, his pupil, published, in 1491, an apology for his principles, which provoked a very severe reply from Gafforio.

Among the composers and contrapuntists of the Spanish school, the most distinguished are, Bails, the Padre Tosco, the Abbé Eximeno, Morales, Ortiz, and Remacha. The latter, who was maestro di capella to Charles IV., died a victim to the simplicity of his heart. He remained at his post on the arrival of the new king, Joseph Napoleon, and did not quit it at the departure of the French; but when Ferdinand VII. came, he drove him from his situation. The musician was astonished at suffering that injustice from his own monarch which he had not experienced from conquerors and strangers, and took it so deeply to heart, that he fell a victim to grief and disappointment. Ledesma, another composer of merit, whom political reasons obliged to fly his country, sought refuge in England, where he now teaches with success. The Spaniards claim the invention of temperament, and of the *basso continuo*, or figured base. The first was discovered by Bartholomeo Ramos, the second by Juan-Luiz Viana, whose name has by several writers been converted into Ludovico Viadana, on the supposition of his having been an Italian composer\*.

There are no other composers of music in Spain than the *maestri di capelli*, and they produce no music but that of the religious kind. The king's chapel is a considerable establishment, and well endowed; all the situations are obtained by competition (*per oposicion*); and such is the case in all the cathedral churches.

The taste for music is very general in Spain; the piano-forte already begins to take the place of the guitar, and Italian is sung in preference to the native language. The musicians attached to the different national theatres used to compose the *tonadillas* and *zurzuellas*; but for above thirty years past this custom has ceased. There is at present an Italian opera at Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville; all the masterpieces composed in Europe are heard there, and their beauties duly appreciated. At their concerts the best pieces of the German, French, and Italian schools are performed. The celebrated Boccherini composed all his quatuors and quintetts at Madrid, and the productions of that highly-gifted master are still preserved there.

The most known among living composers are, Frederici, director of the king's chapel, and Juzenga, his associate, both Italians; Doyagüe, chapel-master and canon of Salamanca, a man of superior genius; Nielfa, chapel-master to the *Incarnaçion* at Madrid; Carnicer, who succeeded Mercadante in the direction of the Italian theatre at Madrid, author of *Elena y Constantino*, and *Lusinano*, two serious operas, which are great favourites with the public. Carnicer is the only Spaniard who has devoted his talents to theatrical composition; his manner is vigorous, and his melodies full of grace and originality. He was in London in 1826, and published some good Spanish airs, nocturnos, &c.† To these names may be added Moretti, whose musical grammar and School for the guitar, but more particularly his spirited songs, have obtained him a great name; Sor, Aguado, and Ochoa, professors on the guitar, and composers of considerable talent. Nor must I forget to mention Don Viruès y Espinola, a general in the army, and a poet and musician of ability: he is the author of several theoretical works on music, which as yet have only been circulated among his friends in manuscript, as well as of several

\* It was Yriarte, the author of the celebrated poem on Music, who originated this mistake. In the notes to his third canto, he has attributed to the said Luiz Viana a discovery which, undoubtedly, belongs to Ludovico Viadana of Lodi, who was a maestro di capella of some note at Mantua.

† See *Harmonicon*, Vol. IV. pages 75, 76.

quatuors and symphonies. There is also another name which I must not pass over in silence, for few men were ever gifted with so fine a talent. Juan Carlos de Arriago was a native of Bilboa, and received his education at the French conservatory. This young composer, who died at Paris in 1826, at the age of nineteen, united to an imagination of the most brilliant kind, a knowledge of counterpoint that would have done honour to the most experienced musician. Only one work of his composition has been published; it is composed of three quatuors for two violins, viola, and bass, which display the inspiration of a musician born to effect vast improvements in his art.

Among the singers of this nation, the most celebrated are the family of Garcia, the Senhora Aurigo, and Madama Albini, all of whom have distinguished themselves upon the principal theatres of Europe\*.

There are engravers of music at Madrid and Barcelona, but few foreign compositions, however, are printed there.

The distinguishing character of music purely Spanish, is great vivacity of rhythm, which even borders on vehemence in compositions of a lively kind. Most of their national airs are in the ternary movement, and in the minor mode. The species of music in which the Spanish most delight is the romance; they have several beautiful compositions of this kind: the song is of a languishing and drawling cast, and almost always finishes *smorzando*. Their lively airs terminate suddenly; the tonadilla, *Yo que soy contrabandista*, the seguidilla, *Es el amor un ciego*, the tirana, *Iba un triste calesero*, are known examples, which will give a pretty accurate notion of all these different kinds of airs, the greater part of which are traced out upon nearly the same pattern. The guitar is the instrument most generally employed; it is quite as national as their beads and their chocolate, and is to be found in every house, from that of the peer to the barber. The Spanish guitar is constructed with double strings, each pair being tuned in unison, with the exception of the lowest, which are tuned in octaves. All play the guitar; all have a tact in playing it, from the amateur who performs *por musica*, as they express it, to the artist who employs it professionally (*aficionado*.) These *aficionados* allow the nail of the fore-finger and thumb of the right hand to grow to a considerable length, for the purpose of producing more neat and decided tones. As the *cigarito* is also constantly held between these nails, they acquire a yellow tinge, which seems to be considered as ornamental. The *rasgado* [from *rasgar*, to scrape] is the favourite mode of playing the instrument among the peasants; almost every leading chord is formed by striking all the strings together with the thumb or back of the hand. This *rasgado* has no unpleasing effect, where an *aficionado*, or some bright-eyed *Segnorita*, introduces it with judgment, and imparts to it variety of expression. The song of the Spaniards is full of feeling; their inflections of voice are highly impassioned, and their features, in playing, assume a variety of expression, analogous to the sentiments uttered.

Serenades are very frequent in Spain; the nights in this climate being so beautiful, and the lovers so unwearied in their gallantry. The innamorata steals to the window of the maiden of his heart, and favoured by the silence of night, breathes all the fervour of his soul in the romances

\* The two latter certainly have distinguished themselves, but by anything rather than their superiority. As to the family of Garcia, the father was once a clever singer of the florid school; and the daughter succeeds in the same style: but the mother was wretched, even in the meanest parts; and the son is a very poor creature.

which he sings, in which, as the Lindoro of the theme, he does but describe himself. Sometimes he comes attended by his companions, and then a number of voices and guitars are heard in concert; the favoured *Segnorita* listens from behind the curtain, proudly conscious of the power of her charms, and readily distinguishes the voice which goes most nearly to her heart.

The Spaniards have no instruments peculiar to themselves. The castagnets, used by their dancers to mark the rhythm of the fandango and bolero, and which they employ with such grace and agility, have been known for ages in Provence. The pipe and tabor of the Biscayans are the same with those employed in the south of France. The bagpipe of Galicia and Catalonia resembles the instrument of the same kind common in Beaujolais and Auvergne. The *pandero*, which is sometimes of a round, sometimes of a square form, in no respect differs from the small drum or tabor. The *zambomba* does not merit the name of a musical instrument; the same may be said of the *dulzayna* of the peasants of Valencia. The sounds of this primitive kind of pipe are shrill and discordant; scarcely any thing like a melody can be played upon it; and, indeed, it more resembles the voice of a cat than any other sound. The Valencians are, however, passionately fond of this miserable instrument; it figures in their fêtes and processions; the viaticum never leaves a church, without being accompanied by a number of pious pipers, who rend the ear with the screams of the *dulzayna*\*.

From what is here said, and which I had abundant opportunities to verify, music, properly so called, has extended its dominion only to Madrid, and the larger cities of Spain: the rest of the country is in almost total ignorance of this enchanting art.

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

### TONKUNSTLER'S LEBEN, EINE ARABESKE.

(THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.)

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

#### THE CONCERT.

[Of this chapter and the two following, nothing appears but the following outlines.]

ON leaving my lodgings in the morning, I see a most interesting young lady get into a coach—learn that her name is Emily—am determined to inquire further respecting her—Engagement of musicians—the oboëist's wife will not allow him to come to terms, unless the same conditions are agreed to with her friend the clarionet-player—scruples with regard to precedency—at last six flutes are engaged, and among them a dilettante, being his first performance on the instrument—am thus addressed by my landlord, on my return to my lodgings: "So, Sir, you are going to give a concert; it is known every where; the girl who went to fetch our beer heard them talking it over in the public-house."—Evening comes—concert empty—all the world gone to see the dancing-dogs, which had just arrived in town—more than half my band decoyed away to this exhibition, twenty-four kreutzers [one shilling] a head more

\* The same kind of pipe was much used in France and other countries during the middle ages; it has also given its name to one of the stops in the organ.

having been offered them—the thought of Emily inspires me, and makes me play my part with spirit.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Departure for a larger town—feeling of solitude and loneliness among strangers—introduction to Dihl and his friendly circle—who should I meet there but Emily, the lady whom I had seen in the act of departure from X—, and who had made such an impression on my heart!

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

Sleepless night—data for a musical madhouse.

[Here occurs a break in the MS. of several chapters.]

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

LETTER TO ERNSTHOF.

Well, I have taken leave of my good friend A., and have again dashed into the vortex of the world. I can better endure the storms and buffets of fate, than the gnawing pangs of disappointed hope that prey upon the heart in secret. As the soldier learns to despise peril in the dangerous sports of death, so will I acquire confidence and self-possession amidst the trials and tumults of the world.

I could never bring myself to admire those boasted martyrs to their own fancy or enthusiasm, who have rendered themselves illustrious either by self-destruction or some other striking *final chord*.

The smallest flame has its moment of brightness, and there is a moment (I might term it the focus in the burning glass of existence) in the life of every man, in which he feels himself enkindled, and capacitated to perform something great.

The petty trials, the constantly recurring vexations of daily life, are the true touchstones by which the glittering gold of your philosophers is put to the test, and which, when submitted to this scrutiny, is so often found to sink into common metal.

How often has it fallen to my lot to observe minds, which were called great, and which at a distance appeared so estimable, and so free from imperfection, dwindle into the most absolute littleness, when seen within the narrow limits of the domestic circle. Abroad, ever gentle in comportment and pleasing in demeanour; at home, acting the tyrant, and storming at the poor passive wife, if but a pipe be laid out of its proper place. Calm and unmoved amidst the ruins of a falling state; fretful and discomposed if but a favourite flower droop and die.

Yet, knowing and feeling all this, how impossible have I always found it—how impossible do I find it at the moment I am writing this—to soar above the annoyances of the moment, and attain to any thing like the simple repose of greatness.

What life is more full of perpetually recurring annoyances, of petty evils and vexations, than that of an artist? Free as a god, he ought to stand erect in the consciousness of his power, and to be armed in his art as in a panoply of steel.

The world, the world is mine!

can he exclaim, as long as he keeps from mingling in its tumult; but these airy dreams vanish, and the semblance of power disappears, the moment he enters the empty circle of action of every-day people.

Scarcely have I set my foot over the threshold, than I am beset by such a host of evils and annoyances, that, in spite of my experience, in spite of my resolution to persevere, I would fain change my purpose and retrace my

steps. Were not single moments capable of compensating long years of suffering; were it not for the certainty of possessing a friend who anticipates my every thought, what would become of me in this ever-renewed vortex of conflicting feelings, in which my soul is tossed?

Scarcely do I recognise thee again; thy figure flits before my fancy surrounded by flames, like some divinity encircled by a halo of glory. Never will the moment of our meeting be obliterated from my memory. Amidst the conflict of elements did fate cement that union, which the base and the designing had attempted to destroy. O, let me again recall to your remembrance the day on which I lost all, and found all; let me renew the fading image of those years, in which I experienced the tender cares of the best of mothers—years which are the more precious, as their number was so small. My father, who was then in affluent circumstances, spared no expense in giving me the best possible education; I was the idol of his heart; every care was taken to instil into my mind, which was naturally susceptible, an early love for the arts. The little talent I possessed began to unfold itself, and was in imminent danger of being ruined for ever; for my father knew no other happiness than that of shewing me off. Every thing I did was excellent; to the numerous strangers who visited our house, he cried me up as a prodigy; I was placed on a level with the first of artists; and thus, without being aware of the extent of the evil, he was gradually destroying that feeling of modest diffidence, which is the life and soul of youthful exertion. At this critical period, heaven sent me in my mother a guardian angel, who preserved me from the precipice. At the same time that she convinced me of my nothingness and insufficiency, she had the address not to stifle the struggling flame—not to cramp those energies which lead to excellence—but to give them a proper direction.

At this period I was fond of romances, and frequently ventured far beyond my depth. I travelled early into the dangerous ideal world, but not altogether without advantage; from the images of the innumerable heroes successively presented to my mind, I learned to cull out the ideal of excellence. My father travelled with me; I saw a great part of Europe, but only as in a mirror or in a dream, for I saw it through the eyes of others. I increased my stock of knowledge, and from being a mere empyric, betook myself to theoretical works. A new world was opened to me: I thought to exhaust the treasures of all knowledge; I devoured all systems; I blindly built my faith upon the authority of great names, according to the estimation in which they were held in the world, and—I *knew nothing!*

At this period, my good mother died; she had not laid down any determinate plan for me to pursue, but she had informed and stored my mind with those general principles which will ever form the props and ground-work of my future life and conduct.

I lived with you in the same town; and though you were an artist like myself, and on the same instrument too, yet I was long on friendly terms with you, without cherishing any other feeling than that of honourable emulation. At length designing and malicious persons whispered into my too credulous ear, that you had spoken of me and of my talents in terms of disrespect; that you were envious of my growing fame, and had been devising a thousand schemes to supplant me. My self-love was wrought upon, and, poor weak mortal that I was, I suffered myself to be imperceptibly betrayed into bitterness against you, and ended by hating and despising you.

