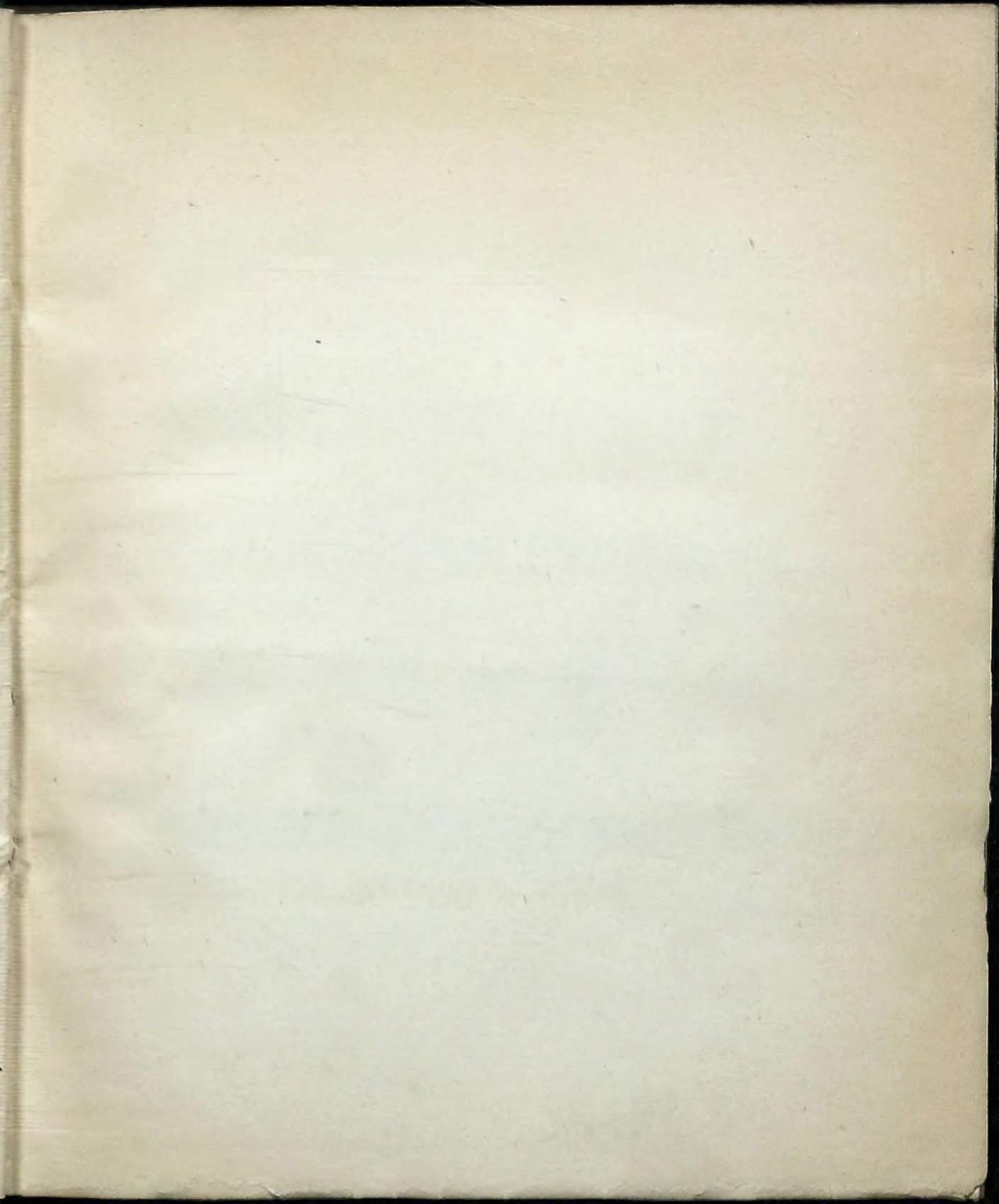


1. Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music by Mr. Dryden.
2. Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony
3. ~~London Ceremonial at the re-opening of Gresham College 1843.~~
4. Laws of the London Philharmonic Society. 1830.
5. Messiah, an Oratorio, as it is performed at the theatre. Royal
in Covent Garden
6. The Topic: Music, English & Continental. 1846
7. ~~Programme of London English Glee & Madrigal Union.~~
8. Comments of a Chorus Singer at the R. Musical Festival in
Westminster Abbey, 1834 by Solomon Saenger.

3 & 7 removed to 'Programmes'
6.9.62



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ALEXANDER'S FEAST

XXII. 3 18

V. P.



ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.





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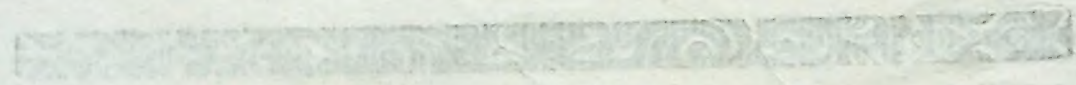
OF THE

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ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

O R, T H E

P O W E R O F M U S I C K.

A N O D E

Wrote in Honour of St. *CECILIA*,

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Set to M U S I C K by Mr. H A N D E L.

*Hear how Timotheus' various Lays surprise,
And bid alternate Passions fall and rise;
While, at each Change, the Son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love;
Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow,
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like Turns of Nature found,
And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound.*

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

L O N D O N :

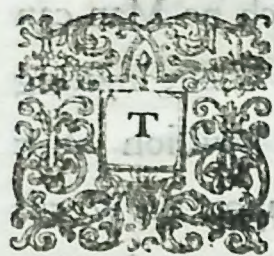
Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the *Strand*.

M D C C X X X V I.

[Price One Shilling.]



P R E F A C E.



THE following ODE being universally allow'd to be the most excellent of its Kind, (at least in our Language;) all Admirers of polite Amusements, have with Impatience expected its Appearing in a Musical Dress, equal to the Subject. But the late Improvements in Musick varying so much from that Turn of Composition, for which this Poem was originally design'd, most People despair'd of ever seeing that Affair properly accomplish'd: The Alteration in the Words, (necessary to render them fit to receive modern Composition) being thought scarcely practicable, without breaking in upon that Flow of Spirit which runs thro' the whole of the Poem, which of Consequence wou'd be render'd flat and insipid. I was long of this Opinion,

P R E F A C E.

1. not only from a Diffidence of my own Capacity, but the
 2. ill Succes of some ingenious Gentlemen, whose Alterations
 3. of, or Additions to the Original, prov'd equally ill-judg'd.
 4. But upon a more particular Review of the Ode, these seem-
 5. ing Difficulties vanish'd; tho' I was determin'd not to take
 6. any unwarrantable Liberty with that Poem, which has so
 long done Honour to the Nation; and which no Man can
 add to, or abridge, in any thing material, without injuring
 it: I therefore confin'd myself to a plain Division of it
 into *Airs*, *Recitative*, or *Chorus's*; looking upon the Words
 in general so sacred, as scarcely to violate one in the Or-
 der of its first Place: How I have succeeded, the World
 is to judge; and whether I have preserv'd that beautiful
 Description of the Passions, so exquisitely drawn, at the
 same time I strove to reduce them to the present Taste in
 Sounds.

7. I confess my principal View was, not to lose this favour-
 8. able Opportunity of its being set to Musick by that great
 Master, who has with Pleasure undertaken the Task, and
 who only is capable of doing it Justice; whose Composi-

tions

P R E F A C E.

tions have long shewn, that they can conquer even the most obstinate Partiality, and inspire Life into the most senseless Words.

If this Entertainment can, in the least degree, give Satisfaction to the real Judges of *Poetry* or *Musick*, I shall think myself happy in having promoted it; being persuaded, that it is next to an Improbability, to offer the World any thing in those *Arts* more perfect, than the united Labours and utmost Efforts of a *Dryden* and a *Handel*.

N. H.



ALEXAN-

[Faint, illegible text covering the main body of the page]

1.

2.

3.

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8.

A CANTATA, perform'd at the Beginning of the Second Act.

RECIT.

CECILIA volgi un sguardo
Verso il suolo Britanno, e scoggerai
Che con sonori accenti
Rinova in questo giorno
Del nome tuo si caro
La gradita memoria,
Per celebrar della virtu la gloria.

A R I A.

*La virtute è un vero Nume
Del Mortal nel basso Mondo;
Chi si scosta dal suo lume
Va dell' ombre nel profondo*

La virtute, Da Capo.

RECIT.

Tu, Armonica Cecilia,
Che rapisti col Canto,
Che incantasti col suono,
Fà pur che sia concesso
A questo stuol de tuoi seguaci egregi
Imitarne i tuoi pregi,
Perche un nobil natale
Si rende oscur senza virture Uguale.

A R I A.

*Splenda l'alba in Oriente,
Cada il Sole in Occidente,
Virtu sempre essalterò;
Sia la lingua più Canora,
Sia la cetra più Sonora,
Oltre il ciel, oltre le stelle
Le sue belle
Alte glorie innalzerò.*

Splenda l'alba, Da Capo.

RECIT.

Carco sempre di gloria *ТЮБАЯ*
 Fù l'altero Tamigi, *обширныи иль АЛЛОС*
 Ed emulò nella virtù nel merito *Всего, АТАТМАД В*
 I secoli passati;
 E seppe unir con generoso core
 Ad Armonica cetra un casto amore.

A R I A.

1. Sei cara, bella, virtute ognor,
 Scherzando alletti il cor.
 2. E se ti unisci a un casto amor
 Il pregio tuo è maggior.

3. Un puro ardor, un bel seren
 Amor, virtù, Sol dà
 4. E mille gioie prova il sen,
 Perché? mà non si sà.

Sei Cara, Da Capo.

RECIT.

5. 'E ben degna di lode
 Bella virtute e merta
 Per se stessa gli applausi e ancor maggiore
 Ella diviene in un virtuoso amore.

DUETTO.

6. Trà amplessi innocenti,
 Trà armonici accenti
 Virtute sol gode.
 7. Un candido affetto
 Sincero diletto
 Sol mertano lode

8. Trà amplessi, Da Capo.

F I N E.



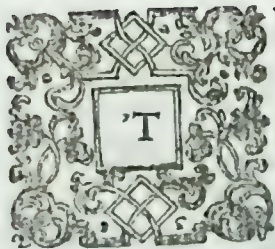
ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE

POWER OF MUSICK.

ACT *the* FIRST.

RECITATIVE.



WAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* warlike Son:
Aloft, in awful State,
The God-like Heroe fate
On his Imperial Throne.:

His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound:.

So

So shou'd Desert in Arms be crown'd.
 The Lovely *Thais* by his Side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride,
 In Flow'r of Youth, and Beauty's Pride.

A I R.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy Pair!
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre:
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And heav'nly Joys inspire.

The POWER of MUSICK.

[A Concerto here, for the Harp, Lute, Lyricord, and other Instruments.]

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

The Song began from *Jove*,
Who left his blissful Seats above;
(Such is the Pow'r of mighty *Love*)
A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God;
Sublime, on radiant Spires he rode,
When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,
And while he sought her snowy Breast:
Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an Image of Himself, a Sov'reign of the World.

CHORUS.

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity! they shout around;
A present Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound.

A I R.

With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears;
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod;
And seems to shake the Spheres.

B

CH O-

CHORUS, *repeated.*

1. *The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,
A present Deity! they shout around;
A present Deity! the vaulted Roofs rebound,*

RECITATIVE.

2. *The Praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet Musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever Fair, and ever Young:
3. The jolly God in Triumph comes;
Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums:
4. Flush'd with a Purple Grace,
He shews his honest Face;
5. Now give the Hautboys Breath; He comes! he comes!*

AIR.

6. *Bacchus, ever Fair, and Young,
Drinking Foy's did first ordain;
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
7. Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure:
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure;
8. Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

CHORUS.

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure:
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure,
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his Battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the
Slain:
The Master saw the Madness rise,
His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft Pity to infuse.

A I R.

1. *He sung Darius Great and Good,
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen from his high Estate,
And welt'ring in his Blood:*

2. *Deserted at his utmost Need,
By those his former Bounty fed,
3. On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to close his Eyes.*

4. *He sung Darius Great and Good,
By too severe a Fate,
Fallen from his high Estate,
5. And welt'ring in his Blood.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

6. *With downcast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
Revolving in his alter'd Soul,
The various Turns of Chance below,
7. And, now and then, a Sigh he stole,
8. And Tears began to flow.*

C H O-

CHORUS.

*Behold Darius Great and Good,
Fallen, weltring in his Blood;
On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
Without a Friend to close his Eyes.*

RECITATIVE.

The mighty Master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next Degree;
'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
For Pity melts the Mind to Love:

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

A I R.

*War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:*

Lovely

*Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the Good the Gods provide thee.*

1. *War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble,
Honour but an empty Bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
2. Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the World be worth thy winning,
3. Think, O think it worth enjoying.*

CHORUS.

4. *The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause;
5. So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.*

A I R.

6. *The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care;
7. And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
8. At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.*

*The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
Gaz'd on the Fair,
Who caus'd his Care ;
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.*

CHORUS, repeated.

*The Many rend the Skies with loud Applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause..*

End of the First Act..



ACT



ACT THE SECOND.

Concerto for two Violins, Violoncello, &c.

RECITATIVE, *accompagn'y'd.*

NOW strike the Golden Lyre again ;
A louder yet --- and yet a louder Strain :
Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

CHORUS.

*Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.*

RECITATIVE.

Hark, hark! --- the horrid Sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead :
And amaz'd, he stares around.

T O A

A I R.

A I R.

*Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise,
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!*

*Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand!
 Those are Grecian Ghosts, that in Battle were slain,
 And unbury'd, remain
 Inglorious on the Plain.*

*Revenge, Revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise,
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!*

R E C I T A T I V E, accompany'd.

Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew:
 Behold how they tols their Torchies on high,
 How they point to the *Perſian* Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods!

A I R.

1. *The Princes applaud with a furious Joy;*
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.

A I R.

2. *Thais led the way,*
To light him to his Prey;
 3. *And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

C H O R U S.

4. *The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,*
And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy.

5. *Thais led the way*
To light him to his Prey;
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

R E C I T A T I V E, accompany'd.

6. *Thus long ago,*
 7. *Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,*
While Organs yet were mute,
 8. *Timotheus to his breathing Flute;*
And sounding Lyre,
Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

GRAND CHORUS.

*At last Divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.*

AIR, DUETT.

*Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.*

CHORUS.

*Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies,
She drew an Angel down.*

End of the Ode.

[Concerto for the Organ and other Instruments.]

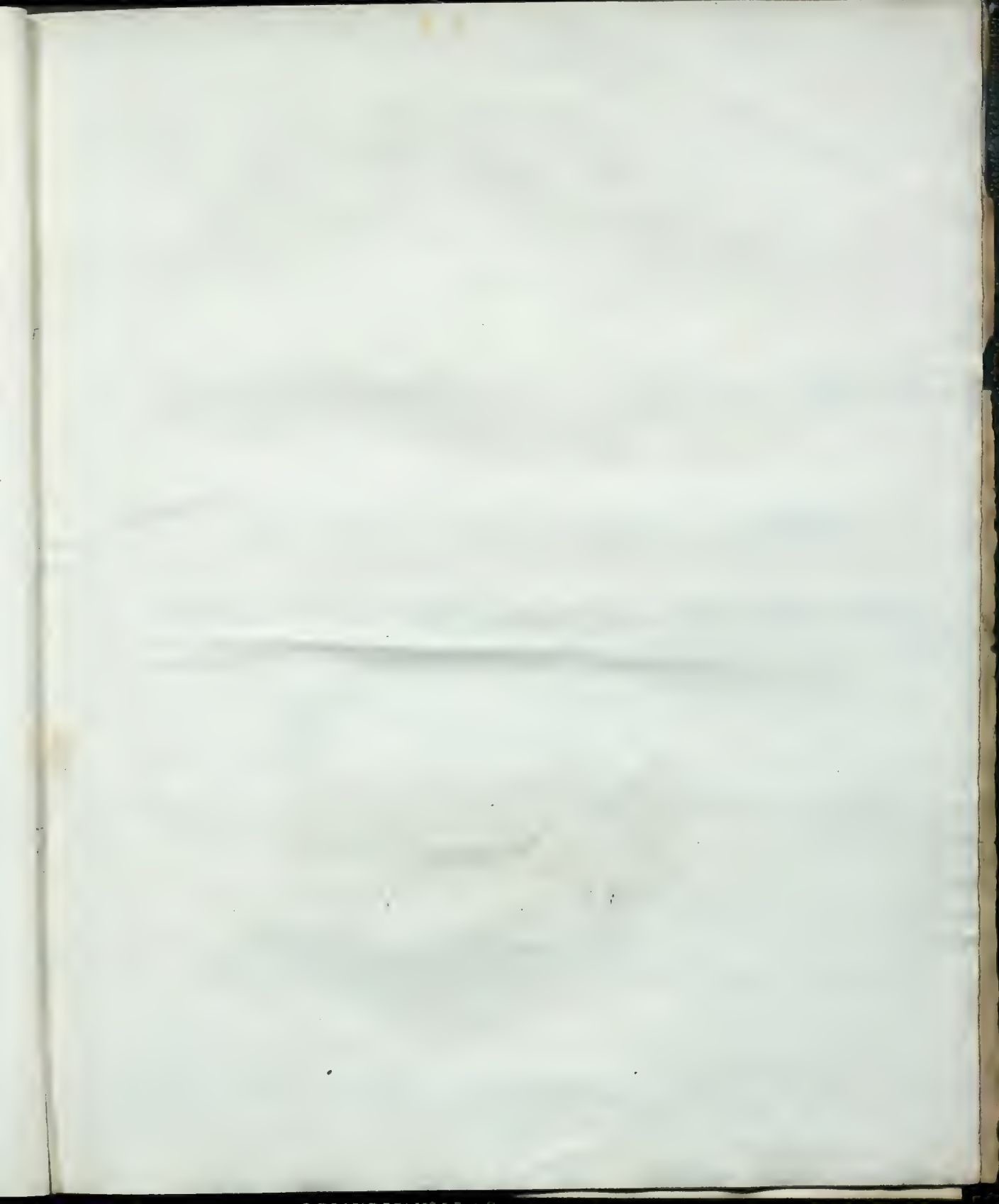
ADDITIONAL CHORUS.