The alarms of war broke in at this period, to disturb the general repose. You had lately returned from a professional tour, in which you had greatly added to your former fame, and were about to proceed on another journey of the same kind. I was desirous of following your example, but could not obtain the consent of my father. At this time a horde of plunderers overrun our little town; and all was depredation and alarm. My father's house fell a prey to the flames. Distracted at the idea of losing my favourite books, and forgetful of every thing, and of myself too, I rushed up the burning staircase, and not appearing for some time, was given up for lost. Scarcely had I reached the street in safety, when I learnt, that at the risk of your life, you had rushed into the flames to save me. My breast which had been but too long closed against you, was at once opened to the impressions of love, gratitude, and affection. The entreaties of a father, the urgent representations of the multitude, death itself staring me in the face, nothing could prevent my rushing into the burning ruins, to perform the same office of affection in your regard, which you had exercised towards me. Through waving flames, falling beams, and suffocating smoke, I forced a passage, and found you, who were anxiously seeking me. Forgetful of danger, we flew into each other's embrace, and in the midst of the raging elements, and at the momentary hazard of falling a sacrifice to delay, we cemented that bond of love which was never again to be dissolved.

The generous service which you thus rendered me; the subsequent kindness with which you imparted to me without reserve the fruits of your knowledge and experience, showing me the world as it is, and not as it had been seen in my day-dreams—teaching me to feel, that, after all, the *man* is before the *artist*, and that due honour is to be paid to the citizen and to the relations in which he stands;—how can I repeat all this, and not feel impressed with a deep sense of what I owe you; with a desire to proclaim aloud, that if you have given to the world an artist, he is a grateful one, and that it is from your abundance he has been replenished.

It is a source of painful reflection to me, that the very course you took to serve me, should also prove the cause of our separation. You gave me to reap the harvest of that soil, which you had sown and prepared. The part of Germany through which you intended to make a professional tour, where you were expected, announced, and recommended, you transferred to me. If the rare self-devotion of an artist, in deputing another to fill his place, raised the curiosity of many in my favour, and if the incitement not to dishonour your recommendation gave a new impulse to my exertions, and rendered my performance not altogether unworthy of notice, to whom is the merit due, but to yourself? You, whom I so misunderstood; you, who with the generous heart and enlarged soul of a true artist, thinking you recognised in me a true vocation to the art, watched over my weal, and laboured to promote my rising talents.

Those only who know the thousand ramifications through which the interests of a professional tour are spread—who know that the fame of an artist travels through the world in a direction peculiar to itself, and that the same sparks which emanate from genius will be kindled into a flame in one place, while in another they will be suffered to evaporate without notice—those only can justly appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice which you made in my behalf.

I, however, can duly appreciate it; and if I now repeat

it with honest pride and triumph of heart, it is because I feel its value more sensibly than ever I did before.

See, dearest brother, how I am constantly betraying myself; at one moment exhibiting a humbling pride, at another a proud humiliation; alternately elevated and depressed.

But am I a solitary instance of this? or am I to consider it as belonging to the nature of artists in general? I could certainly wish that the latter were the case, but cannot see sufficient reason for concluding it to be so; I think it must rather be ascribed to that dark power, which I feel at times bearing the mastery within me, and whose weight I cannot always shake off.

But I think I see you laughing at my reveries: I therefore return to the purport of my letter.

It has often been a subject of regret to me, that all I know both of the theoretical and practical parts of my art, (and I have read and studied much,) has been learned in a desultory manner; one part being tacked on to another, rather than forming a consistent whole.

I have experienced the evil of this in many instances, and particularly on a late occasion. A *Doctor Medicinæ*, a confoundedly shrewd fellow, applied to me to learn thorough bass. He so pestered me with his *whys* and *wherefores*, and setting at nought all the respect due to the authority of great names, was so bent upon giving a reason of his own for everything, that in spite of all my book-learning, I was frequently reduced to silence. These daily disputes grew at last so annoying, that I was obliged to come to something like terms with my restive pupil; I therefore at last succeeded in bringing him to agree that certain things were to be taken for granted as allowable, and others as prohibited, without stating the *why*, or being at the trouble to learn the *wherefore*.

It is said that Bach did this, that Handel would not have done that, and that Mozart would have done the other; and should a composer have the good fortune to hit upon something which these geniuses did not, there are not wanting those who would have it struck out of the piece altogether, because no precedent can be found *why* it should be so. In no art is there so great a want of standard rules, of a sure foundation upon which to raise the superstructure, as in music. It is always feeling, and nothing but feeling—but who will have the presumption to say—'mine alone is the *right one*?' Henceforth, therefore, I am resolved to treat the art, like every other science, conformably to school rules. To the disciple in other sciences it is said: 'You have first to learn this, and then to proceed to the other; from such a principle such a consequence follows; and so on till you are finished.' Finished? you will say: assuredly; always understanding the term relatively, and within certain limits.

[Here occurs a lacuna in the MS. of several chapters.]

#### CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

Fragment of a Musical Tour, which may, perhaps, some day make its appearance.

#### THE DREAM.

Delighted with the performance of an admirable symphony, and satisfied with an excellent dinner, I fell into a gentle slumber, and in a dream beheld myself suddenly transported back to the concert-room, where I found all the instruments in motion, holding grand council under the presidency of the sweet-voiced Oboe. To the right, a party had arranged themselves, consisting of a Viol d'Amour, Bass-horn, Viole di Gamba, and Flûte Douce, each



pouring forth melancholy complaints as to the degeneracy of the present era of music, and full of regrets for the good old times: to the left, the lady Oboe was haranguing a circle of Clarionets and Flutes, both old and young, some without keys, and some decked in all the finery of modern additions; and in the centre was the courtly Piano-forte, attended by several sprightly Violins, who had been formed in the schools of Pleyel and Girowetz. The Trumpets and Horns had formed themselves into a drinking conclave in a corner; while the Piccolo-flutes and Flageolets occasionally filled the whole room with their squeaking and infantine strains. Surveying the whole with an air of satisfaction, the lady Oboe declared, that the whole of this arrangement was admirable, quite *à la* Jean Paul, and in strict conformity with the system carried to such perfection by Pestalozzi.

All appeared very comfortable, when, on a sudden, the morose Contrabasso, accompanied by a couple of kindred Violoncellos, burst into the room in a transport of passion, and threw himself so impetuously into the director's chair, that the Piano-forte, as well as all the rest of the stringed instruments, uttered an involuntary sound of terror.

"It were enough," he exclaimed, "to play the devil with me, if such compositions were to be given daily. Here am I, just come from the rehearsal of a symphony of one of our newest composers; and although, as is known, my structure is none of the weakest, and my constitution pretty tough, I could scarce hold it out longer; five minutes more, and I am sure my chest must have given way, and my life-strings have been snapped in twain. Really, my friends, I have been made to bellow and bluster like an old he-goat in hysterics! If any more such work goes on, and I am left to do the duty of a dozen violins and my own too, curse me if I do not turn *kit*, and gain my livelihood by the performance of Müller and Kauer's country dances!"

*First Violoncello* (wiping the perspiration from her forehead). "Certainly; *cher père* is right; I am perfectly exhausted by the task I have had to perform. Never since the operas of Cherubini, do I recollect experiencing so violent an *échauffement*."

*All the Instruments*. "Explain, explain!"

*Second Violoncello*. "What? the symphony? No words could explain it, and if they could, you would not endure to sit and hear it. According to the principles which my divine master, Romberg, instilled into me, the composition we have just executed is a sort of musical monster, which has no other merit than that of a vain attempt to be new and original, at the expense of truth and consistency. Why, we were here made to climb up aloft like the violins and"—

*First Violoncello* (interrupting him). "As if we could not do it quite as well!"

*A Violin*. "Let every one keep within his own rank."

*A Viola*. "Aye, or what will remain for *me* to do, who stand between the two."

*First Violoncello*. "Oh, as to you, *you* are out of the question. *Your* utility is merely to keep in unison with *us*; or, at best, to produce a tolerable *tremolo*, as, for instance, in *Der Wasserträger* [the Water-Carrier]; but as to what regards *fine tone*"—

*First Oboe*. "Ah, as to that, who will venture to contest the point with *me*?"

*First Clarionet*. "Madame, you will surely allow *us* to say something on that head. I suppose we may claim a talent"—

*First Flute*. "Yes, for marches, and for pleasing the holyday folks."

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*First Bassoon*. "Who comes nearer to the divine tenor than myself?"

*First Horn*. "Why, surely, you won't pretend to the delicacy and power which all the world allows to *me*?"

*Piano-forte* (with dignity). "And what is *all this*, compared to the body of harmony possessed by *me*? While you are severally but parts of a whole, I am all-sufficient; and"—

*All the Instruments* (vociferating together). "Peace, peace, braggart! *You* have not power to sustain a single note."

*First Oboe*. "No *portamento*."

*Second Flageolet*. "Yes, there Mamma is in the right."

*Second Violoncello*. "If a stranger heard this uproar, Ladies and Gentlemen, might he not say with justice, that sticklers as we are for individual merit, we are, as a body, the very foes to harmony."

*Trumpets and Drums* (falling in, fortissimo). "Silence! hear *us*! What, pray, would be the effect of any composition without *our* assistance? Unless we kept the game alive, who would applaud, think you?"

*Flutes*. "Noise delights vulgar souls; the true sublime consists in the soft and the touching."

*First Violin*. "And but for my *conducting*, in what a pretty predicament would the whole of you be!"

*Contrabasso* (starting from the chair). "You will at least allow that I *sustain* the entire effect; and that without me the whole would be nothing."

*Omnes* (each starting up). "I alone am the life and soul—without me no composition would be worth the hearing!"

At this moment, the Director entered the apartment; all was agitation and alarm, and the different instruments huddled into the corner together; they knew whose powerful hand could call forth and combine their powers.

"What!" cried he, "again in open rebellion! Now, mind me—the *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven is about to be performed; and every one of you who can move key or member will be then put in active requisition."

"O, for heaven's sake, any thing but that!" was the general exclamation.

"Rather," said the Viola, "let us have an Italian opera; then we may occasionally nod."

"Nonsense!" replied the Director, "you must accomplish the task. Do you imagine that, in these enlightened times, when all rules are set at nought, and all difficulties cleared at a bound, a composer will, out of compliment to you, cramp his divine, gigantic, and high-soaring fancies? Thank heaven, there is no longer any question as to regularity, perspicuity, keeping, and truth of expression; these are left to such old-fashioned masters as Gluck, Handel, and Mozart. No! attend to the materials of the most recent symphony that I have received from Vienna, and which may serve as a recipe for all future ones.—First, a slow movement, full of short, broken ideas, no one of which has the slightest connexion with another—every ten minutes, or so, a few striking chords!—then a muffled rumbling on the kettle-drums, and a mysterious passage or two for the violas, all worked up with a due proportion of pauses and stops. Finally, when the audience has just entered into the spirit of the thing, and would as soon expect the devil himself as an *allegro*, a raging movement, in managing which the principal consideration is, to avoid following up any particular idea, thus leaving more to the hearer to make out himself. Sudden transitions also from one key to another should by no means be omitted: nor need this put one out of the way; to run once through the semitones, as Paer, for instance, has done in

his *Leonore*, and drop into that key which is most convenient, is sufficient, and you have a modulation off hand. The grand thing is to avoid every thing that looks like a conformity to rule—rules are made for every-day men, and do but cramp the freedom of genius."

While the learned Director was thus declaiming, suddenly a string of the guitar, which was hanging on the wall near me, snapped, and I awoke, to my no small vexation, for I was in the high road towards becoming a great composer of the newest school.

I ought, however, to have been thankful for the little incident that had awakened me, for I had overslept myself; and I hastened to put a finishing hand to the piece that I had left upon my desk. On running it over, I was delighted to find that it was *not* according to the recipe of the learned Director, and with spirits buoyant with hope, I went to finish the evening at the theatre, and witness the performance of *Don Juan*.

(To be continued.)

### THE LATE YORK FESTIVAL.

THE accounts of the late Yorkshire Musical Festival were audited on the 29th of December, and agreeably to our promise (see our last vol., p. 248), we now submit a corrected statement of the whole. As, however, we have been favoured with the sight of a minutely detailed account, (except, indeed, of one department,) and as the expenses of so vast an undertaking have exceeded those of any former festival, it will prove an interesting record for future reference, if we give the items somewhat more fully than we had intended or expected to do. The exception alluded to will be readily seen to relate to the instrumental performers, and glad we should have been had we been enabled to state the precise remuneration which some of the distinguished principals among them received for their labours. We do not even find the names of Mr. Cramer or Mr. Mori, the leaders, in the paper before us; and while that of every tradesman or music furnisher is specified, there is no separate account of the respective charges for the vocal and instrumental band. We have only room to observe that this statement, defective, no doubt, merely from the habit of considering the instrumental performer as quite an inferior person in musical arrangements—affords a strong corroboration of the truth of the remarks which we have from time to time made on this subject.

#### RECEIPTS.

MORNING PERFORMANCES.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Patrons tickets a 21s.		2041	17	0			
Other tickets a 21s.		1631	14	0			
Tickets a 15s.		5285	6	0			
Ditto a 7s.		1380	6	0			
					10,339	3	0
EVENING PERFORMANCES.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Three concerts,					2,412	2	0
First ball,		247	3	0			
Fancy ball,		2246	0	0			
					2,493	3	0
Casual admissions,		39	4	0			
Admissions to see the Minster,		43	6	0			
					82	10	0
Books for the mornings,		360	16	7			
Ditto evenings,		107	6	6			
Ditto and tickets after the Festival,		40	2	0			
					508	5	1
Donations,					694	15	0
Sale of cloth, matting, &c.					239	13	5
					16,769	11	6

#### PAYMENT.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Madame Catalani,	630	0	0			
Madame Caradori,	210	0	0			
Miss Stephens,	210	0	0			
Miss Paton,	210	0	0			
Mrs. Knyvett,	105	0	0			
Madame Stockhausen,	105	0	0			
Mr. Braham,	262	10	0			
Signor de Begnis,	126	0	0			
Mr. Vaughan,	105	0	0			
Mr. Phillips,	94	10	0			
Mr. W. Knyvett,	52	10	0			
Mr. Ferrail,	47	5	0			
Mr. E. Taylor,	47	5	3			
				2205	0	0
Instrumental performers and chorus,				4324	12	6
CONDUCTOR AND ASSISTANTS.						
Mr. Greatorex,	150	0	0			
Mr. Camidge,	100	0	0			
Dr. Camidge,	120	0	0			
Mr. White,	120	0	0			
Mr. P. Knaption,	100	0	0			
				590	0	0
Loan and preparation of music,				295	3	9
Organ tuning and altering, &c.				66	12	0
Refreshments for principal performers,				39	14	0
PREPARATIONS IN THE MINSTER:—						
Loan of timber,	2108	9	11			
Cloth and cord,	262	11	6			
Carving,	22	0	0			
Ironwork,	78	10	11			
Matting and bagging,	107	6	0			
Slating,	23	18	0			
Linen cloth, &c.	52	7	0			
Paperhangings,	220	16	0			
Architects and clerk,	196	18	0			
Sundries,	15	1	5			
				3087	18	9
CONCERT ROOM.						
Two gas chandeliers,	163	8	0			
Seat covers,	93	2	0			
Alteration of orchestra,	413	12	6			
				670	2	6
Use of Assembly-rooms,	105	0	0			
Fitting up ditto,	72	15	2			
				177	15	2
Fitting up the Guildhall,				37	14	6
CONCERTS AND BALLS.						
Lighting, &c.	87	16	3			
Refreshments,	427	13	0			
Quadrille band,	195	6	0			
				710	15	3
Engraving tickets,	262	13	0			
Printing books,	514	2	0			
Miscellaneous printing,	126	15	6			
Advertising,	364	11	3			
Stationery, &c.	45	13	0			
				1313	14	9
Police,				302	9	0
Attendants,				278	2	0
Sundries,				35	17	10
				14,135	12	0
Balance,				2,631	19	6
				16,769	11	6

After retaining 83*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* for contingencies, the sum of 2550*l.* was paid over to the Directors of the concert-room, who, when they had paid 1010*l.* for additional accommodation and improvements to the property, and reserving 140*l.*, divided 1400*l.* among the four infirmaries of York, Leeds, Hull, and Sheffield. The value of the chandeliers and other fixtures retained, makes the total profit to the charities about 3000*l.* The sum of 60*l.* paid for lodgings for a noble Duke, was discharged by the chairman from his private purse.

THE ORCHESTRA OF THE KING'S THEATRE  
AND M. LAPORTE.

THE dispute which for some months past has existed between the principal members of the Opera orchestra and M. Laporte, having ended in an open rupture, and in the resignation of nearly all the most efficient performers, the latter have published "An Explanation of the Differences existing between the Manager of the Italian Opera and the non-conforming Members of the late Orchestra. Written among themselves,"—a pamphlet of fifty octavo pages, very temperate in language, strong in facts, irrefragable in argument, and convincing to all who are not determined to support such an alien as Bochsa against a body of most respectable musicians, of native talent that may challenge competition with the finest performers in Europe. Competition, did we say!—where are to be found the equals of such artists as Lindley, Nicholson, Willman, Mackintosh, Harpur, &c. &c.?—they are not to be matched in the world; and yet an attempt is made to reduce their salaries, now too low, and to degrade them, though already too much depressed, by requiring them to sign conditions which the humblest mechanics would revolt at; and, what is worse, more insulting than all the rest, to set over them, with almost unlimited power, such a man as the notorious Bochsa!—Nay, to call upon them *now* to bind themselves to obey regulations not specified or even hinted at, but such as it may *hereafter* suit the caprice or the personal views of that man to issue!

Receiving this pamphlet just on the eve of going to press, we have only time to make a few extracts from it, and to add such remarks as occur at the moment.

A sufficing reason for the publication is given in a short preface:—"It is probable that the following pages would never have been written, had not a menace from M. Bochsa, in October last, first suggested the idea, and, indeed, intimated the *necessity* of a public explanation."

The menace alluded to was uttered in demanding to have on paper the objections of the band.—"I must," said Bochsa, "have a written proof of your refusal of terms, as the whole of these proceedings shall come before the public." After a threat of this kind, M. Laporte cannot complain of the orchestra for anticipating him. And here let us pause for an instant, to admire the progress making by impudence:—a man like Bochsa talking of an appeal to the public, is indeed a sign, an appalling one, of the times! But let us proceed with the history of the affair.

"The name of M. Bochsa is too well known to require comment; nor will it appear strange that such a man, selected as Managerial representative, should, in advocating the cause of his absent Principal, have frequently excited disgust, while striving to produce conviction.

"M. Laporte having been long in France, left M. Bochsa charged with the commission of engaging such orchestral performers as might be required. M. Bochsa summoned to his presence at different times a variety of instrumentalists, by a proportionate number of circulars. They appeared successively; and, according to their respective temperaments, sentiments, or necessities, either signed or rejected the 'New Regulations.' Every principal performer of any celebrity spurned the idea of affixing his signature to 'regulations' exacting obedience 'to all rules *made*, or that *may* be made'—regulations, too, proffered by the hand of a —! But we reserve exclamations for some future occasion, and proceed to particulars. The importation of a 'whole French band, ready to embark,' was menaced. 'These were to be had at so much a head; and nothing but the (benevolent) 'desire of encouraging *native* talent,' prevented the certain influx of a *swarm* of

hungry competitors. Ashamed of detaining the indulgent reader, we will pass over these scenes in haste.

"The attempt at intimidation having no effect on sundry stubborn or sceptical auditors, other devices were to be played off; second instruments were urged, by the allurements of promotion, to supersede their long-trying friends, the principals. Leaders were applied to for the purpose of removing the efficient and veteran Spagnoletti. Such acts generally failed; and those who declined the temptation look back with conscious approbation on their conduct. However, a few, from various motives, engaged with M. Bochsa; and at last M. Laporte returned to England. As, during his absence, it was a matter of extreme doubt how far that gentleman would sanction the 'new regulations,' the announcement of his return produced the sudden determination of addressing to him a letter of respectful remonstrance. This letter was written under strong suspicions that Bochsa was the *real* author of the 'new regulations.' The suspicion was the more probable, as M. Laporte was previously distinguished by an apparent dislike to interfering with the band; and Bochsa had been several times heard to say, that '*next* season he would have regulations *very* different to the present.' Who is the Solon that produced the Code, in reality, has not yet transpired. Bochsa firmly denies being the person, and protests that he has absolutely written 'sermons' to M. Laporte, on the theme of its severity. (The reader will not, perhaps, much wonder at the inefficacy of M. Bochsa's 'sermons;' and hence, possibly, a part of our misfortune.) But be the merit of invention whose it may, the reader will perceive that the effect is the same to the band; for (and we speak it with unfeigned sorrow) M. Laporte proclaims the 'regulations' 'not unjust.'

The annexed is a summary of the "Rules" proposed to be inflicted on the band.

"Fifty Operas to be given at the *usual* salaries. An unspecified number to be given on *half* salaries. And three to be performed *gratis*.

"For the purpose of carrying this plan into effect, we are 'to well understand that the Performers are at *all* times to be at the disposal of the Manager if required (the performances of the Philharmonic Society and King's Concerts excepted), and no other engagement to be accepted, without the express sanction of the Manager, who is to consider 'how far such indulgence may interfere with the business of the theatre, or how far it may tend to injure its interests.'

"Payments to be made monthly.

"'Any infringement of these Rules, or of any that *may* be made,' is 'to give the Management discretionary power of penalties and expulsions.'

"'An unpermitted absentee will be subject to an immediate discharge, and to forfeit any proportion of salary that may be owing to him.'

The following obvious remarks are made on the above.

"To play fifty nights on customary terms requires no comment; but to play on any occasion for *half price* carries with it a degree of degradation, not only inimical to our feelings as men, but also (and surely it may be said without arrogance) unjust to our reputation as professors. What man of respectable feelings and decent circumstances would subscribe to laws that should leave him, for the time being, scarcely anything of personal liberty? To engage at a morning Concert is forbidden, because an Operatic Rehearsal may be called; to engage at an evening Concert is prohibited, because an extra Opera may, by chance, seem a safe speculation.

"Thus, by an act of authority on the part of the Conductor, we may be capriciously deprived of the profits of from twenty to thirty Benefit Concerts, merely because a few Operas, at unfixed periods, are to be given at *HALF price*, and three performances at *NO price*, during a space of many months."

The just and liberal spirit in which this pamphlet is written may be collected from the subjoined declaration of confidence in M. Laporte's good faith in money matters.

"In discussing the subject of 'monthly payments,' we feel it impossible to found an argument on a doubt of M. Laporte's

integrity. So fully alive are we to the merits of his character in this particular, that we beg to add our testimony to the general voice, and to declare unequivocally, that within the time of our experience, no Manager has possessed a stronger claim to confidence. Still, however, the arrangement is obviously objectionable, as affording a dangerous precedent. One season spent under such a mode of payment, and the practice will become a custom. We grant that with M. Laporte there is no cause of apprehension; but who can say the same of his successor, who probably may be an entire stranger? Yet be he who he may, with what grace can we withhold from him the latitude allowed to his predecessor? Would not the refusal amount to almost an insult?"

The above extracts are contained in a letter written by the members of the orchestra to M. Laporte, on the subject of the proposed regulations. His reply is next inserted, the arguments in which—very weak ones—are triumphantly combatted, and completely demolished in the "Remarks on M. Laporte's letter," by which it is followed.

In order that, in perusing the following extract, the reader may have the advantage of a comparison, he ought to know that, one way or other, Madame Pasta and Madlle. Sontag received something equivalent to 150*l.* per night, if not more, for their performances last season; and that inferior performers got at the rate of 20, 30, nay 40*l.* for each night they actually appeared. Let these sums—many of them paid to persons of ordinary talent—be compared with the remuneration granted to men who have no equals, and whose places cannot be adequately supplied. But first we insert that part of M. Laporte's letter to which the extract is an answer.

"They're not humiliating [the rules] nor even new, as the gentlemen who feel hurt at the proposal of half-pay for extra nights, receive that very same half for the rehearsals of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, which are, in fact, very excellent morning concerts, and are considered by the subscribers as important to the subscription as the evening ones."

Here is the reply.

"It is impossible to reply to this unmeasured assertion without feelings of regret, that any man should have had his ear abused by misinformation so gross, and his judgment warped to a conclusion so erroneous.

"The same performers who receive 2*l.* 2*s.* at the Opera, receive 3*l.* 3*s.* for a much less fatiguing performance at the Philharmonic. And those to whom M. Laporte pays 1*l.* 1*s.* and *under*, receive for each of the aforesaid concerts 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* So much for the two classes of *nightly* performances; and now for the rehearsals.

"What allowance is made for those at the Opera? These amounted to about sixty-five last season, and occupied, on an average, from three to five hours each. The times fixed for them would, more than once, have authorized our saying 'Even *Sunday* shines no Sabbath day on me.' What remuneration has been given, or is *proposed* to be given, for those fatiguing duties? Not a penny! But the Philharmonic acts upon a widely different principle; and positively gives 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* for a *morning's* rehearsal of three hours, to the same persons who at the Italian Opera obtain only 2*l.* 2*s.* for a *nightly* performance of five hours. This proportion of payment for rehearsals applies to *every* member of the Philharmonic Band; and before we dismiss the subject, we will tell M. Laporte, that the 'Subscribers' to this institution do *not* 'consider the rehearsals as important to the subscription;' for no auditor can enter the room during the rehearsal, without the written sanction of the Directors. This prerogative is circumscribed by a boundary too narrow to admit any number that can, in a professional sense, be said to constitute an audience. Having despatched M. Laporte's luckless attempt at a hapless parallel between the Opera and Philharmonic, we now proceed to the Hanover-square Rooms.

"The performers at the Ancient Concerts are generally (we believe unexceptionably) paid upon the same liberal plan. It

is true that the amount for each rehearsal and performance does not equal that of the Philharmonic; but still it *far* exceeds the vaunted Opera. It is true, also, that the Ancient Concerts admit subscribers to rehearsals; but then the performers are paid for the entertainment they afford. Now the Opera House, during last season, admitted at least as numerous an audience to its rehearsals; but imparted none of its benefits to the Band, except, indeed, the edifying sight of 'honest Iago,' on the stage, *breaking* the time with a long mopstick, in order to enhance his consequence by astonishing the inexperienced. The Ancient Concerts, besides the above-named advantages, possess others highly pre-eminent over the Italian Opera. Their payments are secure and liberal, their performances are regular, and their employment is *permanent*. They have no Managers gifted with M. Laporte's mode of reasoning—no conductors blessed with M. Bochsa's mode of acting. *They* would not proffer a man chains, of unusual weight and pressure, and outrage the feelings of nature by telling him that there is not any evil in their coercion so long as the wearer will bear them quietly. Such is the substance of M. Laporte's letter (paragraph 20), if it have any meaning at all."

The despicable figure made in this business by M. Bochsa, is happily exposed in the subsequent pages of the pamphlet, from which we have no space left for further extracts; but being published at the small sum of eighteenpence—hardly the cost price—it is worth the while of all who feel interested in musical matters to put themselves in possession of it forthwith.

The signatures to this "Explanation" are,

" R. LINDLEY,	JAS. TAYLOR,
C. NICHOLSON,	WILLM. WAGSTAFF,
THOS. L. WILLMAN,	JAMES RAE,
JOHN MACKINTOSH,	PHILIP POWELL,
HENRY PLATT,	W. LINDLEY,
THOS. HARPER,	GEORGE ANDERSON,
S. P. ANFOSSI,	GEORGE NICKS,
F. W. CROUCH,	W. CARD."