1. *Your Voices tune, and raise them high,*
Till th' echo from the vaulted Sky
The blest Cecilia's Name;
Musick to Heav'n and Her we owe,
 2. *The greatest Blessing that's below;*
Sound loudly then her Fame:

3. *Let's imitate her Notes above,*
And may this Evening ever prove,
 4. *Sacred to Harmony and Love.*

5. F I N I S.





1.

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3.

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6.

7

8.

Windsor Bath.

EUTHEMIA;

O R T H E

POWER of HARMONY.

A POEM in BLANK VERSE.

Sacred to the Memory of a Deceased Pair.

*Ordinem Sæculorum, tanquam pulcherrimum carmen, honestavit Deus—Sicut
contraria contrariis opposita, Sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, ita quadam
non Verborum sed Rerum Oppositione, Sæculi pulchritudo componitur.*

ST. AUGUST.

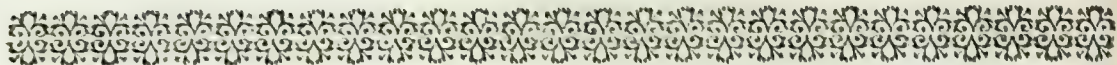
TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The COURT of DISCORD.

Printed in the Year MDCC LVI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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8
TH E Love of this Subject first induced the Author of the following Lines to make this Poetical Attempt ; at the same Time flattering himself with Hopes of seeing a better from a more able Pen. This (however mean) Performance will afford him one Consolation, which many Authors in this Age cannot so safely boast ; namely, that if it gives no Pleasure, yet will it produce no Evil ; and though he may have offended the fabulous Patron of Fiction, as a Poet ; yet rests contented in not dishonouring the only God of *Truth*, as an *Infidel*.



E U T H E M I A ;

O R,

The Power of HARMONY, &c.



MIDST rude Chaos, and when ancient Night,
Whelm'd o'er the shapeless Mass her deepest Shade,
When warring Elements held Variance wide,
And Anarchy confounded Rule——God spoke.
When lo! on Embassy of high Import,
Divine EUTHEMIA came, that Seraph bright,
Blest Harmony ; (for such we name her now.)

'Midst the cherubick Hosts loud Voice, and 'midst
The sudden Blaze of Light, o'er this new World
Diffusive, down she came ; her Harbinger
Fair Symmetry ; swift to her Charge she flew,
Compos'd the Tumult, and establish'd Peace.
Then did the Sun first beam his gracious Light,
Transcendent Bridegroom ! then each rowling Orb,
* Beneath her Guidance, led its joyous Course
In speechless Song of Praise ; declaring loud
The glorious Work which God himself saw good.

* The Planets Motions are founded on Harmonical Proportions. Vide Keil's Preface.

What'ere the visible Creation wears
 To gild the Morn, or to adorn the Night,
 To her its elegant Composure owes ;
 And where the Tribute for such Grace is due,
 Silent Expression shews. Beneath her Law
 Behold each Creature finds its various End,
 Proportion'd to its Nature, and its Kind.
 Nothing but Man rejects God's high Command,
 Or from the Purpose of Creation flies.
 Ah why reject ! why fly ! vain foolish Man !
 Why place such Beauty in the Eye of Scorn,
 When all Things turn to fair, which Eye can see ?
 Or leave pure Virtue's Path so richly deck'd,
 To deviate into Misery ! ah why !
 As if the Liberty to act like Fools,
 Were the chief Cause, that Heav'n made us free.

4
 5
 6
 O *Harmony* thy Empire's great ! Come Muse,
 With Lyre celestial, — yet alas how faint !
 The Silver Cord's exactest Tunings prove,
 The gentlest Touching, how unapt ! to sing,
 Her Golden Reign, and winning Blandishments
 Resistless Lure ; how to Obedience prompt,
 Her magick Scepter sways ; how cheers the Eye,
 Or makes the Ear delight ; and gives fair Truth
 Such Relish to the Thought ; with her unblest,
 Nor Eye hath ought to hear, nor Ear delight,
 And Thought pale-pining, sickens with Disgust,
 Loathing all Taste, save Truth's ambrosial Sweet.

7
 8
 When Musick stealing o'er th' enchanted Sense
 Blends in Accordance smooth, and woos the Ear,
 Beguil'd to Rapture, and Attention mute,
 Her Influence guides the String. Her Measure lends
 Each Colour's pleasing Force, and points its Bound.
 Red's vivid Ray, mild Blue, and airy Green,
 With Orange rich, or Violets sober Hue,

By her combin'd, form to the feasting Eye
 * Variety of Concord.——

From her Proportion, all its nice Effect
 The mimic Pencil steals ; from her its Grace ;
 When Art with Nature's Workmanship at Strife,
 Teaches the long Perspective to recede,
 And mock the Mind's imaginary Sight.

'Tis *Harmony* adjusts the stately Pile
 Its decent Pride ; beneath her graceful Hand,
 The *Tuscan*, *Doric*, or *Corinthian* pure,
 Diminish'd Column, and embolden'd Frize,
 In apt Disposal rise ; while each to each,
 Bearing Relation just, compose to View,
 Entire Elegance. Her Measures rule
 The Ease of Motion, through meand'ring Dance,
 And give its Air of Grace. She aids the Muse
 That daring soars, wrapt in poetick Zeal,
 " Above th' *Aonian Mount* ;" Her well-tun'd Verse,
 And Numbers smooth improve the sacred Fire,
 Sweeten each Thought, and steal it to the Heart.

Say learned Sages, (for ye best shou'd tell)
 Whose nice Inspection scans the Human Frame,
 And Nature's wise Oeconomy explores ;
 What secret Harmony, what just Consent,
 That wond'rous Work compose ; how Sympathy
 Mysterious reigns ; what close-uniting Bond,
 The Mind and Body joyns ; what social Tye !
 When each to each imparts the mutual Complaint,
 And both distemper'd grow. Can ye unfold
 How Womb-struck Infants, Fancy's Impulse wear,
 Or how such speedy Unison's convey'd,
 Such swift Vibrations, through what Medium borne,
 Ingenious *Hoarl-y*, learned *Hartl-y* tell !
 What nervine Fluid or what Ether pure !

* Sir *Isaac Newton* has demonstrated, that the Rays of Light in forming Colours, observe exact Harmonical Proportions. Vide his *Opticks*.

Thus while we meditate thy Pow'r divine,
 Through Nature's Works and through each lib'ral Art
 How does thy gentle Rhetorick persuade
 The Heart ! how sooths thine Influence benign,
 Celestial Harmony ! Blest is the Man,
 Who bent to Happiness, with Thee his Guide,
 In sober Step, and Thought serene pursues,
 Thy even Path of Peace ; from sullen Cave,
 Of Mope-ey'd Melancholy far aloof,
 And frantick Court, of Mirth's voluptuous Crew.
 Such Aid auspicious, melts th' obdurate Breast,
 Refines each Sentiment ; To Friendship moves ;
 Confirms that sweet Coincidence of Soul ;
 And rising Passion's furious Tide becalms,
 To still Tranquility. Cherish'd by Thee,
 Sedate Reflexion warms the glowing Mind,
 Enkindling Holy Zeal. By Thee inspir'd,
 The Cherub *Gratitude* right early wakes,
 With Lute prepar'd, and ready Heart she wakes,
 To Morning Orison ; *Incentive of Thanks*,
 (Oblation welcome to the Throne of Grace)
 From Lips unguiled to the Skies she pours ;
 While many a Holy and obsequious Tear,
 Does pure religious Love steal from her Eye,
 In tender Embassy of Praise to God.
 Closing with Hymn benevolent, her Task,
 " Glory to God on High—Goodwill t'wards Men."

By Thee compos'd, Beside her Midnight Lamp,
 Summoning Remembrance of Things long past,
 To silent Thought ; sits *Contemplation* still ;
 The sacred Page of Providence to muse,
 And trace the wise impartial Hand of Heav'n.
 How good and Ill such due Proportion hold ;
 How Pain's permitted to chastise the Heart,
 To lure us Home from ev'ry wild Pursuit,
 And clear the Soil for Virtue's Plants to spring.
 Thus in Attention bound to Wisdom's Lore,
 She, from Divine *Analysis* explores,
 This Truth—— " Just are the Ways of God to Man."

By Thee refin'd—Behold where Patience mild
 With Brow unbent, that seems to welcome Woe,
 Beside her shady Dial sits to watch,
 Time's stealing Progress to Eternity.
 To *Lydian* Measures now attunes her Lute,
 Pleasing her Grief ; and with complacent Smile
 (From Resignation bred, and blessed Hope,)
 Thus humbly prays, — “ Thy Holy Will be done,”
 Tho' in mine own Undoing.——

From Thee *Contentment* finds her Hour of Peace
 And ponders *Agur's* Wish, that Golden Mean,
 T'wixt rigid Poverty and dang'rous Wealth.
 Casting on *Vanity* a careless Smile
 She blithely sings — “ Thou art my Portion Lord.”*

By Thee directed—lo ! *Compassion* meek,
 Searching the Vale of Misery obscure,
 From sympathetick Eye benignly sheds
 Her Balm of Pity, ~~while with tender Heart,~~
 Shaping her Sorrow to each Sufferer's Woe,
 She to her Silver Harp's soft Prelude joins,
 Such tender Pray'r — “ Return O God of Hosts,”
 “ Behold behold thy Servants in Distress.” †
 Then points to *Charity* her Sister-Twin,
 Who all around her chearful Bounty pours,
 Treas'ring to Heav'n ! lending to her God !
 Security how safe !
 With Thee O Harmony, in rich Repast,
 Feeding her Thought ; *Holy Desire* comes,
 In seeming Foretaste of full Heav'nly Blifs,
 The shining Vestal comes ; with wistful Joy,
 Perch'd in her Eye ; and rob'd in Vestment chaste,
 The fleecy Mantle of a Silver Cloud.
 With decent Motion and triumphant Grace,
 The vanquish'd Host of sensual Lust she leads,
 In Reason's Captive Chain. Like as the Hart
 By Chace o'erheated, pants for cooling Streams,
 Her Soul so thirsteth after Thee O God.

* Anthem of Mr. *Weldon's*.† In the Oratorio of *Samson*.

Lo ! to thine Altar bent, the pleasing String
 She gladly sweeps, and lifts her Voice to Song.
 “ Thus have I look’d for Thee in Holiness,”
 “ That I might behold thy Pow’r and Glory.” †

Such kindly Influence how few improve !
 Yet such once fill’d the good *Philemon*’s Breast,
 Nor less *Fidelia* knew ; That Righteous Pair,
 Blest with thy sacred Gifts, O Harmony !
 Walk’d with their God — “ Speak ye who best can tell,”
 Ye Widows, Orphans, speak — Cease Thou O Muse,
 To Silence beck’ning see ! their Gentle Shades,
 Through seeming Fear of Praise.—Hence Flattery !
 The Wise and Virtuous scorn Thee,—Hence to Court—
 There meet the gracious Welcome of the Proud.
 Varnish some Villain as he rots in State,
 Call yon Church-Window to record his Arms ;
 Or point at Figures half obliterate,
 In Rain beat Marble, at the Chancel-End,
 Upon a cross-leg’d Tomb.—Go glut his Pride,
 And show the rusted Buckle wont to tie
 The tawdry Garter of his Grandfire’s Knee.
 Such abject Pomp, *Philemon* ever loath’d,
 Such loath’d *Fidelia* too,—then rest in Peace
 And let a Tear suffice for all that’s due.

Of these thy Joys possess, Blest Harmony !
 Thy sweet Infusion o’er th’ exalted Sense,
 ’Midst Thought of Thee, breathing such rich Delight,
 Who rests unpleas’d ?—Up to that Sov’rign Light
 From whose bright Beams such wond’rous Beauty springs,
 Guide the pure-sighted Eye ; Him to behold
 Whose Throne is built upon Eternity.
 Him to behold, in pure essential Part,
 His Truth, his Love, his Wisdom, and his Bliss.
 In sweet Enragement of celestial Love
 Him to behold ; and with Him ever dwell,
 Eternal Fount of Love, still flowing forth
 Goodness Supreme ; around whose radiant Throne,

† An Anthem set by Mr. *Broderip*. Ps. 63.

The burning Seraphs tune immortal Harps,
In endless Harmony, in endless Praise.

The COURT of DISCORD.

Bombalio, Clanger, Stridor, Taratantara, Murrmur.

1.
TO chant in rugged Verse hoarse Muse, arise,
How teeming Earth, erst felt her lab'ring Throes,
Where *Cbeddern* Clifts yawn hideous to the Skies,
How bursting *Discord* wrapt in Thunder rose.

2.
The kindly Moon that might such Grief redress-
Eclips'd that Night, and shun'd her Sister Earth,
What woful Change! lo mid her deep Distress,
Sin midwiv'd to the World, that monstrous Birth.

3.
From Hell thus freed, beside the rocky Fall
Of bellowing *Floods*, ~~her Savage Court the held,~~
On dreary Waste beneath an uncouth Hall,
Blind Chance that bungling Architect did build.

4.
'Midst shapeless Chambers nooking all askew,
Reign'd *Disproportion harsh*, to pall the Sight,
While sable Darkness strives to check all View,
Save where one slanting Squint doth glimmer Light.

5.
In footy Weed spotted with Women's Tongues
Doth crouch the storming *Queen*, in ceaseless Din.
Of Train infernal heaving Iron Lungs,
The Vassals of God's Wrath and Slaves of Sin.

6.
The Tyger *Cruelty* beside her Bound
Grinding his Gall doth watch her rueful Throne,
Guilt like a thievish Dog creeps slinking round,
With quivering Jaw that maketh wretched Moan.

7.
Corruption base here plies her golden Art,
And sows Contention 'mongst the scrambling Crew,
While

While *Falsehood* clokes in Smiles his rotten Heart,
With subtle-brow'd *Deceit*——Staunch Courtiers true.

8.

Here *grisly Care* on Bed of Thorns doth lie,
Goring his Thought ;—with Lust-stung Satyrs round
Trolling their Rhymes of shameless Ribaldry
In tuneless Voice, all gentle Peace confound.

9.

In deep Debauch behold the madd'ning Crowd
From *Orpheus's* Skull their Stygian Nectar swill,
Now murd'ring Shrieks and Blasphemy aloud
Fit Musick raise, grim *Discord's* Court to fill.

10.

Scratch'd screaming Saws, scream through her leaden Ear,
While brazen Anvils beat their clatt'ring Clang,
The shrugging Queen well-pleas'd such Sounds to hear,
With jarring Jews-harp joins the jangling Gang.

11.

Thrice happy Ye who arm'd with purer Grace
Abhorring Filth and curst Iniquity,
With prudent Step avoid this loathsome Place,
Fraught with the Wrecks of mortal Misery.

12.

Hoarse Muse forbear, cease thus the Ear to grate,
Now *Discord's* Daughter let thy Song rehearse,
Foul *Slander's* Cave, and witching Craft relate,
In varied Numbers, tho' not sweeter Verse.

Slander ; or, the Witch of Wokey.

1.

I N aunciente Days Tradition shows,
A sorry wicked Elf arose,
The Witch of *Wokey* hight,*
Oft have I heard the fearful Tale,
From *Sue* and *Roger* of the Vale,
Told out in Winter Night.

* A Petrefaction in the Cavern of *Wokey* so call'd.

2.
Deep in the dreary dismal Cell
Which seem'd, and was y—cleped Hell,
 This blue-ey'd Hag was ty'd ;
Nine wicked Elves have Legends sayne
By Night she chose her Guardian Train,
 All kennel'd close her Side.

3.
Here screeching Owls oft made their Nest,
While Wolves its craggy Sides possést,
 Night-howling through the Rocks ;
No wholesome Herb cou'd here be found
She blasted every Plant around,
 And blister'd o'er the Flocks.

4.
Her haggard Face so foul to see
Her Mouth unmeet a Mouth to be
 With Eyne of deadly Leer ;
She nought devis'd but Neighbours Ill,
On all she wreak'd her wayward Will,
 And marr'd all goodly Cheer.

5.
All in her Prime, have Poets sung,
No gaugy Youth, gallante and younge
 Ere blest her longing Arms ;
Hence rose her fell Despight to vex,
And blast the Youth of either Sex,
 By Dint of hellish Charms.

6.
From *Glaston* came a lerned Wight,
Full bent to marr her fell Despight,
 And well he did I ween ;
Save hers, sich Mischeif ne'er was knowne,
And since his mickle Lerninge showne,
 Sich Mischeif ne'er has beene.

7.
He chauntede out his goodlie Book,
He cross'd the Water, bleste the Brooke,
 Then——Pater Noster done,

The gastly Hag he sprinkled o'er
When lo! where stood the Hag before,
Now stood a gastly Stone.

8.

Full well 'tis knowne adown the Vale,
Tho' strange may seem the dismal Tale
Eke wondrous may appear;
I'm bold to say, there's never one
That has not seen the Witch in Stone,
With all her Household Gear.

9.

But tho' this lernede Clerke did well,
With griev'd Heart, alas I tell,
She left this Curse behind;
" My Sex shall be forsaken quite"
" Tho' Sense and Beauty both unite"
" Nor find a Man that's kinde."

10.

Now lo e'en as this Fiend did say,
The Sex have found it to this Day,
That Men are wondrous scant;
Here's Beauty, Wit, and Sense combin'd,
With all that's good, and virtuous join'd,
Yet scarce there's one Gallante.

11.

Shall such fair Nymphs thus daily moan!
They might I trow as well be Stone,
As thus forsaken dwell;
Since *Glaston* now can boast no Clerks
From *Oxenford* come down ye Sparks,
And help revoke the Spell.

12.

Yet stay——nor thus despond ye Fair,
Virtue's the Gods peculiar Care,
Then mark their kindly Voice;
" Your Sex shall soon be blest again"
" We only wait to find sich Men"
" As best deserve sich Choice."

F I N I S.

2417
25

L A W S

OF THE

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

1830.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY C. AND W. REYNELL, BROAD STREET,
GOLDEN SQUARE.

L A W S
OF THE
Philharmonic Society.

OF THE OBJECT OF THE SOCIETY.

- I. The primary object of the PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY is the encouragement of the superior branches of Music, by the establishment of a Concert, and combining therein the highest talents that can be procured, for the purpose of forming a full and complete Orchestra.

OF THE MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

- II. This Society shall consist of two classes, viz. *Members* and *Associates*.
- III. The number of Members shall not exceed Fifty; in them is vested the whole property and sole government of the Society.

IV. The number of Associates shall be unlimited. All those elected on or before the 13th of December 1827 shall enjoy, in common with the Members, the same privilege, both for themselves and their resident families, of admission to the Concerts. But no Associate elected after such day shall introduce any Member of his family at the Concerts, except through the channel by which honorary Subscribers are admitted.

OF THE ADMISSION OF MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

V. The Members and Associates shall be elected by Ballot.

VI. The Members shall be chosen from the class of Associates.

VII. No person shall be proposed as a Member who has not attained the age of twenty-one years.

VIII. Every candidate, as Member or Associate, shall be *bonâ fide* a Professor of Music; he shall be proposed in writing by neither more nor less than three Members, and his recommendation shall contain his names at full length, with his address and qualifications, in the following manner:—

day of 18

We, whose names are undersigned, do, of our own personal knowledge, recommend A. B. of as a person whose character and professional ability qualify him to become [a Member or an Associate] of this Society.

- IX. No Member or Associate shall be chosen until his recommendation shall have been read at three meetings immediately prior to his election, the day of election to be included in this number; and no ballot to take place until two months after the day on which the candidate shall have been proposed.
- X. Every candidate balloted for as Member or Associate shall be duly elected, if two-thirds of the Members present, and voting, shall be in his favour.
- XI. No election for Members or Associates shall take place between the Annual General Meeting in June and the first Monday in November.

OF THE DIRECTORS.

- XII. Seven Directors shall be elected from amongst the Members at the Annual General Meeting in June, and shall enter on their offices on the third Monday in July. Three at least of the Directors newly chosen shall be Members who have not served in that office during the preceding season; but if more than four Directors are chosen who have filled that office the preceding season, the election shall be declared in favour of those four who shall have the greatest number of votes, together with the three highest on the list who have not served in the preceding year. Should any gentleman so elected declare during the same meeting his determination not to act as Director, a new ballot under the above regulations shall immediately be taken, in order to fill up the vacancy still remaining.

XIII. The Directors shall fix the nights of the Concerts for the ensuing season, and be empowered to engage performers immediately after their election; they shall have the management of the Concerts of the Society, and of all matters appertaining thereto, subject to the control of a General Meeting.

XIV. The Directors shall have the power of making Bye-laws, for the regulation of their own Meetings, a copy of which shall be delivered to the Secretary, and be forthcoming at any General Meeting.

OF THE TREASURER AND OTHER OFFICERS.

XV. The Treasurer shall be elected from amongst the Directors, chosen at the Annual General Meeting in June, and shall enter on his office on the third Monday in July. He shall issue all the tickets for the Concerts to the Subscribers, Members, and Associates, and receive the money for the same, which he shall immediately pay in to the account, standing jointly in his own name and that of the Trustee, at the Banker's of the Society. He shall keep a general cash-book of all his receipts and payments, which shall be produced whenever required by a General Meeting, or by a meeting of the Directors. His accounts shall be presented at the Annual General Meeting in June, having been previously examined by the Auditors.

- XVI. A Trustee shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting in June, from amongst the Members, in whose name, jointly with that of the Treasurer, all monies belonging to the Society shall be invested at the Banker's.
- XVII. Three Auditors shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting in June, from amongst the Members, who shall examine the Treasurer's accounts previously to their being presented ; two to form a quorum.
- XVIII. A Secretary shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting in June.
- XIX. The Secretary shall attend all General Meetings, the Meetings of the Directors, and be present at every Concert and Rehearsal. He shall keep a fairly-written and exact copy of the minutes of the proceedings of the Society ; he shall issue all summonses to the Directors or Members, in which he shall distinctly notify the object for which any Special General Meeting is convened. He shall also circulate all letters amongst the Subscribers, &c.
- XX. A Librarian shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting in June : he shall have the charge of, and be responsible for, all the music belonging to the Society, whilst under his care ; he shall be present at every Concert and Rehearsal, to distribute and collect the music, and shall be ready to attend any General or Directors' Meeting, if called upon. It shall be his duty to

keep the library in perfect order, and to superintend the copyists employed by the Society.

OF GENERAL MEETINGS.

XXI. The Annual General Meeting of the Society shall be held on the last Wednesday in June; and the General Meeting for fixing the terms of subscription on the first Monday in November.

XXII. Nine Members constitute a Meeting for general purposes; but no election for Directors and other officers of the Society can take place except eleven Members are present. And should the Annual General Meeting be attended by less than eleven Members, such election shall be postponed to the day on which such General Meeting shall be necessarily held by adjournment, and of which not less than three days' notice shall be given to each Member.

XXIII. Seven Members, or three Directors, shall have the power to call a General Meeting, within ten days, and not earlier than three, after they shall have delivered their signed requisition for that purpose to the Secretary, to whom the object of such Meeting shall be specified.

XXIV. General Meetings shall have the power of adjourning from time to time.

- XXV. All questions shall be determined by ballot, if demanded by two Members present; upon all other occasions, by a shew of hands.
- XXVI. All *Resolutions* shall be confirmed or rejected at the next General Meeting.
- XXVII. No Law shall be altered or repealed, except by two General Meetings, convened or held by adjournment for that purpose.
- XXVIII. No person shall propose any future Law, or the amendment of any existing Law, except in writing.
- XXIX. Every Member, at a General Meeting, shall speak standing, and address himself to the Chairman only.
- XXX. In all cases where the votes are equal, the Chairman shall have a second vote.

DISMISSION OF OFFICERS.

- XXXI. The Society shall have the power of dismissing any of its Officers, at two General Meetings, specially called for that purpose. The notice for the first of such Meetings to be delivered at least seven days previous to it; and the following Meeting not to be earlier than seven days after the first. At both Meetings, held for this purpose, fifteen Members shall be present, and vote, or the proceedings shall be void.

OF THE CONCERTS AND REHEARSALS.

XXXII. At the General Meeting held on the first Monday in November, the terms of subscription shall be regulated, and the mode of admitting Subscribers for the following season shall be determined.

XXXIII. Each Director and the Conductor shall have two transferable tickets for each Concert, the Treasurer two extra, and the Leader of the Night, one. The Trustees and Auditors shall each have one ticket for a single Concert on any night of the season they shall desire it.

Each Member shall be allowed Eight Rehearsal tickets for the season, with a proviso, that two of them only shall be sent in on the same morning. These tickets shall be signed by the Secretary and by the Members presenting them.

No tickets, except the above-mentioned, shall be transferable.

XXXIV. The Directors shall be empowered to present one or two tickets for a single Concert, to any person who may gratuitously perform in the Orchestra, or otherwise aid the Society by the loan of music, &c. ; they may also invite, to one or more Concerts, any very distinguished foreign or provincial musician who shall visit London during the season; but an exact account of every honorary ticket issued, and the name of every such person as may thereby be admitted, as well as of those who may be invited, shall be laid before the Society at the Annual General Meeting.

SUBSCRIPTIONS OF MEMBERS AND ASSOCIATES.

XXXV. Each Member and Associate shall pay, previously to the commencement of the first Concert in every season, such sum, or subscription, as shall be fixed at the General Meeting held on the first Monday in November, immediately preceding such Concert, or determined at a Meeting held by adjournment from that day. Any Member or Associate failing to comply with this Law (except under circumstances hereafter-named) ceases to be a Member or an Associate of the Society. Those relatives of the Members and Associates of this Society, who are resident in their families, and are Subscribers to the Concerts, shall have the privilege of attending the Rehearsals and Trials of the same.

XXXVI. The nomination of Subscribers is with the Members of the Society, subject to the control of the Directors; and (commencing with the year 1831) when the number of vacancies is ascertained, the nominations shall be equally divided among the Members, and any remainder, that is to say, any number less than the number of Members, shall be distributed, so far as it will go, among the same according to alphabetical order; the allotment of any remainder to begin in each succeeding year with the name next to that with which the distribution terminated the year preceding. No list of nominations of Subscribers shall be allowed unless the Member presenting it shall have taken out his ticket for the ensuing season previously to the day appointed

by the Directors for the receiving of such nominations. In the Secretary's circulars respecting nominations, he shall request each Member to send not only the names which he wishes to propose in order to fill such ascertained vacancies, but likewise any other names which he desires to introduce, should further vacancies occur—from which extra lists the Directors shall fill up such vacancies, taking them in the alphabetical order in which the Members names appear.

XXXVII. A discretionary power shall be vested in any General Meeting held previous to the first Concert, to extend the period for the payment of the subscriptions of such Members and Associates as may be out of England at that time.

XXXVIII. Female professors shall be admitted to subscribe to the Concerts on the same terms as the Associates, provided they have been proposed and balloted for in the manner prescribed for the admission of Members and Associates. Each female Associate shall be allowed to introduce at the Concerts, one resident Member of her family, on the same terms as those fixed for the families of the Members and of such Associates as shall have been elected on or before the 13th of December 1827.

APPROPRIATION OF THE FUNDS.

XXXIX. After paying the expenses of each season, any balance that may remain shall be carried to the account of the succeeding

year. The property of the Society shall be vested in the public funds, in the names of three Trustees, being Members of the Society, appointed for that especial purpose by a General Meeting.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

XL. Foreign Professors, of great eminence, may be elected *Honorary Members* of this Society, by a majority of Members, at any General Meeting.

Honorary Members shall have free admittance to the Concerts of the Society for one season; but they shall cease to enjoy this privilege should their residence in England be prolonged beyond that time. It shall, however, be in the power of the Society to re-elect Honorary Members.

XLI. If any Member or Associate neglect to pay his subscription or in any other manner cease to belong to the Society, he shall, if re-admitted, pay such sum as his subscription would have amounted to had he continued in the Society.

XLII. Within three months after the death of each Member, there shall be transferred to his legal personal representative, by the Directors, Treasurer, and Trustees for the time being, one share of the Society's stock in the public funds, as it stood on the day previous to such death, the said stock being divided into as many shares as there were Members the day before such death.

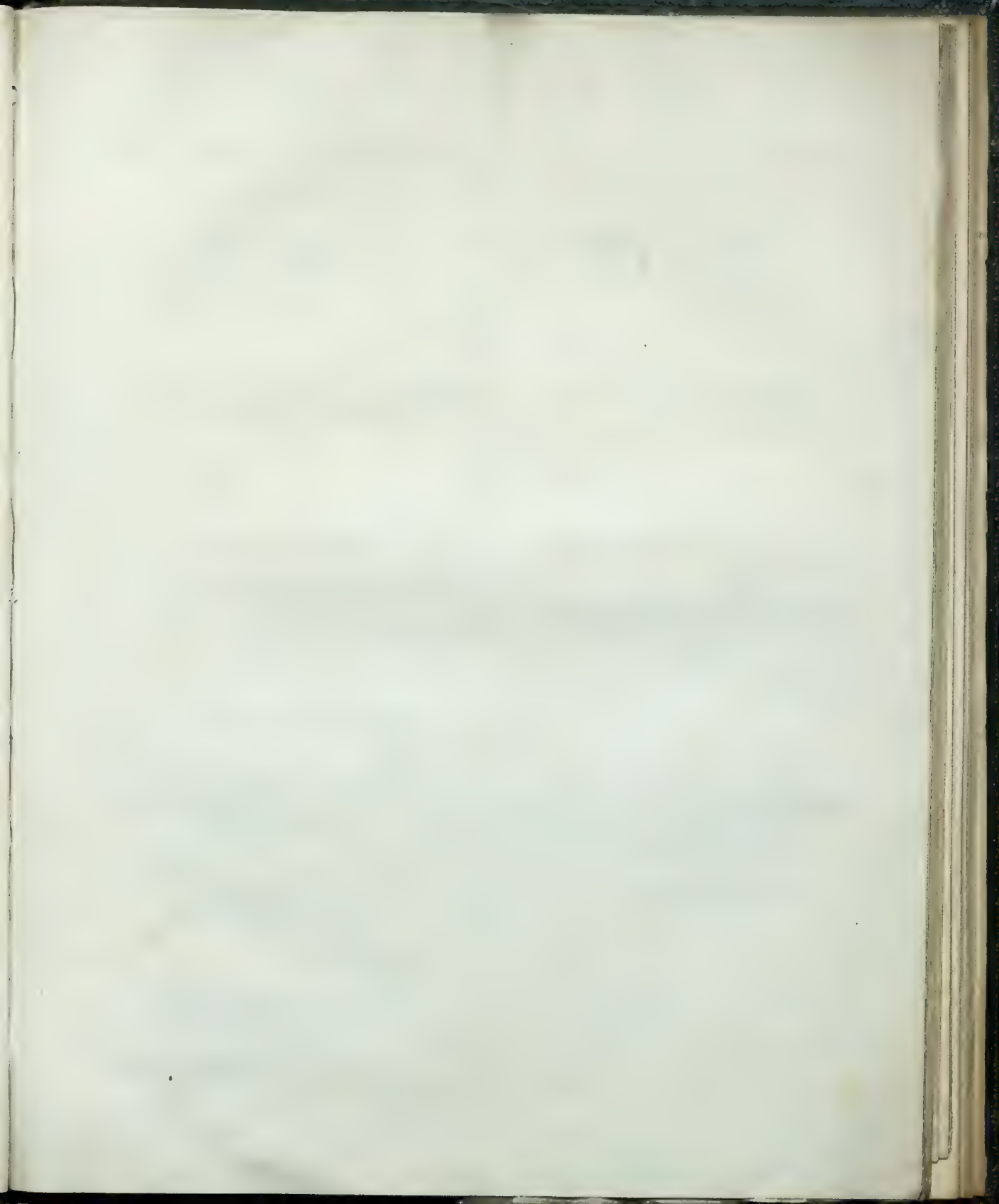
But no properties belonging to the Society, the funded stock excepted, shall be liable to such division. This law shall not be suspended or repealed, unless three months' notice to that effect be given, and unless four-fifths of the Members present and voting on the occasion be in favour of such suspension or repeal.

XLIII. The board of Directors shall be empowered to lend to any Member of the Society, for his own Benefit Concert, any portion of the Library; but no part of it shall be lent to any other person, unless by order of a General Meeting.

THE END.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. AND W. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.



M E S S I A H.

A N

O R A T O R I O.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.

M A J O R A C A N A M U S.

And without Controversy, great is the Mystery of Godliness: God was manifested in the Flesh, justified by the Spirit, seen of Angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the World, received up in Glory. In whom are hid all the Treasures of Wisdom and Knowledge.

L O N D O N:

Printed by and for J. WATTS; and Sold by him at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

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[Price One Shilling.]

M E S S I A H

AND

O R A T O R I O

IN

THE

BY

M. S. S. S. S.

BY

M. S. S. S. S.

BY

BY



M E S S I A H.

P A R T I.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*



Comfort ye, comfort ye my People,
saith your God; speak ye comfort-
ably to *Jerusalem*, and cry unto
her, that her Warfare is accom-
plished, that her Iniquity is pardoned.
The Voice of him that crieth in the Wil-
derness, Prepare ye the Way of the Lord,
make straight in the Desert a Highway
for our God.

A 2

SONG.

SONG.

*Every Valley shall be exalted, and every Mountain
and Hill made low, the Crooked straight, and the
rough Places plain.*

CHORUS.

*And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all
Flesh shall see it together, for the Mouth of the
Lord hath spoken it.*

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Yet once
a little while, and I will shake the Hea-
vens and the Earth, the Sea and the
dry Land, and I will shake all Nations,
and the Desire of all Nations shall come;
the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly
come to his Temple, even the Messenger
of the Covenant whom ye delight in,
behold he shall come, saith the Lord of
Hosts.

RECITATIVE.

But who may abide the Day of his coming?
And who shall stand when he appeareth?
For he is like a Refiner's Fire.

CHO-

CHORUS.

And he shall purify the Sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an Offering in Righteousness.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his Name *Emmanuel*,
GOD WITH US.

SONG and CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good Tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high Mountain; O thou that tellest good Tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy Voice with Strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the Cities of Judah, behold your God.

Arise, shine, for thy Light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

For behold Darknes shall cover the Earth, and gross Darknes the People: But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his Glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy Light, and Kings to the Brightness of thy Rising.

SONG.

SONG.

The People that walked in Darknes have seen a great Light, and they that dwell in the Land of the Shadow of Death, upon them hath the Light shined.

CHORUS.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder, and his Name shall be called, Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

RECITATIVE.

There were Shepherds, abiding in the Field, keeping Watch over their Flock by Night.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

And lo, an Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the Glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were fore afraid.

RECITATIVE.

And the Angel saith unto them, Fear not; for behold, I bring you good Tidings of great

M E S S I A H.

7

great Joy, which shall be to all People:
For unto you is born this Day in the
City of *David* a Saviour, which is Christ
the Lord.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

And suddenly there was with the Angel a
Multitude of the Heavenly Host, praising
God, and saying,

CHORUS.

*Glory to God in the Highest, and Peace on Earth,
good Will towards Men.*

S O N G.

*Rejoice greatly, O Daughter of Sion, shout O
Daughter of Jerufalem, behold thy King cometh
unto thee.*

*He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak Peace
unto the Heathen.* [Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Then shall the Eyes of the blind be open'd,
and the Ears of the Deaf unstopped;
then shall the lame Man leap as a Hart,
and the Tongue of the, Dumb shall sing.