A word or two in conclusion:—

The gentlemen of the band complain of their being required to *sign* agreements for their part of the contract, and to trust to M. Bochsa's verbal assurance for a liberal construction of the conditions on his part. Now, though we are by no means prepared to say that in such a case they should have taken his *word* in preference to his *bond*, it must not be forgotten that he has already had many unpleasant things said about his signing papers, and particularly in cases where he has represented another person. M. Bochsa may have been through life so correct a man in all his dealings, that he may continue to grow older without the least desire to grow more *honest*; but it is too much to suppose that, with all his experience, he should not have grown *wiser*. We are, therefore, bound to conclude that his determination to abstain in future from signing papers has resulted from his experience of the unpleasant consequences which may occasionally result from so doing.

If this our apology for M. Bochsa require illustration, it will be found in the report of the proceedings of the Court of Assize, in Paris, of the 17th Feb. 1818.

As to the liberal and correct *intentions* of M. Bochsa towards the band, can there be the least shadow of doubt?—his former history will show what he is capable of doing. Not to enlarge upon his conduct towards the performers at the Oratorios, the students of the Royal Academy, the present Opera band, and indeed to all who ever came within the reach of his strange and unaccountable influence—conduct which we may safely venture to pronounce unmatched in professional history,—his immortal fame

must for ever rest upon his doings in France, before our country was benefited by his talents and his *virtues*.

The niece of Madame de Genlis, and also the son of that deserted and ill-used lady, can bear testimony to his domestic worth.

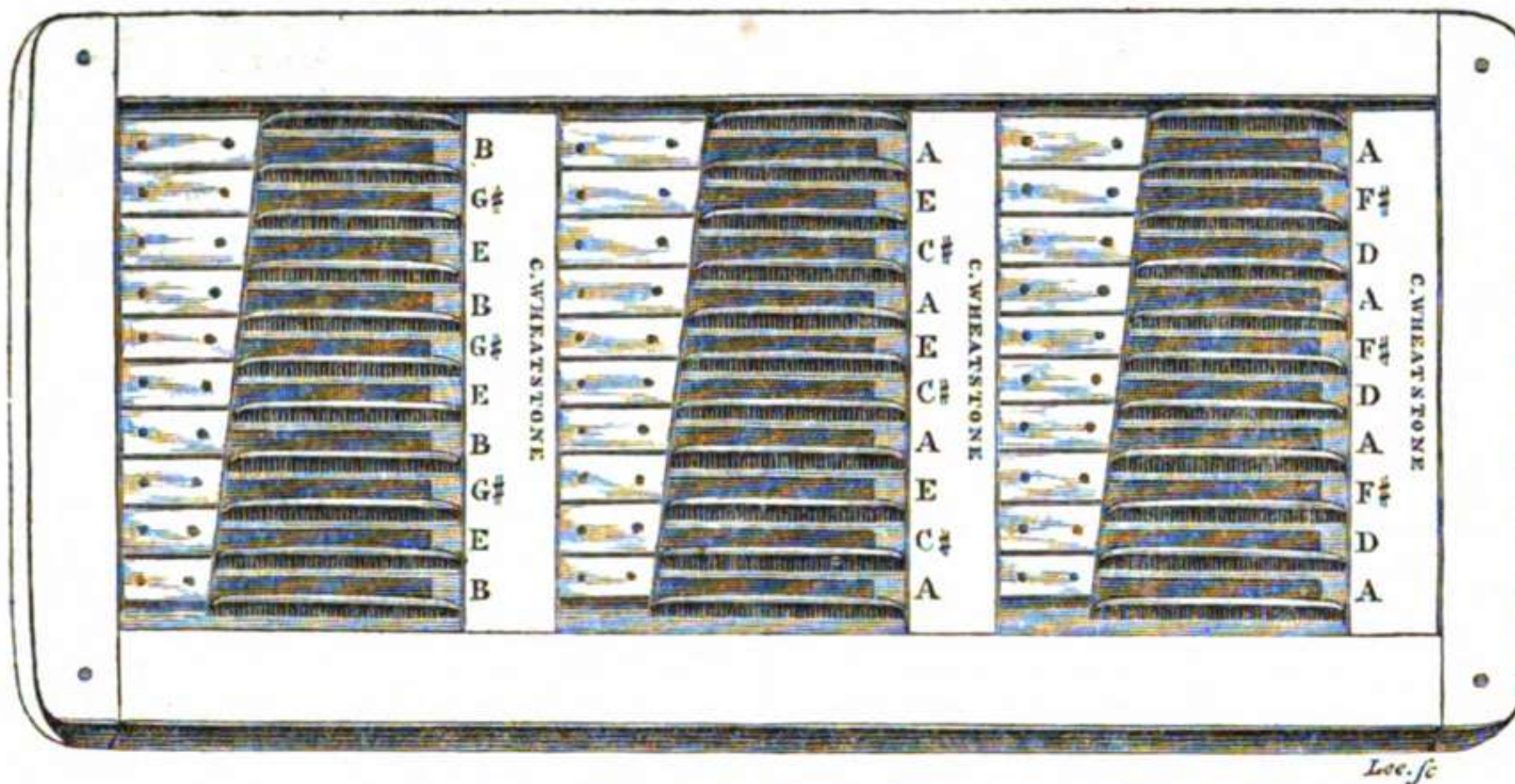
MM. Berton, Boieldieu, Mehul, and Nicolo, may vouch for his personal integrity as a private friend, and professional associate.

Lafitte and Co., the Paris bankers, and the shareholders of the Theatre Feydeau, can prove that a disinclination to sign papers was not formerly among the failings of M. Bochsá.

This list of referees to the character of M. Bochsá might be very much enlarged; but were we to add to it the Duke of Wellington, Count Pozzo de Borgo, Count Decaze, and many other illustrious personages to whom the fame of Bochsá is familiar, we might raise upon his cheek, if not the blush of modesty, at least a hectic flush arising from his consciousness of their being able to say more of him than the state of his nerves would at all times bear.

How could the Opera Band ever have put themselves in such a situation as to have cause of quarrel with SUCH A MAN!

## THE ÆOLINA.



We have great satisfaction in being enabled to lay before our readers the most accurate and detailed account which has yet been published of a new musical instrument, now exciting in an unusual degree the attention of the public; and to render our description of it more intelligible, have prefixed to this article a correct representation of the most complete form in which it has yet been manufactured, of precisely the same dimensions as the original whence the drawing was made.

The ÆOLINA, from the originality of its construction and the beauty of its effects, is a decided novelty in the musical art; the expressive sweetness of its tones, the richness of the harmonies it renders, and the contrasts of its exulting swells and dying cadences, realize the poetical descriptions of the Harp of Æolus, and greatly surpass its practical results; while the regularity of its scale gives it advantages of the most important kind, which that instrument does not possess. From the close resemblance of its tones to those of this *harp of the winds*, and from the analogous circumstances under which the sound is produced in both instances, the name of the Æolina has been derived.

A single Æolina is thus constructed. A row of from six to ten parallel rectangular apertures, differing in length according to the sound required, are made in a plate of metal about two inches in length; elastic metallic laminae, or springs fixed at one end only, are then accurately fitted to these openings, but in such a manner that they may vibrate freely within them without touching their sides. When at rest, the free ends of the springs stand above the apertures, leaving them partially open, those producing the graver sounds being more raised than the others. The

breath being directed against one of these springs, throws it into a vibratory state, and the aperture is thus alternately closed and opened; the current of air being in this manner periodically intercepted and transmitted, condensed and rarefied, undulations are produced corresponding in frequency with the vibrations of the spring. The number of the vibrations, or the pitch of the sound, is determined by the length, thickness, and elasticity of the spring; nevertheless, the sound is not immediately produced by the vibrations of the spring, but by the periodically interrupted current of air; and any other means that can be devised for opening and shutting with the necessary frequency an aperture through which a current of air is directed, will produce the same sound. Thus Professor Robison produced musical sounds by rapidly opening and closing the passage of a stop-cock through which a stream of air was passing; an idea which has been improved upon in the Syren, an acoustical instrument invented by Baron Cagniard de la Tour.

The Æolina represented in the wood-cut, consists of three chords of ten notes each, tuned so as to form the perfect major chords on the tonic, dominant, and subdominant of the key of A. By this arrangement a complete diatonic scale, extending through three octaves, is obtained; any unmodulating melody may, therefore, be performed upon it, and be accompanied by the three simple harmonies of the key. Some, more limited in compass, are constructed only of two chords, and others again consist but of a single one. The latter are confined to the imitation of the modulations of the Æolian Harp, and to the performance of bugle-horn airs. The instruments under the improved forms we have described are manufactured

only by Mr. C. Wheatstone, by whom they were first introduced to the public at the Royal Institution in May last; but, in less perfect forms, similar instruments are universally popular on the Continent. Those made by Mr. W., with two or three chords, are set in ivory frames, and all of them are made of argentum, or German silver, a new metallic alloy, possessing many valuable properties.

To perform on the instrument, the side on which the separating ridges are placed should be pressed against the mouth, and it should be held so that the springs may be horizontal, and that the one corresponding with the gravest sound may be the lowest in position. To produce the tones a gentle breath alone is necessary; but to give them every degree of intensity, so as to render the crescendos and diminuendos perfectly effective, some management is requisite. The clearest sound is obtained when the internal cavity of the mouth is enlarged to its greatest extent by the depression of the tongue; or, which is the same thing, when the mouth is in the position proper for pronouncing the vowel *o*. The lips must be sufficiently open to allow the breath to pass through one, two, three, or more apertures, as may be required, and the free ends of the springs must be placed opposite the middle of the aperture of the lips, so that the breath may be directed against those more readily vibrating parts.

It now only remains for us to trace the history of this invention. As a musical toy it has not been in use above a year or two; but we find the principle fully explained by Dr. Weber, in his *Leges Oscillationis*, &c., published in 1827, and he refers us as his source of information to an article by Strohmann in the *Allgemeine Musicalische Zeitung* for 1813. But the principle was many years before described by Professor Robison, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the article Musical Trumpet, and being unacquainted with any prior claim, we are bound to assign to this distinguished philosopher the merit of its invention. As the passage in which his experiment is described is interesting, and an instance of a principle susceptible of a variety of useful applications having been allowed to remain entirely neglected till its re-discovery at a later period, we shall terminate the article by inserting it. After detailing several imperfect attempts made by him to imitate the tones of the *Æolian* harp, he adds:—"Other methods were tried which promised better: a thin round plate of metal, properly supported by a spring, was set in a round hole, made in another plate not so thin, so as just not to touch the sides. The air forced through this hole made the spring plate tremble, dancing in and out, and produced a very bold and mellow sound. This and similar experiments are highly worth attention, and promise great additions to our instrumental music."

We reserve for a future number the descriptions of other applications that have been made of this beautiful and useful discovery, which will show our readers that Professor Robison's anticipations are in a fair way of being fully realized.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DILETTANTE.

[Resumed from page 20.]

Dec. 29th, 1828. The New York papers tell us that much regret is felt in that city on account of the dispersion of the Italian Opera, which made an attempt to gain a settlement in the western hemisphere. What a few dozen talkers say in such matters, particularly if they are people of condition, is generally assumed as the opinion of

the many, and often erroneously, as in the present case; for a friend settled in New York informs me, that the operas, got up so imperfectly as they were, pleased only a few who ape the taste of London and Paris, and were disapproved by most sensible people. But the loss incurred by the enterprise is the best test of the opinion entertained of such representations.

A Philharmonic Society is established at Washington. I naturally expected that my correspondent would be brimful of the praises of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven,—of symphonies, overtures, and quartets; but no!—it appears that the music-loving society have performed—what?—*The Poor Gentleman*, for the benefit of the ungentlemanlike poor of the city! So much for the lovers of harmony in the American capital.

30th. "A Birmingham Amateur" has addressed a letter to "The Dilettante," for the purpose of adding to his "collection of curious and diverting specimens of newspaper criticism." From among the number of cases sent, I select three, of a writer in a morning paper who pompously announced that he had made a journey to Birmingham, on the occasion of the last Festival, in order to judge for himself. The first proof of skill given by this musical Aristarchus was, in an account of an evening concert, in which, said he, "Mozart's Sinfonia, (Jupiter) was sung in fine style by the whole assembled chorus." His qualification was next shown in the following opinion:—"Mr. Bellamy sung 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts' very creditably, but the part should have been assigned to Braham." He then resolved to once more call evidence of his ability, to confirm the belief of his readers in the profundity of his musical knowledge, and Bellamy was again his witness, who, he says, "gave as much effect as the limited compass of his voice (an agreeable counter-tenor) would allow," &c. The proprietor of the paper put himself, methinks, to very unnecessary expense in sending such a reporter-extraordinary; a common porter would, most likely, have succeeded far better in a mission of the kind. If I mistake not it was the same intelligent critic who once assured his readers, that Miss Stephens "led off the Hailstone Chorus in fine style."

January 1st, 1829. I am glad to read some good remarks on our national opera in the *Sun* of this evening; a continuation of an article commenced a few days back in the same paper. But the author is mistaken when he supposes that the genuine opera—that is, where the dialogue is thrown into recitative—is adopted in Germany. The German opera is a melodrama, like our own, and I am not aware of the existence of a single one in that country constructed after the Italian model. His strictures on the size of our theatres, the engagement of *Stars*, and the system of encoring, are quite just, and ought to make some impression. I wish, however, that the writer would divest himself of a prejudice which, perhaps unconsciously, is lurking in his mind against one or two popular performers, who rather follow than lead the public taste, and therefore are not responsible for the barbarous state in which it appears in our winter theatres, owing to the clamours of a few half-drunken, vulgar people, and the apathy, the non-resisting spirit, of the major portion of the audience.