S O N G.

S O N G.

He shall feed his Flock like a Shepherd: And he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm, and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you Rest.

Take his Yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of Heart, and ye shall find Rest unto your Souls.

C H O R U S.

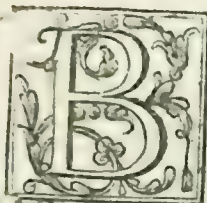
His Yoke is easy, and his Burden is light.





P A R T II.

C H O R U S.



*Ebhold the Lamb of God, that taketh
away the Sin of the World.*

S O N G.

*He was despised and rejected of Men, a Man of
Sorrrows, and acquainted with Grief. He gave
his Back to the Smiters, and his Cheeks to them
that plucked off the Hair; he hid not his Face
from Shame and Spitting. [Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

*Surely he hath borne our Grieffs, and carry'd our
Sorrrows: He was wounded for our Transgres-
sions, he was bruised for our Iniquities, the Cha-
stisement of our Peace was upon him.
And with his Stripes we are healed.*

B

CHO-

M E S S I A H.

CHORUS.

*All we like Sheep have gone astray, we have turned
every one to his own way.*

And the Lord hath laid on him the Iniquity of us all.

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

All they that see him laugh him to scorn;
they shoot out their Lips, and shake their
Heads, saying,

CHORUS.

*He trusted in God that he would deliver him,
him deliver him if he delight in him.*

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

Thy Rebuke hath broken his Heart, he
full of Heaviness: He looked for some
to have pity on him, but there was no
Man, neither found he any to comfort
him.

S O N G.

*Behold and see if there be any Sorrow like unto his
Sorrow.*

RECITATIVE, accompany'd.

He was cut off out of the Land of the
Living, for the Transgression of thy
People was he stricken.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*But thou didst not leave his Soul in Hell, nor didst
thou suffer thy Holy One to see Corruption.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up
ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is this King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

*The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in
Battle.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

*Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up
ye everlasting Doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.*

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is this King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts: He is the King of Glory.

CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

RECITATIVE.

Unto which of the Angels said He at any
B 2 time,

time, Thou art my Son, this Day have I begotten thee?

CHORUS.

Let all the Angels of God worship him.

RECITATIVE.

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led Captivity captive, and received Gifts for Men, yea even for thine Enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave the Word, great was the Company of the Preachers.

S O N G.

How beautiful are the Feet of them that preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad Tidings of good Things.

CHORUS.

Their Sound is gone out into all Lands, and their Words unto the Ends of the World.

S O N G.

*Why do the Nations so furiously rage together, and why do the People imagine a vain thing? The Kings
of*

of the Earth rise up, and the Rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed.

C H O R U S.

Let us break their Bonds asunder, and cast away their Yokes from us.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh them to scorn: The Lord shall have them in Derision.

S O N G.

Thou shalt break them with a Rod of Iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces like a Potters Vessel.

C H O R U S.

Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.
The Kingdom of this World is become the Kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.





P A R T III.

S O N G.



*Know that my Redeemer liveth, and
that he shall stand at the latter Day
upon the Earth: and though Worms
destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall
I see God. For now is Christ risen from the
Dead, the first Fruits of them that sleep.*

CHORUS.

*Since by Man came Death,
By Man came also the Resurrection of the Dead,
For as in Adam all die,
Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.*

RECI-

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Behold I tell you a Mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall be all changed in a Moment, in the twinkling of an Eye, at the last Trumpet.

S O N G.

The Trumpet shall sound, and the Dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this Corruption must put on Incorruption, and this Mortal must put on Immortality.

[Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

Then shall be brought to pass the Saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in Victory.

D U E T.

O Death, where is thy Sting?

O Grave, where is thy Victory?

{The Sting of Death is Sin,

{And the Strength of Sin is the Law,

CHO-

C H O R U S.

*But Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory,
through our Lord Jesus Christ.*

S O N G.

*If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall
lay any thing to the Charge of God's Elect? It
is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth?
It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen
again, who is at the right Hand of God, who
maketh Intercession for us.*

C H O R U S.

*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath re-
deemed us to God by his Blood, to receive Power,
and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and
Honour and Glory, and Blessing.
Blessing and Honour, Glory and Power be unto
him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the
Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.*

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MUSIC:

ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL.

IN treating of the present state of music and its bearing upon the social relations of Europe at large, we must naturally begin with *Italy*, the cradle of the art. It was there that music flourished first, that it took an early direction towards noble ends, became the devoted servant of religion, and produced upon this grave, solemn, and sacred basis those rich and luxurious flowers that now adorn the domestic and public circles of civil society.

At present, however—we must not conceal the fact—the art is on the verge of extinction in the land where it first took root, notwithstanding the brilliant stars it daily sends forth to charm the ears of the musical world.

The cause of this decline must chiefly be sought in the confused state of public life in Italy, which exercises a baneful influence on the imaginative and creative faculties of the Italian people in all the spheres of artistical operations. We thus see the previous grand and sacred tone of art now entirely banished from Italian compositions, and Italy's church music assume the character of profane *cavatinas*, altogether at variance with the sacred nature of divine worship.

Instrumental music, either for great orchestras or chamber music (music for the Royal Chapel), was never at home in Italy, the opera being the true and congenial field where Italian composers always have distinguished themselves, and still reap popularity in all countries, as regards the vocal art, or song. Neither should we have reason to complain of that partial development if it led to a solid and genuine tendency, to the expression of inward feelings and passions; but the Italian song, though most perfect in its kind, chiefly aims at secondary ends, at the mere volubility of the voice, to the entire exclusion of the spirit of the art, which is thereby transformed into a pompous charming *syrenes* of the external senses, possessing neither heart nor soul. This is the character which the whole of the Italian music has assumed ever since Rossini, and to which it owes that almost universal popularity it enjoys among all nations, by flattering the senses of the audience instead of addressing their mental faculties. And as the characteristic peculiarities of nations consist more in inward sentiments and way of thinking than in the manifestations of sensual distinctions, it cannot be wondered at that Italian music is relished every where in circles where the gratifica-

tion of the senses is preferred to that of the mind and heart, and that it finds a home equally in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, and Madrid, as in Naples, Florence, and Milan.

That such a perversion of principles must bring about a decrease of power and energy, is a truth that is already on the point of realization. Rossini, the talented author of that popular style, has himself found so little inward satisfaction or happiness in his artistical occupation, that he cheerfully renounced it as soon as his pecuniary end was attained, after having reaped the golden harvest of the art. Indulging now in the idle comforts and pleasures of a plebeian *rentier*, he plainly shows by his own life, that this is the highest gratification to be found in the manner he treated the art, and that musical enjoyment has no more signification for him than any other pleasure of life.* Bellini, his most talented successor in that sphere, showed himself much more feeble, carrying in his art the enervating effeminacy of his time, while Donizetti, though visibly inferior in talent, has accomplished a greater variety in his compositions than Bellini, owing to the natural elasticity of his character, which partakes more of French playfulness than Italian rovery.

Of the other Italian composers, such as Coppola and the like, but few of their works are known, and even these possess so little individuality, as to preclude the hope of their ever maintaining a permanent hold on the public taste, though all of them bear the undeniable impression of high talent, as also the quality of affording the most delightful field for the display of vocal excellence. It is indeed this very quality on which is based the success or failure of pieces of that kind; the song being the widest and most frequented high road on which the art travels to public favour among all nations. The admirable charm of the human voice, it is true, finds an immediate echo in the hearts of all people; yet it is the Italian especially who is enthusiastically fond of song—a fondness that is still more enhanced by his euphonious language, as well as the natural flexibility and sweetness of his voice. In the virtuosoship of singing the Italian will, therefore, always occupy the first rank in the music of the

* After a lapse of nearly twenty years, we hear of a new opera from his pen now in preparation, entitled "Robert Bruce."

present day. It is true that we no longer possess a Catalani, Pasta, or even a Malibran, while Rubini, Lablache and others have either retired from public life, or are already on the decline in their vocal powers; yet does Italy out rival to this day all other countries in the number and skill of her singers; and names such as Grisi, Tachinardi, Persiani, Tamburini, Iwanow (by birth a Russian), and Desprez (by birth a Frenchman) will always be mentioned with respect and admiration by the musical world. Extended intercourse and pecuniary gain are certainly the causes that the eminent Italian vocalists are more to be found in London and Paris than in their own country, which is at the present moment so deficient in native professional singers of eminence, that foreign artists, such as Novello, Shaw and Pixis (a German lady) have not only played there with signal success, but the latter has even been found worthy to fill up the chasm so long felt in the theatre San Carlo, at Naples. These circumstances, however, do not in the least affect the well-founded claims of Italy to superiority in this art, as it is quite immaterial where the Italian vocal stars shine, whether at home or abroad; neither would the foreign cantatrices ever have developed their vocal powers to such an eminent degree, if they had not previously enjoyed the instruction of Italian masters in their profession.

No other virtuosoship besides the song has ever flourished in Italy, with the exception of that of the violin, which is so closely related to the human voice. Indeed, the practice of the violin first originated in Italy; and though it has of late been greatly neglected there, being far more cultivated in France and Germany, Italy will always have the glory of having produced the unrivalled Paganini. The other instruments, such as the violoncello, flute, clarinet, and more especially the piano, are not only but little cultivated, but the virtuosoship of them is hardly appreciated in Italy. The guitar, however, is peculiar to the Italians, for which they have an unfortunate predilection; and for the mastery of which imperfect instrument they are but little envied by other nations. Italian music prevails, in short, only in those departments of the art in which singing predominates, and in which, indeed, this school is greatly in favour with the higher classes. In pomp, splendour, and external success it surpasses every other kind of music, while it is far inferior in intrinsic value to that of the French and German.

In France there exists now a sort of universal traffic in music, Paris having become the emporium of the musical art. All nations bring to that market their eminent talents, by which national styles become so amalgamated as to obliterate the characteristics of any particular school.

Cherubini and Spontini have already Frenchified themselves in their works according to the

then prevailing taste, while more recently even Rossini and Bellini (in his "Puritani"), were compelled to adopt some of the features of the French style in the operas they wrote in Paris. If we include into our present sketch the most modern productions of the so-called romantic school of music, as represented by Chopin, Liszt, and Berlioz, it is evident that the French have distinguished themselves in all departments of the art, with the sole exception of *sacred music*, for which they do not seem to entertain a great relish. In Italy, the art is coupled with sensual charms, while in France it is more combined with wit and reason, and more especially in the sphere of the opera. How much the present state of music in Europe is indebted to French exertion in that respect may be seen from the following survey.

France possesses the most distinguished composers in Auber, Herold, Halévy, Adam, and a number of individuals of second rank. There is certainly much that is objectionable in the course that has been pursued by French composers, but no one can deny them talent, or doubt that in the opera, and more especially in the *comic* and *romantic* (not *heroic*), the French now occupy the first rank in the musical world. The Italian opera is calculated to afford sensual enjoyment to the fashionable world, while the French more appeals to the reason and challenges reflection, it being that sport of the mind by which social intercourse receives a piquant seasoning; and to this circumstance in particular is owing the immense popularity attending the so-called *conversation-opera* (such as "John of Paris," "The Ambassador," "The Black Domino," "The Position of Longumeau," &c.), where sentimental excitements are almost entirely excluded. The French are certainly in advance of all other nations in polite manners and social urbanity, and they have maintained this reputation, even in the musical art, with signal success. Even vocal compositions for the saloon are now almost the exclusive property of the French by their cultivation of the *romance*, in which these latter shine in the same way as the Germans do in the *ballad*, and the Italians in the *canzonetta* and *barcarole*. Lafont and Pauseron are among the most popular composers of the *romance*. Neither have the French less claim to a considerable portion of instrumental music, though the *symphonie*, its grand foundation, and the true exponent of the orchestra, is as yet peculiar to the Germans, with the exception of some stray attempts by Berlioz. The French are not however backward in fine instrumental music in their operas, and they have produced most effective *overtures* and intricate *orchestral* parts in the accompaniments. It almost seems as if the French cannot do without vocal music, and they therefore indulge in both kinds. A peculiar species is the *ballet music*, which is

highly appreciated in France, and cultivated even by the most talented composers, such as Adam and others. Also in *chamber music* France has a most worthy, though solitary, representative in Onslow, whose inventive powers seem, however, of late to have somewhat suffered in energy; but he, of all other composers, approaches more nearly in quartetto and quintetto the three coryphees, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. He is by birth an Englishman, but by education and long residence a true Frenchman. France is moreover most advantageously distinguished in every department of virtuosoship. The causes are manifold but decisive. Paris is the place where the geniuses of all quarters of the world develop their art, settle themselves, and acquire a sort of citizenship in their professions. The emulation naturally arising from it arouses new powers, and produces reciprocal effects for the promotion of the art. Neither does the celebrated *Conservatoire* contribute less to the development of all sorts of virtuosoship. It is a fact, universally admitted, that the French occupy the first rank in Europe in the *violin school*, founded on the classical authorities of Rode, Baillot, Lafont, and Kreuzer. These latter have given rise to a new generation, that has received some modification if not a new direction, on the one hand by Paganini, and on the other by the efforts of the above-mentioned romantic composers. Beriot has, of the whole modern school, remained most faithful to the classical perfection of the above masters; but we must not omit noticing the names of the distinguished violinists, such as Vieuxtemps, Prume, Ernst, Heumann, Ghys, and others, most of whom, though Belgians by birth, have developed their art in Paris and in the true French style. Next to the *violin*, the *pianoforte* is pre-eminently cultivated at Paris, though the masters of that instrument there, are mostly Germans. Kalkbrenner is a German; Liszt a Hungarian; Thalberg a German; Chopin a Pole; and yet all of them must be called *French virtuosos*, as even Moscheles and Hummel owe a great part of their celebrity to France. That France can exhibit distinguished talents also in all the other instruments—such as Drouet on the flute, Servais on the violoncello, &c.—is owing to the *Conservatoire*, as also to the excellent large orchestras, which cannot do without distinguished virtuosos. The French have frequently been denied efficiency in singing, but they have in recent times distinguished themselves also in this department. The *Conservatoire* is an excellent institution also for vocal music, and though the head master of that department is an Italian, Bordogni, the direction is purely national. The continual rivalry between the Académie de Musique, and the Italian Opera at Paris has greatly promoted the development of *this department*, more especially in the

comic and *conversations opera*.* We thus see the French now armed cap-à-pie, ready to enter the lists and dispute with other nations the pre-eminence in all the various branches of the musical art, with the sole exception of *sacred music*, for which they seem to have neither genius nor taste.

The *Germans* have the advantage of cultivating music in truth and spirit. Music is with them the imperishable emanation of the heart and soul, and however much perverted and corrupted their social relations have become in more recent times, the world of the mind, the sanctuary of the heart, have still remained intact with them. German music still rests on this principle, though ever since her first great musical heroes, Germany has only produced two individuals whose names have become European—Weber and Spohr, of whom the former is now dead, while the fine elegiacal star of the latter has long since passed the culminating point, and its fading light is now hardly perceptible in the nebulous horizon of the musical world. Mendelssohn Bartholdy has, however, redeemed German honour and glory in the musical art. He may be surpassed by others in point of invention, but inventive powers wrongly applied lose the greatest part of their effect, and into this error several scientific composers have fallen, who otherwise might have become his successful rivals. Next to him may be mentioned Marschner, who has done much for the opera; Lachner, who has successfully worked in instrumental music; Reissiger, who has accomplished something in all musical departments; and Frederick Schneider, who has devoted his talents to sacred music. In all these works the grave dignity of the art is fully preserved. The German musician certainly courts public favour like the Italian or Frenchman, but he is under the impression that he cannot please the public without also pleasing the artist, and without giving satisfaction to himself; in this dignified particular German music still distinguishes itself above foreign music. It is true, these efforts are not without disadvantages; they resolve themselves into a sort of pedantic helplessness, or an overcharge of scientific modulations, that frequently tire the ears of the uninitiated audience. Yet these are faults neither so frequent nor of such importance as to justify the renunciation of the very principle, as has been done by Meyer-Beer who first tried to be an Italian, then a Frenchman, and finally a cosmopolitan in music, belonging to no country and adhering to no national characteristic in the art.

In the German opera, though nothing remarkable has been accomplished of late, yet there is nothing in it that indicates a wrong principle or a false direction. It may be observed, that in speaking or writing seriously, in order to produce an effect,

* The latter implies an opera in which singing is intermixed with speaking.

something profound or beautiful must be created; and that it is easier to please by a superficial, conversational tone than by solemn and sensible address. Still this circumstance ought not to deter us from attempting to preserve the grave and dignified tone in the art, when the subject of which it treats is of a serious and dramatic character; Lortzing in Leipsic is the only one who has in present times successfully produced such pieces.

Church music, which seems to be on the decline in all countries, has taken new root in Germany, and more especially by the introduction of the musical festivals. Bernhard Klein, but for his early decease, would have become its chief pillar. Mendelssohn* (who seems to have more calling for the opera, but which he rather neglects) has in his "Paul" worthily sketched the principal incidents of his own life, while F. Schneider has in some measure failed in his efforts, by aiming at too much variety and magnitude. Karl Löwe also has recently laboured with great diligence in Church music, although his style partakes more of the character of stage than sacred music.

* Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was born on the 3rd February, 1809, at Berlin. He is the son of a wealthy merchant and banker, and grandson of the celebrated metaphysician, Moses Mendelssohn, author of "Phædon," and most intimate friend of Lessing. At a very early age he displayed a wonderful talent for music. Zelter became his master in composition, while the genial Ludwig Berger instructed him in the piano. It is to this latter that he was at a later period indebted for those most invaluable hints and indications which an independent genius is alone able to give, and the traces of which are abundantly seen in the earlier works of the young genius. The energy of his precocious musical capacity even surpassed that of the early history of Mozart. At the age of eight years he played like a master, transposed at sight the fugues of Sebastian Bach, read fluently the most difficult partitions and manuscripts, discovered the least fault in compositions for many voices, simply by his fine ear, and was, after Klein, the acknowledged best accompanist and director on the piano at Berlin. In his ninth year he first played at a public concert at Berlin, and in the following year at Paris, whither he had travelled with his parents. At that early age he had written all sorts of compositions, even in the most difficult forms, and in 1824 his first compositions were published. They were three quartetts for the piano, with accompaniment on the string instruments, of which the third, in G sharp, decidedly the best, was dedicated to Goethe, his particular friend, and it still maintains the first rank amongst his works. In 1825 he made a second tour to Paris, his father wishing to consult the great musicians there, and more especially Cherubini, before he would allow him to give himself up entirely to the musical muse. He played there with Baillet the quartetto in G sharp, and his future destiny was decided.

In the summer of 1827 he published his first grand opera, "The Marriage of Gamacho," that acquired him the applause of competent judges, and the public at large. A few years afterwards he acquired, in company with the distinguished singer and actor C. Devrient, in Berlin, the merit of drawing from the oblivion of more than a century the grand passion-music of Sebastian Bach. It was he who introduced it into the singing academy of Berlin, in 1829, in a reformed style, from whence it has since gone forth to the world at large. He now travelled for three years through France, England, and Italy. He reaped glory and fame in all places, and did honour to his own country by his performances. At Paris, he succeeded in having executed, in the Conservatoire, his overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which he had written at Berlin while in his 17th year; and despite the attacks of a jealous and mercenary criticism, his triumph was complete. Also as a mere performer Mendelssohn frequently exhibited himself in public, but less in the character of a professional virtuoso

In instrumental music, the Germans have at all times occupied the first rank, and more especially now that it is nearly entirely banished from France and Italy. The *symphony* seems to have become hereditary to the Germans. Even Cherubini has failed in his attempt to introduce it into France. The symphony is a work in which the German musician tries to find indemnification for the wrongs he endures in his artistical life. He starves, and writes a symphony to get bread; his publisher, however, finds no customers for it; he still goes on writing symphonies for the mere love of the art, proud to occupy a small corner in the throne of a Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, and in this way vast quantities of composition of real and solid excellence are lost in the stream of competition, and the impossibility of having them published or performed before the public. Every German musician of any standing now writes symphonies, many of which, though unpublished, are frequently far superior to those which issue from the press.

But German talent for harmony is appropriate

than a classical and profound performer. After his return from his travels, he gave a series of concerts in his native place, for the benefit of benevolent institutions, in which he most successfully showed himself partly as a composer and partly as a performer, in the most manifold and varied directions. Not finding ample sphere of operation at home, he repaired to Düsseldorf, where he undertook, in company with Immermann, to establish a stage on purely scientific principles. The task, however, failed, and he commenced conducting at great musical festivals at home and abroad, a character which he has since maintained, in addition to that of a first-rate composer in secular and sacred music. It is not the place here to pass in review his manifold works, but we may safely assert that Mendelssohn would have occupied the first rank amongst the composers of all times and all countries, had music been a science instead of an art. All the scientific capacities for music Mendelssohn possesses in a degree not even equalled by Mozart; but as to his artistical capacities, he possesses them equally with the majority of high-talented musicians, viz., power of invention, and tasteful delivery; he certainly fulfills in both the claims of the most noble development of taste and talent, but is deficient in warmth and enthusiastic feelings, which can only emanate from the innermost recesses of genius. The reflection of his art we clearly see in his works, and more especially in his "Paul." This latter is a work of serious solidity, of the most developed practical knowledge, of noble judgment, and of the most scrupulous consideration of all the means and their effects to complete and appreciate the subject, but it lacks withal religious animation and genial invention. We find in it the studies from Bach, Handel, and even Klein; we find these studies used and recast with independent judgment, but this well-tilled soil has produced no plants of peculiar originality. Mendelssohn's inventions have, no doubt, an individual physiognomy, but such we see also in common everyday phenomena; and who would dare to be so unjust as to rank Mendelssohn's works amongst these latter?

His other noticeable compositions consist of works for the orchestra, chamber music in the more limited acceptation, piano-forte, and song. Among the first are distinguished three overtures to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Hebrides," and the "Handsome Melusina." The first is the most successful and most popular of all his works. The romantic sketches, he has treated with particular skill and success. Also in several of his works of chamber-music, in the quartetts for the stringed instruments, and a grand octetto, this *genre* is repeatedly met with, and the above-mentioned quartetts belong not only to his own best compositions, but also to those of modern times generally. Mendelssohn having acquired the first rank after Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn in all compositions where science is combined with refined taste.

not only for the full orchestra, but also for the finer species of *chamber-music*. In the quartetto Spohr surpasses Onslow, and at his side Mendelssohn occupies an honourable place, beside Fesca (died 1826) and F. Ries (died 1838). In the same way as the *romance* belongs to the French, in like manner the *ballad* belongs to the Germans, and names such as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Reissiger, Löwe, Taubert, Kücken, Bauck, Lachner, and Proch are honourably known to the musical world, though they cannot stand comparison with the past masters, such as Weber, Zelter, Berger, Klein, and Schubert. The German transposes his instrumental music also to virtuosity, and it is he alone indeed who still writes real instrumental pieces for his virtuosos, especially for the pianists. Virtuosity, like composition, is with the German chiefly musical, in other words, the German virtuoso pays less attention to superfine, brilliant, technical accomplishment, than to the services to be achieved for the musical art generally. It is only in most recent times, that the German pianists, simply because Parisian fame has been continually before their eyes, have pursued a different course. Thalberg, Henfelt, Dreyschock and others have respectively chosen a certain mechanical direction peculiar to themselves, while performers such as Mendelssohn, Taubert, and others, still adhere to the better principle, trying less to conquer special artificial difficulties than to enter into the spirit of all masters. The same may be said of the German performance on the violin, the accomplished representative of which is now Karl Müller in Brunswick. It is devoted to the true art, and Haydn's, Mozart's and Beethoven's quartets, great violin concertos and concentrated sonatas, are more important tasks to Müller than a concerto of Beriot or an *étude* of Paganini.

Players, such as Beriot, Prume, and others may therefore by the brilliancy of their style charm the ear for a while, but their success cannot be lasting. It is the same with the German song: it devotes itself to the thing itself, to the characteristic harmony of the art, but it can be hardly said to suit itself to the sweet process of flourishes and shakes so well understood by the Italian, who charms thereby the world of fashion and elegance, and to which the German will for ever remain more or less a stranger. Germany, however, is not without its great cantatrices. Schechner has remained unrivalled, Sontag united both species, while Schröder Devrient, and Lind have delighted the audiences of London and Paris by the German style of their vocal art. Neither were Bader, Devrient, Wild, Dobler and others less famous in the art in their time. At present, however, the number is very limited. The most distinguished heroic singers in the German style are probably Tichatrchek (in Dresden), Staudigl* and Mantius, while for the great

dramatic style, Miss Fassmann is a phenomenon. Also Miss Schlegel (in Leipzig), Sophie Löwe, Lutzer, and Lady Hasselt are deservedly famous names, though they have cultivated their talent more in the Italian than the German style.

Of the other Northern countries the following composers deserve honourable mention, viz., Weyse, Hartmann (of Copenhagen), and among the virtuosos Ole Bull (of Norway), who is, however, considered by some more charlatan than virtuoso.

That the English are not a musical people, is a prejudice contradicted by everyday experience, and one has only to take notice of the numerous concert rooms and places for harmonic amusement in the Metropolis to be convinced of the unfairness of the assertion. There is not a rising virtuoso or musical performer of eminence in any corner of the globe whose talent is not duly, ay, and more than duly appreciated and well rewarded in England. Neither is there wanting native talent and genius enough to create a school of their own, if sufficient encouragement were given to development by the higher classes, who often prefer the performances of a middle-rate foreign musician to those of a first-rate native. John Field, † the greatest pianist that ever lived, delighted and astonished the audiences of Moscow and St. Petersburg, instead of those of London and of other large places in England. In vocal talent Shaw, Novello, Albertazzi, ‡ are Euro-

Austria. He early showed a good voice, but less inclination for music than drawing, for which he possessed admirable capacities. When he grew up, he at first intended to devote himself to the church, and actually entered on his novitiate in the convent at Melk, where he gained the favour of the prelate for his sonorous bass voice. He had the best prospects before him, but he suddenly contracted a dislike to the clerical profession, and became a medical student. Want of the means of subsistence, however, soon forced him to have again recourse to his voice. He was chosen chorist at the Court Opera at Vienna, where he soon developed his talent, and the part of Pietro (in "Massaniello"), in which he first appeared, gave such general satisfaction, that he has since been variously employed, and is universally now considered as one of the most distinguished *bassos*, who moreover carefully avoids the errors of the modern school.

† He was born in 1780, in England, was a pupil of Clementi, and is still considered by impartial judges the greatest of all modern pianists. His skill consisted less in the mastery of the flogging difficulties (which no one could deny him) than in the most charming melody, and utmost degree of execution of all that he played. It was said of him that "he plays the easiest thing in such a manner as to become the most difficult." In Moscow and St. Petersburg the aristocracy weigh his instruction, as it were, with gold, and he is paid 100 roubles (4l.) for each lesson. He is, however, so eccentric in his habits, that he is not unfrequently in pecuniary embarrassment, owing to his fits of indolence, which frequently last for several months, during which he refuses the most lucrative offers. He is also distinguished as a composer for his fine, harmonious, and spirited lyric melodies, in which he has no equal. In his fourteenth year, he published a sonata, which he dedicated to Clementi. His *nocturnos*, little melodious pieces for the piano, have spread throughout Europe, after having been first made known in Germany by Lenzer, are to this day unrivalled, though many have tried to imitate him."

‡ Albertazzi possesses a beautiful *alto* or *contralto* voice, and distinguishes herself by her noble playing and acting. Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville," is one of her most delightful parts; also in the part of Gizello, in the recent opera of the "Night Dancers" (by Loder), she sang and acted with her usual tact and judgment, and entered fully into the spirit of her part.

* Joseph Staudigl was born 1807, at Wallersdorf, in Lower

pean names, and an Allen might grace the vocal stage of any place in Europe. Neither is there any lack in the talent for composition. The English glees are acknowledged to be unrivalled, while in the more serious and orchestral compositions, Barnett, Benedict, Balfe, Loder, Wallace, and recently also Lavenu, have shown by their original conceptions that with a little perseverance, and more especially encouragement, the creation of an English school in music is quite possible. Talk indeed of the want of public taste for music! Why, the very large stages, formerly devoted to the so-called legitimate Drama, have now become opera and concert halls, while even the minor theatres find it necessary to intersperse the play with song and music for the amusement of the million.*

The music of the present day is a strange mixture of beauties and deformities, of sublime and absurd notions, of admirable and trivial impulses. And yet it is most closely allied to the whole practical life of the present age. Nay, music has decidedly become the favourite art of the day; and however much the public now takes an interest in painting, the cultivation of the latter has nevertheless remained as yet the property of regular artists, being practised far less by amateurs, than music, which now belongs to the essential parts of education. Music and French are the first qualifications required of a governess. Every young lady (on the continent, also young gentlemen) is now forced to her instrument, no matter whether she has talent for it or not. Thus music, that was formerly shut up in the sanctuary of the professional, has now become one of the household deities in domestic circles. This has both its good and bad points. By a general diffusion of musical knowledge, a certain shallowness in the art is almost inevitable, as it cannot be expected that music for the million should be profound, and thoroughly resting on scientific principles; but it has also on the other hand the advantage of opening to these millions the

Clara Novello possesses an excellent *soprano* voice, and her delivery is clear, euphonious, and delicate, though somewhat cold. Mendelssohn induced her to go to Germany in 1838; in the winter 1838-1839 she sang with much applause at concerts in Leipzig; thence she repaired to Berlin, where she met with equal success. Having made a tour through Italy, she again returned to Berlin in 1840, where she excited still more enthusiasm, but soon spoiled it with the public by rather exorbitant demands, an action that checked her progress of success also at St. Petersburg. She exhibits peculiar force in the delivery of Handel's music, which she sings with an unparalleled charm and grace.

Shaw has made but a short stay, in company with her husband (a painter), on the continent, but has left behind a flattering impression. She possesses a wonderful *contralto* voice of the finest quality, with a corresponding delivery. She too was induced by Mendelssohn to go to Leipzig, where she fully supplied the place of her predecessor, Novello. Noble grace is expressed in her song, as in the whole of her being, and she sings most admirably the serious *alto* airs of Handel in the "Messiah," "Samson," &c. From Leipzig she went to Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Milan, &c., and sang everywhere with great applause.

* Within one single week in last month two new Operas appeared, with complete success; "The Night Dancers," by Loder, and "Loretta," by Lavenu,—both by Englishmen.

knowledge of one of the finest, and most soothing of all the arts. Some are of opinion, that the charm of sound or music is natural, and accessible to all, even to the uncultivated ear; but they are mistaken. Music has no parallel in external nature; there is nothing in it that might at least prepare the mind for the higher mysteries of the art. In the other arts, and more especially in painting, drawing, and sculpture, a certain standard of judgment may be derived from mere observation of nature. He who observes attentively trees, the sky, men, &c., may acquire the capacity of forming a tolerably correct opinion of the works of painters and statuaries, the grand secret of these arts consisting in the skill of imitating in an ennobled form objects of nature. It is nearly the same with poetry; history and life being the two great standards of her operations, in which every rational being is more or less initiated. Neither is the whole of our scientific education less connected with poetry, and there will hardly be found at the present time a man of information incapable either of forming a sound judgment on poetical works, or of composing some poetical effusions of his own. But it is quite different with music. The degree of preparation we obtain by and from Nature in sound is hardly of any value whatever. Nature certainly possesses sounds, but in such an unartistic degree, as to render her more sublime in noisy uproar than soft tones. The roaring of the thunder, the whistling of the stormy wind, &c., by which Nature acts upon our ears, is only a mechanical power, and the production of melody which she affords us in the singing of birds is so insignificant as to possess no musical moment whatever. We must on the contrary transport ourselves entirely from the sphere of uncultivated Nature, before we can enter the region of music as an art; as such music speaks to us in hieroglyphical characters, with which we must become very familiar, before we can undertake to interpret its true meaning. And to acquire such a musical knowledge a regular course of preparatory study is necessary, without which the most learned and universal education will be of no avail whatever to the understanding of music. Some æsthetic but unmusical philosophers* have thus entertained the most erroneous views with regard to the musical art; which they have treated more as emanating from Nature than acquired by study. We are therefore glad to see the study of music now comprised in the prospectuses of education, though it may prove with many but an idle and unprofitable task. There is in music, as in all the other arts, a double enjoyment, internal and external, or moral and sensual; the one is life and the other death to music. The great *Oxenstierna*† is said to have parted with his son,

* Hegel, Schlegel, and others.

† Born in Upland, in Sweden, in 1583.

who was about making a tour through Europe, with the following words:—"Go forth and see with how very little wisdom the affairs of the world are managed!" a truth that still holds good in the 19th century in reference to music. To one wise man there have ever been ten, a hundred, and perhaps a thousand fools; and why should it be different in music? Rossini, Bellini, and cantatrices thrilling forth sweet shakes and flourishes have a decided majority in an audience, but still this opposition ought not to discourage any one from striving to attain a truly grand, beautiful, and sacred style which must in the end prevail, simply because it rests on the immutable principles of harmony, while that of their opponents is as changeable as the fashion and imagination from which it has sprung.

Musical festivals belong to the creations of the 19th century for the promotion of the art. Between them and musical representations there is an essential difference. In large cities, such as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, &c., there can be no musical festivals in the proper sense of the term. Musical talents are there accumulated to such an extent as to produce almost every day in the year a musical festival on even a larger scale than the special ones. In large and capital towns great musical performances are brought about by the will of one or a few individuals who are at the head of the management; but musical festivals, in the more limited acceptation, simply imply a co-operation of many isolated talents for one common object, which is of a threefold character—they aim at an artistical amusement, at social intimacy and intercourse between the various members, and at rousing the sense and taste of the public to an appreciation of the art.

There can be no doubt that there existed musical festivals, or something approaching them, at an early period, but it is only in modern times that they have become both popular and customary. Their origin is chiefly owing to two individuals—H. George Nügeli, of Switzerland, and Cantor Bischoff, of Frankenhäusen, in Thuringia, the former of whom first introduced them into Switzerland, where social and political relations greatly favoured such an institution. None of the places in Switzerland is important enough to establish musical performances on a large scale from its own resources, while, on the other hand, the circumstance that all the towns lie so near each other, that the beauty of the country continually invites the inhabitants to make occasional excursions, and in which Swiss hospitality is at all times ready to give a hearty welcome to both native and stranger, were in themselves sufficient motives to centralize the few scattered talents in music. We have not been able to ascertain the exact year in which the first musical festival took place in Switzerland, though it must have been in the first years of

the present century, Nügeli having several years before made all the necessary preliminary arrangements and preparations for that purpose in his singing schools. Thus far it is certain, that when such a festival had taken place at Zürich, in 1812, it was spoken of as something usual and customary throughout the cantons. Neither would Germany have been much behind in the promotion of an institution so well suited to the German spirit, if the desolating wars of that period had not threatened to blast such a tender flower of peace. Notwithstanding, however, the sad prospect before him, Cantor Bischoff resolved to introduce similar festivals in Germany. The difficulties attending the preparation for a musical festival in the present day are comparatively insignificant compared with those attendant on the first arrangement of such a festival, when beginning, progress, ways and means, effect, reception, success, and expenses, are mere matters of speculation. The first festival undertaken by Bischoff took place on the 4th June, 1804,* and the second, after a long interval, on the 20th and 21st of June, 1810, owing to the disturbances caused by the tumults of the war. Of the success of the first festival, we possess no information whatever; but the success of the second was so brilliant and decisive that it excited general sympathy, enthusiasm, and imitation. At the second festival (at Frankenhäusen), in 1810, Spohr was one of the chief leaders. The great vocal and orchestral talents of all the neighbouring places were collected, and the number of visitors was immense. Social pleasures went hand in hand with musical enjoyment. The meals were taken at a common board, songs were given in the open air, and musical performances and amusements joined all hearts in cordial conviviality. So great was the public enthusiasm and impatience, that a similar festival was given the following winter, on the 10th and 11th Jan. 1811, and if possible with still greater success and public sympathy. The next festival was held at Erfurt, on the 15th and 16th of August, 1811, (to enhance the celebration of the birth-day of Napoleon,) but which the "Moniteur" announced was *solely* given to commemorate the emperor's birth-day. After the restoration of peace, it was again at Frankenhäusen that a great musical festival was held on the 19th and 20th of October, 1815, and from that date the series of annual festivals by Bischoff has been uninterrupted; and, having become subsequently music director at the theatre of Hildesheim, Bischoff has given similar festivals regularly at Hildesheim, Hanover, Helmstadt, &c., most of which he arranged at his own cost and risk.