4th. The French seem just to have discovered the merits of Beethoven's symphony in C minor. At the first performance for the present season of the *Société des Con-*

*certs*, on the 21st of December, this stupendous composition was performed, and received with *transports of admiration, almost amounting to frenzy*. It met with nearly as warm a reception at the Philharmonic Concerts, no less than sixteen years ago, when, owing to the determined perseverance of one or two of its members, it was there performed, for the first time out of Germany. Some resistance was made to its introduction; even Salomon thought it "mad and impracticable," and was only induced by the earnest entreaty of a friend he much valued, to consent to lead it at a rehearsal, by way of giving it a trial. But when the band had got through about one-third of the first movement, he stopped, and, with that candour which so strongly marked his character, exclaimed, "This is the finest composition of Beethoven that ever I heard!"

The French orchestra on the above occasion, *covered themselves with glory*, we are told; and, doubtless, they did it justice, for they have an abundance of skill, and their enthusiasm is unbounded. Nevertheless, if the audience were so affected at the performance of this composition by a band to whom it was new, how would they have felt had they heard it executed by the Philharmonic orchestra, to which it is almost known by heart?—Strait waistcoats would have been necessary.

6th. At Berlin there is an annual exhibition of musical instruments; and at the last, a piano-forte, with pedal notes, manufactured by M. Schleipe, was shown, and entirely approved by the many professors who examined its mechanism and tried its effect. Should these get into general use, a considerable change may possibly be brought about in the style of music for this instrument, which, for some years past, has been losing that high character which it had attained in the early part of the present century. On this subject a Sunday paper observes, that "rapidity of execution will, by-and-bye, give way to the beauty of full performance; for, in the former, after a certain degree of skill is obtained, the pleasure of the hearer does not increase in proportion as the performer becomes more and more brilliant in his execution; whereas, in the latter, the greater the number of parts going, and the greater their distinctness and expression, the more complete will be the hearer's delight." Certain it is, that whatever new invention shall correct the present fashionable style—and novelty alone can combat it—will be heartily welcomed by those who know how to discriminate between good and bad in the art. Pedals will give a greater solidity to piano-forte playing, and bring harmony more into request. But they are not without their danger; some half-dozen or so of coxcombs will, perhaps, acquire an agility of toe, and give us galloping passages an octave below gamut. This will be worse than the *tinklers*, the extra additional notes, and make us wish again for the tyranny of the fingers, rather than that of the feet.

9th. THE PUFF-DEVIOUS.—When a man is so well known that all communication, except by direct advertisement, with the honourable part of the London press is denied him, let him form some sort of *liaison* with a country editor; let him send his paragraphs to this friend, who probably will insert them; and thus, as articles of news, they may creep into many respectable journals, without being, for some time at least, detected. Such paragraphs I call *puffs-devious*. Whoever will look into a certain Sussex journal may immediately understand what I mean: he will perceive—by minor articles which contain just as

much truth as prevents the falsehoods from being suspected—that the renowned M. Bochsa has formed exactly the connexion which I describe, and thus occasionally, and in disguise, gains his point by a *détour*. The paragraphs in that paper relative to the Opera House, its repairs and performers, (half of which, however, are obliged to be contradicted the following week,) are of this description. The wandering Jews too, or *Bohemian Brothers*, set up by Bochsa and Co., come in for their share of notice, which they owe to the same influence. I am curious to know if the *purveyors of subjects* to the Edinburgh anatomists have their particular journal also. If not, they are less adroit, not half the men of the world, that I took them for.

11th. "The harmony of the King's Theatre," says the *Examiner* of to-day, "is at present disturbed by the machinations of the \* \* \* \* \* Professor, who is 'at his dirty work again.' It seems that he is employed in the work of retrenchment, and has commenced with the weakest and those who are least able to contend with him."—The *Examiner* is, however, I suspect mistaken, and the fellow will find that he has at length roused a spirit which will not easily be allayed. *Give a dog rope enough, &c.* "Had he endeavoured," continues the writer, "to lower some of the salaries of the principal singers and dancers, little might have been said against it." Here is another error; the principals of both these classes always find champions among a certain few of the subscribers, who have their own purposes to answer. "But no,"—the writer goes on,—"he attacks the performers in the orchestra, whose acquirements have cost them years of trouble and exertion, for which they reap less emolument than any other branch of the musical profession. \* \* \* \* \* The aforesaid highly-respected professor not only wants to reduce their salaries, but to bind them down not to perform at concerts, unless with the permission of the manager; so that all concerts and musical performances, not held under his auspices, are to be deprived of the first talents in our country! Even LINDLEY, the favourite, and almost the pet of the public, is to be pushed from his stool, to make room for some foreign performer, most probably at higher pay, and certainly without half the talent; for it is understood by every one acquainted with the state of music on the continent, that he is altogether without a rival." The man's object is so thoroughly exposed in a letter from one of the band, published in the *Harmonicon* for last October, that it is needless to say another word on the subject.

The following lines appear in the same paper:—

THE REPLY.

"Bah!—talent!" quoth NICK,—"why, scarce one of the band,  
"From Leader to Drummer, can sign his own name."  
His auditor answered, "'Tis true, that each hand,  
"In signing *your* rules seems reluctant or lame;  
"But each *can* write his *own* name, (I'll vouch for my brothers)  
"Though they yield *you* the palm, NICK, in signing *another's*."  
THE OUTCAST OF AN OUTCAST. ♪

12th. There is so much good sense in the following remarks on MODERN LYRIC POETRY, published in *The Spectator*, last December, that I must give them a place in my Diary. The writer, however, is not perhaps aware, that many of Purcell's songs betray a great disregard of accent, though he was purity itself, compared with many of his contemporaries. The fact is, and it ought not to be concealed, that if composers were taught to *read* lyric verse, they would rarely *set* it wrong, as regards accent.

“Musical criticism does not furnish a more frequent censure than that of defective accentuation. The blame of such a charge does in some sort lie with the composer; but the weight of the fault is certainly lightened, when we consider that the writers of songs, who are generally ignorant of music, and consequently unskilled in the choice of words fit for singing, often lead them to use such as jar against the ear, and are wholly restive, even under the most careful and artful disposal of the composer. Except MOORE'S *Melodies*, which exhibit good specimens of elegant and correct vocal poetry, the best songs, in point of smoothness and good accent, happen generally to be the most *nonsensical*; for where the authors have not been fettered with a meaning, they have had more leisure to be euphonious. The songs of PURCELL, and DIBDIN'S *Sailor Songs*, show that the English language, when properly written and set, flows as naturally out of the mouth in music as any, except the Italian. The present prevailing fashion of a ditty in England, is a bastard production—neither French, German, Italian, nor native, but a mixture of the whole. We have been infested with waltz tunes from Germany and France; and our music has been so mixed with the melodies of various nations, that it is perhaps no wonder if our language does not well amalgamate with a style so heterogeneous. Greater art and some study of music are to be wished in the writers of songs. METASTASIO was so sensible of the delicacy and nicety requisite in adapting poetry to music, that he spent his whole life in perfecting himself in the knowledge of them. Others among the Italian writers have done the same. MOZART'S operas are throughout but an impassioned kind of talking. In musical matters of a higher aim than the mere amusement which is found in songs, it will be found that the truth of expression depends more on accent than is thought. A powerful effect cannot be produced where a bungling artist leaves bare his ill-working machinery for the beholder to laugh at.”

13th. The *Courier* of this date contains some account of a *Società Armonica*, which is neither more nor less than an indirect puff of a certain buffo singer. I have no right to object to this gentleman's profiting by a system which has become so general, but I do object to the latter part of the paragraph, which may lead the unwary reader to believe that Miss Childe, whose talents are there said to have been publicly developed by the person alluded to, is his pupil. She is the scholar of Signor Coccia, who brought her before the public at the Hanover Square Rooms, in 1827, where she appeared to infinitely greater advantage than on the stage at the English Opera House.

16th.—The annexed is an account of the sums received at all the theatres in Paris, (the Italian Opera excepted, which is by subscription,) during the two months of November and December last; in francs and centimes:—

	fr.	c.
Académie Royale de Musique,	86,311	00
Théâtre Français, - -	64,413	36
Opéra-Comique, - -	83,786	61
Odéon, - - - -	25,487	05
Théâtre de Madame - -	110,425	70
Vaudeville, - - - -	54,782	10
Nouveautés, - - - -	92,422	50

Carried forward 517,628 32

	fr.	c.
Brought forward	517,628	32
Variétés, - - -	114,334	55
Gaîté, - - - -	70,433	86
Ambigu-Comique, - -	53,593	85
Porte St. Martin, - -	124,426	05
Cirque, - - - -	120,955	20
Total, - - - -	1,001,371	83
Net produce, - - -	792,752	70
Rights of Authors, - -	72,068	43
Tax, for the poor, - -	91,033	80
Ditto, paid to the Grand Opera, - -	45,516	90
Total, - - - -	1,001,371	83

or £41,723. It will be seen by the receipts at the minor theatres, how much melodramas and vaudevilles are in Paris preferred to the legitimate drama and regular opera.

17th. The writer of a letter in the *Spectator* of this date, defends the conduct of M. Laporte, in his dispute with the Band of the Italian Opera, denying the right of the public to interfere in the matter; and grounds his argument on the fact of the theatre being a monopoly. This, in my mind, is the very reason why the public are entitled to interpose: a monopoly of the kind could not be suffered on any other terms. What! grant a man an exclusive right to furnish a commodity, and at the same time keep no check over him,—divest yourself of the right to inquire into the goodness of the article he alone is licenced to provide! Such a doctrine was never heard of before. I do not mean that he is to be rendered liable to legal interference, but I do mean that he is to be governed by public opinion; and how is such opinion to be declared except through the medium of the press? It is not enough to say, “if you do not like my performers, stay away.” This could not be endured, for there is no other Italian Opera to go to; and if it is proper to have such a place of public entertainment, it is quite monstrous to allow a manager virtually to shut his doors in the public face; for such, in point of fact, would be the effect of allowing him to engage persons whom nobody would go to hear, or to reject those whose talents, and theirs only, the public approve as a means of entertainment.

As to the Opera being a losing speculation, I assert that it generally has been a profitable one; and, if well managed, could not fail to be a very lucrative concern to the lessee, as well as a cheaper and better place of amusement to the subscribers and to the public in general.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Bellamy, are now on a professional tour through the northern counties and the south of Scotland, which has proved tolerably successful.

Mr. R. A. Smith, precentor of St. George's church, Edinburgh, died lately in that city. He was the author of several vocal compositions, sacred as well as secular; among the latter of which is the popular song of “The Flower o' Dunblane. But he deserved well of the musical world, chiefly by his publications on Scottish and Irish minstrelsy.



## Review of Music.

THE MUSICAL BIJOU, an Album of Music, Poetry, and Prose, for M.DCCC.XXIX. 4to. Edited by F. H. BURNEY. (Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.)

IN our last, we cast a glance at the ornamental parts of the present volume, a publication which may claim the merit of being the first-born of musical annuals; for though something on a similar plan preceded it, so far as relates to the actual time of appearance\*, yet it proved a complete failure, and will soon be forgotten by the few who happened to open it, if not already vanished from their memories.

We have now to direct our attention to the interior of this work, and, regardless of all extrinsic allurements, to examine with an unprejudiced eye its musical pretensions chiefly, taking a slight view of the pages devoted exclusively to poetry and prose.

To begin then with the musical part. This comprises seventeen compositions,—twelve vocal, four for the piano-forte, and a quadrille. Of unset poetry there are five pieces. The prose consists of two tales, and a comic sketch.

Mr. Bishop has a larger share of the volume than any other of the contributors. He supplies four pieces; two arrangements, and two original compositions. Of the first are,—*The harp of Ossian*, from the powerful pen of *the Ettrick Shepherd*, and worthy of it, set to an expressive, charming Scottish air, with a judicious accompaniment of simple chords;—and “*My Emma, my darling*,” an invitation to the pleasures of a town life, written by the same, but in a very different, and by no means so happy a strain; the melody, which is unknown to us, being much on a level with the words. His two new productions are,—“*Oh! tempt me not with jewels bright*,” a song in rather a common style, both words and music, and set without much respect for prosody. Thus we have trochees for iambuses,—*Oh tempt*, and *To me*, instead of *Oh tempt* and *To me*, &c. His other composition, a glee, for soprano, countertenor, tenor, and base, “*While the moon shines bright*,” the poetry by Mr. J. Pocock, shews the experienced and able harmonist; but we cannot think that either the music or the measure of the verse is well adapted to the words: to be in character, this dirge should be sung extremely slow; in which case, however, some of its effect would be lost, for we suppose *largo*, not *molto adagio*, to be intended, though no direction is given.

Mr. Rawlings has one song, “*I have known thee in the sunshine*,” written by Mr. T. Haynes Bayly, whose part in it pleases us more than that of his colleague, for there is much feeling in the poetry and but little in the air, the latter assuming in some degree the manner of the guaracha. The *accent* too—(we will have a starling taught to repeat this word)—the accent is continually erroneous. *e. g.*



I have lov'd thee for thy sweet smile when thy

\* See *Harmonicon* for December last.

“*smile*” is obviously the emphatic word, therefore the accented part of the measure is its proper place. The passage may be amended thus;—



I have lov'd thee for thy sweet smile when thy

The trochees “*beauty*,” “*sickness*,” and “*proud ones*,” should have had one quaver to each syllable, and the succeeding monosyllables ought each to have taken two quavers; thus:—



beau - ty, and thy bloom.  
sick - ness, and thy gloom.  
proud ones of the earth.

If Mr. Rawlings compares the above with the following, which is his own, he will, we feel assured, be candid enough to acknowledge the correction,



beau - ty, and thy bloom.  
sick - ness, and thy gloom.  
proud ones of the earth.

This is a subject we have often dwelt on, and shall continue to press, knowing its importance, and being persuaded that much of the indifference, not to say dislike, to vocal music, felt by many people of excellent understanding and taste, arises from the composer's neglect of prosody.

*False Rosabel*, a song, written by Mr. Bellamy, and composed by Mr. C. Horn, is in a familiar style, and will be admired by those who like passages and cadences which have received the sanction of time.

Mr. Barnett's name appears twice in this volume: first to a duet, “*Will you come where the sweetbriar grows?*” written by the ingenious Mr. Stoe Van Dyk, whose recent death we, in common with many others, have much deplored;—and a song, “*Now the lamp of day has fled*,” the words by Mr. R. Ryan. The duet is very pretty, and here and there exhibits something like novelty. The second part might in two or three instances be made to sing better, but as a whole this is easy and will generally please. His song, though wanting variety, and possessing no remarkable feature, is in a style that will secure many suffrages in its favour.

Both the words and music of a song, “*My gentle lute*,” owe their birth to Mr. S. Lover, a name quite new to us. We cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that a poet knowing enough of the mechanism of musical composition to set his own verses, should have been guilty of such numerous and glaring prosodial errors. Independently of these, his present production is not destined to immortalize him either as poet or musician. In the latter

character he assuredly is not likely to gain any reputation for originality of thought or elegance of manner.

We pass on with much pleasure to a song in the Scottish manner, "Pledge me brim to brim," written with a great deal of point and spirit, by Mr. Fitz-Ball, and composed by Mr. Rodwell. There is so much simplicity, such unaffected ease, in the whole of this, that it has every chance of becoming popular. Would that we could speak in the same terms of the next thing we turn to!—a song, *The Dream*, by Sir John Stevenson, to which we are obliged, not without considerable regret, to assign a very inferior rank amongst the pieces in this volume; a duty the more painful, because the poetry, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, is remarkably beautiful, and worthy of an equal and happy match in its union with the sister art.

To the instrumental portion of this work Mr. Burrowes and Mr. Holder have contributed waltzes, the aim of which is to stir up, to exhilarate, by a certain gaiety of manner, and they succeeded, though both are more remarkable for animation and correctness, than for invention. Mr. Kiallmark's air and variations are rather feeble. But there is some elegance in another thing of the same kind by Mr. Valentine: it is easy, and though not new, is not chargeable with that wearying triteness which is now almost as common as poaching, swindling, and murder. The quadrille is composed of airs from the popular French opera, *La Muette de Portici*, and well arranged for the piano-forte. Of Weber's last composition, his waltz in Ab, republished here, we need say nothing; it appeared in the *Harmonicon* for December last; our readers therefore may form their own opinions of its merits.

The prose pieces in this volume are three in number;—*The Craig Foot*, or *The Smuggler's Son*, "a tale, founded on fact," by Edward Fitz-Ball:—*Il Fanatico per la Musica*, "by a Musical Amateur,"—which might have been called *The enraged Dilettante*, for it is built on Hogarth's *Enraged Musician*:—and *The Music-master of Venice*, a brief narrative, by Richard Ryan. On these we cannot bestow any very high encomiums; but though they possess no charms for us, they may nevertheless amuse others, whose tastes may, perhaps, be far superior to our own.

By the perusal of the unset poetical part, however, we have been extremely gratified. This consists of a moral poem, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, under the title of *The place for all!*—*The Maid of Neidpath*, by Sir Walter Scott;—and *The Lady of Kienart Tower*, "a legend of the Riesengebirge\*," by J. R. Planché.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson, in unaffected, elegant, harmonious verse, shews the true stations for different ages, conditions, and ranks. An exalted morality breathes through the whole of this short poem; the language is polished and forcible, the imagery natural, and the colouring warm. Four detached stanzas we insert, by which a tolerably correct notion may be formed of the whole.

"Where is the mother's place? Beside  
Her infant's cradle-bed;  
Watching with all a matron's pride  
Th' expanding blossom spread;  
With patient love, unwearied care,  
Training each leaf unfolding there."

Where is the patriot's place? Beside  
His liege King's regal throne,  
Stemming Corruption's 'whelming tide;  
Not striving for his own  
But country's good; her weal the end  
And point to which his actions tend."

\* The Riesengebirge is one of the *giant-mountains* in Silesia.

"Where is the Hero's place? The field  
Where struggling foemen lie,  
When Valour lifts his spear and shield  
For native liberty.  
If conquering, with an arm to save:  
If conquered, filling Glory's grave!"

The next stanza points out the place chosen by the rich man, not the station where he ought to be found.

"Where is the Rich-man's place? Alas!  
Too oft where Fashion's train  
Throng, the best hours of life to pass  
In follies light and vain;  
While Pleasure fills her goblet high,  
And wakes unhallowed revelry."

Sir Walter Scott relates, in four delicious stanzas, the catastrophe of a story well known in Tweedale; every line is a picture, and every thought full of exquisite feeling.

The tale narrated by Mr. Planché is of the fair, but cruel Cunigunda, whose history is told at length in Russel's *German Tour*, and we hope will operate as a warning to all proud, flinty-hearted damsels.

We will not close the present article before we have stated, as in justice we are bound to do, that *The Musical Bijou* is brought out in a very liberal, superior manner, and, all the circumstances of the trade considered, at a price, which the most frugal must agree with us in thinking remarkable for its moderation.

#### SACRED MUSIC.

PURCELL'S SACRED MUSIC, Edited by VINCENT NOVELLO.  
No. 1. (The Editor, 66, Great Queen Street, and all the principal dealers.)

Mr. NOVELLO is no lingering publisher; his appearance generally follows close at the heels of his prospectus: and, moreover, he performs with equal punctuality the promises he holds out.

This is the anthem written by command for the thanksgiving ordered in 1687, by James II., when his queen was declared in a state of pregnancy. From its mournful character,—adhering to the key of G minor with remarkable pertinacity—the Protestant party might, half in joke, half in earnest, have given Purcell the credit of joining in the suspicions and fears excited on that occasion; for a less joyous composition, from beginning to end, can hardly be imagined. The flat 3rd, however, was in high favour at that period, and employed indiscriminately without any regard to the character of the words. Many of Purcell's finest anthems are in the minor key, but we do not number the present among his best; there are some masterly passages in it, past all doubt, but as a whole it wants contrast, and is unremittingly sombre. But we did not mean to criticise Purcell's works in a Review devoted to new publications.

Mr. Novello's editorial fidelity is irreproachable, and we would be the last to attempt to shake so invaluable a virtue; nevertheless, in cases where the composer's intention is at all doubtful, it is not only allowable, but, in our opinion, a duty, to exercise a salutary discretion in correcting manifest errors. A case of this kind occurs twice or thrice in the present anthem, though we shall only cite that very striking one to be found in the seventh and eighth bars of the symphony, page 2, which we are fully convinced exhibits what was never intended by Purcell, and that the notes forming three hideous fifths—

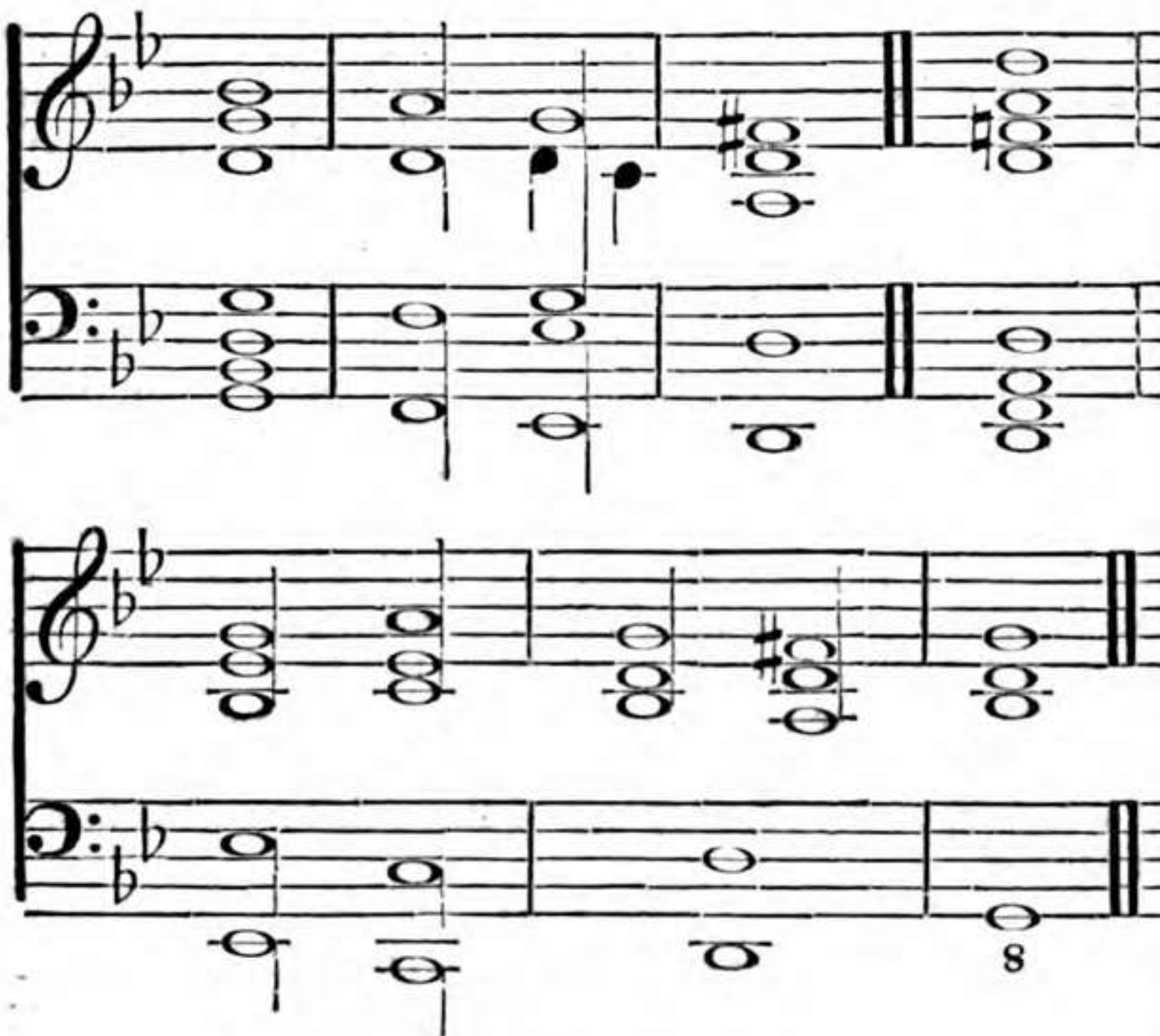
imperfect ones, it is true—must either have been an oversight of the author or an error of the copyist.



By changing A at the asterism to G, the evil is remedied. Indeed, we cannot but believe, that the perfect chord, not that of the 6th, was the composer's design, whatever he or his amanuensis may have put down.

This work is engraved and printed on extra-sized plates and paper, so that a larger quantity of music is comprised in a given number of pages than at first appears. Notwithstanding which, we think that Mr. N. will be acting with policy by either increasing the quantity or diminishing the price.

At the end are introduced five chants, by Purcell, by his father, and by his uncle. That by the latter, generally known as the *Funeral Chant*, is so beautiful, and takes up so little space, that we reprint it here. Dr. Burney could not discover its merit!



PIANO-FORTE.

1. *La Melancolie et la Gaîté*, ROMANCE and RONDO brillante, composed by F. KALKBRENNER. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. INTRODUCTION and RONDO on the air, "Let us haste to Kelvin Grove," with an accompaniment for the FLUTE (*ad libitum*) composed by D. SCHLESINGER. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale, 201, Regent Street.)
3. DIVERTISEMENT, composed by James Satchell. (Clementi, Collard, and Collard, 26, Cheapside.)

THE first of the above is in three movements,—a short Introduction *adagio*; a Romanza; and a Rondo, *allegretto*, *Vivace*; all in E. The romancé is, of course, the

sentimental part, "the sweet melancholy;" and the rondo its opposite, or "sport and youthful jollity." There is more expression, more gentleness and delicacy, in the former than Mr. Kalkbrenner usually displays, for his natural leaning seems to have been towards the brilliant style. The present work, however, shows that he can be tranquilly graceful when inclined. He is, in truth, getting older, and it is but just that, as we add to our stock of years,—a wealth of which we seldom are very ostentatious—we should increase in judgment, the parent of taste, an acquisition so valuable, as almost to reconcile us to the conditions on which we obtain it, and whereof we ought to be proud. This requires a good player, by which term we do not exactly mean one of the slight-o'-hand people, but a performer with a *Cramer touch*, an active finger, a free left hand, and some feeling.

Mr. Schlesinger's Rondo demands the same sort of player as to proficiency and execution as the above, but his composition has little of the expressive in it, the brilliant predominates; nevertheless, it is an elegant production. The air is universally allowed to be delightful, and it is here treated in not only a masterly, but a very attractive manner.

No. 3 is, if we mistake not, by an amateur, for it exhibits much of that novelty in manner which, generally speaking, is more likely to be met with in the class of dilettanti than among professional musicians, the ideas of the latter, from the nature of their daily, their hourly pursuits, being too often governed by what is constantly present to them, and which exercises a despotic control over their minds. But if the professor thus loses in freedom, he gains in method, or arrangement, and in correctness. Mr. Satchell, with an unfettered imagination, seems to have wanted a little of that advice which the laborious musician, the patient drudge, might have imparted: we find asperities in his pages—in the first few bars, and the seventeenth, of the *Introduzione*, for instance—which an experienced composer would have smoothed down. Nevertheless there is enough to weigh against these; a great deal of melody, much vigour, and a lively fancy. The divertisement consists of an *Introduzione alla Marcia*, a pleasing Military Air, a slow Interlude, and a Rondo. It begins in G, but ends in A; another irregularity which we cannot countenance. The whole is easy, and of a moderate length.