The most essential fruit however of these exertions was a progress in the public love and cultivation.

* It seems to have been coeval with the first Swiss festival. Opinions, therefore, differ as to the origin of these festivals.

tion of music, though it became at the same time clear, that no particular good could result from such festivals if they were not conducted with the co-operation and at the expense of all the members collectively. In this manner were subsequently formed the musical festivals in the various parts of Germany, and in 1819 were seen such festivals on a grand scale, held partly in the Rhenish town, such as Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c., and partly also in the Hanseatic and Baltic towns, Lübeck, Hamburg, Rostock, Wismar, &c. The musical festival at Quedliesberg in July, 1824, held in conjunction with the celebration of the centenary birth-day of Klopstock, was of vast importance to the musical art. That festival obtained an historical importance by the presence of several of the greatest German masters in the art, who participated in the task of the day; amongst these were Weber, Spohr, and F. Schneider. To add to the institution a lasting character, the so-called *Musical Union of the Elbe* was here founded: Magdeburgh, Halberstadt, Quedliesberg, Halle, and several other places having agreed to hold by turns a long series of festivals, and Schneider having been chosen permanent director of the music. This choice roused the jealousy of Hane, music director of Halle, who felt his merits slighted by the preference given to Schneider; the consequence was, that he withdrew from the union, and founded another musical league, called the *Thuringian*, transferring the festivals to Halle by aid of the artists of Berlin. There is hardly now a place of any importance in Germany that has not its regular festivals, in the proper sense of the term, at some time or other.

The great musical festivals in England are similar to the German only in external form. Here (in England) they form enterprises less for the interest of the art, than speculations for the support of some benevolent institution independent of the art, and they cannot therefore, though extremely grand in their results, be at all confounded with the festivals in Germany. Such gigantic festivals as are held in Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich and other places, to which a Mendelssohn, Spohr, Malibran, Beriot, Moscheles, Lablache, Grisi, and other brilliant stars in the profession, native and foreign, have lent a helping hand, are things not to be thought of in poor Germany, where love for the art alone induces artists from various parts to meet at a certain place and contribute their mite both in money and talent towards defraying the expenses attendant on such festivals.

France has hitherto done little or nothing towards the establishment of such festivals; some such attempts have, it is true, been made at Strasburg; the place however, we must remember, still bears the German physiognomy, despite the French regulations in it.

The importance of the musical festivals for the art itself is great and manifold. The sense for more profound creations in music has thereby been awakened, and rendered intelligible to the public to a degree never before thought of. The effects of the art are brought into operation, not merely during the short and transient period of the few days the festivals last, but chiefly during many years of previous study and practice, by which alone the various members are enabled to take an honourable share in the performance of the day. Formerly, the realization of a musical performance on a large scale was only possible in some of the larger towns possessing within themselves the means and resources requisite for the execution of such a plan; by the introduction of the musical festivals, however, such performances have become practicable even in small and remote places. The spread of musical knowledge amongst the masses by means of these festivals re-acts likewise in its turn as an additional stimulant to the energies of the artists themselves; the active power of genius usually gains fresh strength by the knowledge that its creations are appreciated, and it is chiefly the musical festivals that have brought to light the works of the great masters, which would otherwise have mouldered on the shelves and stifled the genius of their creators. In larger places, or at courts, the art is the servant of princes, or of the corrupted taste of a spoiled and enervated society, despising all that is great, serious, energetic, and deep. From the opera stages only the decline of the art is to be expected, and the baneful influence has indeed already begun its sad work. But whenever the enthusiasm of the masses has been excited, and the better educated have become their guides and leaders, the cause has always assumed a truly dignified character; and so it is with the musical festivals (more especially on the continent), which alone have already put a check to the progressive corruption of the art. It was these festivals chiefly that procured for the first masters of the age—such as Schneider, Klein, Ries, Löwe, Spohr, and others—the opportunity of trying their talents in a field that is entirely independent of the rough judgment of a sensual public, fond of show, sight, and spectacle. Even Mendelssohn, despite his great fame and talent, could only have brought his greater works into reputation by the musical festivals, whither are turned the eyes of all younger composers of genius who wish to achieve something great in their profession; and we heartily wish that festivals of a similar form and character could be brought about in this country, where, we are sure, such an abundance of native talent would be developed, as at once to give the lie to the old prejudice, that the English are not a musical people.

The affinity that exists between *sound* and *colour* has also founded a relationship between painting and music, and introduced into the region of the former various terms derived from the latter, and *vice versa*. We thus hear of *tone in colours*, *harmony of colours*, &c.; as also on the other hand of *descriptive music*, *picturesque melody*, &c. Music is an art of *time*, and can remind us of *space*, only in an indirect way, *i. e.* partly by a certain analogy that generally exists between visible and audible objects, and partly by the effect which the modulation of sound produces on the imagination, investing objects called forth by one sense with the properties of those of another; and indeed such an effect is in reality produced in the Morning Scene, musically described in the opera of the "Swiss Family," by Weigl. Still more difficult, and at best very imperfect, is the task of representing sound upon canvass: in all instances, moreover, where as in pictures of battles, attempts are made to represent the thunder of the cannon, etc. the art miserably fails, and it is precisely the same with music, which as an art is still more degraded by an effort to imitate mere noise. In illustration we will remind the reader of the reply of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, who, on a friend desiring him to hear an artist who imitated most strikingly the song of the nightingale, said, "I have heard the nightingale itself."

The two chief divisions in theory of *vocal* and *instrumental* music are still more apparent in practice or execution, where music is given either pure and simple, or ornamented and interspersed with artificial elements of a heterogeneous character, words, thoughts, (consequently *poetry*) are well suited to vocal music; the singer finds already before him a union of the two arts, and he must therefore not only pay particular attention to both in the execution but bring with him and develop also the necessary talent and judgment, for both, *i. e.* he must be a musical *artist*. The dramatic singer ought to possess these qualities even to a far higher degree, as he must comprise in his performance the plastic and imitative part of the art by which also the poetical element is expressed. The instrumental virtuoso, on the other hand, has only to cultivate the purely musical field, in which are given the mere outlines—the general features of the expression, but never any fixed notions or strongly defined ideas. All the attempts that have been made in more recent times to introduce such positive exhibitions in instrumental music, or instrumental virtuosity, rest on sheer *charlatanism*, and only in a few rare instances have the general colourings obtained a certain degree of speciality, and that only with regard to particular poetical compositions, in which the music approached rather the melodramatic art. In this sense are written Haydn's musical descriptions,

Beethoven's Pastoral Symphonies and Eroica, Mehul's Hunting Overture and Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But though it is clear, that it does not lie in the nature of instrumental pieces to express thoughts in a precise manner, instrumental composition and virtuosity must nevertheless be considered as perfect and independent spheres of themselves, and thus a clarinet or flute-player, however strikingly his skill may produce a resemblance to singing, stands, nevertheless, in closer connection with the virtuoso of one of the most dissimilar instruments, the *pianoforte*, for instance, than with the vocalist.

The modern school of singing is replete with exaggerations of all kinds, and in the same way as complaints were made in the previous period, from about 1815 to 1822, of the stiff coldness that prevailed in the delivery of the cantatrices of that day, in like manner we have now to complain of the other extreme of affectation and exaggeration in the delivery. The cantatrices now rarely produce a strictly pure tone; but apply in all parts the so-called *tremolando*, *piangendo*, &c., and to such a degree as to convert natural sounds into a true caricature. Nay, the aberration of the Italian singers goes even so far, as purposely to produce in moments of high passion impure and incorrect notes, to indicate the excessive degree of pain, grief and bewilderment that incapacitate people from knowing what they sing, or what notes they produce.

But the present period seems to be unfavourable in another point of view; the nineteenth century seems to have exhausted itself during the first quarter, in the production of truly great and fine voices. Vocal organs similar to those of a Catalani, Milder, Schechner, Pasta, and Malibran, are in vain sought for throughout Europe. The best voices of the present day are hardly to be compared to the middling voices of that grand vocal period, the culminating point of which was about 1826—1828. Such periods of decline are, however, not uncommon in the history of the arts, and we must console ourselves with the prospect of a better state of affairs, and more especially since the period of degeneration has already lasted for some considerable time; and we have no doubt, that with the re-appearance of truly grand voices, capable of dispensing with exaggerated points, a more noble style of singing will likewise be introduced. But we will not play the part either of the historian or the prophet, our business being here only with the art in its present condition, and more especially as regards instrumental music. Instrumental virtuosity, (unlike vocal, which has much retrograded within the last fifteen or sixteen years), has on the contrary, risen to an almost giddy height in the various directions it has pursued; this is particularly the case in the mechanical development and cultivation of the powers

of execution, which are certainly the basis, but not the last end of virtuosoship, but which our modern virtuosos mistake for it. This development and practice of the powers of execution on which our virtuosos pride themselves so much, may be considered more as a step backward than forward in the art, and thus it is indeed with the arts generally. Magnificence and splendour in the plastic and building arts have at all times been more or less opposed to internal beauty, while in music, brilliancy of execution is always a sign, that the creative faculties of the period are weakened. And ready as we are to admit the services done to the art by our virtuosos in point of practical expertness, we cannot but lament the injury inflicted thereby on the productive powers of the artists, which by far outweigh the slender though shining advantages of the virtuosos.

The *pianoforte* is of all instruments the one of which the mechanical practice has in our times, attained its utmost and unsurpassable degree of development. In the other instruments, such as the *violin*, &c. certain schools introduced by the masters have continued unchanged for some considerable epochs, and have generally passed away only with the appearance of a new generation, while the *pianoforte* has during one single period passed through so many methods and schools, and in such rapid succession, as to enable us to speak now of several schools simultaneously, without regard to time and periods, every one of the various masters having pursued a direction quite peculiar to himself, and entirely distinct from that of others. This latter characteristic of modern virtuosoship, has often, and not without reason been termed *irregular play*, meaning, performance not resting on any defined principles or exercises, but creating difficulties and themes at mere random, without any positive connection with a leading notion, and merely rushing, not without abruptness, from key to key in order to sharpen practical execution. Chopin must be considered the first who introduced this *lawless* style. To connect this new character in the *pianoforte* with important names we shall group them historically, which compels us to turn for a while to the past.

Muzio Clementi may be considered as the founder of the *pianoforte* school; the previous adepts, such as Sebastian Bach, Emanuel Bach, and Scarlatti, belonging more to organ players. It was Clementi who introduced the harpsichord into the concert saloons. Mozart, would no doubt have ranked as his contemporary,—if his fame as a composer had not eclipsed that of a mere performer. Clementi lived to see a school rising in Germany on which he had acted more by example than theory. To that new school belonged Dussek, Himmel, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Wolf, and in his earlier years also Beethoven. Steibelt marks, by his own person,

the relation that existed in that period, between an able, brilliant, and worldly career, not free from charlatanism, and a true artistical life. But Clementi has also founded another school of his own, the influence of which has reached the most recent times; its four most celebrated representatives are, John Field (an Englishman, but residing in Russia,) J. B. Cramer, (the founder of the literary *études* for the *pianoforte*) in England by the composition of his able exercises, Ludwig, Berger, and A. A. Klengel. Of these Field (died in January, 1837) was perhaps the greatest player that ever lived as regards execution, charm, and brilliancy of delivery. Cramer has maintained for a long time the first rank as a player in England. L. Berger (died at Berlin, 1839) was the most original of Clementi's pupils, both in play and composition, and the only one who transplanted the school of his master by distinguished pupils of his own. Klengel has early turned from the virtuosoship of the *pianoforte* to that of the organ, and acquired the reputation of the most scientific and systematic composer. Of the pupils of that school only two of L. Berger have obtained a great name in the present day: Mendelssohn Bartholdy and William Taubert, both of whom had been educated at Berlin. Of the former we have already spoken in the preceding pages, and we would here add, that his name as a composer has eclipsed his virtuosoship as a performer, though in the skill of playing at sight he is only surpassed by Liszt alone. Taubert, on the other hand, has turned more to the fine play of the Clementi-Berger school, so full of charm and sweetness while in the *adagio* he is the most distinguished of the living players in that line. The character of the school from which he has arisen has been most faithfully preserved in him. No pupils of note are known of Cramer and Klengel. Among Field's pupils only two have acquired any fame, Passy in Stockholm, and Karl Meyer in St. Petersburg. At the side of that school, which may be characterised as that of principle and delivery, another developed itself, to which is now chiefly owing the vast extension of the mechanical basis of the *pianoforte*. It took its origin in Vienna from Hummel (died October, 1837) and Moscheles: the former is celebrated as a composer and elegant player, and the latter as a quick, fiery, and piquant performer, while both are most dexterous and talented in free *fantasias*. Czerny their contemporary practised with great success as teacher and methodical player. According to a current report, Meyer-Beer has exercised considerable influence over these men. He was himself a pupil of Böhmen Lauska in Berlin, who, together with Tanaschek in Prague, may be called the secondary representative of Dussek's period. Meyer-Beer's talent had distinguished itself, like that of Mendelssohn, at a very early age, and he performed on his arrival at Vienna, with such

originality and brilliancy, that even Hummel and other masters there, were induced to modify their style after his. Meyer-Beer, however, soon gave over pianoforte play, while Hummel and Moscheles remained the coryphees of that school by play and composition. To the second rank in that school belong M. von Bockelt and Czerny, and in their early career also Liszt and Thalberg. The effects of that style soon spread all over Europe, and formed a kind of supplement to Clementi's school, by adding to it a most complicated treatment in the mechanism of the instrument. In the middle, between these two styles, a third in pianoforte virtuosity had developed itself in Germany, which, though quite independent, exercised nevertheless great influence on the musical world at large, and is partly still in existence. It was a virtuosity founded on scientific harmony and principle, and at the head of which stood C. M. von Weber, an eminent player, as also F. Ries (died January, 1838), pupil of Beethoven.

Both have done much for the instrument, less by their performance than their compositions. In the same time that such excellent powers had been developed in Germany, England, and Russia, France also was not backward in producing a new and fine school out of the well regulated instructions of the Conservatoire, chiefly headed by Adam the elder, and out of the musical traditions, as it were, which Clementi, Dussek, Steibelt, and others have left behind in Paris. That school arrived at its culminating point under Kalkbrenner, who still forms the highest pitch of a system reduced to principles and fundamental exercises. In the same way as French life generally presents the most finished forms, in like manner French virtuosity exhibits the most accomplished varieties. All that taste and fashion can claim has been achieved by Kalkbrenner; next to him stood Herz; although the antagonist of the former in many points cannot without deny the national character of the school. The pupils of that system are very numerous: Halevy, Adam, Berlin (the younger), Osborne, &c. belong to it.

This was the state of the pianoforte about fourteen or fifteen years back. The laws for that instrument had been established in various directions, and filled with so many rich and ingenious elements as completely to exhaust all the forms. But the impression, or rather the feeling that there was no longer anything new to be discovered or developed in these directions first led Chopin in Paris to pursue a new course, in which the most curious and strange deviations from the previous styles were adopted. At first, they met with the most strenuous opposition, and were characterized as merely arbitrary aberrations; but it became subsequently evident that there had been an internal motive, which time itself had matured, and that Chopin had carried through his principles with spirit, talent, perse-

verance and strict consequence. He thus became the creator of a new species of pianoforte play. Previously the pianists only endeavoured to bring to greater perfection, and to work out in richer detail, some well known themes, while now their task is ever to produce something new themselves. Rule and principle are now considered as obsolete and untasteful, and anomaly is the fashion in the invention of new forms, which are often *bizarre*, but sometimes also beautiful, and still more frequently, striking and piquant. Chopin having once given as it were a local name and habitation to this new style, the pupils of all regular schools were compelled to pursue the same course. Among these, eminent talents have been developed, and some virtuosos of the new style of Chopin, such as Thalberg, Liszt, and Henselt even excel him in play. Thalberg, at first adhering to the Vienna school, has ever since 1832 assumed a power and character of his own. He has brought the fundamental conditions of play, viz., energy, fine stroke, rapid execution, and self-confidence, to an eminent degree of development, and expresses these qualities by forms peculiar to himself. Liszt by nature an enthusiast, (and at one period even a fanatic,) has carried the eccentric forms of his genius to their utmost extent. He is without doubt the most spirited and original player who has imprinted in virtuosity all the sound and weak points of the whole period in a most remarkable manner. A. Henselt (of Nuremberg) of Hummel's school, has, amongst the above named, apparently the most distinguished talent for composition, combined with the most finished and vigorous mechanical development. F. Döhler, born at Berlin but educated at Vienna, is also a votary of that new system (if charming confusion may be called so), but his talents are rather inferior to those of the former. He has adopted in his play the elegance of Kalkbrenner and the piquant vivacity of Herz; his line, however, is only that of distinguished talent, while Liszt, Thalberg, and Henselt are geniuses of characteristic peculiarity. Dreyschock (of Prague) has also pursued a peculiar course of his own, with remarkable talent and perseverance. He possesses incredible perseverance, rapidity, and vigour, and more especially in the octave fingering, and leaping from key to key, but his play is deficient in style and elevated system. This new course indicated by Chopin, has been pursued by the following adepts in its most varied ramifications, and also adopted by many less eminent players of the pianoforte, all of whom having tried to produce in that fashion something that savours of originality, but which is in fact replete with absurdities, from sheer want of great imaginative powers, which in some measure supplies the neglect of harmonic principles in the great masters. This new style has now been extended to nearly all the compositions and virtuosity on the pianoforte, with the sole exception of those of

Mendelssohn, who may be said to form the only opposition to this new style.