1. Il Rivocato, DUSSEK's celebrated Duet, Op. 38, newly arranged, with FLUTE, or VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO ACCOMPANIMENTS, (*ad lib.*) by J. B. CRAMER. (Cramer and Co.)
2. The Ballad, "Alice Gray," composed by MRS. P. MILLARD, arranged with an Introduction and Variations, by PHILIP KNAPTON. (Pettet, 154, Oxford Street.)

No. 1 is the well-known duet for harp and piano-forte in E $\flat$ , arranged for the latter instrument only, but with accompaniments that are useful though not essential. We are rejoiced to see this resuscitation, or *rivocato*, as Mr. Cramer calls it: first, because it is a work that deserves to be rescued from neglect; and secondly, as it probably is a pledge of other restorations of the same inestimable composer; who, in spite of his almost unrivalled merit as a writer of piano-forte music, is, in the language of Almack, said to be *passé*. Such is the destroying effect of indiscriminating, tasteless fashion, which is beginning to number Mozart among the *ancients*, and always treats the *ancients* (Handel included) as barbarians!

Mrs. Millard's pretty melody deserves to be generally known, and as the pianists outnumber the vocalists, we yield to circumstances, and welcome so pleasing a ballad, even in the guise of an air with variations. Mr. Knapton's gentleman-usher to it is everything that can be desired; he has also given the subject and its accompaniment as much in conformity to the original as the case admits; but his first and second variations are rather *egarées*, and his coda drives the melody into a state of absolute distraction. Imagine, reader,—with the last two lines of the ballad fresh in your memory,—

“ \_\_\_\_\_ my heart is breaking  
For the love of Alice Gray!”—

imagine a dance-movement, in six-eight time, *Vivace*, as a winding-up, to an air set—appropriately set—to a desponding lover's dying words!

1. THE SWISS AIR, as sung by Madlle. Sontag and the Rainer Family, arranged with VARIATIONS, by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Clementi and Co.)
2. “Ah! che forse,” the air sung by Signor Velluti, arranged, with an Introduction, by G. F. KIALLMARK. (Clementi and Co.)
3. La mia Dorabella, the TRIO in *Così fan tutte*, arranged by AUGUSTUS MEVES. (Latour, 50, New Bond Street.)

MR. RAWLINGS' variations on the deservedly popular Swiss air are short, few in number, easy yet showy, and not in the very common style of such things. They are likewise well arranged for the hand,—a feature in all Mr. R.'s publications which is not one of their least recommendations.

Mr. Kiallmark also generally consults the convenience of the performer. No. 2 is a proof of this, out of which some degree of brilliancy may be produced at the expense of very little trouble. This circumstance will operate in its favour, even on those who think with us that the air has been valued much too highly by the admirers of Signor Velluti. Let us, however, direct Mr. Kiallmark's attention to certain errata in the base of the fourth and fifth bars of the *Aria*, and also of the second bar, last staff, page 5, of the quick movement. In the former the fifth and octaves, and in the latter the sharp seventh of the key falling, are highly displeasing to a well-educated ear.

Mr. Meves has announced but one-third of this divertimento—for such it is—in his title; he has not only given us “La mia Dorabella,” which makes a first movement, but likewise “Di pasta simile” from the same opera, as a second, and “E voi ridete” as a third. Such an instance of omission is indeed a rarity in the present day, when forbearance and modesty are not always the attributes of arrangers. Mr. Meves has done little more than copy these from the originals: what he has done beyond this he has done well.

#### LES BAGATELLES.

- No. 1. A FRENCH Air, selected and arranged by J. B. CRAMER.
- No. 2. “Donne, l'Amore,” ditto by AUGUSTUS MEVES.
- No. 3. “The Violet,” ditto by A. VOIGT.
- No. 4. “Jock O'Hazeldean,” ditto by T. A. RAWLINGS. (Cramer and Co.)

THESE are meant for beginners, and very useful are such publications, when selected and executed with judgment, and mixed with graver things, for they encourage the youthful learner, and train the ear to melody. The four

airs are pretty, and all well calculated for the end in view, except the second, which is not arranged in so natural and smooth a manner as the others. An  $F\sharp$ , too, here, in the base of the fourth bar, falling to  $c$  instead of rising to  $G$ , is objectionable. The most strict attention to rule should be paid in the construction of these nursery rondos, for the future taste of the student much depends on their correctness. It is easy enough to make a good early impression: very difficult to efface a bad one. Some may perhaps smile at our stooping to criticise so mere a trifle, but an error in a horn-book is fraught with more mischief than in a folio. Each of the above is limited to two pages, and the price is the minimum ever fixed on musical publications.

THE FAVOURITE AIRS in ROSSINI'S *New Opera*, *Le Comte Ory*, arranged, with an accompaniment for the FLUTE, ad libitum, by T. LATOUR. (Latour, 50, New Bond Street; and Troupenas, Paris.)

As a *Pièce de Circonstance* in honour of the *Sacre*, or coronation, of Charles X., Rossini produced *Le Voyage à Reims*, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. Being composed for a temporary purpose, the opera, as a matter of course, soon ceased to be performed; but the author, unwilling that the fruits of his labour should be so almost immediately thrown aside, introduced most of the pieces in the new work which he had engaged to write for the same theatre, and thus, with some alterations and many additions, was formed *Le Comte Ory*, the copyright whereof, so far as relates to Great Britain, Mr. Latour bought, and the two books now before us comprise the best things, or at least those that are most likely to please here, arranged for the Piano-forte. Never having heard the opera performed in any shape, and not even having had a glimpse of the score, it would be rash to deliver any opinion of its particular merits from an adaptation of this kind; but we can with propriety speak of the publication as a collection of instrumental pieces, in which character it may be said to contain many movements more distinguished by their animation and brilliancy than originality, a specimen of these, the popular chorus, will be found amongst the music of the present number. The arrangement is made with that knowledge of what suits the public generally which Mr. Latour possesses in so eminent a degree; and in respect to difficulty and style, is on a level with his adaptations of the other operas of Rossini, as well as those of Mozart.

SELECT AIRS from MOZART'S opera *Così fan tutte*, performed at the English Opera House under the title of *Tit for Tat*, arranged, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad lib.) by GEORGE PERRY. 3 Books. (Pettet.)

So many arrangements of this opera have appeared, that it would seem to be a work of supererogation to add to their number. There is no law, certainly, against the multiplication of such publications, and the facilities afforded by pewter-plate engraving tempt many to go before the public, the sale of a few copies covering all expenses; while the labour of transcribing the German vocal scores, and the trouble of making a few alterations in these,—to which the efforts of most are limited—are hardly worthy of consideration to those whose time is not wholly absorbed in other professional pursuits. 'Tis true that they thus generally enter into competition with very able and experienced persons, losing, possibly, some credit by

the comparison challenged; but this is a question of prudence, and for them to consider, not us.

As this arrangement appears to have been suggested by the performance of the opera with English words, we naturally expected the English titles to the several pieces; instead of which we find the Italian only. This however matters very little, and we only mention it as an inconsistency. Mr. Perry's object is to render his adaptation as easy as possible, and he has succeeded. Indeed such is the comparative simplicity of *Così fan tutte*, that it would be a difficult task to put it into any difficult form.

**GRAND CONCERTO** by MOZART, *arranged with accompaniments of FLUTE, VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO, including Cadences and Ornaments, expressly written for them by J. N. HUMMEL. No. 2. (Chappell, 135, New Bond Street.)*

THIS is the second of a set of Mozart's twelve grand concertos which a spirited individual is publishing at his own risk, having engaged M. Hummel to reduce the full orchestral accompaniments to three instruments, in order that these compositions may get into general use; and, likewise, to afford the piano-forte part the advantage of the added notes up to c, in such cases as the author himself would most likely have employed them, had they existed in his time. M. Hummel has also written cadences to the two now edited by him, a practice he is to continue, and if with the same success that has attended his present effort, his labours will considerably augment the value of the work.

The concerto now published is in c, in three movements, as usual—an allegro maestoso,—common time; an andante, in F, three-four time; and a finale, allegretto, in two-four time. The greater part of it is in a bold, vigorous style; the author seems to be overflowing with spirits: brilliancy therefore is its characteristic, and to exhilarate its effect. The performer must not look for many of those touching passages, those fine, unexpected modulations, that are so richly spread over most of Mozart's compositions, they are thinly scattered here, but runs of semitones,—which were beginning to be fashionable at the time the concerto was written,—in great abundance. These, however, are more than expiated by the two invaluable qualities so conspicuous in this composition, namely, a very masterly design, and an uninterrupted flow of melody.

1. **THREE WALTZES**, *composed by JAMES SATCHELL. (Clementi and Co.)*
2. **THE WELCH QUADRILLES**, *composed and arranged by the author of "The Captive Knight." (Willis and Co.)*
3. **Le Parnasse, Nouveau Recueil de Waltzes**, *composé par J. De Masarnau. Op. 10. (Willis; Latour; Clementi and Co.)*

No. 1 are, we believe, by an amateur, and contain a great deal that is remarkably pleasing, and more of novelty than we have for a long time past met with in the same species of music. We find a note here and there which an experienced person will, for the sake of effect, alter. Among these are the three D's, page 6, bar 18, which would be much improved by a flat.

No. 2 are Welch airs converted into quadrilles, and if easiness alone were merit, these would be worthy of unbounded praise. But they are all in one key, c, which never changes, except for a few bars into the relative

minor; the monotonous effect they, consequently, produce is quite fatiguing.

No. 3 is a collection of waltzes dedicated, with true French gallantry, *aux Muses*, one to each. They are all very pretty, and not by any means common in style, but shewing a rather superior taste.

#### DUETS, PIANO-FORTE.

1. **Rhinish Carnival, AIR, with VARIATIONS**, by FERDINAND RIES. Op. 148. No. 2. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)
2. **OVERTURE to Cosi fan Tutte**, *arranged by GEORGE PERRY. (Pettet.)*
3. **OVERTURE to BEETHOVEN'S LEONORA**, *arranged for two performers, with accompaniments for FLUTE, VIOLIN, and VIOLONCELLO, (ad libitum) by W. WATTS. (Cramer and Co.)*
4. **HERZ'S QUADRILLES, Les Favorites**, *arranged and published by the same.*

NOTHING can be more simple than the *Rhinish Air*, which is in the small compass of twelve bars:—

Upon this Mr. Ries has written five variations, sparkling, and, in one or two instances, not very easy, but taken altogether, will rather bestow the reputation of great executorial powers on the performers, than really require them. This is an enlivening duet, and will please both the performers and hearers, without their being able exactly to assign a reason for the pleasure they receive, or to mention any one particularly striking feature or memorable passage in the whole composition.

The overture to *Così fan Tutte* is the easiest but not the best of this class of Mozart's works. It is more in the Italian than German style, though the great master frequently peeps out, and shews us that even while trifling, he can do more than most others have done in their gravest moments. The arrangement is very well executed; indeed it could hardly have been otherwise, the simplicity of the materials considered.

Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* entirely differs in style from the foregoing, and required all Mr. Watts's skill and experience so to arrange it as to preserve as much as possible of those beauties which can only be perfectly developed by an orchestra, and that a very complete one. It would be absurd to say that he has retained in his arrangement all the effects which the composition is capable of yielding, but he has made the best use of the score,—from which he has evidently worked, and not from a German piano-forte part,—and has conveyed as accurate an idea of the author's intentions as means so comparatively limited would allow.

The quadrilles, No. 4 of the above, have been noticed by us, both in their original state, and arranged as duets. The present are admirably adapted for very good performers, but rendered, unnecessarily, too difficult for the generality of those who amuse themselves by playing dance tunes.

### HARP.

1. GRAND ETUDE, consisting of EIGHT STUDIES; to which is added, *Rule Britannia*, with grand variations, by THEODORE LABARRE, *Harpist to the KING OF FRANCE*. Op. 30. (Mori and Lavenu, *New Bond Street*.)

THOSE who expect to meet with Studies for the harp that shall equal as musical compositions some we have for the piano-forte, will be grievously disappointed. Few people aim to arrive at the same degree of excellence on the former as on the latter instrument; exercises, therefore, of the masterly kind, difficult, consequently to execute, are not in request, and there is no adequate motive for publishing them. Besides which, who is there to produce such high works? The Vicomte de Marin, the only man in our time who could have composed what might have had a chance of being put on a level with the studies of Cramer and Moscheles, never set about the task; and all of the kind, with which we are acquainted, are of a lower order; that is, are written for more general purposes; and, moreover, are mostly devoid of any pretension to originality.

M. Labarre has here laboured to raise the character of this class of music, and has partly succeeded—but we cannot say wholly. He has introduced some bold modulations, and passages which require the utmost command of hand, together with great activity of foot and finger; passages that are excellent practice; but many of the pages want interest, and hold out but little of that temptation which stimulates to exertion and rewards industry.

To *Rule Britannia* are added five variations of the most brilliant kind, and fit only for first-rate performers; though, for the convenience of others, he has reduced some of the difficulties, in additional staves. We have heard the composer of these play them,—and in his hands their effect is as pleasing as grand.

### HARP AND PIANO-FORTE.

- THE SWISS AIR, as sung by Madame Stockhausen at *St. James's Palace*, arranged by N. C. BOCHSA. (Latour.)

THE title of this should be in the plural, for there are four airs, detached, and in quite different keys. Swiss, Tyrolean, and all such mountain melodies, are very pretty, and, till we are accustomed to them, captivating from their naïveté and newness; but they at length become wearisome from their great sameness, and we must confess that they begin to pall upon our ear. These were sung before the King, at a concert his Majesty gave last year, and pleased exceedingly. They are arranged in a very easy manner for both instruments, and comprised in a few pages.

### HARP AND VIOLIN, OR FLUTE.

- Souvenirs de la Muette de Portici. AUBER'S Opera, arranged as a DUET, by T. LABARRE, and C. DE BERIOT. (Clementi and Co.)

Two of the finest performers of the present day have united their powers to produce what very inferior talents

might have accomplished nearly as well; for this is an arrangement that does not mean to give the greatest possible effect that might be obtained from the instruments, but such as can be extracted from them by performers of an ordinary kind. To these the present publication may be recommended, as one that cannot fail to please both players and hearers: the former because it requires no great deal of preparation or exertion; the latter because the subjects are well chosen from a work which deserves the popularity it has obtained.

### VOCAL.

- GLEE, five voices, "When should Lovers breathe their vows," the poetry by L. E. L.; composed by T. F. WALMISLEY. (Pettet.)

- TRIO, "Like as a father," arranged from CHERUBINI'S Canon, "Perfida Clori," by JOSEPH MONDS. (Eave-staff, 9, *Russell Street, Bloomsbury*.)

- DUET, "Yet a moment, young-eyed Passion," words by W. F. COLLARD, music by SIR JOHN STEVENSON. (Clementi and Co.)

MR. WALMISLEY'S glee is a piece of very correct vocal harmony; the parts *sing well*, to use a technical phrase, and the poetry is accurately set, except towards the end, where the repetition of "glisten" and "listen," produces something like a play on the words, which we cannot suppose was intended. Nevertheless, it wants the touch of genius,—has no distinguishing trait, and is what any one tolerably conversant in the laws of counterpoint might have produced without an effort. Such indeed is the history of the great majority of glees, of which not five in a hundred are destined to survive a very few forced performances.

No. 2 is Cherubini's beautiful canon in the unison, with sacred words set to it. And this is all that should have been said in the title-page. We would have added, that they answer the purpose very well. It is difficult to help smiling at seeing "Perfida Clori" dedicated to a reverend gentleman, not by the composer, but by an English musician who happens to have put to it some words from David's psalms.

The duet, No. 3, has some pretty passages in it, which will be very effective if the singer of the upper part be able to articulate them distinctly and neatly. It is in two movements, an andante and an allegretto; yet the whole is short.

1. BALLAD, "There is a light about those eyes," written and composed by J. AUGUSTINE WADE, Esq. (Latour.)
2. SONG, "'Tis the season of friendship," the words by W. F. COLLARD, the music by J. C. CLIFTON. (Clementi and Co.)
3. BALLAD, "O my love has an eye of the softest blue," words by the late REV. C. WOLFE, composed by F. ROBINSON. (Clementi and Co.)
4. BALLAD, "'Twas sweet to look," composed and published by the same.
5. BALLAD, La Ninà Morena, translated from the Spanish by J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., composed by B. LONG. (Clementi and Co.)
6. BALLAD, "The Birks of Aberfeldy," the melody by MRS. MILLARD; the symphonies, &c. by P. KNAPTON. (Pettet.)
7. BALLAD, "Many happy returns," the words by T. H. BAYLY, Esq., the music arranged by I. WILLIS. (Willis and Co.)

8. BALLAD, "I'll live, but ne'er shall smile again," written by R. MORGAN, Esq., composed by J. BARNETT. (Pettet.)
9. BALLAD, "I gaze upon the moon's bright beam," words by W. WARRINER, Esq., composed by W. TURNBULL. (Latour.)
10. ROMANCE, Cupid caught, composed by W. KIRBY. (Latour.)
11. BALLAD, "Ah! tho' my harp," the poetry by W. MONCRIEFF, Esq., composed by J. BLEWITT. (Dale, Poultry.)
12. CAVATINA, Love's escape, sung by Miss Love; the poetry by F. THORNHILL, Esq., composed by S. NELSON. (Dale.)
13. }  
14. } LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS, composed by J.  
15. } GREEN. (Green, 33, Soho Square.)  
16. }

No. 1 is in a graver and more expressive manner than most of Mr. Wade's songs. It is full of feeling, but not so original as many of his productions.

No. 2 is in praise of Christmas festivities, therefore comes too late, perhaps our readers may say, but is, nevertheless, in good time. It is a song, and a chorus for three voices, part of the former and the whole of the latter being the delightful Venetian duet, "O pescator dell' onda," a little altered, and a base part added to the choral part.

Nos. 3 and 4 both shew a refined taste, and apparently are the production of a good musician. The words are set with care, and the accompaniments are excellent. We do not often meet with ballads possessing so much merit as these.

The words of No. 5 are set with considerable ability, and the task was not an easy one to an inexperienced composer. The air is pleasing, and the accompaniment good. We would recommend Mr. Long to expunge the B $\flat$  from the second chord of E $\flat$  in the ninth bar.

No. 6 is a charming ballad. The fair author of the melody has a right to claim by far the greatest share of the praise due to this, for her's is the rarest talent; but something is due to Mr. Knapton for what he has done, which evinces a very correct taste.

No. 7 is a well known and admired air, but we cannot at this moment call to mind its title. The words are here set twice, however, and we must confess our preference for the former of the two.

Nos. 8 and 9 are faultless, but do not indicate any effort.

The next three are likewise free from actual error, but not containing a single note that is entitled to the critic's observation.

No. 13, 14, 15, and 16 may be called nursery ballads. They are printed in octavo, with a pretty lithographed frontispiece to each, and composed, both with regard to air and accompaniment, in the simplest manner possible. The last is the Tyrolean air, "The Swiss boy," put into the easiest form that could be devised. These are all calculated to answer the purpose they have in view: they pretend to very little, and that little they perform. The songs here noticed are numbers 2, 3, 5, and 6: we have not received the intermediate numbers.

This is a selection in the form of a divertimento, from the very popular opera of Auber, containing a few of the most favourite airs blended in one piece. In addition to the piano-forte part, those for the violin, and for the flute, are printed separately, each of which is within the reach of very moderate performers. The duet is of a reasonable length.

## VIOLIN.

FANTASIA, with an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed by P. RODE. Op. 24. No. 7. (Monzani and Hill, 28, Regent Street.)

This is not a Fantasia, but an air, with a slow introductory movement. Be, however, its title what it may, it is a most graceful composition, and ought to be possessed and valued by all violin players, whether amateur or professional. To the former some passages in it will appear difficult; but to either the fine, pure taste displayed in every page, almost in every bar, will be as improving as gratifying.

## FLUTE.

1. SOCIAL PIECES, with an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by CHARLES NICHOLSON. No. 1. (Clementi and Co.)
2. BARCAROLLA from the opera of Fiorella, by AUBER, arranged as a RONDO, with an accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by L. DROUET. No. 12. (Monzani and Hill.)
3. FIFTEEN TYROLIAN MELODIES, arranged with embellishments, by C. N. WEISS. (Cocks and Co.)
4. Troubadour du Tage, with Variations, and an accompaniment for Piano-Forte (*ad lib.*) composed by GEORGE PRICE. (Cocks and Co.)

ON opening No. 1, we were agreeably surprised by a Preface, wherein are promulgated opinions which we have often laboured to impress on our readers, and, are inclined to hope, not unsuccessfully. "Mr. Nicholson," we are here told, "has been induced to commence a work of this kind, from the many complaints made respecting the difficulties of modern compositions, and which indeed are frequently so great, as to require more time and trouble to overcome them than most are inclined to bestow, and to deter many from even attempting them." This declaration from the most brilliant flutist in the world ought to have, and will have, its weight, for it is high time that the eyes of all musicians should be opened, whatever instrument they may profess, to their own interests and to the interest of the art itself. To publish what none but themselves can play, and what they accomplish by dint of great labour only, is not merely to deter the reasonable amateur, but to strike at the very root of music, by substituting difficulties which no one really enjoys, for taste and expression which everybody admires. Mr. Nicholson has given in this first number of his laudable work, a Spanish, an old Irish, and a Russian air, together with a Rondo of his own, all of them pleasing and easy; and the accompaniment is so exceedingly simple, that it may be played by the merest tyro, if a good timeist. He has in fact realized the hope expressed in his preface, for these compositions "are such as will afford much of the usual gratification with but little of the usual toil."

The lover of the grand in music must seek for gratification in the Barcarolle; its charm is in its simplicity. No. 2 is an instance of this; the air never changes the key, except an occasional cadence to its relative minor and dominant: nevertheless there is something in it so national, so natural, and the rhythm is so distinct and comprehensible, that it will affect those who are obtuse to more scientific things. The flute part is midway, between the

extremes, in point of execution; and the accompaniment easy.

No. 3 contains chiefly the airs sung by the Rainers, with a few others that have been performed since that family introduced a taste for the melodies of the Tyrol. Most of these have two variations added to them, which, with the ornamental notes, are written with judgment.

No. 4 is a French air, and an admired one too, though we never could find out the reason why, but it is not the composition of Mr. Price, as the wording of his title-page might lead some to suppose. The variations on it are more difficult than so meagre a subject can justify; but after an inspection made rather in haste, we do not here find any errors to complain of.

#### FLUTE AND PIANO-FORTE.

1. DE BERIOT'S *favourite AIR varied, arranged by C. N. WEISS, No. 1.* (Boosey and Co.)
2. Ditto, No. 2.

Nos. 1 and 2 have, in their original form, as violin pieces, been reviewed in this work. We are always glad to see compositions in which so much taste is manifested, put into as many different shapes as they can be made to assume without sustaining any serious injury, because by such means they become better known, the author receives greater encouragement, and the pleasure they afford is more widely diffused. As now arranged for the flute, their effect is very good; not equal to that of the violin, certainly, but quite sufficient to justify the adaptation.

The copy of these sent to us has the original violin part printed over the piano-forte accompaniment, and the flute part is detached. Whether this was intentional or not, we are not qualified to say, but are very sure that such an arrangement renders the work doubly useful.

#### GUITAR.

1. GIULIANI'S *three RONDOS for two GUITARS, revised and fingered by G. H. DERWORT.* (Paine and Hopkins.)
2. *Dolce ed Utile, a melange, &c. Nos. 15 and 16.* (Wessel and Stodart, *Frith Street.*)
3. *THREE ITALIAN ARIETTAS by ASIOLI, arranged by J. A. NUSKE.* (Ewer and Johanning, *Tichborne Street.*)

DUETS for guitars!—what a feast for those who delectate in congregated nasal twangs! But, seriously, this instrument, so romantic and charming in its natural vocation, is little better than a mockery when florid compositions, such as most of these, are given to it. The guitar is for the bower, or the boudoir, and to accompany tender tales of love. It is not amiss as a companion to the dessert, to assist the voice in a romance, or in an unpretending arietta. But give to it brilliant compositions, requiring the execution of a violinist, and suited, so far as manner is concerned, to the concert-room, it then becomes as ineffective as a piping bullfinch perched on a trombone in the midst of a great military band.

No. 2 contains a rondino, an Irish air, and two waltzes, by Giuliani also.

No. 3 ought perhaps to have been placed among the vocal music. It comprises “Ah che sento il destino,”—“Chisento intorno,”—and “Se resto sullido,” well-known airs by Bonifazio Asioli, with a good guitar accompaniment.

## Foreign Musical Report\*.

### PARIS.

THE revolutions in the history of the arts are productive of singularities scarcely less remarkable than those effected in the history of nations. The habit acquired by the pianists of the present day, of overcoming the greatest difficulties, and that contracted by the public, of hearing a multitude of notes played in movements of the most rapid kind, are the causes why the fine music of the old school has fallen, if not into disrepute, at least into disuse. Not only Haydn and Mozart, but even Dussek and Clementi, have become little else than historical names, in regard to modern virtuosi. There is no difficulty in accounting for this. These gentlemen's great tact is in surmounting the most elaborate difficulties, and in executing *tours de force* calculated to surprise and to astonish. There is little or nothing of all this in the music of the masters we have just named: to do justice to their compositions, soul, feeling, and expression are required; and in these qualities the greater part of the modern artists do not superabound. It is therefore impossible that the antiquated sonatas of Haydn, and the old-fashioned quatuors and concertos of Mozart, in a word, all the Gothic music of the times preceding the new revolution, can maintain their ground in our days. Beethoven may still shine in the orchestra; but at the piano, he is nothing.

From an article in the *Leipsic Musical Gazette* of December last, we learn that Meyerbeer is at present in Berlin, and that he has nearly completed his new opera, from the pen of M. Scribe, which is to be entitled *Robert le Diable*.

### The Drama.

THE attractions at both theatres have been, according to custom at such a season, their pantomimes. At Drury Lane, musical performances are suspended during Braham's absence. He is, or has been, performing at Bath.

At Covent Garden, a new opera was produced, on the 15th ult., under the title of *The Nymph of the Grotto; or, a Daughter's Vow*, written by Mr. DIMOND, and composed by Messrs. LIVERATI and LEE. This is altogether so feeble a work, that, at present at least, pressed as we are for room, we will say no more about it. Should it continue to be performed, we shall consider it worthy of further notice,—not out of respect to the piece, but in deference to public opinion.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Saturday, the 24th ult., and on the following Tuesday, the pupils of this institution, and Signor De Bagnis, repeated the two operas which they before gave, cast and performed in exactly the same manner: the *Barbiere di Siviglia* on the first day, and *L'Inganno Felice* on the last. The theatre (the English Opera House) was respectably attended on both occasions, the state of the weather considered, which has been much against all theatrical performances.

\* In consequence of the great influx of matter of temporary interest, after the first part of the present Number had been sent to the press, our Foreign Report, for the present month, is little more than nominal.