Of the great female players on the piano in the present day, may be named, Blahetka of Vienna, a pupil of Moscheles; Mme. Belleville-Oury, a pupil of Herz, and considered the greatest player of the day; Schauroth, lady of honour of the Court of Munich; Eder of Vienna. To the most distinguished of the new school belong Clara Wieck and Camilla Pleyl, a pupil of Kalkbrenner. These two occupy the first place in modern virtuosoship, in addition to Miss Boherer in Hanover, whose precocious musical talents are said to surpass all that has been heard of hitherto of a similar character.

The organ is closely related to the pianoforte. The virtuosoship upon this gigantic instrument, which constituted formerly the true criterion of the musician, and contributed to establishing the reputation of a Bach and Handel, has only in very recent times again become somewhat more general in Europe. In the 16th century performance on the organ had been particularly developed in Italy by the brothers Gabrieli, and still more so by Frescobaldi, who counted in 1614, at St. Peter's in Rome, an audience of upwards of 30,000 souls. Contemporary with the same flourished in Germany S. Scheidt and J. J. Froberger, both from Halle, and the latter celebrated as a pupil of Frescobaldi. At present, Thuringia, Saxony, and Silesia are the only quarters where the study of the organ is carried on with zeal and love. The most distinguished living organists who still adhere to the schools of Bach and Kittel are, G. Chr. Apel, organist and music director at the University of Kiel, C. E. F. Weyse in Copenhagen, Rink in Darmstadt, F. Schneider in Dessau, J. Schneider in Dresden, and

a younger brother of the same at Hirschberg; but the greatest reputation in the perfect mastery of instrument is possessed by Adolf Hesse in Breslau, pupil of Berner in play, and of Spohr in composition. He has travelled much, and earned at all places fame and applause. There has of late been established an organ school at Berlin, which has already produced eminent players, such as W. Bach, E. Grell and Haupt, who is particularly grand in his pedal-play, and in which he has but one rival, Weyse in Copenhagen.

Virtuosoship has upon the whole made immense progress in the present century, in all the mechanical requisites, while the number of efficient players has now vastly increased in comparison to the past. Hence the difficulty of acquiring particular distinction in play, the complicated tasks allotted by the composers to the orchestra imperatively claiming first-rate instrumentalists in that arena. To be now a member of a good orchestra, is in itself a testimonial of talent and efficiency in the art. But whether this condition will not undergo a change in consequence of the disproportion that exists between the immense labour and perseverance now indispensable for the acquirement of virtuosoship, and the little glory, and still less pecuniary remuneration that await the former, is a question that deserves serious consideration. It is not improbable that these vital considerations may after a while induce the virtuosos to turn from the mere mechanical course, devote themselves more to the æsthetical beauty of the art, and try to impart to the hearer a noble enjoyment instead of a mere staring admiration: in that case, both the art and the artists can only be the gainers by the change.

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COMMENTS OF A CHORUS SINGER,

AT THE

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1834.

BY SOLOMON SACKBUT.

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P R E F A C E.

WHEN a man sits down to write a critique on such performances as are about to take place at Westminster Abbey, he ought to examine, carefully, his own mind, as to whether his opinions are likely to be influenced by any motive, save that of setting forth to the world a true and impartial account; nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice; but endeavouring, as far as possible, to render unto all their due.

This, I fear, can rarely be the case with those who are in the habit of writing accounts of public performances. One can generally detect in their remarks a lurking partiality for some particular party (for, unfortunately, party spirit runs as high in music as in politics), which, of course, leads to the inference, that there is a secret interest

in upholding certain individuals, and lowering others. Now, there surely can be no occasion, because Miss A. or Mr. B. happen to be a little hoarse or nervous, to give out to the world at large that nothing was ever heard so bad as their performance; nor, on the other hand, is it quite consistent with truth, to aver that Mrs. C. or Signor D. (whom we will suppose to be the favoured ones) outrivalled the syrens, or put Orpheus himself to the blush. Such criticisms injure the cause of music, as well as the individuals concerned; "Prythee, avoid them." Again, should a disinterested person undertake to write an account, if he be not well acquainted beforehand with all the music, he will scarcely find himself equal to the task (however good his taste may be), of forming a correct judgment from one, or even two, hearings; for if his soul be very susceptible of all those extraordinary emotions which can be felt, but hardly described, during such a performance as the present, he will probably find himself in such a state of mental excitement, that the impressions, as they are formed, will succeed each other so rapidly, that at the conclusion he will be unable to commit to paper an intelligible account of what he has heard.

It has, therefore, occurred to me, Solomon Sackbut, Chorus Singer, No. —, that I am much more likely to be above all sublunary

motives (for I verily believe my seat in the Abbey is nearer the moon than the earth) than many of those who, although high in the profession, are placed far below me ; and having been present at all the private rehearsals during the week before, I feel that I am prepared to note those points in the Chorusses, where the finest effects may be expected.

SOLOMON SACKBUT.

London, 18th June, 1834.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE FESTIVAL.

FOR many weeks back, the labours of the Committee, in selecting the Band and Chorus, had been incessant, and, as may be imagined, Messrs. Hawes and Harris had not a few difficulties to contend with, in making their choice from such numerous applicants, and where the conflicting interests were so various. The Band, according to the printed list, consisted of 223 performers; whereof 180 were from London, and 43 from the Country. The Semi-Chorus and Chorus contained 358, whereof 200 were from London, and 158 from the Country, making a total of 581; to which, if we add 19 for the principal singers present at any one performance, the grand total will be 600. I believe several more were afterwards added. Few amateurs were admitted. Amongst those who obtained that distinction, were Mr. E. Bates (the son of Joah Bates, who conducted the Festival in 1784), Mr. Hurlock, and the Secretary of the Madrigal Society, Mr. Oliphant.

On Monday, the 16th instant, and two following days, there were private Rehearsals at Wornum's Rooms, in Store Street, where the whole of the Chorus

attended; and, in the opinion of all present, whether performers or audience, the simple effect of 300 voices, without the Orchestra, in the magnificent Chorusses from *Israel in Egypt*, was grander than their combined effect, as heard in the Abbey; not, of course, in body of sound, but in unity of idea, which the different sounds of a band tend frequently to injure. I must here remark, that I never saw a better Chorus Master than Mr. Harris. It would be unjust to say less of him, for it was the generally expressed opinion of every one in the room.

On Thursday morning, the 19th instant, a private meeting was called at the Abbey, more for a rehearsal of seats, as Sir G. Smart facetiously observed, than of music; the effect of one or two Chorusses was tried, but I think, upon the whole, the feeling was rather that of disappointment.

FIRST DAY.

REHEARSAL, 20th JUNE.

PERFORMANCE, 24th JUNE.

THE FESTIVAL commenced with Handel's Anthem, composed for the Coronation of George II., in 1727.

In reviewing the works of Handel, one cannot help admiring the simplicity of all his conceptions; for instance, in this Anthem the Symphony begins with a sound almost resembling the extempore preluding of Instruments, and proceeds for about twenty bars through a succession of simple chords, into a species of *arpeggio*, while the King is anointed. The accompaniment then takes a more united form, during the *allegro* movement, expressing the joy of the people on the occasion; and as soon as the ceremony is completed, the united burst of instruments and voices, at the words *God save the King*, is enough to turn the heart of the most inveterate democrat: the expression of loyalty can go no farther.

It was well judged by the Directors, to place *The Creation* in the first day's list. Compared with those of Handel, there is little of dignity or grandeur about the Chorusses; and if it had followed *Israel in Egypt*, would have appeared very tame.

The Introduction to this Oratorio, representing Chaos, is a fine specimen of descriptive music. Every thing at first is in confusion; the very elements have their representatives in the orchestra;—the rushing of the waters, the shrieking of the blast, and the angry grumbling of the distant thunder, may be distinctly heard; until the whole, as if wearied with the tumult, gradually subsides into a heavenly calm, preparatory for the great work that was about to take place.

The veteran Bellamy, who sang as a boy at the last Festival, gave the opening Recitative. In the succeeding Chorus is the well known burst after the words *Let there be light, and there was light*. The effect of the sudden *fortissimo* is no doubt very striking; but I question if it would produce any thing like the same sensation a second time in any individual. Would it not have been better had the word *Light* been represented by a short note, instead of the prolonged sound of a whole bar? *Nota bene*, this remark is hazarded with all due humility. The next Chorus is emblematic of the effects of that blaze of light which caused the first of days, whereat the evil spirits fled affrighted to hell's dark abyss, and "a new created world sprung up at God's command." The *piano* with which the last quotation was given by the Chorus was delicious. The fair world seemed to lie before us in all its primeval beauty.

The Chorus, *The Praise of God and of the Second Day*, is wanting in dignity sufficient for the glorious Hierarchy.

We now come to a few single songs. Phillips's *Rolling in foaming Billows* would be effective in a concert room; but for the first part of such a

song in Westminster Abbey, a performer ought to have at least twice the voice of Signor Lablache. The instrumentation throughout is exquisite. After the roar of the foaming billows, how beautifully the smooth gliding rivulets are represented by the alternate murmurs of the Flute and Clarinet.

Madame Caradori is just the sort of modest and unassuming singer that is sure to please an English audience. She sang *With Verdure clad* very sweetly.

Our *old* friend Braham (I hope he will pardon the appellation, as he cannot deny the fact) next made his appearance before a public which he has delighted as a first-rate singer for the last forty years.

The Recitative, *In Splendour bright*, was given with his accustomed fire. The sound of the Organ *diapasons*, where the moon is described as walking forth in silent majesty, was very striking.

In the Trio between Miss C. Novello, Vaughan, and J. Sale, little was to be heard except the Treble voice; but the Chorus, *The Heavens are telling*, made up for the deficiency. The early part of this is generally considered commonplace, but the working up at the end is magnificent.

Madame Stockhausen is a first-rate singer in her way, that is, if it had been requisite to have Swiss Airs with variations at the Festival; and here I will take the opportunity of remarking how very unnecessary it appears to me to have gone to the expense of having the Italian singers at all. Surely Mrs. Knyvett,

Misses C. Novello, Stephens, and Masson, with Mrs. E. Seguin, might have sung all the principal parts quite as well as need be; for, after all, few people went to hear any thing but the Chorusses.

After the Trio, and Chorus, *The Lord is great*, came the Recitative, descriptive of the Creation of the Animals. It was a bold flight of Haydn, and in the opinion of many he has carried the descriptive in music rather to the borders of exaggeration. Mr. E. Seguin has the most splendid Bass voice amongst our native singers; and it must have been flattering to him to hear, from all quarters, that he sang so well on the present occasion. His intonation, which in so large a space is difficult to manage, was correctness itself. I will not say that he has not defects in his style, for they have often been pointed out to him by public criticism. Why will he not amend them, and become the first of English Bass singers?

Achieved is the glorious Work, is a complete Musical Festival in itself: there appears a general emulation amongst the different voices and instruments, who shall most worthily celebrate the praises of God. The points in this Chorus were taken up with astonishing precision.

When the examination of Chorus singers was so strict, that out of two hundred who were tried in one day, only about a dozen were selected, what are we to think of the choice of Mr. W. Robinson, of Dublin, to take a prominent part in the Trio, *On Thee each living soul awaits?* The public are of course indulgent towards veterans like Bellamy, and J. Sale, from a recollection of former

times; but the musical profession may well think themselves aggrieved, when they see a stranger brought forward with such slight pretensions to be called a singer.

Mr. Hobbs gave the Recitative, *In rosy mantle*, with his usual sweetness and purity of tone, but his style was more like that of a despairing lover telling his pathetic tale to the moon, than descriptive of the effects produced by the dawn of one of the first of Creation's mornings *young and fair*.

In the Chorusses which are interwoven with the Duet between Adam and Eve, the same soul-stirring sensations were excited as in *Achieved is the glorious Work*. Voice appears to vie with voice in magnifying the Creator; while at intervals, in the almost imperceptible rests which occur in the vocal parts, might be heard as it were the answer of Heaven's dread artillery, declaring to all the nations of the earth that their thanksgivings were accepted.

There is little else to notice in this Oratorio, except Mrs. Knyvett's Song, *O Thou for whom I am*, to which the Violoncello accompaniments, by the incomparable Lindley, appeared like the distant sounds of an Æolian Lyre.

The Duet, *Graceful Consort*, is a great deal too long, and the last movement is very common-place and vulgar.

The concluding part of this day's performance consisted of a selection from Handel's Oratorio of *Sampson*, commencing with the Chorus of the Priests of

Dagon, *Awake the Trumpet's lofty sound*. Aply did the Trumpeters (with the unrivalled Harper at their head) acquit themselves; and, mingling their inspiring strains with the roar of the Tower Drums, produced altogether a mixture of wild and savage sounds, such as might be supposed to accord with the superstitious rites of the idolaters.

To this succeeded *Total Eclipse*, one of the master-pieces of that "mighty master" Braham. The person, whether man, woman, or child, who can hear this unmoved, must have a heart like the nether millstone. It is usually said Braham is a stick of an actor. 'Tis true his figure is bad, and his movements on the stage are not very graceful; but give him a dramatic scene, like the one in question, and show me the actor who will infuse a tithe of Braham's spirit into what he represents, or who will embody so completely before an audience the ideas of his author. Here we see Sampson led forth blind, a spectacle to the assembled multitude, complaining in the bitterness of his soul of the loss of sight, that first of blessings.—Total Eclipse!—The very unison of the instruments in the first two bars express the words; then the voice, quite alone in the same notes, conveys an idea of the most complete desolation. The conception of the singer is, throughout, the most perfect that can be imagined. The writer of these remarks has wept over the tragedy of Siddons and O'Neil, has sympathized nearly to suffocation with the almost too natural acting of Miss Kelly, and has blubbered like a child at Matthews's personification of Monsieur Mallet; but never does he experience the same intensity of feeling as during Braham's performance of this song, and *Jephtha's Vow*.

In the Chorus, *O first-created Beam*, at the words "Let there be Light," it is worth while to compare the manner in which the two great composers represent the same idea. To my mind, Handel succeeds best.

Phillips sang *Honour and Arms* very well, but I would far sooner have heard him and Braham in the spirited Duet, *Go, baffled Coward*, which was omitted.

Fixed in His everlasting Seat, was marred for want of a proper understanding between the Chorus and Semi-chorus, as to which represented the worshippers of Jehovah, in contradistinction to those of Great Dagon. The orchestral effects in this Chorus, during the pauses of the voices, were again tremendous.

The next thing worthy of notice, was the well known *Dead March*, in which Mr. Chipp's Drums produced the sound of a 64-pounder. I do not like the Bassoon part; it seems to break in too abruptly on the *legato* movement of the other wind instruments.

I must pass over *Let the bright Seraphim*, in solemn silence. Why did Miss Stephens make all her most sincere admirers regret her re-appearance, after a nearly total secession from public life? Harper never played the Accompaniment better. The day's performance concluded with the Chorus *Let their celestial Concerts*, which, though last, is far from being least in the Oratorio.

SECOND DAY.

REHEARSAL, 25th JUNE.

PERFORMANCE, 26th JUNE.

THE Second Day, like the first, commenced with one of Handel's Coronation Anthems, *The King shall rejoice*. It is not so good as *Zadock the Priest*, but contains many fine passages. The Semi-chorus part, *Exceeding glad*, is beautiful, and was well sung.

An Aria from *Davide Penitente* was selected for Rubini. This is one of Mozart's works, that is little known in this country; I do not recollect ever hearing any of it done in public, except a Trio for two Sopranos and Tenor, *Tutte le mie speranze*: it is throughout very elaborate, both in the vocal and instrumental parts. I cannot, with truth, say that Rubini's execution of it was at all remarkable. Italians of the present day are surely the least general musicians of any in the world. They appear unable to discriminate between the lackadaisical lover-like style of the opera, and the reverential style of the church; both requiring pathos, but of quite a different kind. Every thing with them is theatrical and exaggerated, tending solely to an exhibition of their own individual qualifications, generally at a sacrifice of common sense, and a total destruction of the author's intention. I am speaking, of course, of the present generation: those who remember Mara, can tell a different tale. A selection

from a Mass by Beethoven, followed. This comes the nearest to Handel of any of the sacred pieces yet performed. The slow movement is expressive of the deepest devotion, and the chorus, *God is great in Battle*, is quite inspiring.

The two Masses by Haydn and Mozart, require no particular comment. I do not think them good specimens of either master; nor did they appear to give much satisfaction to the audience, or to the performers themselves.

Zucchelli's Solo in Haydn, No. 2, was certainly like church music, but the remainder (as are most of the quick movements of masses that I have heard) might as well have been the finale to a comic opera.

The less we say about Sir J. Stevenson's *Thanksgiving* the better;—
Requiescat in Pace.

In the Air sung by Miss Betts, the accompaniments for the violin and violoncello are in that peculiar style of quaintness which characterize so much of the music written a century ago. The wailing sounds of the violoncello, that most pathetic of all instruments, accord well with the words, *Oh, who can hear of Egypt, and not shed a tear?* while the lively replies of the violin in the two last lines are very expressive of joy, at being *released from bondage on the Nile.*

We next come to Luther's Hymn. It has perhaps attained to greater celebrity than it deserves, owing to the grandeur of the idea, and the extraor-

dinary powers of the singer. The introduction of the trumpet obligato at the conclusion of each strain, has often been reprehended. Still the effect is fine; and although the execution of these few notes may appear easy, scarcely a trumpet-player, that I have ever heard, can be depended upon with certainty, except Harper.

Grisi's attempt at singing a movement from one of Haydn's Masses, was a regular failure on the rehearsal day. She most probably expected the rehearsal to be similar to that of one of Pacini's Operas, where a Prima Donna may take what liberty she pleases, and seemed much astonished at the strictness of time observed by the band. To say the truth, what she had to execute was much more like a hornpipe than a Mass: what Haydn could have been thinking of when he wrote it, I know not; but it would puzzle any one to form a connection between such music and the words, *Thou, Christ, alone art holy.*

The remainder of this day's performance was entirely from the Oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*. The time of the opening Chorus, *And the Children of Israel sighed*, was, perhaps, rather too *agitatò*; but the burst of voices at the different points, when *Their cry came up unto God*, was electrifying. In the next Chorus, *They loathed to drink*, Handel shows his wonderful skill. The idea of loathing is most forcibly represented, not by discordant sounds, as mere manufacturers of music would represent it, but simply by peculiar intervals in the different parts, strongly indicative of disgust; for instance, that of the leading passage by the tenors, from D to E flat below.

Miss Masson, as well as Miss Romer, sang the parts allotted to them very correctly ; but with such Chorusses as there are in this oratorio, an angel from heaven might sing the Solos without being attended to.

We next arrive at one of the most splendid triumphs of the Double Chorus, viz. *He spake the Word—He spake the Word*, pealed forth from one side in a voice of thunder. *He spake the Word*, was re-echoed with redoubled energy by the opposite body, combined with all the power of the orchestra ; after which, the point, *And there came all manner of Flies*, was led off in unison with the violins, and taken up in succession by the different voices, till fancy almost conjured up clouds of destructive insects buzzing and swarming in every direction.

Immediately after this, came the Hailstone Chorus, in which the double effect was again tremendous. Hail seemed positively to run along in the midst, while the alternate bursts from each side, at the word *Fire*, was (if I may so express it) a perfect blaze of sound. I had supposed until now, that my nerves were pretty strong, but during these two last-named Chorusses my voice faltered more than once, from strong emotion ; and with many others I know the feeling was similar. The next Chorus, *He sent a thick Darkness*, is of a different nature, though nearly as powerful in effect. The deep diapasons of the organ, which was extremely well played by Mr. Turle, the Abbey organist, were appalling ; it seemed as if a thick curtain of "*darkness that might be felt,*" was falling gradually around, while the blood curdled at the wild and uncouth nature of the accompanying modulations.

After the description of how the first-born of Egypt were smitten, with what exquisite relief follows the movement, *But as for His People, He led them forth like sheep*. A calm comes over the mind, and one may fancy, with the aid of a little imagination, the Israelites wending their way in safety to the shores of that sea, which was so soon to overwhelm their enemies. The grave majesty of *He rebuked the Red Sea*, is in strict accordance with the idea; and although the music at the words, *He led them through the Deep as through a Wilderness*, may be perhaps a little too erratic, it is very fine; but must be executed with the utmost precision, as on the present occasion, to be perfectly understood. When *The Waters overwhelmed their Enemies*, there commenced a rolling of double basses in triplets, that conjured up to the mind's eye, the wild roar of wave succeeding wave in horrible confusion, accompanied with the rattling of chariot wheels, the neighing of steeds, the shrieks of the drowning multitude—in short, a chaos of tumult, which ceased not, until *there was not one of them left*.

Messrs. Phillips and Machin sang the Duet, *The Lord is a man of war*, in a very superior manner. The latter gentleman will be a great acquisition to the musical world, if he remains here, and acquires a little more polish in his style.

The beauties in all the Chorusses in this Oratorio are so numerous, that I had nearly overlooked that exquisite passage, *All the Inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away*. The words, *shall melt*, are repeated successively by all the voices in a pathetic strain, while at the unison of the tenors and basses, *They*

all shall be as still as a stone, the effect of that stillness is wonderfully well given, while his people pass over in safety.

The waters have covered them, they sank into the bottom! The very notes are ponderous, and seem to sink as they find utterance.

At the conclusion of the Oratorio is the Thanksgiving of the Children of Israel, *Sing ye to the Lord*, to the Solo of which poor Miss Stephens was quite unequal. Even Mrs. Wood used to find the effort painful; but the Chorus, as usual, made up for all defects. The Horse and his Rider was never more splendidly sung. Without exaggeration, I almost believed, at last, that the intervening space between the Double Chorus, was the Red Sea itself, where horses and riders were rolling over each other in inextricable confusion, while we on each side were celebrating the praises of him who had led us through the deep.

THIRD DAY.

REHEARSAL, 27th JUNE.

PERFORMANCE, 28th JUNE.

THE Third Day commenced with Haydn's National Hymn, adapted to very indifferent words. (For the York Festival, in 1825.) This is, no doubt, a fine composition, but does not rank above any of the good old Psalm tunes, and certainly is not the sort of piece to be done at a Festival, where all the requisites for the finest order of part singing were in such perfection. Why did not the Directors choose something in the style of Orlando Gibbon's *Hosanna to the Son of David*, and thereby show the pre-eminence of their own countrymen in church music? for I do maintain, without fear of contradiction, that we have in this country, from the time of Tallis and Bird downward to that of Croft and Greene, finer music in the true ecclesiastical style than all the masses of Haydn and Mozart put together. For real church music, amongst foreign composers, we must go back to Leo, Clari, Iomelli, and Palestrina. Of some of the Solo singers in this Hymn it would grieve me to say what I think. I do not blame them half so much as the Directors, who could permit the possibility of a failure where nothing should have been entrusted, except to experienced persons.

After the foregoing, it was quite a relief, to hear the inspiring strains of *Judas Maccabeus*, beginning with the opening Chorus, in which the passage *Grant us a leader bold and brave*, was given with great effect.

Mr. Bennett sang *O Liberty* (accompanied on the Violoncello by Lindley), in a very chaste and correct manner; still he was rather too sleepy over it. The song is an invocation to liberty, not a lamentation over the loss of it, as any one might have supposed, from his singing.

Old Lindley is the prince of Violoncello players, but he ought not to introduce such a cadence as he did, except in his own solos, where, of course, he may do as he pleases. If he only knew as well as I do the general feeling of an audience as to his genuine playing and his cadences, he would never make another—at all events in a song. In the Trio and Chorus, *Disdainful of Danger*, the Drums and Trumpets, as I have before observed, produced an extraordinary sensation during the silence of the voices, and seemed to stimulate the singers to fresh exertions. The invocation to the Deity in the next Chorus, *Hear us, O Lord*, was given with all the fervour of supplication, and at the same time with the determined spirit of men who were *resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall*.

Out of compassion for one of the singers in the Duet, *O never bow we down*, I shall say nothing about it. The Chorus, as usual, was magnificent. With what firm resolution each voice led off, *We never will bow down to stock or stone*, while afterwards the grand crash, *We worship God alone*, was an union of voice and sentiment worthy of the glorious subject of their adoration.

To keep up the interest of the story, next came Braham, in the character of Judas Maccabeus, calling on his countrymen to follow him. It was a perfect dramatic scene. *Sound an Alarm*, shouts Judas, with the utmost power of his

stentorian lungs. Immediately the alarum is sounded by the glorious Trumpets of our friend Harper and his brazen band. It is then easy to imagine the assembling of the multitude, while the Chorus reply, *We hear the Call*. Indeed the crash which follows *Sound an Alarm* is enough to rouse the most arrant coward on earth.

Mrs. Bishop sang *From mighty Kings* with a good deal of natural spirit, by which I mean to designate that kind of animation totally distinct from the meretricious stage manner which passes current for the genuine feelings of nature, but which is only in use amongst those who have not an atom of genius or nature in their composition.

Fallen is the Foe, is another fine Chorus, commencing with a strain of triumph. A little farther on, where the word *fallen* is sung *pianissimo*, a degree of pity seems to be excited for the prostrate enemy, which is again lost in the exulting shout, *So fall thy foes, O Lord*. It would require volumes to detail the descriptive beauties of such Chorusses. Those who wish to enjoy them, must hear, and think for themselves, for words cannot give an adequate description.

See, the conquering Hero comes, is too well known to require any remark. Some of the Solo voices were here again at fault.

In the Motett, *Ne pulvis*, we had an opportunity of hearing Tamburini in a different kind of music from what he is accustomed to; but was he different? No; it was operatic singing throughout. Those of my readers who recollect

Bartleman, and the intensity of feeling which he threw into sacred songs, will comprehend my meaning; there was with him a total forgetfulness of self, his whole soul being absorbed in the subject before him.

Grisi's execution of a *Laudate Dominum* by Mozart, with the Organ *obligato* by Dr. Crotch, was very finished; but the Directors had much better have saved her salary. The pleasures which her performances gave to the audience could have been mighty little.

After the many criticisms which have been written on *Jephtha's Vow*, it is almost presumptuous to attempt any thing new. During the last twenty years I myself have heard Braham sing it scores of times, but never better than now. The best criterion of his undiminished excellence, was the deep attention of the audience, and the tears which might have been observed, not only in the eyes of the fair sex, but also trickling down the rougher cheeks of the lords of the creation. Like Jephtha himself, *I can no more*; the rest must be left to imagination.

The *Dixit Dominus* of Leo is a most perfect specimen of past writing, and the manner in which it was performed, made every one regret that there had not been many more such in the programme of the Festival.

The opinion I had formed of Ivanoff in the Opera was confirmed by his style of singing to-day, in Mozart's Litany in B. flat. He is possessed of genuine taste, and intuitive feeling for what is good in music.

In the selection from Beethoven's Mount of Olives, the grand feature was the Hallelujah Chorus. If Handel had never written the one in the Messiah, this might have been considered the finest thing of the kind; but it will not bear comparison with that master-piece. There is too much difficulty of execution in the fugue, owing to the rapidity of the time, for performers ever to sing it with comfort to themselves; and when that is the case, it is impossible that the sublimity of the idea can be maintained.

Few persons in the Abbey, with the exception of those who are well acquainted with the works of the old masters, had ever heard Purcell's Anthem, *Behold, I bring you glad Tidings*. It commences with a Bass Solo, in which is a difficult passage of two octaves from E to E, which was well executed by Phillips, although he has hardly sufficient depth of voice. The Trio, *Glad Tidings*, expresses in so simple a manner the feelings of a joyous heart, that it seemed to be the extemporaneous ideas of the singers while uttering the notes. The succeeding contrast of the verse and Chorus, *Peace on earth, and glory to God on high*, is sublime, although simplicity itself. The concluding Hallelujah is not of so elevated a character as it should be.

After an inspiring Recitative by Braham, followed by a very spirited March, in which the small military Drums played their part to admiration, came the grand Chorus from Joshua, *Glory to God*, descriptive of the fall of Jericho at the blast of the Trumpets. There is not a semi-quaver in the whole of it without its meaning—not a syllable without its proper accent and expression. *The strong cemented walls*, even of the Abbey, seemed to vibrate; and when *the*

ponderous ruin falls, the terrific *Clangor stridorque tubarum* (I cannot find words strong enough in English), coupled with the thunder of heaven and the roar of the tempest, upon the pedals of the Organ, produced a combination of awful sounds sufficient indeed to make *the nations tremble*.

After this, Pergolesi's beautiful air, *O Lord have mercy*, was quite soothing. How expressive of utter helplessness is the first part! It is perhaps invidious to draw a comparison between Phillips and Bartleman, but I am sure no one who has ever heard the latter, can forget the tones of voice in which he supplicated for mercy, nor the gradual increase of joyous feeling which seemed to pervade both mind and body when he came to the words, *But my hope hath been in Thee; I have said, Thou art my God*.

The double Chorus in Solomon, *From the Censer*, concluded this day; and in none of the splendid compositions that I have had occasion to notice, were the distinct effects of the two Choirs and the Orchestra heard to greater advantage than at the passage, *Heaven blesses David's son, happy, happy Solomon*.

FOURTH DAY.

REHEARSAL, JUNE 30th.
PERFORMANCE, JULY 1st.

THE MESSIAH constituted the performance of the last day. To borrow the words of a celebrated foreign musician, the very Overture seems to represent the stately march of some mighty giant, while the flimsy compositions now a-days called Overtures may be compared to pigmies crawling beneath his feet.

For the first time since the commencement of the Festival, Braham was out of tune, in *Comfort ye my People*; but before the conclusion of the Recitative he recovered himself, and sang *Every valley shall be exalted* as well as ever.

Mr. Machin lost none of his previously earned credit, by his manner of singing *Who may abide?* It was impressive, without being heavy; and his execution of the running passages was very correct. An opportunity occurred shortly afterwards of comparing him with Phillips, who sang, *The people that walked in Darkness*. The latter of course carries away the palm for finish, and elegance of style; but his voice is not near so good as that of Machin. Much has been said about the propriety of Mozart's Accompaniments to the Messiah,

especially in this song. My own opinion in this particular instance is, that, beautiful and elaborate though they be, they rather mar the simplicity of Handel's ideas by their constant motion.

As usual, the burst of voices and instruments at the word *wonderful*, in the Chorus, *For unto us a Child is born*, occasioned a simultaneous start amongst the audience. It is one of those sudden shocks that makes the heart leap to the mouth, and causes a feeling almost of suffocation.

The accompaniment to the Recitative, *And suddenly there was with the Angel*, may be considered as descriptive of the golden harps on which the angels are supposed to preludize, before commencing the magnificent Chorus, *Glory to God, and on earth peace*, and again, at the conclusion of the symphony, dies away by degrees, as if Cherubim and Seraphim were vanishing amidst the clouds.

Rejoice greatly, requires a singer of much greater power than Caradori —she does not shout with the spirit of a daughter of Jerusalem.

Miss Masson has precisely the voice suited to the Air, *He shall feed his flock*. There is a pathos about it which reaches the heart at once. To my mind, she sang far better than Stockhausen, to whom was allotted the second verse. Nothing can be more affecting, than both words and music.

The first part of the Chorus, *Surely he hath borne our griefs*, is truly

expressive. The latter part, in *alla breve* time, pleases as a mechanical fuge, but nothing more.

In spite of the objections to the agitated accompaniment of the Chorus, *All we like sheep*, I question if it did not produce as much effect as any of the foregoing.

He trusted in God, is splendid, whether considered as a mere fuge, or as descriptive of the words; there is derision in the very intervals by which the notes proceed.

Why did not Braham sing the Recitative, *Thy Rebuke hath broken his heart*; and the Air, *Behold and see*? Often has he drawn tears from crowded audiences by his exquisite pathos. With Vaughan, what was it? I am sorry to say—Blank—blank—blank.

In the Chorus, *Lift up your heads*, it is a good idea to make the Semi Chorus sing, *Who is the King of Glory*? it affords such a fine opportunity for the Full Chorus to burst in with the reply, *The Lord of Hosts—He is the King of Glory*.

The Lord gave the Word, is marked *andante allegro*, which is an example of the real meaning of these words—smooth and flowing, but in a joyous manner. In modern music they are generally held to be synonymous with slow and quick.

The Air, *How beautiful are the feet*, is somewhat similar in character to *He shall feed His Flock*. Miss Clara Novello sang it with her usual correctness, and purity of intonation; what a pity it is that she will not allow one an opportunity of giving her praise for a little more animation.

The symphony of the Air, *Why do the Nations?* is a hurricane of rage and fury; but Phillips has not voice enough to keep up the idea. Oh that Lablache could have been in his place.

The Chorus started off with such determined vigour, at the words, *Let us break their bonds asunder*, that you could have sworn they had all been previously bound hand and foot, and had simultaneously come to the resolution of bursting the cords with one violent effort. There being no introductory symphony, I could perceive it act like an electric shot on the audience.

The want of Braham was again felt in the song, *Thou shalt break them in pieces*. It requires more spirit than any in the Oratorio. In hearing Braham give out the note A ledger line, and its octave, at the words, *Thou shalt dash them*, I always used to see before me an armed host, dashed in pieces by the iron hand of some mighty magician; on the present occasion, no such delusion took hold of my mind. I do not like the accompaniment of flutes in this song; nothing half so soft should be heard. That instrument in the list, with a horrid Greek name*, and with probably as horrid a sound, would have been more appropriate.

* The Ophicleides.

I will not attempt to give an idea of the *Hallelujah Chorus*, it must be heard and felt. It has always struck me, that the finest part is where the trebles and altos sing in unison, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*, the basses and tenors all the time replying *Hallelujah*, which passage is repeated four or five different times, the trebles rising a note gradually, until it seems impossible to go farther. The winding-up, where all the voices join in the *Hallelujah*, together with the stringed instruments, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of music, is overwhelming. My blood ran cold, and I felt as if I could have died with pleasure the next moment.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, appeared to be such a confidential communication from Miss Stephens to that portion of the audience immediately in front of her, that I am incapable of remarking upon it.

It was observed on every hand, that Bellamy had sung on all the days. Surely, Phillips, Seguin, or Machin, might have been allowed to sing, *The Trumpet shall sound*. It was not fair, "and that's the plain fact," as poor Terry used to say. However, it is none of my business, and therefore I say no more. Harper's trumpet was, as usual, beyond all praise.

Mrs. E. Seguin may, perhaps, think herself aggrieved that she had so little to do, while others, with less qualifications, were put more forward; but she may be assured of this, that the public are in general better judges than professional singers suppose them to be; and although mere sound without sense will attract for a little while, a sterling musician will always succeed in the long run.

The song, *If God be for us*, which is usually considered an ungrateful one to sing, was in her hands by no means ineffectual. It can be no disparagement to sing any thing that Handel wrote.

The concluding Chorus, *Worthy is the Lamb*, was sung with undiminished vigour on the part of our country friends. No sparing of breath was perceptible, although it was the eighth day of hard work. The beam of a steam engine could not move with greater precision than the fugue ;—it was wonderful ! The last *Amen* seemed to vibrate through the Gothic arches, as if the sound desired to linger a little longer in the sanctuary where the praises of the Deity had been so worthily celebrated.

Thus ended the greatest musical treat that the inhabitants of London may witness for many years ; and greatly are they indebted to Sir G. Smart, Messrs. Hawes, Harris, and Parry, for their exertions in planning and carrying into execution, a Festival which has, I trust, convinced our own countrymen, as well as foreigners, how immeasurably superior to those of any other composer are the works of the immortal Handel.

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